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Drawn by A. I. Keller.

WITH A SUDDEN CRY OF JOY STRETCHED OUT HIS HAND AND MOTIONED HIM NEARER.

—“Kennedy Square,” page 15.

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VOL. L

JULY, 1911

NO. 1

THE SUBJECT IN ART

By Kenyon Cox



THE idea that the subject of a work of art is of no importance whatever has been taught us so thoroughly and has become so ingrained in us that it seems almost necessary to apologize for mentioning such a thing at all to a modern audience. We have been so deeply impressed with the truth—for it is a truth as far as it goes—that it is the amount of art contained in a given picture which counts, not the matter on which that art is expended, that we have concluded that any subject will do as well as any other, and that there are no distinctions of subject-matter worth considering. We have so completely learned that a still-life by Chardin may be better than an altar-piece by Carlo Dolci that we have forgotten to ask whether it can be as good as Titian's "Entombment."

One may be quite prepared to admit that the old rigid categories, by which a history painter was always superior to a genre painter and any figure painter was the better of any landscape painter, were a trifle absurd. One may feel that the French Academicians, admitting Watteau to their membership only under the slighting title of "Peintre des Fêtes Galantes," were belittling a greater man than any of themselves. One may welcome the modern conquest of freedom of choice as a salutary victory for common-sense—a victory which was, after all, only a reconquest; for the old masters made no distinctions or specialties, every master being simply a painter, and painting what came his way, from an altar-piece to a sign-board. Yet a distinction as to nobility of subject-matter will still subsist. Some subjects will permit and demand the exer-

cise of greater powers than others, and are, in so far as they do this, nobler subjects. A man may paint a jug, a loaf of bread, and a dish of grapes, and may show, in doing so, such delicate perception of gradations of light, such fine sense of color, such mastery of surfaces and textures, above all, such a modest and pure spirit, as shall mark him a true artist and make him forever admirable and lovable. But he cannot put into the rendering of such a subject the lofty powers of design and drawing that make the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel one of the wonders of the world. You cannot make a Michelangelo out of a Chardin, and you cannot exert the powers of a Michelangelo on the subjects of Chardin. It may be better to succeed with Chardin than to fail in attempting to be a Michelangelo, but the powers exercised by Michelangelo, and the subjects which permit of the exercise of such powers, are eternally the nobler and the more important.

The modern view was admirably expressed in a favorite saying of the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens which has been frequently quoted. "You may do anything," he used to say, "it is the way you do it that counts." As he meant it, the saying is a true one, for he did not mean that if you do a thing cleverly enough, with great technical skill and command of material, that alone will make it a great work of art. He included sincerity, nobility of temper, high purpose, a love of beauty and a love of truth, among the elements of "the way you do it"; and he would have placed mere virtuosity, however excellent a thing in itself, far below these qualities in his scale of values. He would have been the first to admit that there is a sense in which the reverse of

his proposition is equally true. If the thing done be noble it does not matter how it is done. If the picture or the statue have dignity of conception and grandeur of mass and line, if it conveys to you a sense of imaginative grasp on the part of the artist, if it arouses emotion and elevates the mind, it may be ruggedly—almost clumsily—executed; it may be entirely devoid of surface charm and technical dexterity and be none the less a work of the highest art.

It will not be badly executed, for the feeling of the artist, however right and noble, can only be expressed by technical means, and the means used must, necessarily, be right means for the purpose of such expression. If he has conveyed his meaning it is certain that he has sufficiently mastered the language by which such meanings may be conveyed. But it is by what he has said and done that you judge him. How he has said and done it may be a question of great and absorbing interest to other artists and to special students of art, but is, after all, a subsidiary question to the world for whom he works.

I can think of no better instance of what I mean than the earliest of Jean François Millet's great series of peasant pictures, "The Sower," now in the Vanderbilt Collection at the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Before he created it Millet had painted a number of charming little pictures of nude female figures, admirably executed, supremely able in their way, by no means to be despised, but not what he wanted to do—not the expression of his greatest powers. He wanted to paint an Epic of the Soil, and the first book of it was the sowing of the seed. The brilliant technical method of his earlier work was not suited to his present purpose; it was too suave, too rich, too easy, to give the impression of rugged strength and simplicity that he wished to convey. He had to invent a new handling and a new technical manner, which he afterward developed to such perfection that, in his later works, his mere painting is as wonderful as his grand design and powerful drawing. But in this first essay in the new manner he is a little awkward, almost fumbling and clumsy. It does not greatly matter. The largeness of silhouette, the august grandeur of movement, the nobility of conception carry it off. The thing done is fine, and any rudeness in

the manner of the doing becomes a matter of relatively little importance.

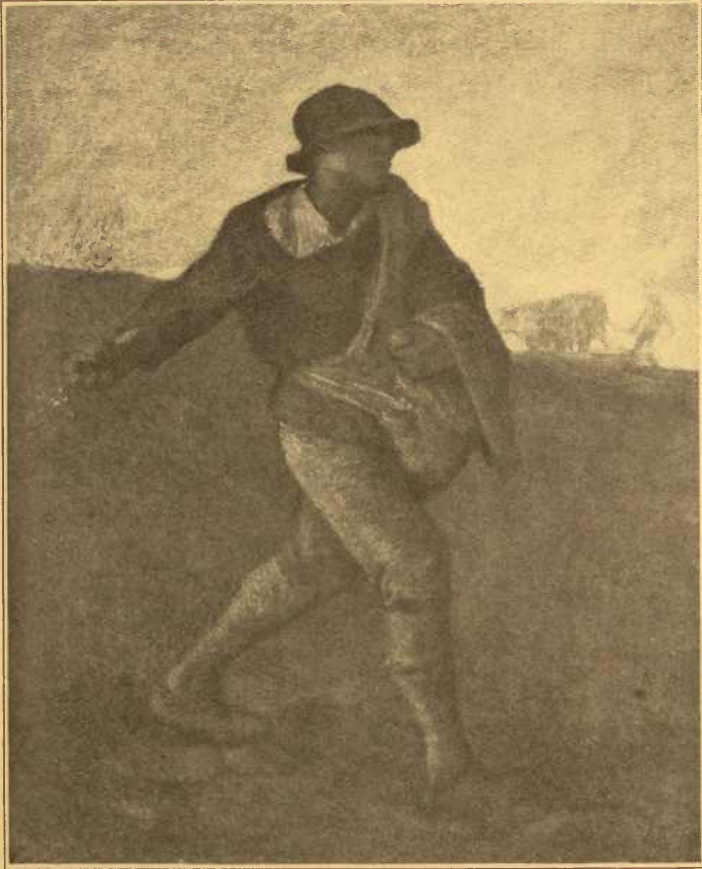
This may seem like a question of treatment rather than a question of subject, but it is not entirely so. The two things are intimately related. Millet could not have given the same effect of nobility if his subject had not been intrinsically noble. Doubtless so great an artist was able to elevate any subject by the largeness of his treatment, and the "three pears on a plate or table" may well have been, for a painter, such a revelation of his power as our own Wyatt Eaton found them. Nevertheless, if Millet had painted nothing but a series of such subjects he would not have been the great master we know, and some of his highest powers would never have been exercised.

The highest subject for the exercise of the greatest powers of a painter is the human figure, nude or so draped as to express, rather than to conceal, its structure and movement—the subject of the Greeks and of Michelangelo—and this is the subject of all Millet's work. After the early days he seldom did an entirely unclothed figure, though his "Goose Girl Bathing" is one of the most wonderful and beautiful things in the world, but it was the nude he was continually striving to express. In the costume of his peasants he found long-used garments taking the form of the body, becoming almost a part of it, as he said to Eaton, and "expressing even more than the nude the larger and simpler forms of nature."

The human figure, its bulk and form and action, that was the subject of all his works, but the more specific subjects of the separate pictures were equally noble and universal. Doubtless the academic makers of categories would not have seen or understood this. They would have classed him as a painter of peasants with Jan Steen or Ostade. But Millet has painted nothing trivial or unimportant, no smokers or card-players, no drinking in taverns or dancing in rings. Every one of his great pictures has a subject as old as mankind, a subject of immense and eternal import to the race. Ploughing and sowing and reaping, the hewing of wood and the drawing of water, carding and spinning and the making of garments, things in which all mankind is interested and in which the bulk of mankind always has been and always will be occupied,

these are his subjects. Shepherds have watched their sheep from the time before Abraham was, as Millet's shepherds watch theirs, and mothers have fed their young or assisted "The First Steps" since the Garden of Eden. Fortunately for his purpose,

to choose such subjects as are suited to his powers and give greatest scope for the development of the qualities he possesses. He may paint genre or landscape or portrait or still-life and be a true artist whose work the world will cherish, for the powers neces-



The Sower. By Millet.

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Vanderbilt Collection.

the life of the tillers of the soil had changed but little and machinery had not yet invaded the fields, and he was able to find in the daily life of the people about him subjects truly typical of the history of humanity—subjects much more essentially and eternally classic than the straddling Greek and Roman warriors of those who arrogated to themselves the title of classicists.

I would by no means intimate that it is the duty of every artist to attempt subjects of the highest class. It is rather his duty

sary to success in any of these fields are as rare as they are truly admirable. Still, it is not true that all subjects are alike, or that success with one kind of subject is as good as success with another. One may sincerely admire Frans Hals and be sincerely glad that he painted what he could do so well instead of trying to do that at which he would certainly have failed; one is not, therefore, ready to rank him with Michelangelo and above Raphael. One may derive unalloyed pleasure from the marvellous skill of Volon



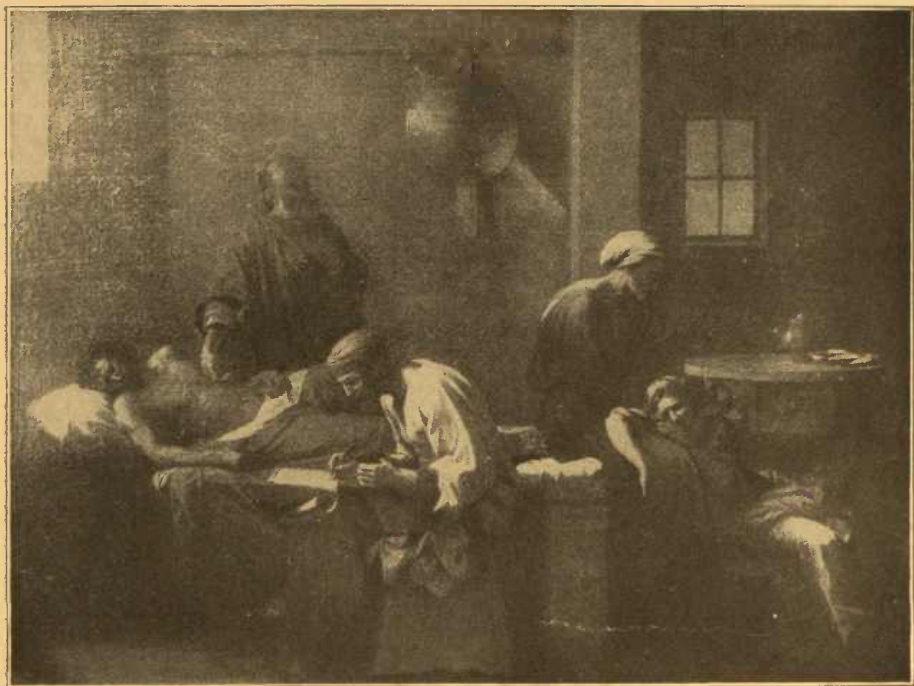
Lot and His Family. From a drawing by Rembrandt.
In the Lenox Library, N. Y.

and yet be certain that the art of Millet is of a higher kind. The different kinds of merit proper to the different kinds of subject can never be quite perfectly united—there must always be some sacrifice, somewhere—but now and then, in the works of the greatest masters, so much of technical beauty and perfection is found united to so much of grandeur of conception and largeness of style that we may receive from one work the largest possible sum of enjoyment. These are the world's unapproachable masterpieces.

But if the modern world has come to think any subject as good as any other it has made one very curious exception to the rule. It has come to think what it calls "the literary subject" an actual drawback, and to consider that the presence, in a work of art, of what is called a "story" is of itself enough to relegate that work to an inferior rank. Yet how such an opinion can have been arrived at, in view of the history of art in all ages, is the greatest of puzzles. For art, from its beginnings among the cave men, has always told stories; and its twin

purposes of illustration and of decoration have always gone hand in hand, illustration being generally, in the mind of the artist as in that of his audience, the more important of the two. The Assyrian celebrated the prowess of his kings in hunt or in battle and the Egyptian recorded the whole life of the people upon the walls of royal tombs. The art of Greece told the story of its gods and heroes on every vase and on every temple front, and the pediments of the Parthenon recounted the legends of the birth of Pallas and of the founding of Athens.

In like manner the art of the Renaissance occupied itself, almost exclusively, with the sacred story of the Old and New Testaments or with the legends of the saints, from the time that Giotto painted the life of Francis at Assisi and the life of Christ in the Arena Chapel until Raphael spread his "Bible" upon the vaultings of the Loggia of the Vatican. The greatest work of its mightiest master, the most sublime and awe-inspiring creation of all art, was nothing else than the story of the Creation and the Fall of Man, so told, with such clarity



The Testament of Eudamidas. By Poussin.
In the collection of Count Moltke at Copenhagen.

and such power, as never story, before or since, was told in colors. Even the Venetians, those lovers of the sumptuous and the decorative, the creators of what we know as genre, could not get on without a story to tell, and when the story seems absent to us it is because it has been lost, not because it was not there. Titian's enigmatic picture which is traditionally known as the "Sacred and Profane Love" is now said to represent "Medea and Venus," and Giorgione's "Partie Champêtre" and "Soldier and Gypsy" are thought to be illustrations of this or that Italian novel.

It may be that in these later instances the story was a concession to the demands of the public, and that while the ostensible subject was the temptation of Medea by Venus the real subject was the contrast between a nude figure and a draped one. It may be that Giorgione would have been equally content with his idyllic dreams had they no definite context in his mind or in the minds of those for whom he painted. It certainly was not so with the earlier masters, and as certainly it was not so with that

later master, Rembrandt. It is a commonplace of criticism that Dutch art told no stories, and that the Dutch burghers, for whom it was created, asked nothing of it but the portraiture of themselves and their wives or of their daily life and their tame and comfortable country. The artist who attempted more did so at his peril, and Ruysdael paid for his love of rocks and water-falls, as Rembrandt paid for his love of stories, with poverty and discouragement. Yet Rembrandt was always telling stories. His public did not want them; it wanted nothing of him but portraits that should be like; and when his portraits ceased to be neat and obvious likenesses it wanted nothing of him whatever. Yet he painted stories over and over again, his etchings are filled with stories, and, more than all, his drawings, which the public never saw, are one long series of illustrations. He was haunted with stories from which he could not escape, and to which he returned again and again, illustrating their every phase and turning and twisting them in every aspect. There is the story of Lot, the story

of Joseph, the story of Tobit, for each of which he made almost numberless drawings, and the story of Christ, which is the subject of his greatest etchings. He was a great painter, a great master of light and shade, a portrait painter who has excelled all others in the rendering of the human soul behind the features; but more than anything else he was a great story-teller, and his imaginative grasp of a story and his power of so telling it that it shall seem real and immediate to us, as if it had actually happened before our very eyes, is perhaps the most wonderful of his many wonderful gifts.

So great has been the dominance of the story in art that even the landscape painters of the seventeenth century, to whose main purpose story-telling was in no way necessary, nearly always put in a few figures supposed to represent the characters in some legend, sacred or profane; and the light and frivolous art of the eighteenth century tells stories too, though the stories may be as light and frivolous as the manner of telling.

But if you wish to know how seriously the telling of the story may be taken by a great artist you must read the fragments of criticism left us by that great nineteenth-century classicist, Jean François Millet. In his letters, in the fragments of his conversation recorded for us by others, in his few formal announcements of his beliefs about art, you will find hardly anything else mentioned. For all he says about them, such things as drawing, or color, or the handling of his material, might as well not exist. Apparently his whole mind is concentrated on the story of the picture and the manner of its telling—everything else is of value only as it helps the clarity and force of the expression. For him "Art is a language and . . . all language is intended for the expression of ideas." "The artist's first task is to find an arrangement that will give full and striking expression to his idea." And again, "To have painted things that mean nothing is to have borne no fruit." Hear him discoursing on a print, after his favorite master Poussin, of a man upon his death-bed: "How simple and austere the interior; only that which is necessary, no more; the grief of the family, how abject; the calm movement of the physician as he lays the back of his hand upon the dying

man's heart; and the dying man, the care and sorrow in his face, and his hands . . . they show age, toil, and suffering." Not one word about anything else—all other things are but means—the telling of the story is the end and the essential. He has given us, in a letter to a critic of art, a more formal profession of faith—a brief statement of what he thought fundamental in art and of the principles by which he was consciously guided in his own work.

"The objects introduced in a picture," he says, "should not appear to be brought together by chance, and for the occasion, but should have a necessary and indispensable connection. I want the people that I represent to look as if they belonged to their place, and as if it would be impossible for them to think of being anything else but what they are. A work must be all of a piece, and persons and objects must always be there for a purpose. I wish to say fully and forcibly what is necessary, so much so that I think things feebly said had better not be said at all, since they are, as it were, spoilt and robbed of their charm. But I have the greatest horror of useless accessories, however brilliant they may be. These things only serve to distract and weaken the general effect."

The Classic Spirit, in its austere form, as it envisages the subject and its treatment, could not be more clearly expressed; and Millet's practice was strictly in accord with his theories. His pictures are seldom so specifically related to a written text as are those of Rembrandt, but each of his characters has a history and a station, and "could never think of being other than what it is." One of his very great works is "The Woman Carrying Water," which hangs beside "The Sower" in the Metropolitan Museum. Of its purely artistic merits I may have occasion to speak later, but what Millet meant it to represent—the story he had to tell—he has himself put into words so perfectly that one must quote him again.

He says: "I have tried to show that she is neither a water-carrier nor yet a servant, but simply a woman drawing water for the use of her household—to make soup for her husband and children. I have tried to make her look as if she were carrying neither more nor less than the weight of the buckets full of water; and that through the kind of grimace which the load she bears

forces her to make, and the blinking of her eyes in the sunlight, you should be able to see the air of rustic kindness on her face. I have avoided, as I always do, with a sort

have the artist's own word for it that this "literature" was intentional—was, indeed, the main intention. You cannot have that assurance often, and in the picture I am



Une Veuve. By Stevens.

In the collection of Mr. Martin A. Ryerson.

of horror, everything that might verge on the sentimental. On the contrary, I have tried to make her do her work simply and cheerfully, without regarding as a burden this act which, like other household duties, is part of her daily task, and the habit of her life. I have also tried to make people feel the freshness of the well, and to show by its ancient air how many generations have come there before her to draw water."

Now, if I had told you that this was what I read in the picture, you might imagine that I had read *into* it what Millet himself had never thought of putting there; but you

going to mention next you will have to use your own judgment as to whether or not I am right in my reading. It is a picture owned by a collector in Chicago, an exquisite work by a true painter who, at the time it was painted, came nearer to the quality of the old Dutch masters than almost any other modern has done—it is Alfred Stevens's "Une Veuve." It is, I say, exquisitely painted, and would be delightful to look at if it had no story whatever; but what I want you to observe, now, is the way the story is told. It dates from the sixties of the last century, and the costume and



The Punished Son. By Greuze.
In the Louvre.

the accessories are of the period to which it belongs. In an elegant interior, panelled in white and gold, a pretty young widow in a voluminous black gown leans back in the depths of a red velvet divan, her hands clasped in her lap with a gesture of nervous indecision. On the slender-legged stand beside her are a little silver bell, to show that she is accustomed to being waited upon, a bound book, and a couple of paper-covered novels—just enough to indicate a refined and rather unoccupied existence. On the seat of the divan lies a great bouquet of flowers in its wrapping of white paper, and on the floor at her feet is the envelope, seal uppermost, of the note that has come with the flowers. The story is very unlike Millet's. Its mixture of sentiment and delicate irony is as different from Millet's simple earnestness as the rank of this fashionable lady is different from that of Millet's peasant woman. But the art of the telling is of the same kind—there is the same clarity, the same precision, the same reticence.

"Persons and things are here for a purpose" and there is not one detail that is not necessary, not one "useless accessory."

There are a number of Stevens's early pictures of much the same quality, and if any one is tempted to think their fine literary tact a matter of no moment, and entirely beside the bargain, he had better compare them with the same artist's later works, in which the love of elegance deteriorates into a love of bric-a-brac and the painter of genteel comedy becomes little better than a very skilful master of still-life.

I hope I have proved that much of our modern scorn for the story-telling picture is undeserved, and that there must be something worthy of serious attention in a side of art that has occupied the greatest masters since the practice of painting began. Yet there must be some cause for that scorn—there must be some reason why the mere epithet "story-telling," applied to a picture, has become a term of reproach. I think there are three main reasons for this



The Contract. By Hogarth. "Marriage à-la-Mode" Series.
In the National Gallery.

state of affairs: painters have told stories that were too trivial; they have told stories that, however important and interesting in themselves, were ill-fitted for pictorial narration; and they have, partly because of this initial fault in the choice of the story to be told, told stories badly.

I have heard a little anecdote that illustrates pretty well one of these faults, as well as the modern suspicion of any interest in a picture other than the purely pictorial. A modern painter had painted a girl resting upon the sea-steps of a Venetian palace, and on the step below her he had painted a little crab at which she was looking. But his conscience troubled him on the score of that crab, and he gravely consulted a friend as to whether it ought not to be painted out, as introducing too much literary interest! Well, I laughed, at first, when I heard the tale, but afterward I found myself sympathizing with the artist and his scruples. I could not swallow that crab myself! And then it occurred to me that perhaps it was

only the painter's reason that was wrong. The crab was not "too literary"; it was not literary enough. The interest it introduced was a slight and trivial one. As regards the girl it was a "useless accessory," and the story of the girl and her fatigue, or her idle dreams, would have been better told without it.

To be fitted for pictorial treatment a story should have some degree of importance and of universal interest, and it should be such a story as may be told in lines and colors, with no necessary reliance on the written word, or on anything outside its frame, for the explanation of its essential features. Then it must be told "fully and forcibly," without the frittering away of interest on the unimportant. Even the light stories of eighteenth-century French art have something of this necessary universality—they appeal to a permanent, if not a high, element in human nature. The stories of Michelangelo and of Millet are of the most fundamental and universal inter-

est to mankind. The intelligibility of a story may be greatly aided by the degree in which it is well known to every one, and Rembrandt's Bible stories, like Michelangelo's myths of the Creation, are greatly helped by this universal knowledge, though his own genius for pictorial imagination was his main reliance. It is when we have, in art, stories that of themselves have little import, as with so many modern English pictures; stories that cannot be told by the means at the disposal of the painter, as often with Hogarth; stories that are poorly or falsely and melodramatically told, as with Greuze, that the story-telling picture justifies our contempt of it.

You have heard Millet describe Poussin's manner of painting a death-bed scene—now see Greuze's way of doing it in "The Punished Son." Look at the daughter at the left whose child tugs at her, note her gesture of despair and the careful disarrangement of her fichu—for, even in his most moral mood, Greuze must always give a little spice for the voluptuary. Look at the other daughter, beyond the bed, at her wild excitement and outstretched arm, as if she were dashing a scorpion from the brow of the dying man. Look at the attitudes of any of the figures, and try to imagine for a moment that you are a spectator of anything but a theatrical performance. This is not story-telling, or is story-telling only in the sense in which we were reproached with the habit in our infancy. It is telling lies. And the jugs and warming pans and crutches that clutter the floor are perfect examples of useless accessories.

So much for how not to tell a story: for an instance of the story that cannot be told clearly in art we shall go to Hogarth. He was a real painter, almost a great one, at his best, but he wanted to do more than painting can properly do. So, in his series of moral tales, he is forced to all sorts of expedients to make his meaning plain. We will take him at his best and most mature, in the admirably painted "Marriage à-la-Mode." The first scene represents "The Contract," and the artist wants to tell us all sorts of things. This is a loveless marriage, so the contracting couple are placed ostentatiously back to back, although there is nothing for the bridegroom to look at and he must smirk at empty space. The bride is, for the same reason, playing with her en-

agement ring on her handkerchief, instead of leaving it on her finger; and, as she is afterward to have an affair with the young lawyer, he is already flirting with her before both families. The new house which is building for the young couple is seen through the open window and, lest you should think it any other house, the parson is comparing it with the plainly lettered plan. The father of the bridegroom has an actual family tree to which he can point with one hand while he points to himself with the other, and the document which the bride's father offers him is conspicuously labelled "Mortgage." Even the contract must be carefully held sideways, as no one would ever hold it, in order that the endorsement may be read. Well, the story is certainly told, but not by pictorial means. And Hogarth cannot escape from this shoring up and buttressing of his story by the written word. In the second scene of this same series we have the steward's packet with the paper on top marked "Bill" in large letters, and the book on the floor is opened at the title-page—which, by the way, is where the title-page never is—that we may read "Hoyle on Whist," and know what game was playing the night before. The only alternative to this sort of thing, if one insists on telling stories of this elaborate sort, is to paint a picture which may be fairly comprehensible after one has read the catalogue, but which means anything or nothing without its title.

It is the unfitness of many stories for telling in the language of painting that makes so many historical pictures altogether unsatisfactory and dismal. Let us suppose an American painter proposing to paint the Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation. Here is a subject of great dignity—of overwhelming importance—but how is its dignity and importance to be expressed? You will have a number of people gathered about a table, and one of them will be signing something, but unless you resort to a written label you have no means of telling what that something is. Even so, I have conceded too much. Some one is writing something, but it may be anything, from his signature on a State paper to a washing-list, so far as you can tell from the action itself. The best you can make of the subject is a portrait group, like Rembrandt's "Synetics of the Cloth Hall." As such it may be

admirable, but it will not be the Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation except by courtesy, call it what you please.

Or take another historical subject that has actually been painted, "Washington Crossing the Delaware." Here there are more pictorial elements—the river with its

pected to supply the rest—but you will have rendered your picture immortally absurd.

So great is this difficulty of the historical subject that I can recall only one instance in the whole history of art where it is entirely and satisfactorily overcome, Velazquez's "Surrender of Breda." The sub-

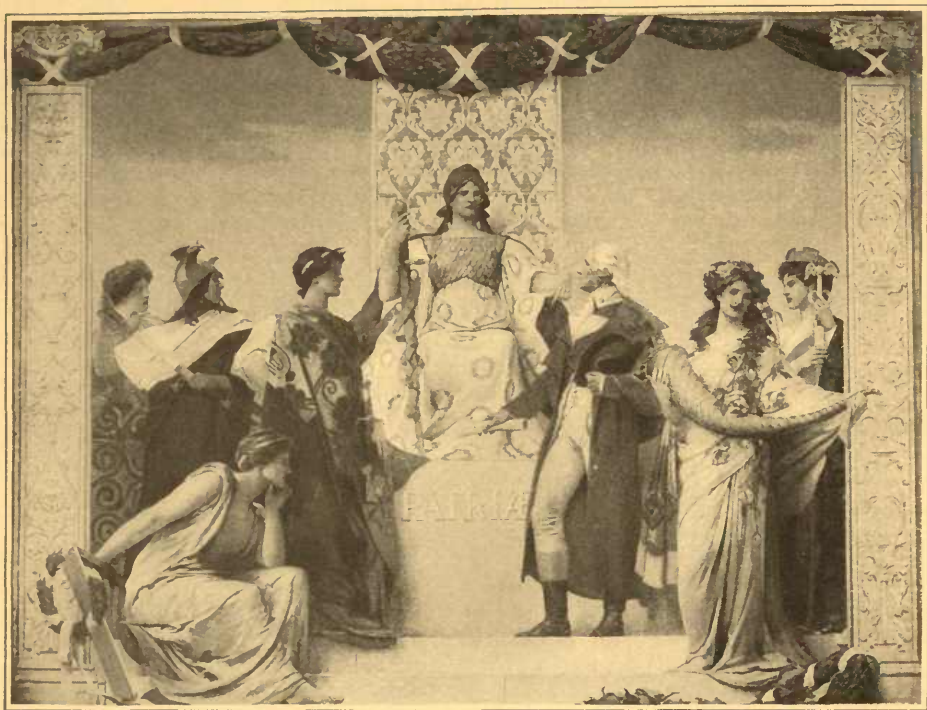


The Surrender of Breda. By Velazquez.

In the Prado.

floating ice is a good subject for a landscape painter, and the boats with their crews, in strong action, rowing or pushing off the ice cakes, afford fine opportunities for figure drawing. But can you tell what went before this crossing or is to come after it? Can you give any notion of the real and essential meaning of the incident? And how are you to make your hero conspicuous among the crowd of other actors. You can make him stand when others are seated; you can wrap him in a blowing cloak and give him an expression of brooding intentness; and you can relieve his well-known profile against the sky and put an American flag behind him. You will have made it plain that your subject is Washington crossing a river in the winter, and perhaps the historical knowledge of your audience may be ex-

posed to supply the rest—but you will have rendered your picture immortally absurd. So great is this difficulty of the historical subject that I can recall only one instance in the whole history of art where it is entirely and satisfactorily overcome, Velazquez's "Surrender of Breda." The subject was, for once, admirably fitted to expression in graphic art, and the artist has, to use Millet's phrase again, "found an arrangement that gives full and striking expression to his idea." It is the surrender of a town that is taking place, and the character of the background makes it sufficiently plain that the scene is in the Low Countries—it is possible, indeed, that, to one who knows the region well enough, the localization is even more precise. The types and the costumes are sufficient evidence that it is a Dutch commander who is surrendering to a Spaniard, and we do not need to recognize the portraits of Justin of Nassau and Spinola to understand all that is necessary. To the right a great horse, a few heads, and twenty or thirty tall lances against the sky figure the Spanish army. To the left are



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Washington Laying Down his Commission. By E. H. Blashfield.

In the Baltimore Court House.

the guards of the Dutch general with their shorter pikes and halberds. Justin bends low before his victor, who places a kindly hand upon his shoulder, and between their dark figures is a shield-shaped space of brilliant light in the midst of which, and almost in the exact middle of the picture, the key of the surrendered city stands out sharply. It is the key of the composition and of the story, no less than of Breda.

If the story to be told could often be expressed as clearly and as fully as it is in this instance, we should hear less objection to historical painting as a manner of artistic production.

But it is just in the one situation where there is a natural public demand for the historical subject that that kind of subject, particularly in this country, is most difficult to handle successfully. In asking that our public buildings should be decorated with paintings relating to our own history our people are only asking what every other people has asked from time immemorial. Unfortunately our history is short, our modern costume formless and ugly, and American historical subjects particularly

unfitted for pictorial and, especially, for decorative treatment. I have said that the highest walk of figure painting concerns itself with "the human figure, nude or so draped as to express rather than to conceal its structure and movement," but the costume of the last three centuries lends itself little to such treatment of the figure, and the painter who cares greatly for the expressiveness of the body will feel little attraction to belt buckles and brass buttons. Again, mural painting, from its association with architecture, is especially an art of formal and symmetrical composition, of monumental arrangements and balanced lines and masses, and such composition necessarily destroys all illusion of veracity in the depiction of an historical incident. Finally, decoration demands sumptuous and brilliant, or, at any rate, studied and beautiful, color; and too many of our historical subjects afford little opportunity for this.

Thus a love for the human figure, a love for monumental and truly decorative composition, and a love for color, all tend to lead our mural painters away from the historical subject and toward an allegori-

cal, or rather symbolic, treatment, and this tendency is strong almost in exact proportion as the artist affected by it is a real decorator by temperament and training. Nor is the tendency a new one; it has existed since there was an art of painting. The walls of Italy are covered with frescoes and the palace of the Doges is lined with paintings, nearly all of which were intended to have some historical implication, but there are, apart from the renderings of sacred narrative, relatively few strictly historical pictures among them, and these are seldom the most effective. The most triumphantly decorative are allegories, naïf in the Spanish Chapel or the ceilings of Pinturicchio, superb in Veronese's "Venice Enthroned."

It is true that the strictly historical subject may, on occasion, be so treated as to reduce its essentially undecorative character to a minimum. You may simplify it in arrangement and, in some cases, arrive almost at a monumental composition; you may eliminate light and shade and avoid strong contrasts and projecting modelling; you may weaken its pictorial character until it consents to stay on the wall, and to do little harm to the architectural ensemble, if it does no good to it. But when all is done it will not be essential decoration. You will still have to choose between historical pictures which are, at best, imperfectly and negatively decorative, and have lost much of their force in becoming so, and true monumental decorations, perfectly suited to their place and function, but symbolical rather than real in their treatment of history.

If you believe—and I cannot see how you can help believing it—that the first end of a decoration is to decorate, there can be no doubt which you will prefer.

The choice, once made, will carry with it much more than an increase of decorative beauty—it will greatly enlarge the scope of the ideas you may express, and increase the clarity and force with which you may express them. I chose, a while ago, to illustrate the difficulty of the purely historical subject, the theme of the Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation, and pointed out how it reduced itself, if realistically treated, to a man writing at a table, in the presence of a number of other men. But admit the element of symbolism and the difficulty vanishes at once. You may paint "Lincoln Emancipating the Slave," in a

way that shall be perfectly intelligible to every one, and you may go further and convey the whole meaning of the struggle for freedom and suggest the vast upheaval of the Civil War by a use of allegorical figures. Velazquez was particularly happy, in his "Surrender of Breda," in finding a subject suited to realistic expression and in finding, also, the exact expression needed. But even that prince of naturalists, when he would paint "the Expulsion of the Moors," had to fall back on allegory like all the world before him. From the point of view of expression as from the point of view of form there is really no alternative. We must admit the symbolical or we must give up monumental and decorative painting altogether.

To what degree the symbolical element shall displace entirely the historical must be a question, largely, of the temper and ability of the artist. Some will feel most at home in an atmosphere of pure symbolism, where nothing shall hamper their sense of beauty or intrude considerations of fact or costume. Others will be able to include a good deal of fact and costume without feeling that it impedes their creation of decorative beauty. In this style of partly historical, partly symbolic, art are two notably successful works by American artists, one in sculpture and one in painting, Saint-Gaudens's "Sherman" and Blashfield's decoration in the Baltimore Court House, "Washington Laying Down his Commission." In the "Sherman" the contrast between the modern soldier and the antique victory troubles some people who would have felt no incongruity, probably, if the general had been a warrior in fifteenth-century armor, or had worn the habit of a Roman emperor, though in either case the mingling of fact and fiction would have been the same. So swiftly is time shortened as it recedes into the past that Washington, in blue and buff, seems naturally enough placed amid the half-mediæval, half-ancient, costumes of the symbolical figures about him. They are all removed from the present, which is, for us, the only real, and seem equally to belong to an ideal world. The effect of the whole is sumptuously decorative, while the larger implications of the story to be told are much more clearly expressed than they could be by a realistic representation of the scene that occurred at Annapolis in 1783.

KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY A. I. KELLER

XXIV



HARRY looked about the room in a bewildered way and then tiptoed to St. George's bed. It had been a day of surprises, but this last had completely upset him. St. George dependent on the charity of his old cook and without other attendant than Todd! Why had he been deserted by everybody who loved him? Why was he not at Wesley or Craddock? Why should he be here of all places in the world?

All these thoughts surged through his mind as he stood above the patient watching his slow, labored breathing. That he had been ill for some time was evident in his emaciated face and the deep hollows into which his closed eyes were sunken.

Aunt Jemima rose and handed him her chair. He sat down noiselessly beside him; once his uncle coughed, and in the effort drew the coverlet close about his throat, his eyes still shut—but whether from weakness or drowsiness, Harry could not tell. Presently he shifted his body, and moving his head on the pillow, called softly:

"Jemima?"

The old woman bent over him.

"Yes, Marse George."

"Give me a little milk—my throat troubles me."

Harry drew back into the shadow cast over one end of the cot and rear wall by the low lamp on the hearth. Whether to slip his hand gently over his uncle's and declare himself, or whether to wait until he dozed again and return in the morning, when he would be less tired and could better withstand the shock of the meeting, was the question which disturbed him. And yet he could not leave until he satisfied himself of just what ought to be done. If he left him at all it must be for help of some kind. He leaned over and whispered in Jemima's ear:

"Has he had a doctor?"

Jemima shook her head: "He wouldn't hab none; he ain't been clean beat out till day befo' yisterday an' den I got skeered an'—" Something in the tones of his voice must have awakened a memory; she leaned closer, scrutinized Harry's face; clapped her hand over her mouth to keep from screaming, and staggered back to her chair.

St. George raised his head from the pillow and stared into the shadows.

"Who is talking? I heard somebody speak? Jemima—you haven't disobeyed me, have you?"

Harry slipped to the bedside and laid his fingers on the sick man's wrist:

"Uncle George," he said gently.

Temple lowered his head as if to focus his gaze.

"Yes, there is some one!" he cried in a stronger voice. "Who are you, sir?—not a doctor, are you? I didn't send for you!—I don't want any doctor, I told my servant so. Jemima!—Todd!—Why do you—"

Harry tightened his grasp on the slim wrist. "No, Uncle George, it's Harry! I'm just back."

"What did he say, Todd? Harry!—Harry! Did he say he was Harry, or am I losing my mind?"

In his eagerness to understand he lifted himself to a sitting posture, his eyes roaming over the speaker's body, resting on his head—on his shoulders, arms and hands, as if trying to solve some problem which constantly eluded him.

Harry continued to pat his wrist soothingly.

"Yes, it's Harry, Uncle George," he answered—"but don't talk—lie down. I'm all right—I got in yesterday and have been looking for you everywhere. Pawson told me you were at Wesley. I found Todd a few minutes ago by the merest accident, and he brought me here. No, you must lie down—let me help—rest yourself on me—so." He was as tender with him as if he had been his own mother.

The sick man shook himself free—he was stronger than Harry thought. He was convinced now that there was some trick being played upon him—one Jemima in her anxiety had devised.

“How dare you, sir, lie to me like that!” he cried indignantly. “Who asked you to come here? Todd—send this fellow from the room!”

Harry drew back out of his uncle’s vision and carefully watched the sick man. His uncle’s mind was evidently unhinged and it would be better not to thwart him.

Todd now crept up. He had seen his master like this once before and had had all he could do to keep him in bed.

“Dat ain’t no doctor, Marse George,” he pleaded, his voice trembling. “Dat’s Marse Harry come back agin alive. It’s de hair on his face make him look dat way; dat fool me too. It’s Marse Harry, fo’ sho’—I fotch him yere myse’f. He’s jes’ come from de big ship.”

St. George twisted his head, looked long and earnestly into Harry’s face, and with a sudden cry of joy stretched out his hand and motioned him nearer. Harry bent low and sank to his knees beside the bed. St. George curved one arm about his neck, drew him tightly to his breast as he would a woman, and fell back upon the pillow with Harry’s head next his own. There he lay with eyes half closed, thick sobs choking his utterance, the tears streaming down his pale cheeks; his thin white fingers caressing the brown hair of the boy he loved. At last, with a heavy, indrawn sigh, not of grief, but of joy—as if his heart would break if he did not let it out, he said feebly to himself:

“Harry home! Harry home!” Then, after a long pause, releasing his grasp: “I did not know how weak I was. Maybe I had better not talk. To-morrow I will be stronger—I can’t stand much. Come to-morrow and tell me about it. . . . There is no bed for you here—Pawson might give you one. . . . I am sorry. . . . but you must go away—you couldn’t be comfortable. . . . Todd—”

The darky started forward—both he and Aunt Jemima were crying:

“Yes, Marse George.”

“Take the lamp and light Mr. Rutter downstairs. To-morrow—to-morrow Har-

ry. . . . My God!—Harry home! Harry home!” and he turned his face to the wall.

On the way back—first to the stable, where Harry found the horse had been properly cared for and his bill ready—and then to his lodgings, Todd told him the story of what had happened, the recital bringing the tears more than once to his eyes.

His master had at first firmly intended going to the Eastern Shore—evidently for a long stay—for he had ordered his own and Todd’s trunks packed with everything they both owned in the way of clothes. On the next day, however—the day before the boat left—Mr. Temple had made a visit to Jemima to bid her good-by, and had then learned that her white lodger had decamped between suns, leaving two months board unpaid. In the effort to find this man, or compel his employer to pay his bill, out of some wages still due him—in both of which he failed—his master had missed the boat and they were obliged to wait another week. During this interim, not wishing to return to Pawson, and being as he said very comfortable where he was with his two servants to wait upon him, and the place as clean as a pin—his master had moved his own and Todd’s trunks from the steamboat warehouse where they had been stored, and had had them brought to Jemima’s. Two days later—whether from exposure in tramping the streets in his efforts to collect the old woman’s bill, or whether the change of lodgings had affected him—he was taken down with a chill and had been in bed ever since. With this situation staring both Jemima and himself in the face—for neither she nor Mr. Temple had much money left—Todd had appealed to Gadgem—(he being the only man in his experience who could always produce a roll of bills when everybody else failed)—who took him to the stableman whose accounts he collected—and who had once bought one of St. George’s saddles—and who then and there hired Todd as night attendant. His wages, added to what Jemima could earn over her tubs, had kept the three alive. All this had taken place four weeks or more ago.

None of all this, he assured Harry, had he told Gadgem or anybody else, his master’s positive directions being to keep his abode and his condition a secret from everybody. All the collector knew was that Mr. Tem-

ple being too poor to take Todd with him, had left him behind to shift for himself until he could send for him. All the neighborhood knew, to quote Todd's own hilarious chuckle, was that "Miss Jemima John-sing had two mo' boadders; one a sick man dat had los' his job an' de udder a yaller nigger who sot up nights watchin' de hosses eat dere haids off."

Since that time his master had had various ups and downs, but although he was still weak he was very much stronger than he had been any time since he had taken to his bed. Only once had he been delirious; then he talked ramblingly about Miss Kate and Marse Harry. This had so scared Aunt Jemima that she had determined to go to Mammy Henny and have her tell Miss Kate, so he could get a doctor—something he had positively forbidden her to do, but he grew so much better the next day that she had given it up; since that time his mind had not again given way. All he wanted now, so Todd concluded—was a good soup and "a drap o' sumpin warmin'—an' he'd pull thu'. But dere warn't no use tryin' ter git him to take it 'cause all he would eat was taters an' corn pone an' milk—an' sich like, 'cause he said dere warn't money 'nough fer de three—" whereupon Todd turned his head away and caught his breath, and then tried to pass it off as an unbidden choke—none of which subterfuges deceived Harry in the least.

When the two arrived off the green lantern and pushed in the door of the Sailors' House, Todd received another shock—one that sent his eyes bulging from his head. That Marse Harry Rutter, who was always a law unto himself, should grow a beard and wear rough clothes, was to be expected—"Dem Rutters was allus dat way—do jes's dey minter—" but that the most elegant young man of his day "ob de fustest quality," should take up his quarters in a low sailors' retreat, and be looked upon by the men gathered around its card table—(some of whom greeted Harry familiarly)—as one of their own kind, completely staggered him.

The pedler was particularly gracious—so much so that when he learned that Harry was leaving for good, and had come to get his belongings—he jumped up and insisted on helping—at which Harry laughed and assented, and as a further mark of his

appreciation presented him with, in addition to the money he gave him, the now useless silks—an act of generosity which formed the sole topic of conversation in the resort for weeks thereafter.

This done the procession took up its return march: Harry in front, Todd, still dazed and completely at sea as to the meaning of it all following behind; the pedler between with Harry's heavy coat, blankets, etc.—all purchased since his shipwreck—the party threading the narrow choked-up street until they reached the dingy yard, where the pedler dumped his pack and withdrew, while Todd stowed his load in the basement. Whereupon the two tiptoed once more up the stairs to where Aunt Jemima awaited them, St. George having fallen asleep.

Beckoning the old woman away from the bedroom door and into the far corner of the small hall, Harry unfolded to her as much of his plans for the next day as he thought she ought to know. Early in the morning—before his uncle was awake—he would betake himself to Kennedy Square; ascertain from Pawson whether his uncle's rooms were still unoccupied, and if such were the case—and St. George be unable to walk—would pick him up bodily, wrap him in blankets, carry him in his own arms downstairs, place him in a carriage, and drive him to his former home where he would again pick him up and lay him in his own bed: This would be better than a hundred doctors—he had tried it himself when he was down with fever and knew. Aunt Jemima was to go ahead and see that these preparations were carried out. Should Alec be able to bring his mother to Kennedy Square in the morning, as he had instructed him to do, then there would indeed be somebody on hand who could nurse him even better than Jemima. Should his mother not be there, Jemima would take her place. Nothing of all this, he charged her, was to be told St. George until the hour of departure. To dwell upon the intended move might overexcite him. Then, when everything was ready—his linen, etc., arranged—(Jemima was also to look after this)—he would whisk him off and make him comfortable in his own bed. He would, of course, now that he wished it, keep the secret of his retreat; although why St. George Wilmot Temple, Esq., or any

other gentleman of his standing should object to being taken care of by his own servants was a thing he could not understand: who would or could look after him more loyally or more tenderly? Pawson, of course, need not know—nor should any outside person—not even Gadgem if he came nosing around. To these he would merely say that Mr. Temple had seen fit to leave home and that Mr. Temple had seen fit to return again: that was quite enough for attorneys and collectors. To all the others he would keep his counsel, until St. George himself made confession, which he was pretty sure he would do at the first opportunity.

This decided upon he bade Jemima good-night, gave her explicit directions to call him should his uncle awake (her own room opened out of his) spread his blanket in the cramped hall outside the door—he had not roughed it on shipboard and in the wilderness all these years without knowing something of the soft side of a plank—and throwing his heavy ships-coat over him fell fast asleep.

XXV

WHEN the gray dawn stole through the small window, crept down the narrow hall, and laid his chilled fingers on Harry's upturned face, it found him still asleep. His ride to Moorlands and back—his muscles unused for months to the exercise—had tired him. The trials of the day too, those with his father and his Uncle George, had tired him the more—and so he slept on as a child sleeps—as a perfectly healthy man sleeps—both mind and body drinking in the ozone of a new courage and a new hope.

When the first ray of the joyous sun rode full tilt across his face, he opened his eyes, threw off the cloak, and sprang to his feet. For an instant he looked wonderingly about as if in doubt whether to call the watch or begin the hunt for his cattle—to both of which he had of late turned his hand. Then the pine door caught his eye and the low, measured breathing of his uncle fell upon his ear, and he realized where he was. With a quick lift of his arms, his strong hands thumping his chest, he shook himself together: he had work to do, and he must begin at once.

Aunt Jemima was already at her duties. She had tiptoed past his sleeping body an

hour before, and after listening to St. George's breathing had plunged into her tubs; the cat's cradle in the dingy court-yard being already gay with highly respectable linen, including Harry's two flannel shirts which Todd had found in a paper parcel, and which the old woman had pounced upon at sight.

When Harry appeared, she insisted that he should wait until she made him a cup of coffee, but the young man had no time for such luxuries. He would keep on, he said, to Kennedy Square, find Pawson, ascertain if St. George's old rooms were still unoccupied; notify him of Mr. Temple's return; have his bed made and fires properly lighted; stop at the livery stable, wake up Todd, if that ducky had overslept himself—quite natural when he had been up all night—engage a carriage to be at Jemima's at four o'clock, and then return to his uncle to get everything ready for the picking-up-and-carrying downstairs process.

And all this he did do; and all this he told Jemima he had done when he swung into the court-yard an hour later, a spring to his heels and a joyous note in his voice that he had not known for years. The reaction that hope brings to youth had set in. He was alive and at home; his Uncle George was where he could get his hands on him—in a minute—by the mounting of the stairs; and Alec and his mother were within reach! Was there ever such joy! Yes—he could fight everything else now!

And the same glad song was in his heart when he opened his uncle's door after he had swallowed his coffee—Jemima had it ready for him this time—and thrusting in his head cried out:

"We are going to get you out of here, Uncle George!" This with a laugh—one of his old contagious laughs that was music in the sick man's ears.

"When?" asked the invalid, his face radiant. He had been awake an hour wondering what it all meant. He had even thought of calling to Jemima to reassure himself that it was not a dream, until he heard her over her tubs and refrained from disturbing her.

"Oh, pretty soon! I have just come from Pawson's. Fogbin hasn't put in an appearance and there's nobody in the rooms and hasn't been anybody there since you left. He can't understand it, nor can I—

and I don't want to. I have ordered the bed made and a fire started in both the bedroom and the old dining room, and if anybody objects he has got to say so to me, and I am a very uncomfortable person to say some kinds of things to nowadays. So up you get when the time comes; and Todd and Jemima are to go too. I've got money enough, anyhow, to begin on. Aunt Jemima says you had a good night and it won't be long now before you are yourself again."

The radiant smile on the sick man's face blossomed into a laugh: "Yes—the best night that I have had since I was taken ill, and— Where did you sleep, son?"

"Me!— Oh, I had a fine time—long, well-ventilated room with two windows and private staircase; nice pine bedstead—very comfortable place for this part of the town."

St. George looked at him and his eyes filled. His mind was neither on his own questions nor on Harry's answers.

"Get a chair, Harry, and sit by me so I can look at you closer. How fine and strong you are, son—not like your father—you're like your mother. And you've broadened out—mentally as well as physically. Pretty hard I tell you to spoil a gentleman—more difficult still to spoil a Rutter. But you must get that beard off—it isn't becoming to you, and then somebody might think you disguised yourself on purpose. I didn't know you at first, neither did Jemima—and you don't want anybody else to make that kind of a mistake."

"My father did, yesterday—" Harry rejoined quietly, dropping into Jemima's chair.

St. George half raised himself from his bed: "You have seen him?"

"Yes—and I wish I hadn't. But I hunted everywhere for you and then got a horse and rode out home. He didn't know me—that is, I'm pretty sure he didn't—but he cursed me all the same. My mother and old Alec, I hope, will come in to-day—but father's chapter is closed forever, Uncle George. I have been a fool to hope for anything else."

"Drove you out! Oh, no—*no!* Harry! Impossible!"

"But he did—" and then followed an account of all the wanderer had passed through from the time he had set foot on shore to the moment of meeting Todd and himself.

For some minutes St. George lay staring at the ceiling. It was all a horrid nightmare to him. Talbot deserved nothing but contempt and he would get it so far as he was concerned. He agreed with Harry that all reconciliation was now a thing of the past; the only solution possible was that Talbot was out of his senses—the affair having undermined his reason. He had heard of such cases and had doubted them—he was convinced now that they could be true. His answer, therefore, to Harry's next question—one about his lost sweetheart—was given with a certain hesitation. While the pain of Rutter's curses still lingered with him all reference to Kate's affairs—even the little he knew himself—must be made with some circumspection. For there was no hope in that direction either, but he did not want to tell Harry so outright; nor did he want to dwell too long upon the subject.

"And I suppose Kate is married by this time, Uncle George," Harry said at last in a casual tone, "is she not?" He had been leading up to it so that there was no doubt in his uncle's mind as to his intention. "I saw the house lighted up, night before last when I passed, and a lot of people about, so I thought it might be either the wedding or the reception." He had shot the question as one shoots an arrow in the dark—hit or miss—as if he did not care which. He too realized that this was no time to open wounds, certainly not in his uncle's heart; and yet he could wait no longer.

"No—I don't think the wedding has taken place," St. George replied vaguely. "The servants would know if it had—they know everything—and Aunt Jemima would be the first to have told me. The house being lighted up is no evidence. They have been giving a series of entertainments this winter and there were more to come when I last saw Kate, which was one night at Richard Horn's. But let us close that chapter too, my boy. You and I will take a new lease of life from now on. You have already put new blood into my veins—I haven't felt so well for weeks. Now tell me about yourself. Your last letter reached me six months ago, if I remember right. You were then in Rio and were going up into the mountains. Did you go?"

"Yes—up into the Rio Abaste country where they had discovered diamonds as big

as hens' eggs—one had been sold for nearly a quarter of a million dollars—and everybody was crazy. I didn't find any diamonds nor anything else but starvation, so I herded cattle, that being the only thing I knew anything about—how to ride—and slept out on the lowlands sometimes under a native mat and sometimes under the kindly stars. Then we had a revolution and cattle raids, and one night I came pretty near being chewed up by a puma—and so it went. I made a little money in rawhides after I got to know the natives, and I'm going back to make some more; and you are going with me when we get things straightened out. I wouldn't have come home except that I heard you had been turned out neck and crop from Kennedy Square. One of Mr. Seymour's clerks stopped in Rio on his way to the River Platte and had some business with an English agent whom I met afterward at a hacienda, and who told me about you when he learned I was from Kennedy Square. And when I think of it all, and what you have suffered on account of me!"—Here Harry's voice faltered. "No!—I won't talk about it—I can't! I have spent too many sleepless nights over it: I have been hungry and half dead, but I have kept on—and I am not through: I'll pull it out yet and put you on your feet again if I live!"

St. George laid his hand on the young man's wrist but he made no answer to that part of his speech which referred to his own privations. He knew how the boy felt about it. That was one of the things he loved him for.

"And he spoke God's truth, Harry," he went on, clearing his throat. "Neck and crop is just the word! And so you started home when you heard it—" The choke was quite in evidence now. "That was just like you, you dear fellow! And you haven't come home an hour too soon. I should have been measured for a box in another week. You see I really couldn't go to Coston's. I had made up my mind to until I saw this place, and then I determined I would stop here. I could eke out an existence here on what I had left and still feel like a gentleman, but I couldn't settle down on dear Peggy Coston and be anything but a poltroon. As to my making a living at the law—that was pure moonshine. I haven't opened a law book for

twenty years and now it's too late. People of our class"—here he looked away from his companion and talked straight at the foot of the bed—"when they reach the neck and crop period are at the end of their rope. There are then but two things left—either to become an inmate of a poorhouse or to become a sponge. I prefer this box of a room as a happy medium, and I am content to stay where I am as long as we three can keep body and soul together. There is—so Pawson told me before I was taken sick—a little money coming in from a ground rent—a few months off, perhaps, but more than enough to pay Todd back—he gives Jemima every cent of his wages—and when this does come in and I can get out once more, I'm going to order my life so I can make a respectable showing of some kind."

He paused for a moment, fastened his gaze again on Harry, and went on:

"As to going back to Pawson's, I am not altogether sure that that is the wisest thing to do. I may have to leave again as soon as I get comfortably settled in my bed. I turned out at his bidding before and may have to again when he says the word. So don't kindle too many fires with Pawson's wood—I had none belonging to me when I left—or it may warm somebody else's shins besides mine," and a queer smile lighted up his face.

Harry burst out laughing.

"Wood or no wood, Uncle George, I'm going to be landlord now—Pawson can move out and graze his cattle somewhere else. I'm going to take charge of the hut and stock and the pack mules and provisions—and with a gun, if necessary—" and he levelled an imaginary fowling-piece with a boyish gesture.

"Don't you try to move anybody without an order of the court!" cried St. George, joining in the merriment. "What a boy he is!" he thought to himself. "With that mortgage hanging over everything and Gorsuch and your father cudgelling their brains to foreclose it, you won't have a ghost of a chance. Come to think of it, however, I might help—for a few weeks' expenses, at least. How would this do?" Here he had all he could do to straighten his face: "Attention now—Hats off in the courtroom. For sale or hire! Immediate delivery. One first-class Virginia gentleman.

Could be made useful in opening and shutting doors or in dancing attendance upon children under one year of age, or in keeping flies from bedridden folk. Apply, etc., etc.' Gadgem could fix it. He has done the most marvellous things in the last year or two—extraordinary, really! Ask Todd about it some time—he'll tell you."

They were both roaring with laughter, St. George so buoyed up by the contagious spirit of the young fellow that he insisted on getting out of bed and sitting in Aunt Jemima's rocking chair with a blanket across his knees.

All the morning did this happy talk go on:—the joyous unconfined talk of two men who had hungered and thirsted for each other through long and bitter days and nights, and whose coming together was like the mingling of two streams long kept apart, and now one great river flowing to a common outlet and a common good.

And not only did their talk cover the whole range of Harry's experiences from the time he left the ship for his sojourn in the hill country and the mountains beyond, and all of St. George's haps and mishaps, with every single transaction of Gadgem and Pawson—loving cup, dogs and all—but when their own personal news was exhausted they both fell back on their friends, such as Richard Horn and old Judge Pancoast; when he had seen Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Latrobe—yes, and what of Mr. Poe—had he written any more?—and were his habits any better?—etc., etc.

"I have seen Mr. Poe several times since that unfortunate dinner, Harry; the last time when he was good enough to call upon me on his way to Richmond. He was then particularly himself. You would not have known him—grave, dignified, perfectly dressed—charming, delightful. He came in quite late—indeed I was going to bed when I heard his knock and, Todd being out, I opened the door myself. There was some of that Black Warrior left, and I brought out the decanter, but he shook his head courteously and continued his talk. He asked after you. Wonderful man, Harry—a man you never forget once you know him."

St. George dragged the pine table nearer his chair and moistened his lips with the glass of milk which Jemima had set beside him. Then he went on:

"You remember Judge Giles, do you not? Lives here on St. Paul Street—yes—of course you do—for he is a great friend of your father's and you must have met him repeatedly at Moorlands. Well, one day at the club he told me the most extraordinary story about Mr. Poe—this was some time after you'd gone. It seems that the judge was at work in his study one snowy night when his doorbell sounded. It was late—after eleven o'clock—and as his servant had gone to bed he opened the door himself. There stood a man with his coat buttoned close about his throat—evidently a gentleman—who asked him politely for a sheet of paper and a pen. You know the judge, and how kind and considerate he is. Well, of course he asked him in, drew out a chair at his desk and stepped into the next room to leave him undisturbed. After a time, not hearing him move, he looked in and to his surprise the stranger had disappeared. On the desk lay a sheet of paper on which was written three verses of a poem. It was his 'Bells.' The judge has had them framed, so I hear. There was enough snow on the ground to bring out the cutters, and Poe had the rhythm of the bells ringing in his head and being afraid he would forget it he pulled the judge's doorbell. I wish he'd rung mine. I must get the poem for you, Harry—it's as famous now as 'The Raven.' Richard, I hear, reads it so that you can distinguish the sound of each bell."

"Well, he taught me a lesson," said Harry, tucking the blanket close around his uncle's knees—"one I have never forgotten, and never will. He sent me to bed a wreck, I remember, but I got up the next morning with a new mast in me and all my pumps working."

"You mean—" and St. George smiled meaningly and tossed his hand up as if emptying a glass.

"Yes—just that—" rejoined Harry with a nod. "It's so hot out where I have been that a glass of native rum is as bad as a snake bite and everybody except a native leaves it alone. But if I had gone to the North Pole instead of the equator I would have done the same. Men like you and father, and Mr. Richard Horn and Mr. Kennedy, who have been brought up on moderation, may feel as you like about it, but I'm going to let it alone. It's the devil when it gets into your blood and mine's not made

for it. I'd like to thank Mr. Poe if I dared, which I wouldn't, of course, if I ever saw him, for what he did for me. I wouldn't be surprised if he would give a good deal himself to do the same—or has he pulled out?"

"He never has pulled in, Harry—not continuously. Richard has the right of it. Poe is a man pursued by a devil and lives always on the watch to prevent the fiend from getting the best of him. Months at a time he wins and then there comes a day or two when the devil gets on top. He says himself—he told me this the last time I saw him—that he really lives a life devoted to his literary work; that he shuts himself up from everybody; and that the desire for society only comes upon him when he's excited by drink. Then, and only then, he goes among his fellows and, therefore, everybody who meets him thinks he is always in that condition. There is some truth in that, my son, for as long as I have known him I have never seen him in his cups except that one night at my house. A courteous, well-bred gentleman, my boy—most punctilious about all his obligations and very honest about his failings. All he said to me the next day when he sobered up—I kept him all that night, you remember—was: 'I was miserably weak and inexcusably drunk last night, Mr. Temple. If that was all it would make no difference; I have been very drunk before, and will, perhaps, be very drunk again; but in addition to my being drunk I insulted you and your friends and ruined your dinner. That makes every difference. Don't let it cause a break between us. Let me come again. And now please brush it from your mind. If you knew how I suffer over this fiend who tortures and subdues me now and then you'd only have the greatest pity for me in your heart.' Then he wrung my hand and left the house."

"Well, that's all any of us could do," sighed Harry, leaning back in his chair, his eyes on the ceiling. "It makes some difference, however, of whom you ask forgiveness. I've been willing to say the same kind of thing to my father ever since my affair with Mr. Willits, but it would have fallen on deaf ears. I had another trial at it yesterday, and you know what happened."

"I don't think your father knew you, Harry," protested St. George, with a negative wave of his hand.

"I hope he didn't—I shouldn't like to think he did. But, by heaven! it broke my heart to see him, Uncle George. You would hardly know him. Even his voice has changed and the shade over his eyes and the way he twists his head when he looks at you really gave me a creepy feeling," and the young man passed his fingers across his own eyes as if to shut out some hideous object.

"Was he looking straight at you when he ordered you from the room?"

"Straight as he could."

"Well, let us try and think it was the beard. And that reminds me, son, that it's got to come off, and right away. When Todd comes in he'll find my razors and——"

"No—I'll look up a barber."

"Not down in this part of the town," exclaimed St. George with a light laugh.

"No—I'll go up to Guy's. There used to be an old negro there who looked after us young fellows when our beards began to sprout. He'll take care of it all right. While I'm out I'll stop and send Todd back. I'm going to end his apprenticeship to-day, and so he'll help you dress. Nothing like getting into your clothes when you're well enough to get out of bed; I've done it more than once," and with a pat on his uncle's shoulder and the readjustment of the blanket, he closed the door behind him and left the room.

"Everything is working fine, auntie," he cried joyously as he passed the old woman who was hanging out the last of her wash. "I'll be back in an hour. Don't tell him yet—" and he strode out of the yard on his way uptown.

• XXVI

INTRUDERS of all kinds had thrust their heads between the dripping, slightly moist, and wholly dry fragments of Aunt Jemima's Monday wash, and each and every one had been assailed by a vocabulary hurled at them through the creaky gate, and as far out as the street: pedlers who had things to sell; loose darkies with no visible means of support, who had smelt the cooking in the air; even goats with an acquired taste for stocking legs and window curtains who had either been invited out, whirled out, or thrown out, dependent upon the damage

inflicted, the size of the favors asked, or the length of space intervening between Jemima's right arm and their backs. In all of these instances the old cook had been the broom and the intruders the dust. Being an expert in its use the particles had succumbed before they had gotten through their first sentence. In the case of the goat even that privilege was denied him; it was the handle and not the brush part which ended the argument. To see Aunt Jemima get rid of a goat in two jumps and one whack was not only a lesson in condensed conversation, but furnished a sight one seldom forgot—the goat never!

This morning the situation was reversed. It was Aunt Jemima who came flying upstairs, her eyes popping from her head, her plump hands flattened against her big, heaving bosom, her breath gone in the effort to tell her dreadful news before she should drop dead.

"Marse George! who d'ye think's downstairs?" she gasped, bursting in the door of his bedroom, without even the customary tap. "Oh, bless Gawd! dat you'se outen dat bed! and dressed and tryin' yo' po' legs about the room. What's I gwinter do? He's comin' up. Got a man wid him I ain't neber see befo'. Says he's a-lookin' fer somebody! Git in de closet an' I'll tell him you'se out an' den I'll run an' watch for Marse Harry at de gate. Oh, I doan' like dis yere bus'ness," and she began to wring her hands.

St. George had been watching the old woman with mingled feelings of wonder and curiosity. Whether she had gone daft or was more than usually excited he could not for the moment decide.

"Jemima! stop, right away, and tell me what you're talking about. Who's downstairs?"

"Ain't I don' tol' yer dat it's Marse Talbot? an' I ain't neber see him like he is dis mawnin'. Got a look on him make yer shiver all over; says he's gwinter s'arch de house. He's got a constable wid him—dat is, he's got a man dat looks like a constable, an'——"

St. George laid his hands on the old woman's shoulders, and turned her about.

"Who did you say was downstairs?"

"Marse Talbot Rutter—come f'om de country—got mud all ober his boots."

"Mr. Harry's father?"

Aunt Jemima choked and nodded: there was no breath left for more.

"Who did he ask for?" St. George was serious now.

"Didn't ask fer nobody; he say, 'I'm lookin' fer a man dat come in yere las' night.' I see he didn't know me an' I neber let on. Den he say, 'Hab you got any boa'ders yere?' an' I say, 'I got one,' an' den he 'tempted ter pass me an' I say, 'Wait a minute, 'til I see ef he's outen de bed.' Now, what's I gwinter do? He doan' mean no good to Marse Harry, an' he'll drike him 'way ag'in, an' he jes' come back an' you gittin' well a-lovin' of him— an'——"

An uncertain step was heard in the hall.

"Dat's him," Jemima whispered hoarsely, behind her hand, "what'll I do? Doan' let him come in. I'll——"

St. George moved past her and pushed back the door.

Colonel Rutter stood outside.

The two men looked into each other's faces.

"I am in search, sir," the colonel began, shading his eyes with his fingers, the brighter light of the room weakening his sight, "for a young sailor whom I am informed stopped here last night, and who— St. George! What in the name of God are you doing in a place like this?"

"Come inside, Talbot," Temple replied calmly, his eyes fixed on Rutter's drawn face and faltering gaze. "Aunt Jemima, hand Colonel Rutter a chair. You will excuse me if I sit down—I am just out of bed after a long illness, and am a little weak," and he dropped into his seat. "My servant tells me that——"

St. George paused. Rutter was paying no more attention to what he said than if he had not been in the room. He was straining his eyes about the apartment; taking in the empty bed from which St. George had just arisen, the cheap chairs and small pine table and the kitchen plates and cup which still held the remains of St. George's breakfast. He waited until Jemima had backed out of the door, her scared face still a tangle of emotions—fear for her master's safety predominating. His eyes again sought St. George.

"What does it all mean, Temple?"

"I don't think that subject is under discussion, Talbot, and we will, therefore, pass

it. To what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

"Don't be a damned fool, St. George! Don't you see I'm half crazy? Harry has come back and he is hiding somewhere in this neighborhood."

"How do you know?" he asked coolly. He did not intend to help one iota in Rutter's search until he found out why he wanted Harry. No more cursing of either his son or himself—that was another chapter which was closed.

"Because I've been hunting for him all day. He rode out to Moorlands yesterday, and I didn't know him, he's so changed. But, Temple—think of it! I ordered him out of my office. I thought he was a road-pedler. And he's going to sea again—he told Alec as much. I tell you I have got to get hold of him! Don't sit there and stare at me, man! tell me where I can find my son!"

"What made you suppose he was here, Talbot?" The same cool, measured speech and manner, but with a more open mind behind it now. The pathetic aspect of the man, and the acute suffering shown in every tone of his voice, had begun to tell upon the invalid.

"Because a man I've got downstairs brought Harry here last night. He is not positive as it was quite dark, but he thinks this is the place. I went first to the Barkley Line, found they had a ship in—the *Mohican*—and saw the captain, who told me of a man who came aboard at Rio. Then I learned where he had put up for the night—a low sailors' retreat—and found this pedler who said he had sold Harry the silks which he offered me. He brought me here."

"Well, I can't help you any. There are only two rooms—I occupy this and my old cook, Jemima, has the other. I have been here for over a month."

"Here! in this God-forsaken place! Why, we thought you had gone to Virginia. That's why we have had no answers to our letters, and we've hunted high and low for you. Certainly you have heard about the Patapsco and what——"

"I certainly have heard nothing, Talbot, and as I have just told you, I'd rather you would not discuss my affairs. The last time you saw fit to encroach upon them brought only bitterness, and I prefer not to repeat it. Anything you have to say

about Harry I will gladly hear. Go on—I'm listening."

"For God's sake, St. George, don't take that tone with me! If you knew how wretched I am you'd be sorry for me. I am a broken-down man! If Harry goes away again without my seeing him I don't want to live another day. When Alec came running back last night and told me that I had cursed my son to his face, I nearly went out of my mind. I knew when I saw Alec's anger that it was true, and I knew, too, what a brute I had been. I ran to Annie's room, took her in my arms, and asked her pardon! All night I walked my room; at daylight I rang for Alec, sent for Matthew, and he hooked up the carryall and we came in here. Annie wanted to come with me, but I wouldn't let her. I knew Seymour wasn't out of bed that early, and so I drove straight to the shipping office and waited until it was open, and I've been hunting for him ever since. You and I have been boys together, St. George—don't lay up against me all the insulting things I've said to you—all the harm I've done you! God knows I've repented of it! Will you forgive me, St. George, for the sake of the old days—for the sake of my boy to whom you have been a father? Will you give me your hand? What in the name of common sense should you and I be enemies for? I, who owe you more than I owe any man in the world! Will you help me?"

St. George was staring now. He bent forward, gripped the arms of his chair for a better purchase, and lifted himself to his feet. There he stood swaying, Rutter's outstretched hand in both of his, his whole nature stirred—only one thought in his heart—to wipe out the past and bring father and son together.

"Yes, Talbot—I'll forgive you and I'll help you—I have helped you! Harry will be here in a few minutes—I sent him out to get his beard shaved off—that's why you didn't know him."

The colonel reeled unsteadily and but for St. George's hand would have lost his balance. All the blood was gone from his cheeks. He tried to speak, but the lips refused to move. For an instant St. George thought he would sink to the floor.

"You say—Harry . . . is here!" he stammered out at last, catching wildly at Temple's other hand to steady himself.

"Yes, he came across Todd by the merest accident or he would have gone to the Eastern Shore to look me up. There!—that's his step now! Turn that door knob and hold out your hands to him, and after you've got your arms around him get down on your knees and thank your God that you've got such a son!— I do, every hour I live!"

The door swung wide and Harry strode in: his eyes glistening his cheeks aglow.

"Up are you, and in your clothes!" he cried joyfully, all the freshness of the morning in his voice. "Well, that's something like! How do you like me now?—smooth as a marlinspike and my hair trimmed in the latest fashion, so old Bones says. He didn't know me either till he got clear down below my mouth and when my chin began to show he gave a——"

He stopped and stared at his father, who had been hidden from sight by the swinging door. The surprise was so great that his voice clogged in his throat. Rutter stood like one who had seen an apparition.

St. George broke the silence:

"It's all right, Harry—give your father your hand."

The colonel made a step forward, threw out one arm as if to regain his equilibrium, and staggered toward a chair, his frame shaking convulsively—wholly unstrung—sobbing like a child. Harry sprang to catch him and the two sank down together—no word of comfort—only the mute appeal of touch—the brown hand wet with his father's tears.

For some seconds neither spoke, then his father raised his head and looked into his son's face.

"I didn't know it was you, Harry. I have been hunting you all day to ask your pardon." He was the memory of the last indignity he had heaped upon him that had been torturing him.

"I knew you didn't, father."

"Don't go away again, Harry, please don't, my son!" he pleaded, strangling the tears, trying to regain his self-control—tears had often of late moistened Talbot Rutter's lids. "Your mother can't stand it another year, and I'm breaking up—half blind. You won't go, will you?"

"No—not right away, father—we'll talk of that later." He was still in the dark as to how it had come about. What he knew

was that for the first time in all his life his father had asked his pardon, and for the first time in all his life the barrier which held them apart had been broken down.

The colonel braced himself in his seat in one supreme effort to get himself in hand. Harry rose to his feet and stood beside him. St. George, trembling from his own weakness, a great throb of thankfulness in his heart, had kept his place in his chair, his eyes turned away from the scene. His own mind had also undergone a great change. He had always known that somewhere down in Talbot Rutter's heart—down underneath the strata of pride and love of power, there could be found the heart of a father and a gentleman—indeed he had often predicted to himself just such a coming together. It was the boy's pluck and manliness that had done it; a manliness free from all truckling or cringing; and then his tenderness over the man who had of all others in the world wronged him most. He could hardly keep his glad hands off the boy.

"You will go home with me, of course, won't you, Harry?" Rutter continued. He must ask his consent now—this son of his whom he had driven from his home and insulted in the presence of his friends at the club, and whom he could see was now absolutely independent of him—and what was more to the point absolutely his own master.

"Yes, of course, I'll go home with you, father," he answered respectfully, "if mother isn't coming in. Did she or Alec say anything to you about it before you left?"

"No, she isn't coming in to-day—I wouldn't let her. It was too early when I started. But that's not what I mean," Rutter went on with increasing excitement. "I want you to go home with me and stay forever; I want to forget the past; I want St. George to hear me say so! Come and take your place at the head of the estate—I will have Gorsuch arrange the papers to-morrow. You and St. George must go back with me to-day. I have the large carryall—Matthew is with me—he stopped at the corner—he's there now."

"That's very kind of you, father," Harry rejoined calmly, concealing as best he could his disappointment at not being able to see his mother; it seemed strange to him that he was not more affected by the sight of

his father's suffering. When he first saw his uncle he had not been able to keep the tears back—and yet they were dry enough now—why he could not tell.

"Yes! of course you will go with me. Please send your servant for Matthew, my coachman, and have him drive up," the colonel continued in nervous, jerky tones, turning to St. George. "You can't stay here another hour. How you ever got here is more than I can understand. Moorlands is the place for you both—you'll get well there. My carriage is a very easy one. Perhaps I had better go for Matthew myself."

"No, don't move, Talbot," rejoined St. George in a calming tone. He had never seen Talbot Rutter like this. All his old-time measured talk and manner were gone; he was like some baffled hunted man pleading to his captors for his life. "I'm very grateful to you but I shall stay here. Harry, will you kindly go for Matthew?"

"Stay here!—for how long?" cried the colonel in astonishment, his glance fixed on Harry as he left the room in obedience to his uncle's request.

"Well, perhaps for the balance of the winter."

"In this hole?" His voice had grown stronger.

"Certainly, why not?" replied St. George simply, moving his chair so that his guest might see him the better. "My servants are taking care of me. I can pay my way here, and it's about the only place in which I can pay it. I want to tell you frankly, Talbot, that I am very happy to be here—am very glad, really, to get such a place. No one could be more devoted than my two old servants—I shall never forget them for it."

"But you're not a pauper?" cried the colonel in some heat.

"That was what you were once good enough to call me—the last time we met. The only change is that then I owed Pawson and now I owe Todd," he said, trying to repress a smile, as if the humor of the situation would overcome him if he was not careful. "Thank you very much, Talbot—and I mean every word of it—but I'll stay where I am, at least for the present."

"But the bank is on its legs again," rebounded the colonel, ignoring all reference to the past, his voice rising in intensity.

"So am I," laughed St. George, slapping his lean thighs—"on a very shaky pair of legs—so shaky that I shall have to go to bed again pretty soon."

"But you're coming out all right, St. George!" Rutter had squared himself in his chair and was now looking straight at his host. "Gorsuch has written you half a dozen letters about it and not a word from you in reply. Now I see why. But all that will come out in time. You're not going to stay here for an hour longer, I tell you." His old personality was beginning to assert itself.

"The future doesn't interest me, Talbot," smiled St. George in perfect good humor. "In my experience my future has always been worse than my past."

"But that is no reason why you shouldn't go home with me now and let us take care of you," Rutter cried in a still more positive tone. "Annie will be delighted. Stay a month with me—stay a year. After what I owe you, St. George, there's nothing I wouldn't do for you."

"You have already done it, Talbot—every obligation is wiped out," rejoined St. George in a satisfied tone.

"How?"

"By coming here and asking Harry's pardon—that is more to me than all the things I have ever possessed," and his voice broke as he thought of the change that had taken place in Harry's fortunes in the last half hour.

"Then come out to Moorlands and let me prove it!" cried the colonel leaning forward in his eagerness and grasping St. George by the sleeve.

"No," replied St. George in appreciative but positive tones showing that his mind was fully made up. "If I go anywhere I'll go back to my house on Kennedy Square—that is to the little of it that is still mine. I'll stay there for a day or two, to please Harry—or until they turn me out again, and then I'll come back here. Change of air may do me good, and besides, Jemima and Todd should get a rest."

The colonel rose to his feet: "You shall do no such thing!" he exploded. The old dominating air was in full swing now. "I tell you you *will* come with me! Damn you, St. George!—if you don't I'll never speak to you again, so help me, God!"

St. George threw back his head and burst into a roar of laughter in which, after a

moment of angry hesitation, Rutter joined. Then he reached down and with his hand on St. George's shoulder, said in a coaxing tone—"Come along to Moorlands, old fellow—I'd be so glad to have you, and so will Annie, and we'll live over the old days."

Harry's reappearance cut short his answer.

"No, father," he cried cheerily, taking up the refrain. He had caught the friendly caress and had heard the last sentence. "Uncle George is still too ill, and too weak for so long a drive. It's only the excitement over my return that keeps him up now—and he'll collapse if we don't look out—but he'll collapse in a better place than this!" he added with joyous emphasis. "Todd is outside, the hack is at the gate, and Jemima is now waiting for him in his old room at home. Give me your arm, you blessed old cripple, and let me help you downstairs. Out of the way, father, or he'll change his mind and I'll have to pick him up bodily and carry him."

St. George looked at Harry from under his eyebrows, and with a wave of his hand and a deprecating shake of his head at the colonel said:

"These rovers and freebooters, Talbot, have solorded it over their serfs that they've lost all respect for their betters. Give me your hand, you vagabond, and if you break my neck I'll make you bury me."

The colonel looked on silently and a sharp pain gripped his throat. When, in all his life, had he ever been spoken to by his boy in that spirit, and when in all his life had he ever seen that look of tenderness in Harry's eyes? What had he not missed?

"Harry, may I make a suggestion?" he asked almost apologetically. The young fellow turned his head in respectful attention: "Put St. George in my carriage—it is much more comfortable—and let me drive him home—my eyes are quite good in the daytime, after I get used to the light, and I am still able to take the road. Then put your servant and mine in the hack with St. George's and your own luggage."

"Capital idea!" cried Harry clapping his hands. "I never thought of it! Attention company! Eyes to the front, Mr. Temple! You'll now remain on waiting orders until I give you permission to move, and as this may take some time—please hold on to him, father, until I get his chair"

—they were already out on the landing—on the very plank where Harry had passed the night—"you'll go back to your quarters. These are your quarters, . . . here sir!" and Harry dragged the chair into position with his foot. "Down with you—that's it—and you will stay here until the baggage and hospital train arrive, when you'll occupy a front seat in the van—and there will be no grumbling or lagging behind of any kind, remember, or you'll get ten days in the lock-up!"

Pawson was on the curbstone, his face shining, his semaphore arms and legs in action; his eyes searching the distance, when the two vehicles came in sight. He had heard the day boat was very late, and as there had been a heavy fog over night, did not worry about the delay in their arrival.

What troubled him more was the change in Mr. Temple's appearance. He had gone away ruddy, erect, full of vigor and health, and here he was being helped out of the carriage, pale, wrinkled, his eyes deep set in his head. His voice, though, was still strong if his legs were shaky, and there seemed also to be no diminution in the flow of his spirits. Wesley had kept that part of him intact whatever changes the climate had made.

"Ah, Pawson—glad to see you!" the invalid called, extending his hand as soon as he stood erect on the sidewalk. "So the vultures have not turned up yet and taken up their roost in my nest. Most kind of you to stay home and give up your business to meet me! Back again, you see—these old derelicts turn up once in a while when you least expect them. You know Colonel Talbot Rutter, of Moorlands, I presume, and Mr. Harry Rutter—Of course you do! Harry has told me all about your midnight meeting when you took him for a constable, and he took you for a thief. No—please don't laugh, Pawson—Mr. Rutter is the worst kind of a thief. Not only has he stolen my heart because of his goodness to me, but he threatens to make off with my body. Give me your hand, Todd. Now a little lift on that rickety elbow and I reckon we can make that flight of steps. I have come down them so many times of late with no expectation of ever mounting them again that it will be a novelty to be sure

of staying over night. Come in, Talbot, and see the home of my ancestors. I am sorry the Black Warrior is all gone—I sent Kennedy the last bottle some time ago—pity that vintage didn't last forever. Do you know, Talbot, if I had my way, I'd have a special spigot put in the City Spring labelled 'Gift of a once prominent citizen,' and supply the inhabitants with 1810—something fit for a gentleman to drink."

* They were all laughing now; the colonel carrying the pillows Todd had tucked behind the invalid's back, Harry a few toilet articles wrapped in paper, and Matthew his cane—and so the cortege crawled up the steps, crossed the dismantled dining-room—the colonel aghast at the change made in its interior since last he saw it—and so on to St. George's room where Todd and Jemima put him to bed.

His uncle taken care of—(his father had kept on to Moorlands to tell his mother the good news)—Harry mounted the stairs to his old room, which Pawson had generously vacated so that he and his uncle could be together.

The appointments were about the same as when he left; time and poverty had wrought but few changes. Pawson, while occupying it, had moved in a few books, and there was a night table beside the small bed with a lamp on it, showing that he read late; but the bureau and shabby arm-chair, and the closet, stripped now of the young attorney's clothes to make room for his own—(a scant sorry lot)—were pretty much the same as he had found on that eventful night when he had driven in through the rain and storm beside his Uncle George, his father's anathemas ringing in his ears.

Unconsciously his mind went back to the events of the day; his uncle's wonderful vitality and the change his own home-coming had made not only in his physique, but in his spirits. Then his father's shattered form and haggard face rose before him, and with it came the recollection of all that had happened during the previous hours: his father's brutal outburst in the small office and the marvellous change that had come over him when he learned the truth from Alec's lips; his hurried departure in the gray dawn for the ship and his tracing him to Jemima's house. And then his present bearing toward himself and St. George; his deference to their wishes and his willing-

ness to follow and not lead. Was it his ill-health that had brought about this astounding transformation in a man who brooked no opposition?—or had his heart really softened toward him so that from this on he could again call him father in the full meaning of the term? At this a sudden, acute pain wrenched his heart. Perhaps he had not been glad enough to see him—perhaps, in his anxiety over his uncle he had failed in those little tendernesses which a returned prodigal should have shown the father who had held out his arms and asked his forgiveness. At this he fell to wondering as to the present condition of the colonel's mind: what was he thinking of in that lonely drive; he must soon be nearing Moorlands now and Alec would meet him, and then the dear mother—and the whole story would be told—he could see her now—her eyes streaming tears, her heart throbbing with the joy of his return.

And it is a great pity he could not have thus looked in upon the autocrat of Moorlands as he sat hunched up on the back seat, silent, his head bowed, the only spoken words being Matthew's cheery hastening of his horses. It is even the greater pity that the son could not have searched as well the secret places of the man's heart. Such clearings out of doubts and misgivings make for peace and good fellowship and righteousness in the world of misunderstanding.

That a certain rest had come into Rutter's soul could be seen in his face—a peace that had not settled on his features for years—but, if the truth must be told, he was not happy. Somehow the joy he had anticipated at the boy's home-coming, had not been realized. With the warmth of Harry's grasp still lingering in his own and the tones of his voice still sounding in his ears, he yet felt aloof from him—outside—far off, really—try as he might. Something had snapped in the years they had been apart—something he knew could never be repaired. Where there had once been boyish love there was now only filial regard. Down in his secret soul he felt it—down in his secret soul he knew it! Worse than that—another had replaced him! "Come, you dear old cripple!"—he could hear the voice and see the love and joy in the boy's eyes as he shouted it out. Yes—it was St. George who was his father now!

Then his mind reverted again to his former treatment of his son. What else could he have done and still maintain the standards of his ancestors?—the universal question around Kennedy Square; when obligations of blood and training were to be considered. After all it had only been an object-lesson; he had intended to forgive his son later on. When Harry was a boy he punished him as boys were punished; when he became a man he punished him as men were punished. But for St. George the plan would long since have worked. St. George had balked him twice—once at the club and once at his home in Kennedy Square, when he practically ordered him from the house.

And yet he could not but admit that even according to his own high standards both St. George and Harry had measured up to them: rather than touch another penny of his uncle's money Harry had become an exile; rather than accept a penny from his enemy, St. George had become a pauper. With this view of the case fermenting in his mind—and he had not realized the extent of both sacrifices until to-day—a feeling of pride swept through him. It was *his boy* and *his friend*, who had measured up!—by

suffering, by bodily weakness—by privation—by starvation, really! And both had manfully and cheerfully stood the test! It was the blood of the DeRuyters which had put courage into the boy; it was the blood of the cavaliers that had made Temple the man he was. And that old DeRuyter blood! How it had told in every glance of the boy's eye and every intonation of the voice! If he had not accumulated a fortune *he would*—and that before many years were gone. But!—and a chill went through him. Would not this still further separate them, and if it did how could he restore at once the old dependence and the old *confidence*? His efforts so far had met with almost a rebuff, for Harry had shown no particular pleasure when he told him of his intention to put him in charge of the estate: he had watched his face for a sign of satisfaction, but none had come. He had really seemed more interested in getting St. George downstairs than in being the fourth heir of Moorlands—indeed, he had no thought for anybody or anything outside except St. George.

All this the son might have known could he have sat by his father in the carryall on his way to Moorlands.

(To be continued.)

AERE PERENNIUS

By Harriet Monroe

Look on the dead. Stately and pure he lies
Under the white sheet's marble folds. For him
The solemn bier, the scented chamber dim,
The sacred hush, the bowed heads of the wise,
The slow pomp, yea, the sumptuous disguise
Of haughty death, the conjurer— even for him,
Poor trivial one, pale shadow on the rim,
Whom life marked not, but death may not despise.
Now is he level with the great; no king
Enthroned and crowned more royal is, more sure
Of the world's reverence. Behold, this thing
Was but a man, mortal and insecure;
Now chance and change their homage to him bring
And he is one with all things that endure.

RIVERS

By Walter Prichard Eaton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER KING STONE

IF you desire an argument for idealism, said Emerson, stoop down and look at a familiar landscape through your legs. (This, it will be recalled, was also Peter

Pan's method for intimidating the wolves!) Yet Emerson need hardly have resorted to so gymnastic a feat for casting over a familiar landscape the sense of strangeness. There flows through the Concord meadows, and 'neath "the rude bridge" which spans its flood, the Concord River, incomparable for canoes, and from the seat of a gently moving craft on its dark, quiet waters you may see all that fair New England countryside through the transforming lens of an unaccustomed

view-point—the view-point, as it were, of the floor of the world.

If you walk with the shade of old Izaak Walton by the bank of a river, in quiet contemplation or busy with a rod, you may fall in love with life and flowing streams, but you will not know the true river view. You will know that only from a boat, preferably a noiseless, smooth-slipping canoe,

because only from the boat is your level of vision altered from the habitual, lowered till all the common objects of the landscape shift their values and the world is indeed so

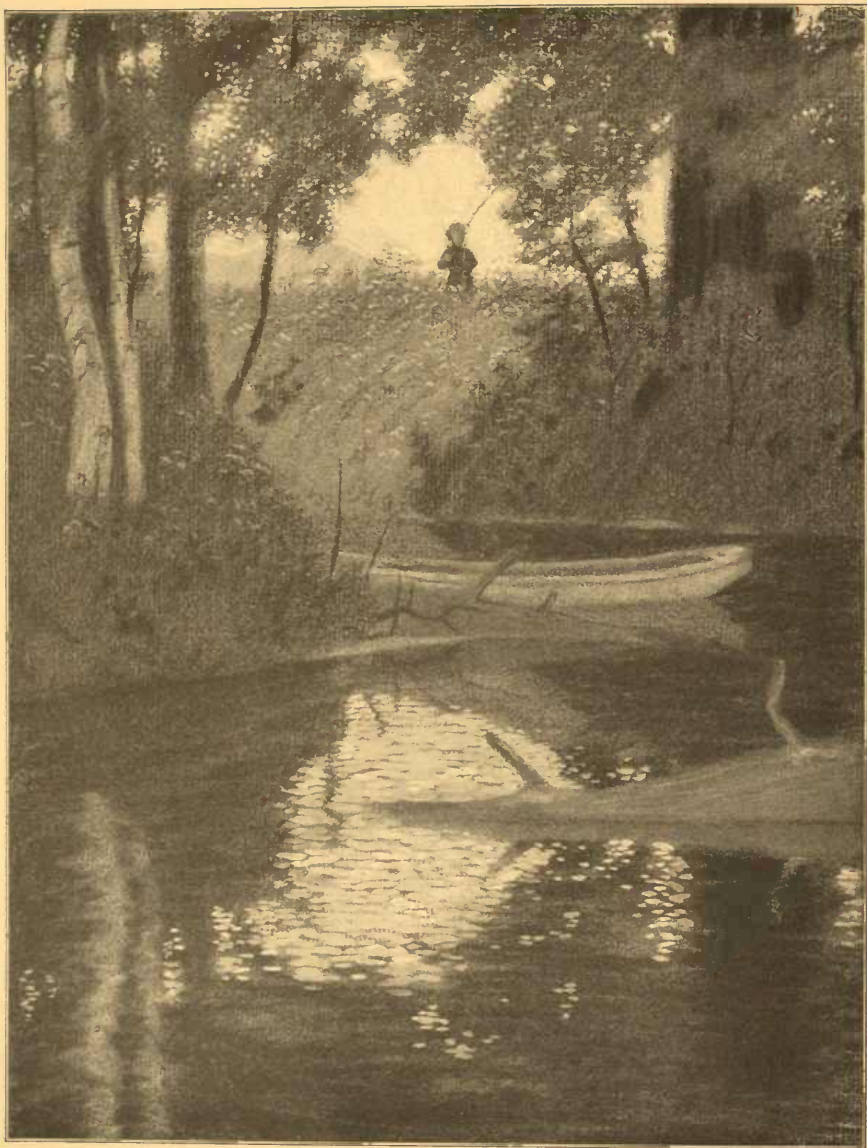
strange a place that you realize, as Emerson intended, how many of our so-called facts are merely habits of the human eye. We have often suspected that Bishop Berkeley himself was a traveller by inland water-ways, and drew his philosophy from the river view.

Did you ever lie stretched on your garden path, shutting the eye farther from the ground and squinting with the other through the strange jungle of your flower beds? The sensation is curious, almost disconcerting.

The pebbles on the path cast long shadows, the bordering grasses are tall, and the stalks of your daffodils tower like a pine wood, while the sun shines through amid the translucent green trunks, bringing down a shimmer of golden blooms. See, a robin hops into the picture! You know him for a robin by his rosy breast and his brittle legs. But how huge he is! You are scarce aware of the



I watched the thread of crystal water slip through the mosses into the depths of a mountain ravine.—Page 35.

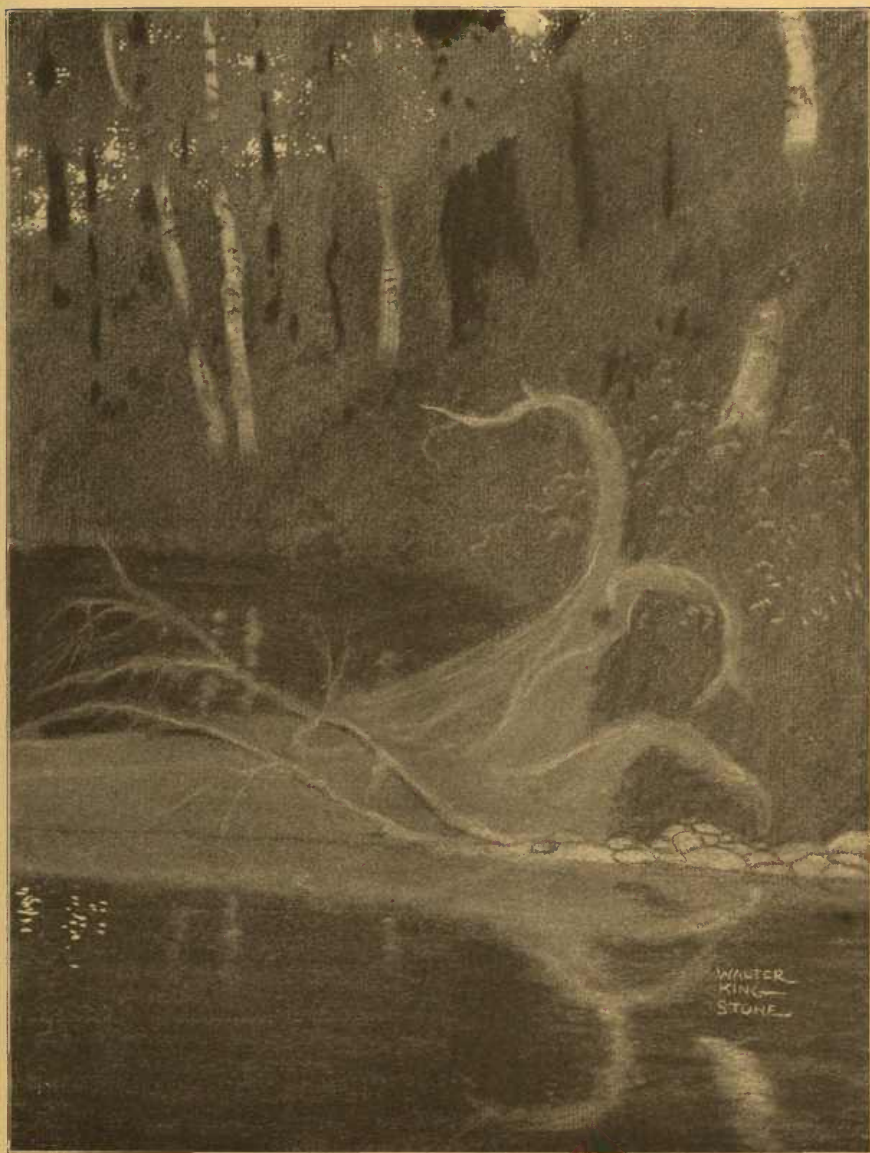


Presently there is a rustle in the grasses, and a small boy stands over

sky, and of your neighbors' houses, even of so much of your own garden as lies beyond this little field of your earth-bound vision, you are not aware at all. You feel curiously like Gulliver in Brobdingnag. As you rise to your feet, you are tempted to rub your eyes, like one awaking from a dream.

This, on a larger scale and enhanced by the charm of moving boat and lapping water, is the sensation of him who journeys

by a little water-way through the meadows and the hills. A well-behaved river is bound to be lower than its banks, so that sometimes your head, as you sit in your canoe, is actually below the floor of the world, sometimes on its level, but seldom or never above it. What a transformation this works on the landscape! Step into your craft, dip your paddle, glide out on the current, and the flowers and grasses on the



you . . . a one-piece bamboo fish-pole towering in his hand.—Page 32.

bank, scarce noted before, are suddenly the rich foreground of your picture. They are larger, more intricate, more beautiful, than you ever guessed. The cardinal flowers and Joepye-weed lift their blooms against the blue sky, instead of lying at your feet. The delicate designs of their petals emerge like a snow-flake on velvet. As you glide under arching willows or maples, you seem to be in the depth of a forest. The road or

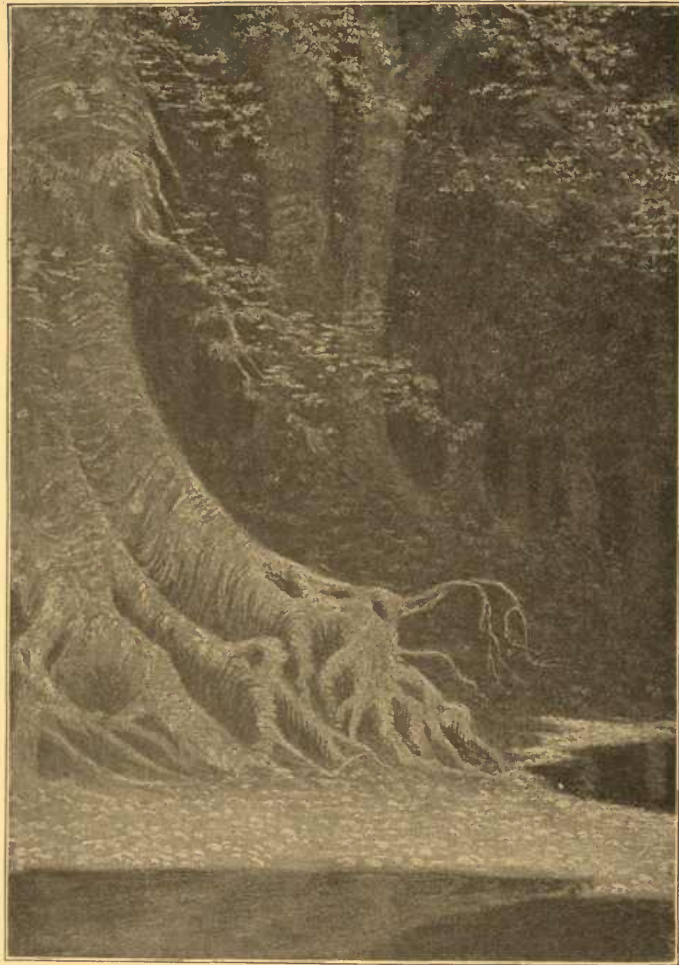
the trolley line may be but a few hundred yards away, yet you do not see them. You float silently up a liquid aisle beneath vaulted foliage, in a sufficient and cloistered world of your own.

It may be presently you catch the sparkle of bright sunlight on the water ahead, and emerging from the mottled shadows of the woods your canoe slips into a stretch of river where tall grasses come down to the

black, oozy banks. An old punt, half full of yellow water, is moored to a stake. Out in the fields you hear the hot click, click of a mowing machine, drowsier than a locust's song at summer noon. Men are near, no doubt horses, a road, perhaps a town. But you do not see them. You see only the old punt, the tall grasses on the bank, it may be the top of a far blue hill peeping over, and ahead the quiet waterway wandering again into the cool shadows of the maples. Those hay-fields might stretch to infinity for all you can say. Your view of the world is not comprehensive; it is the view of the worm rather than the bird. But how alluring is its strangeness, how restful its seclusion, between grassy banks under the dome of the summer sky. Even the ways of the worm may be pleasant, then—a fact worth finding out.

Presently there is a rustle in the grasses, and a small boy stands over you, staring down, a one-piece bamboo fish-pole towering in his hand. His body cuts against the sun, and, see, he has an aura in his hair!

Always there is this strangeness of the river way to give it perpetual allure. Do you meet with a fisherman sitting on the bank, it is his feet you see first. Always the bordering grasses are important, and how large the sky, how flat and restricted the plain when the banks sink down to give a glimpse of it! Passing under a bridge, the dust disturbed by a rumbling motor overhead shakes down upon you or tinkles on the water—sweetest of tiny sounds, this tinkle of dust on still water! It is as if you were in another world, below your human kind in space, but not, you are sure, in degree, so gently your craft

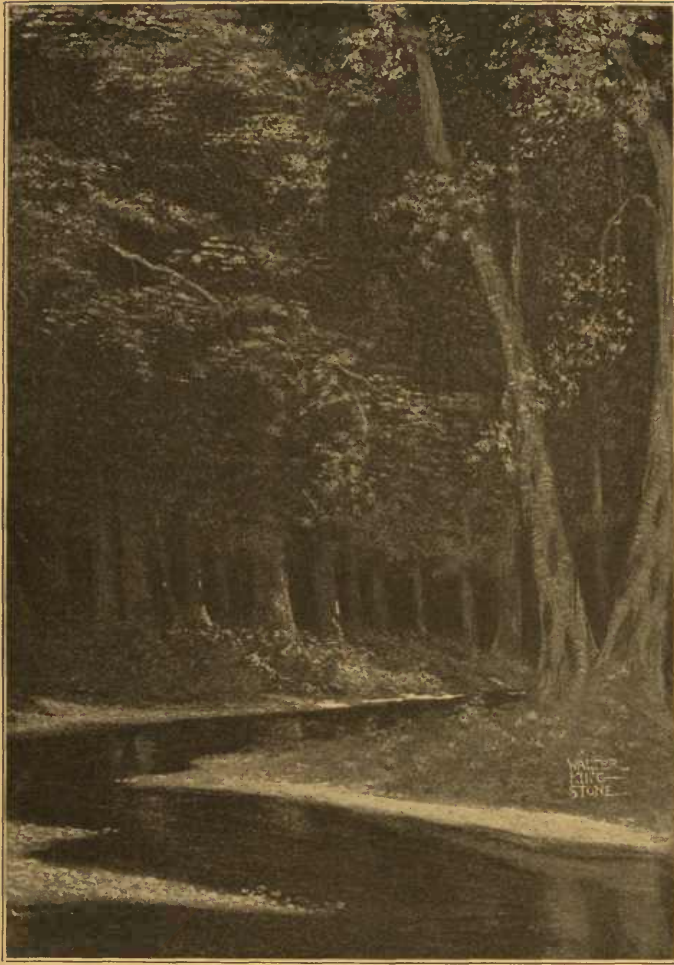


No mystery is quite like the mystery of a river

slips along amid the cloistered beauties of the stream.

"In the garden," writes Emerson in his "Journal," "the eye watches the flying cloud and Walden Woods, but turns from the village. Poor Society! what hast thou done to be the aversion of us all?" But need Society be our aversion because sometimes we turn from it in weariness to the contemplation of Walden Woods or the river way, or because our spirit recognizes in itself a primal kinship not alone with Society but with Solitude as well, with whispering waters and Joepye-weed and the tall grass that nods against the sky?

"What do they know of England who only England know?"



bend, as no curve is quite so beautiful.—Page 36.

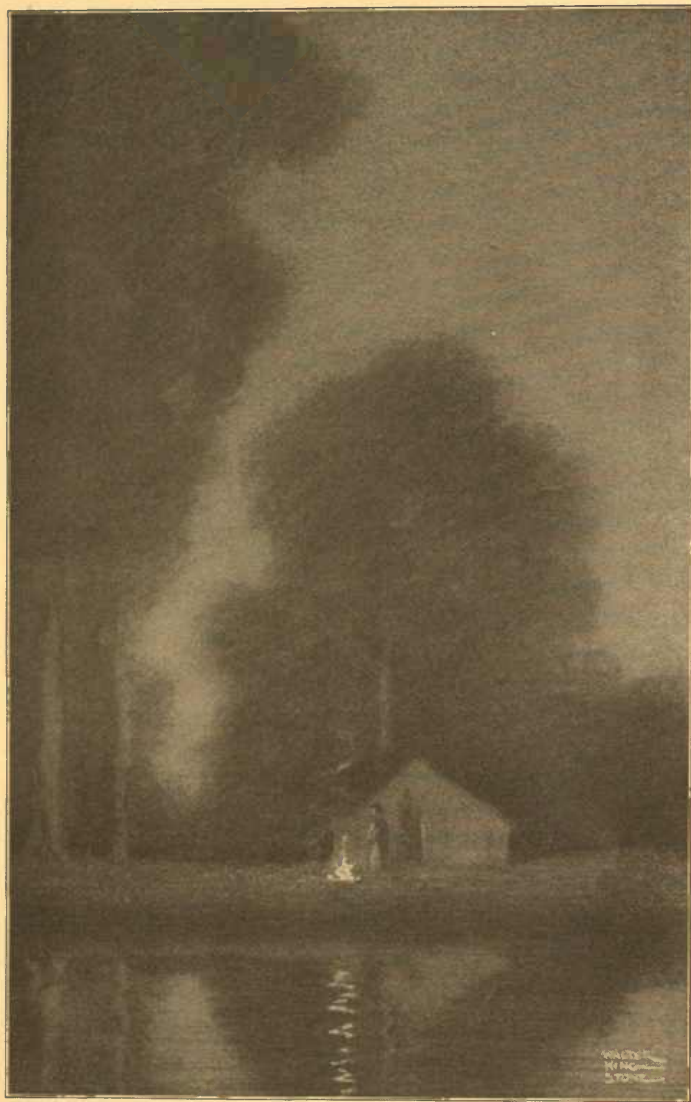
tion and the interrogating soul." The population of cities is a dull study to the boy, but the length of the Nile is poetry. Geography is a less interesting study to the child of to-day than it was to our fathers just in so far as the map of Africa has lost those delightful pink portions marked "unexplored," and the upper reaches of its rivers lost their dotted lines which indicated the Unknown. The boy is not greatly impressed by the size of the wheat crop of the United States, but what boy would not defend the size of the Mississippi against the world? A river comes from the Unknown, from the high hills and the forest, and it moves as irresistibly as a planet to the Unknown again, to the sea. It speaks forever the mystery of its origin and of its destination. Like a road, it calls perpetually to the imagination because it is going somewhere. But, unlike a road, there is no hint of man in its composition. It is the leader always. Man follows panting on its bank,

And what do we know of Society who know nothing of Solitude? He sees not the battle best who is in the brunt of it. He is not the master of his social relations whose every idea and action is born of human intercourse, because he is not the master of his own soul; he has ignored its relations to the primal and inanimate, its capacity for contemplation. "All great deeds," said Martineau, "are born of solitude." It is in solitude that the thought matures. It is in the face of his origins that what is trivial in man is disclosed to his questioning spirit. Let him go and contemplate rivers, and be ashamed of the size of last Sunday's newspapers!

Forever a river "addresses the imagina-

and lays his roads where the river has been the primal engineer.

We are all familiar with the river's calm and assured position in the centre of the picture. Whether it is the Rhine coming down through vine-terraced hills, or the magnificent Hudson sweeping out of the blue north into the view of those tenement-towered heights of upper Manhattan, or the Hoosatic curling through the meadows of Stockbridge ringed by purple hills, or the sluggish Charles gay with canoes amid the lawns of Dedham, or the Wild Ammonoosuc chattering out from the forests of Moosilauke and fighting its way through rugged intervals to reach the Connecticut, the view is always composed around the



You rise before the sun is free of the valley fog . . . build up the fire in last night's embers . . .—Page 36.

river, and no matter how high you climb to contemplate, widening your horizon, ever does that silver thread of water bind the landscape into a perfect whole.

So it is that man's roads winding by its banks, or his glittering steel rails following its curves, seem but to trail the primitive pioneer—as, indeed, is the fact—and where the river, with magnificent sweep and power, ploughs its way through the hills the glittering rails plunge after, with a kind

of joy of exploration, as if they cried: "We shall follow it and see what comes!" Small wonder the river dominates the imagination, and to the boy is the most delectable thing in geography. Even that brook behind his house somewhere joins the sea. He may launch a chip on its surface for a voyage of a thousand miles. What is the population of Algeria before such a living marvel as this?

When I was a boy our base-ball field was on the summit of an almost imperceptible divide. A spring at the southern end sent a diminutive trickle down through a meadow where white violets grew, into the discolored waters of the "town brook," and thence ultimately into the Saugus River. A second spring at the northern end sent

a diminutive trickle through the muddy ooze of Duck Pond into the cranberry bog of Birch Meadow, and thence through three miles of white pine forest—now, alas! no more—into the long, forest-bordered reaches of the Hundred Acre meadows, where the Ipswich River wound its sinuous way, with sluggish bottoms where the horn-pout bit and gravel pools where we swam. I can remember as it were yesterday the day when I studied in my geography about

a divide, and realized with a thrill of joy that Kingman's field was such a thing. I raced home from school. I ran first to the southern spring, then to the northern, and told myself that each was the head-water of a river! It was my hour to stand "silent upon a peak in Darien." My childish imagination followed those trickles in the grass till my body was borne in a great boat on their mighty waters and my ears heard the sound of the sea. Geography for me had suddenly become alive, tingling—had suddenly become poetry. I waited with burning impatience for Saturday, to follow my northward running brook, muddy and torn and scratched, through the bogs and the pine woods, till it joined the Ipswich. And then I stood on a tuft of grass in the

swampy bottom where the two streams met and yearned for a craft to carry me down the larger body past grandfather's mill, past unknown towns, till the water tasted of the salt and the breakers boomed.

Since that far-off day, I have stood by a spring, bubbling from under a boulder, and watched the thread of crystal water slip through the mosses into the depths of a mountain ravine, while tall peaks towered about me—slip away on its journey



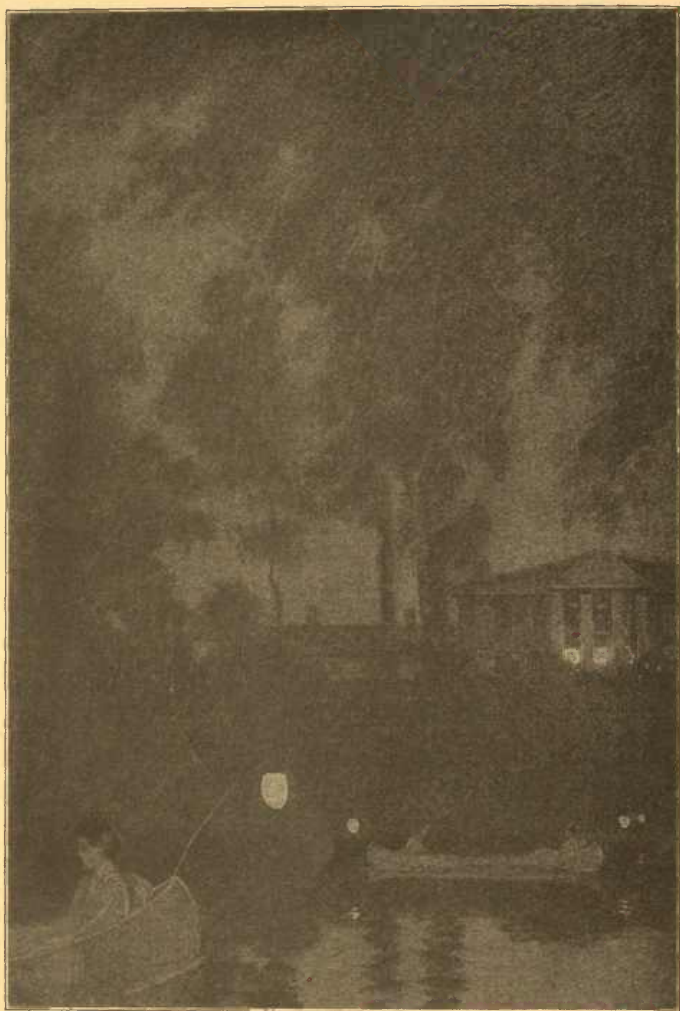
The great trees on the bank behind you rise ethereal, phantom shadows against the ochre dawn.—Page 36.

of a thousand miles to the sea. I have been at the high head of a river monarch. But I was less thrilled than the day when I first conceived that Kingman's field was a divide. Since that day, too, I have launched a boat on many rivers, but never with quite the expectant joy which attended the launching of the *Crusader*, for that long-dreamed-of trip down the Ipswich.

The *Crusader* was made at home (for every home in those days was a manual

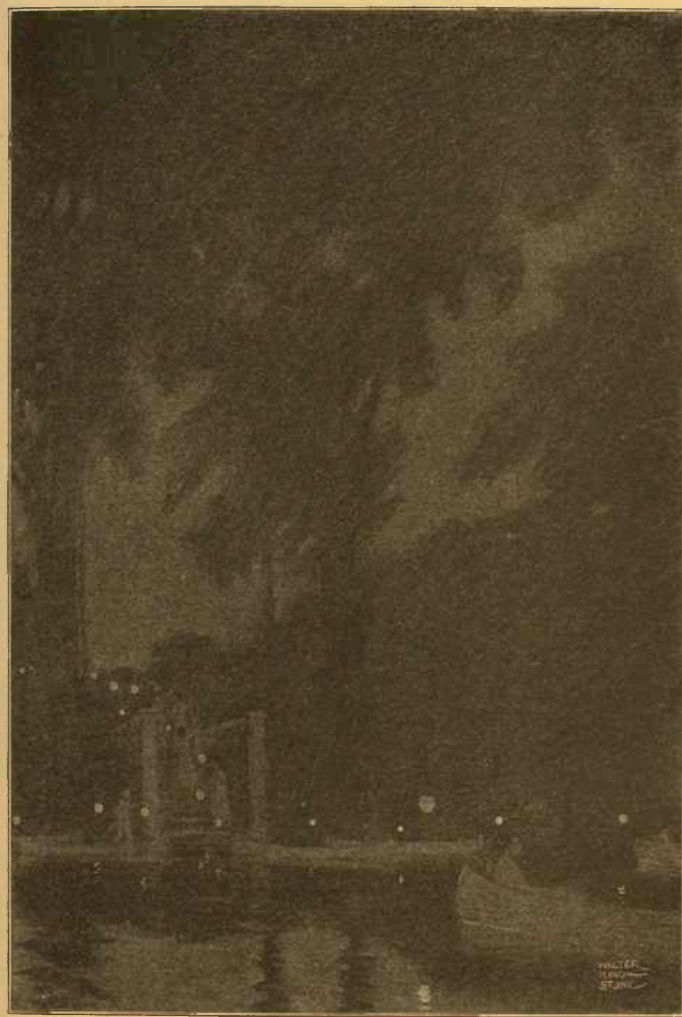
training school), with ribs of ash and a covering of canvas, painted vivid red. Carefully parting my hair in the middle, at my grandfather's solemn advice, I launched forth below the mill pond for my far voyaging, I and another boy, in a rakish canoe, also home-made, called the *Stampede*. The boys in the swimming hole came racing out like dolphins about our prows, but we beat them off with paddles, and sailed away into a land of wonder. How each river bend ahead lured us on—bends where the willows arched over the water, or a birch dropped a white reflection into the black depths, or the current seemed to widen, grow more sluggish, promising perhaps a mill pond, the excitement of a "carry," the thrill of a strange village! No mystery is quite like the mystery of a river bend, as no curve is quite so beautiful. When you are a boy on your first river voyage you do not pray for an arrow-like course, you welcome each curve and double as a fresh revelation of romance. When the river bend has lost its charm, then you may know you are middle-aged, indeed, and fit only for automobiles and a luxurious hotel at night.

What memories come back to him who has travelled by river ways, of camps regretfully left behind or human scenes which he has floated past, ethereal as a dream! There is always a wistful moment of parting from a pleasant camp, on tiny island or wooded bank. You rise before the sun is free of the valley fog, plunge in the cold water, catch a fish, perhaps, build up the fire in last night's embers, and while the coffee boils you look down the river way



In the gathering darkness you see lights on the water ahead . . . the faces of

which beckons, cool and strange in the light before the day. The great trees on the bank behind you rise ethereal, phantom shadows against the ochre dawn. The fire snaps yellow and warm. Ahead the stream winds into the mystery of the morning. You eat your breakfast, strike your tent, load the canoes, douse the embers, which sizzle pathetically, and with a backward glance of gratitude at your inn beneath the stars, you slip down the current for a new day's adventures. No officious landlord comes out to the curb to say good-by. No bell-hop is seen running to you with a morning paper and an eye



gay with Japanese lanterns. The landings are decked with color. Canoes are floating in procession, like bright water flies, with lamps at prow and stern. As your dark and travel-soiled craft shoots into the radius of these lights, the faces of girls flash at you, you hear the tinkle of their laughter, you move through the fairy scene and pageantry as through a dream, thrilling strangely to its human joy, yet strangely not a part of it, passing on to your lonely camp in the woods below. Such scenes remain in the memory when much else that seemed more important to our lives has faded and vanished, and they come back to us out of the past with a wistful sweetness, ever more beautiful with the years.

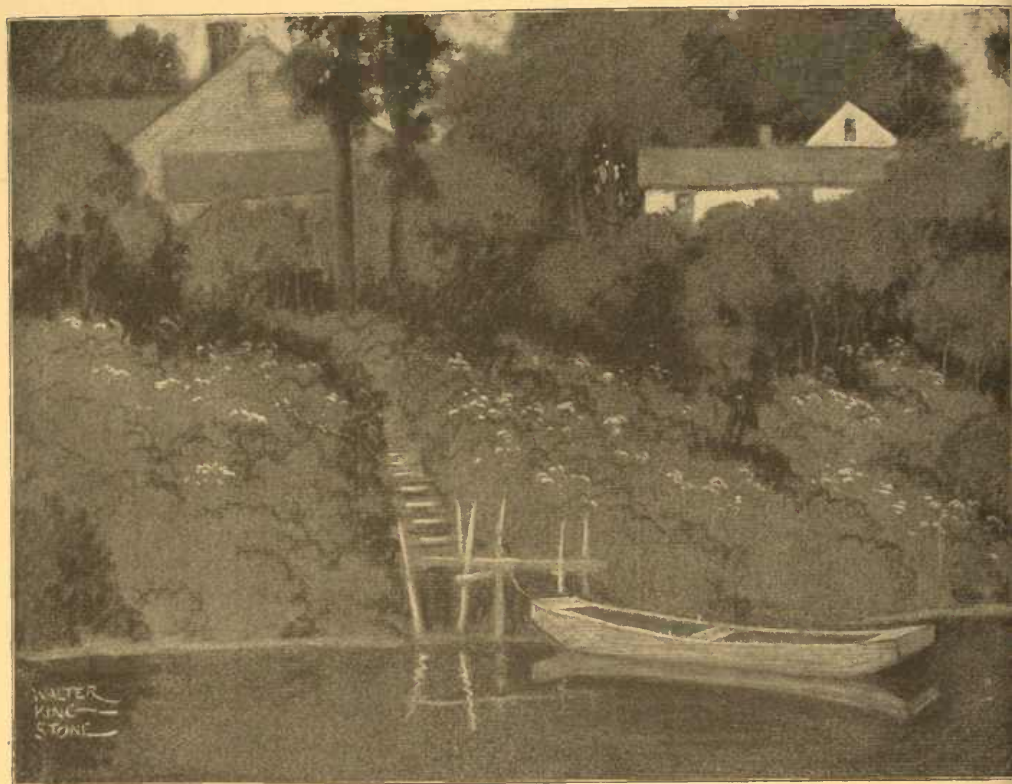
The "ingenious Spaniard" quoted by Izaak Walton says that, "rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were made for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass by without consideration." But we ourselves are not entirely convinced that the man who contemplates too

hungry for tips. What the world is doing you neither know nor care. The morning mists are rising from the water. The stream lies clear ahead. The sun is golden on the distant hills. And your paddle digs the water till the little boat leaps with the joy of health and freedom.

Or it may be that twilight steals upon you while you are still paddling in search of a camping place free of the haunts of men, of towns and befouling mills. In the gathering darkness you see lights on the water ahead, hear the sounds of music and voices. Presently you have glided into fairyland. Lawns come down to the water,

habitually the inhabitants, truly contemplate the rivers. We have come upon the feet of many an angler, dangling over the bank, and lifted our eyes to a face whereon was writ less calm contemplation than annoyance at our disturbance of the water, or a sportsman's patient, stolid eagerness for game. We are far from persuaded that the average fisherman is a contemplative man at all, though it be heresy to harbor the doubt. Some of them are. So are many men who never fish. But, after all, to do anything well, requires concentration on your task, and we venture to affirm that nobody can cast a fly successfully in

girls flash at you . . . you move through the fairy scene as through a dream . . .



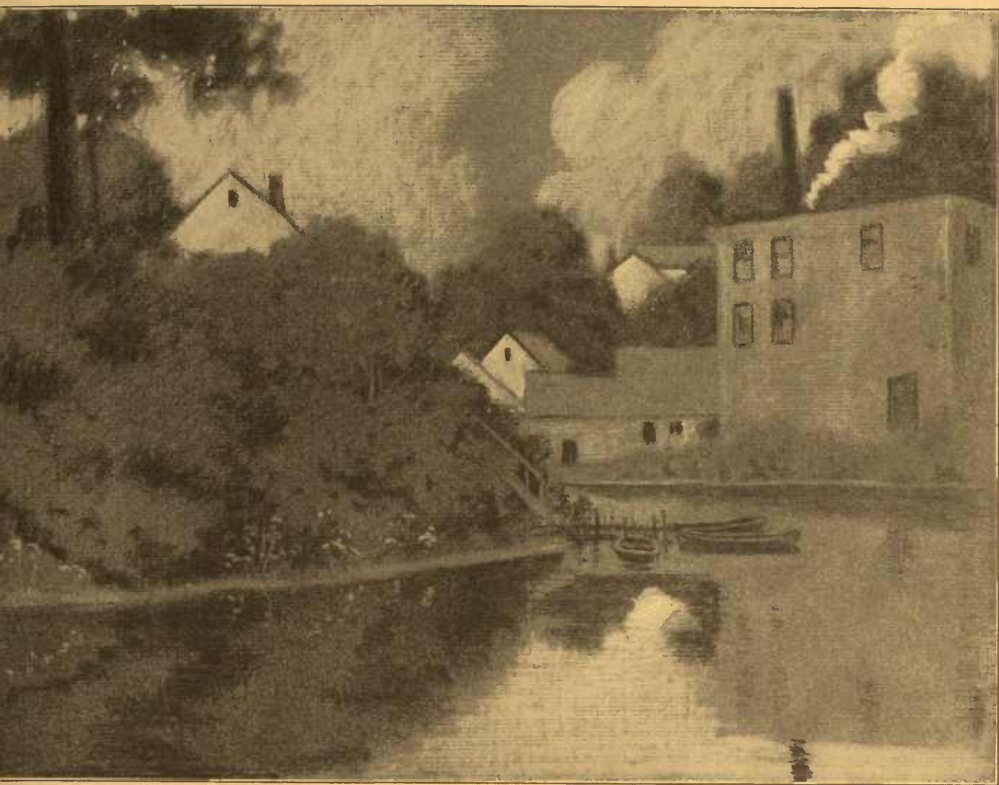
When you pass through a town, it is through the intimate life of the back yards . . . you view it in its shirt sleeves . . . its

an alder thicket or under low-spreading maples or hemlocks whose mind is filled with philosophic reflections upon the destination of the stream or the beauty of the banks. Neither, we venture to affirm, is the patient watching of a cork on the water consistent with that breadth of vision, freedom of fancy and sensory alertness demanded by true contemplation. Contemplation of an inhabitant of the watery element means to the average angler one thing—what is the best way to haul him out? Contemplation of the river—which is the best pool for fish? No, the wise man who would truly contemplate rivers walks by their banks, if they will not float a canoe, or launches his craft upon them if they be deep enough, nor does he feel that he knows them until he has seen the world from their angle, from this curious viewpoint below the brink, and until he has followed them up into the hills whence they come and down toward the sea whither

they go. You do not know a river till you have become one with its current, a part of its life, winding with it through the meadows and fighting with it through the barriers of rock.

It is a curious fact which all sensitive observers must have noted that you get almost no “feel” of the contours of a country from the tonneau of an automobile. The sag of the springs, the extreme speed, the ease of the spurt up a hill, the rolling away of the landscape, the rush of the road to meet you, all combine to destroy that sense of local difference between one valley and the next. Of the delicate pleasures of road-side flowers and lovely vistas down logging roads and bird calls and wayfarers’ greetings, of course, you get nothing at all. That is why some of us, to the extreme perplexity of the rest of us, take to our feet on the back roads.

But even more intimately than from the winding highway, travelled afoot, the coun-



houses faced the other way, their back roofs peeping at you over the trees, while paths come down as if to watch you pass.

try discloses its subtler aspects to him who journeys down its rivers by canoe. A road goes arbitrarily, often, where man has willed. A river finds by the first law of its nature the bottom land, it draws in to itself ultimately all roads and ways of man, and from its surface one looks perpetually up, instead of now up, now down, getting a constant, unchanging perspective on everything within the field of vision, which cannot err or falsify. Whose house is set the higher on a hill? From the river you shall have no doubt. Those blue huddled hills and intersecting valleys resolve themselves out of confusion into the assured familiarity of a map, to the river voyager. He has, on the very scale of nature itself, one of those raised maps so dear to the heart of boyhood, and he is sailing through the heart of it. Perpetually ahead lies the beckoning bend, or the long vista of river-valley opening between the hills. Perpetually to right and left are timbered

slopes or grassy uplands, now and again parting to proclaim a tributary, threaded with roads that seem ever to be coming down to speak to you in your canoe, to bring you news of the country side. When you pass through a town, it is through the intimate life of the back yards, not down its formal main street; you view it in its shirt sleeves, as it were, you catch it off its guard, its houses faced the other way, their back roofs peeping at you over the trees, while paths come down as if to watch you pass. Once more, the river view has the charm of strangeness, reveals the world to you from a different angle.

"Poor Society! What hast thou done to be the aversion of us all?" This thou hast done. Thou hast cast us and kept us in moulds of convention, in starched collars and paved streets and stuffy houses (or, more often in flats!); in habits of vision and of speech; thou hast compelled us too often to forget our own souls in the bicker

of market-place or assembly. This thou hast done because it is a law of our nature to herd with our kind, to fight for things material, to create art and sky-scrapers and fine clothes and grand opera and high tariffs and slums and creeds and all sorts of jumbled wisdom and folly. But it is a law of our nature, too, sometimes to revolt, to throw ourselves back on the bosom of the Inanimate, to cry out not for art but the huddle of hills into the sunset and the song of a thrush, not for sky-scrapers but the ranks of the towering pines, not for paved streets and trolley cars, but the softseduction of a little river.

A pipe, a box of matches, a hatchet, a little tent, a rod and line, blankets, a coffee-pot and frying pan, a jug of water, a box of food, an old shirt, a canoe and the right companion to handle the bow-paddle, and in the ethereal river mists of a summer morning you launch your craft where the stream breaks out of its mountain cradle, and without need of map or compass give yourself gladly to its care until, perhaps, it joins the sea. It is a new world you shall see, through the magic lens of your lowered perspective, a world wherein many humble things are important and many great things shrink to insignificance. You shall pass through the haunts of men and care not for them. You shall camp in the fragrance of hemlocks and scatter the embers of your fire with regret. You shall make for the bend ahead with the joy of a discoverer, for the bend where the black

water steals mysteriously into the green, sun-flecked aisles of the forest, and your talk is hushed, your paddle muffled, till you creep in as silently as the moccasined Indian on the trail, as noiselessly as the water itself, or for the bend where the river, larger now, sweeps round a promontory covered with maples, all their shadowed symmetry backed by the blue sky, into the promise of sun-filled meadows and the languor of a summer day. Hour by hour the glide of the boat shall lull you, and when at twilight you climb stiff-legged out and rising upon the bank see the sky suddenly shrink, the world grow larger and familiar again, the grassy banks become once more not a bounding wall, but a small thing at your feet, the water shall still whisper a lullaby, running past you all the night.

And presently you shall go back to your Society—since there, after all, is probably your ultimate place—with a new light, if ever so feeble, on what is important in it and what trivial, and the wistful memory of your nights beneath the stars and your days on the bosom of the kindly stream. Such is the true contemplation of rivers. It has little to do with angling, after all. It is born of the impulse of solitude and the instinct in man to wander from the hills to the sea, on the track of those primal forces which are greater than he, which grant him a new glimpse of beauty or awake an old romance, which stir in his imagination the vast and steadying images of his origin.





THE COURAGE OF THE COMMONPLACE

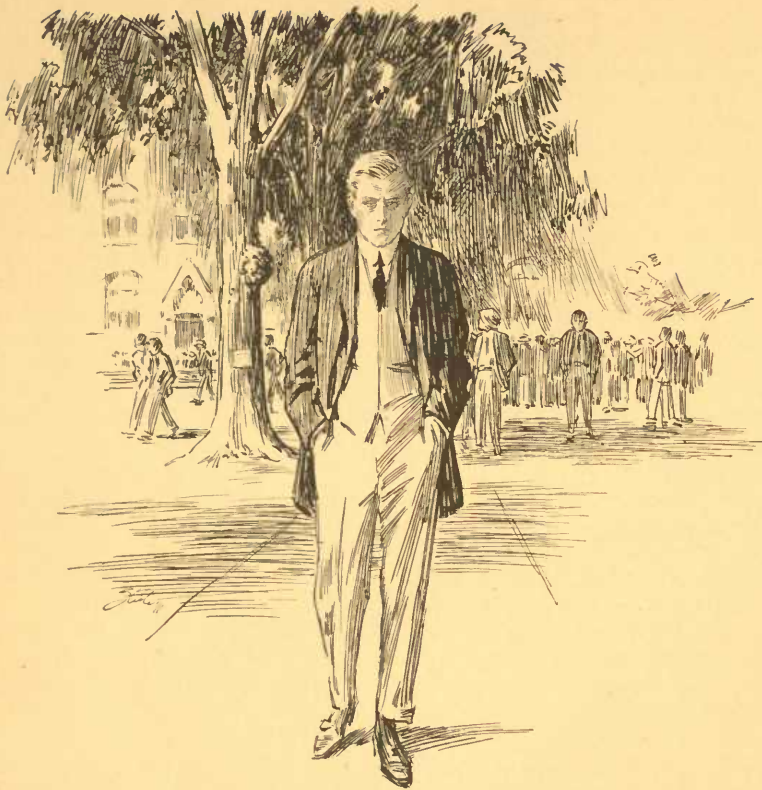
By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

THE girl and her chaperon had been deposited early in the desirable second-story window in Durfee, looking down on the tree. Brant was a senior and a "Bones" man, and so had a leading part to play in the afternoon's drama. He must get the girl and the chaperon off his hands, and be at his business. This was "Tap Day." It is perhaps well to explain what "Tap Day" means; there are people who have not been at Yale or had sons or sweethearts there.

In New Haven, on the last Thursday of May, toward five in the afternoon, one becomes aware that the sea of boys which ripples always over the little city has condensed into a river flowing into the campus. There the flood divides and re-divides; the junior class is separating and gathering

from all directions into a solid mass about the nucleus of a large, low-hanging oak tree inside the college fence in front of Durfee Hall. The three great senior societies of Yale, Skull and Bones, Scroll and Key, and Wolf's Head, choose to-day fifteen members each from the junior class, the fifteen members of the outgoing senior class making the choice. Each senior is allotted his man of the juniors, and must find him in the crowd at the tree and tap him on the shoulder and give him the order to go to his room. Followed by his sponsor he obeys and what happens at the room no one but the men of the society know. With shining face the lad comes back later and is slapped on the shoulder and told, "good work, old man," cordially and whole-heartedly by every friend and acquaintance—by lads who have "made" every honor possible,



It was all over.—Page 46.

by lads who have "made" nothing, just as heartily. For that is the spirit of Yale.

Only juniors room in Durfee Hall. On Tap Day an outsider is lucky who has a friend there, for a window is a proscenium box for the play—the play which is a tragedy to all but forty-five of the three hundred and odd juniors. The windows of every story of the gray stone façade are crowded with a deeply interested audience; grizzled heads of old graduates mix with flowery hats of women; every one is watching every detail, every arrival. In front of the Hall is a drive, and room for perhaps a dozen carriages next the fence—the famous fence of Yale—which rails the campus round. Just inside it, at the north-east corner, rises the tree. People stand up in the carriages, women and men; the fence is loaded with people, often standing, too, to see that tree.

All over the campus surges a crowd; students of the other classes, seniors who last

year stood in the compact gathering at the tree and left it sore-hearted, not having been "taken"; sophomores who will stand there next year, who already are hoping for and dreading their Tap Day; little freshmen, each one sure that he, at least, will be of the elect; and again the iron-gray heads, the interested faces of old Yale men, and the gay spring hats like bouquets of flowers.

It is, perhaps, the most critical single day of the four years course at the University. It shows to the world whether or no a boy, after three years of college life, has in the eyes of the student body "made good." It is a crucial test, a heart-rending test for a boy of twenty years.

The girl sitting in the window of Durfee understood thoroughly the character and the chances of the day. The seniors at the tree wear derby hats; the juniors none at all; it is easier by this sign to distinguish the classmen, and to keep track of the tapping. The girl knew of what society was

each black-hatted man who twisted through the bareheaded throng; in that sea of tense faces she recognized many; she could find a familiar head almost anywhere in the mass and tell as much as an outsider might what hope was hovering over it. She came of Yale people; Brant, her brother, would graduate this year; she was staying at the house of a Yale professor; she was in the atmosphere.

There, near the edge of the pack, was Bob Floyd, captain of the crew, a fair, square face with quiet blue eyes, whose tranquil gaze was characteristic. To-day it was not tranquil; it flashed anxiously here and there, and the girl smiled. She knew as certainly as if the fifteen seniors had told her that Floyd would be "tapped for Bones." The crew captain and the foot-ball captain are almost inevitably taken for Skull and Bones. Yet five years before Jack Emmett, captain of the crew, had not been taken; only two years back Bert Connolly, captain of the foot-ball team, had not been taken. The girl, watching the big chap's unconscious face, knew well what was in his mind. "What chance have I against all these bully fellows," he was saying to himself in his soul, "even if I do happen to be crew captain? Connolly

was a mutt—couldn't take him—but Jack Emmett—there wasn't any reason to be seen for that. And it's just muscles I've got—I'm not clever—I don't hit it off with the crowd—I've done nothing for Yale, but just the crew. Why the dickens should they take me?" But the girl knew.

The great height and refined, supercilious face of another boy towered near—Lionel Arnold, a born litterateur, and an artist—he looked more confident than most. It seemed to the girl he felt sure of being taken; sure that his name and position and, more than all, his developed, finished personality must count as much as that. And the girl knew that in the direct, unsophisticated judgments of the judges these things did not count at all.

So she gunned over the swarm which gathered to the oak tree as bees to a hive, able to tell often what was to happen. Even to her young eyes all these anxious, up-turned faces, watching silently with throbbing pulses for this first vital decision of their lives, was a stirring sight.

"I can't bear it for the ones who aren't taken," she cried out, and the chaperon did not smile.

"I know," she said. "Each year I think I'll never come again—it's too heart-rend-



He . . . went to his desk and sat down in the fading light.—Page 46.



When Baby Thomas came in he found his room-mate sleepy, but quite himself.—Page 47.

ing. It means so much to them, and only forty-five can go away happy. Numbers are just broken-hearted. I don't like it—it's brutal."

"Yes, but it's an incentive to the underclassmen—it holds them to the mark and gives them ambition, doesn't it?" the girl argued doubtfully.

The older woman agreed. "I suppose on the whole it's a good institution. And it's wonderful what wisdom the boys show. Of course, they make mistakes, but on the whole they pick the best men astonishingly. So many times they hit the ones who come to be distinguished."

"But so many times they don't," the girl followed her words. Her father and Brant were Bones men—why was the girl arguing against senior societies? "So many, Mrs. Anderson. Uncle Ted's friend, the President of Hardrington College, was in Yale in the '80's and made no senior society; Judge Marston of the Supreme Court dined with us the other night—he didn't make any-

thing; Dr. Hamlin, who is certainly one of the great physicians of the country, wasn't taken. I know a lot more. And look at some who've made things. Look at my cousin, Gus Vanderpool—he made Keys twenty years ago and has never done a thing since. And that fat Mr. Hough, who's so rich and dull—he's Bones."

"You've got statistics at your fingers' ends, haven't you?" said Mrs. Anderson. "Anybody might think you had a brother among the juniors whom you weren't hopeful about." She looked at the girl curiously. Then: "They must be about all there," she spoke, leaning out. "A full fifty feet square of dear frightened laddies. There's Brant, coming across the campus. He looks as if he was going to make some one president. I suppose he feels so. There's Johnny McLean. I hope he'll be taken—he's the nicest boy in the whole junior class—but I'm afraid. He hasn't done anything in particular."

With that, a thrill caught the most callous of the hundreds of spectators; a stillness

fixed the shifting crowd; from the tower of Battell chapel, close by, the college bell clanged the stroke of five; before it stopped striking the first two juniors would be tapped. The dominating, unhurried note rang, echoed, and began to die away as they saw Brant's hand fall on Bob Floyd's shoulder. The crew captain whirled and leaped, unseeing, through the crowd. A great shout rose; all over the campus the people surged like a wind-driven wave toward the two rushing figures, and everywhere some one cried, "Floyd has gone Bones!" and the exciting business had begun.

One looks at the smooth faces of boys of twenty and wonders what the sculptor Life is going to make of them. We who have known his work know what sharp tools are in his kit; we know the tragic possibilities as well as the happy ones of those inevitable strokes; we shrink a bit as we look at the smooth faces of the boys and realize how that clay must be moulded in the workshop—how the strong lines which ought to be there some day must come from the cutting of pain and the grinding of care and the push and weight of responsibility. Yet there is service and love, too, and happiness and the slippery bright blade of success in the kit of Life the sculptor; so we stand and watch, a bit pitifully, but hopefully, as the work begins, and cannot guide the chisel but a little way, yet would not, if we could, stop it, for the finished job is going to be, we trust, a man, and only the sculptor Life can make such.

The boy called Johnny McLean glanced up at the window in Durfee; he met the girl's eyes, and the girl smiled back and made a gay motion with her hand as if to say, "Keep up your pluck; you'll be taken." And wished she felt sure of it. For, as Mrs. Anderson had said, he had done nothing in particular. His marks were good, he was a fair athlete; good at rowing, good at track work; he had "heeled" the News for a year, but had not made the board. A gift of music which bubbled without effort, put him on the Glee Club. Yet that had come to him; it was not a thing he had done; boys are critical of such distinctions. It is said that Skull and Bones aims at setting its seal above all else on character. This boy had sailed buoyantly from term to term delighted with the hon-

ors which came to his friends, friends with the men who carried off honors, with the best and strongest men in his class, yet never quite arriving for himself. As the bright, anxious young face looked up at the window where the women sat, the older one thought she could read the future in it, and she sighed. It was a face which attracted, broad-browed, clear-eyed, and honest, but not a strong face—yet. John McLean had only made beginnings; he had accomplished nothing. Mrs. Anderson, out of an older experience, sighed, because she had seen just such winning, loveable boys before, and had seen them grow into saddened, unsuccessful men. Yet he was full of possibility; the girl was hoping against hope that Brant and the fourteen other seniors of Skull and Bones would see it so and take him on that promise. She was not pretending to herself that anything but Johnny McLean's fate in it was the point of this Tap Day to her. She was very young, only twenty also, but there was a maturity in her to which the boy made an appeal. She felt a strength which others missed; she wanted him to find it; she wanted passionately to see him take his place where she felt he belonged, with the men who counted.

The play was in full action. Grave and responsible seniors worked swiftly here and there through the tight mass, searching each one his man; every two or three minutes a man was found and felt that thrilling touch and heard the order, "go to your room." Each time there was a shout of applause; each time the campus rushed in a wave. And still the three hundred stood packed, waiting—thinning a little, but so little. About thirty had been taken now, and the black senior hats were visibly fewer, but the upturned boy faces seemed exactly the same. Only they grew more anxious minute by minute; minute by minute they turned more nervously this way and that as the seniors worked through the mass. And as another and another crashed from among them blind and solemn and happy with his guardian senior close after, the ones who were left seemed to drop into deeper quiet. And now there were only two black hats in the throng; the girl looking down saw John McLean standing stiffly, his gray eyes fixed, his face pale and set; at that moment the two seniors found

their men together. It was all over. He had not been taken.

Slowly the two hundred and fifty odd men who had not been good enough, dispersed, pluckily laughing and talking together—all of them, it is safe to say, with heavy hearts; for Tap Day counts as much as that at Yale.

John McLean swung across the diagonal of the campus toward Welch Hall where he lived. He saw the girl and her chaperon come out of Durfee; and he lingered to meet them. Two days ago he had met the girl here with Brant, and she had stopped and shaken hands. It seemed to him it would help if that should happen today. She might say a word; anything at all to show that she was friends all the same with a fellow who wasn't good enough. He longed for that. With a sick chaos of pain pounding at what seemed to be his lungs he met her. Mrs. Anderson was between them, putting out a quick hand; the boy hardly saw her as he took it. He saw the girl, and the girl did not look at him. With her head up and her brown eyes fixed on Phelps gate-way she hurried along—and did not look at him. He could not believe it—that girl—the girl. But she was gone; she had not looked at him. Like a shot animal he suddenly began to run. He got to his rooms—they were empty; Baby Thomas, his "wife," known as Archibald Babington Thomas on the catalogue, but not elsewhere, had been taken for Scroll and Key; he was off with the others who were worth while. This boy went into his tiny bedroom and threw himself down with his face in his pillow and lay still. Men and women learn—sometimes—as they grow older, how to shut the doors against disappointments so that only the vital ones cut through, but at twenty all doors are open; the iron had come into his soul, and the girl had given it a twist which had taken his last ounce of courage. He lay still a long time, enduring—all he could manage at first. It might have been an hour later that he got up and went to his desk and sat down in the fading light, his hands deep in his trousers pockets; his athletic young figure dropped together listlessly; his eyes staring at the desk where he had worked away so many cheerful hours. Pictures hung around it; there was a group taken last summer of girls and boys at his home in the country,

the girl was in it—he did not look at her. His father's portrait stood on the desk, and a painting of his long-dead mother. He thought to himself hotly that it was good she was dead rather than see him shamed. For the wound was throbbing with fever, and the boy had not got to a sense of proportion; his future seemed blackened. His father's picture stabbed him; he was a "Bones" man—all of his family—his grandfather, and the older brothers who had graduated four and six years ago—all of them. Except himself. The girl had thought it such a disgrace that she would not look at him! Then he grew angry. It wasn't decent, to hit a man when he was down. A woman ought to be gentle—if his mother had been alive—but then he was glad she wasn't. With that a sob shook him—startled him. Angrily he stood up and glared about the place. This wouldn't do; he must pull himself together. He walked up and down the little living-room, bright with boys' belongings, with fraternity shields and flags and fencing foils and paddles and pictures; he walked up and down, and he whistled "Dunderbeck," which somehow was in his head. Then he was singing it:

"Oh Dunderbeck, Oh Dunderbeck, how could you be so mean
As even to have thought of such a terrible machine!
For bob-tailed rats and pussy-cats shall never more be seen;
They'll all be ground to sausage-meat in Dunderbeck's machine."

There are times when Camembert cheese is a steady thing to think of—or golf balls. "Dunderbeck" answered for John McLean. It appeared difficult to sing, however—he harked back to whistling. Then the clear piping broke suddenly. He bit his lower lip and went and sat down before the desk again and turned on the electric reading-lamp. Now he had given in long enough; now he must face the situation; now was the time to find if there was any backbone in him to "buck up." To fool those chaps by amounting to something. There was good stuff in the boy that he applied this caustic and not a salve. His buoyant light-heartedness whispered that the fellows made mistakes; that he was only one of many good chaps left; that Dick Harding had a pull and Jim Stan-

ton an older brother—excuses came. But the boy checked them.

"That's not the point; I didn't make it; I didn't deserve it; I've been easy on myself; I've got to change; so some day my people won't be ashamed of me—maybe." Slowly, painfully he fought his way to a tentative self-respect. He might not ever be anything big, a power as his father was, but he could be a hard worker, he could make a place. A few days before a famous speaker had given an address on an ethical subject at Yale. A sentence of it came to the boy's struggling mind. "The courage of the commonplace is greater than the courage of the crisis," the orator had said. That was his chance—"the courage of the commonplace." No fireworks for him, perhaps, ever, but, by Jove, work and will could do a lot, and he could prove himself worthy.

"I'm not through yet, by ginger," he said out loud. "I can do my best anyhow and I'll show if I'm not fit"—the energetic tone trailed off—he was only a boy of twenty—"not fit to be looked at," he finished brokenly.

It came to him in a vague, comforting way that probably the best game a man could play with his life would be to use it as a tool to do work with; to keep it at its brightest, cleanest, most efficient for the sake of the work. This boy, of no phenomenal sort, had one marked quality—when he had made a decision he acted on it. To-night through the soreness of a bitter disappointment he put his finger on the highest note of his character and resolved. All unknown to himself it was a crisis.

It was long past dinner-time, but he dashed out now and got food and when Baby Thomas came in he found his roommate sleepy, but quite himself; quite steady in his congratulations as well as normal in his abuse for "keeping a decent white man awake to this hour."

Three years later the boy graduated from the Boston "Tech." As his class poured from Huntington Hall, he saw his father waiting for him. He noted with pride, as he always did, the tall figure, topped with a wonderful head—a mane of gray hair, a face carved in iron, squared and cut down to the marrow of brains and force—a man to be seen in any crowd. With that, as his own

met the keen eyes behind the spectacles, he was aware of a look which startled him. The boy had graduated at the very head of his class; that light in his father's eyes all at once made two years of work a small thing.

"I didn't know you were coming, sir. That's mighty nice of you," he said, as they walked down Boylston Street together, and his father waited a moment and then spoke in his usual incisive tone.

"I wouldn't have liked to miss it, Johnny," he said. "I don't remember that anything in my life has ever made me as satisfied as you have to-day."

With a gasp of astonishment the young man looked at him, looked away, looked at the tops of the houses, and did not find a word anywhere. His father had never spoken to him so; never before, perhaps, had he said anything as intimate to any of his sons. They knew that the cold manner of the great engineer covered depths, but they never expected to see the depths uncovered. But here he was, talking of what he felt, of character, and honor and effort.

"I've appreciated what you've been doing," the even voice went on. "I talk little about personal affairs. But I'm not uninterested; I watch. I was anxious about you. You were a more uncertain quantity than Ted and Harry. Your first three years at Yale were not satisfactory; I was afraid you lacked manliness. Then came—a disappointment. It was a blow to us—to family pride. I watched you more closely, and I saw before that year ended that you were taking your medicine rightly. I wanted to tell you of my contentment, but being slow of speech I—couldn't. So"—the iron face broke for a second into a whimsical grin—"so I offered you a motor. And you wouldn't take it. I knew, though you didn't explain, that you feared it would interfere with your studies. I was right?" Johnny nodded. "Yes. And your last year at college was—was all I could wish. I see now that you needed a blow in the face to wake you up—and you got it. And you waked." The great engineer smiled with clean pleasure. "I have had"—he hesitated—"I have had always a feeling of responsibility to your mother for you—more than for the others. You were so young when she died that you seem more her child. I was afraid I had not treated you

well—that it was my fault if you failed.” The boy made a gesture—he could not very well speak. His father went on: “So when you refused the motor, when you went into engineer’s camp that first summer instead of going abroad, I was pleased. Your course here has been a satisfaction, without a drawback—keener, certainly, because I am an engineer, and could appreciate, step by step, how well you were doing, how much you were giving up to do it, how much power you were gaining by that long sacrifice. I’ve respected you through these years of commonplace, and I’ve known how much more courage it meant in a pleasure-loving lad such as you than it would have meant in a serious person such as I am—such as Ted and Harry are, to an extent, also.” The older man, proud and strong and reserved, turned on his son such a shining face as the boy had never seen. “That boyish failure isn’t wiped out, Johnny, for I shall remember it as the corner-stone of your career, already built over with an honorable record. You’ve made good. I congratulate and I honor you.”

The boy never knew how he got home. He knocked his shins badly on a quite visible railing and it was out of the question to say a single word. But if he staggered it was with an overload of happiness, and if he was speechless and blind the stricken faculties were paralyzed with joy. His father walked beside him and they understood each other. He reeled up the streets contented.

That night there was a family dinner, and with the coffee his father turned and ordered fresh champagne opened.

“We must have a new explosion to drink to the new superintendent of the Oriel mine,” he said. Johnny looked at him surprised, and then at the others, and the faces were bright with the same look of something which they knew and he did not.

“What’s up?” asked Johnny. “Who’s the superintendent of the Oriel mine? Why do we drink to him? What are you all grinning about, anyway?” The cork flew up to the ceiling, and the butler poured gold bubbles into the glasses, all but his own.

“Can’t I drink to the beggar, too, whoever he is?” asked Johnny, and pushed his glass and glanced up at Mullins. But his father was beaming at Mullins in a most unusual way and Johnny got no wine. With

that Ted, the oldest brother, pushed back his chair and stood and lifted his glass.

“We’ll drink,” he said, and bowed formally to Johnny, “to the gentleman who is covering us all with glory, to the new superintendent of the Oriel mine, Mr. John Archer McLean,” and they stood and drank the toast. Johnny, more or less dizzy, more or less scarlet, crammed his hands in his pockets and stared and turned redder, and brought out interrogations in the nervous English which is acquired at our great institutions of learning.

“Gosh! are you all gone dotty?” he asked. And “Is this a merry jape?” And “Why, for cat’s sake, can’t you tell a fellow what’s up your sleeve?” While the family sipped champagne and regarded him.

“Now, if I’ve squirmed for you enough I wish you’d explain—father, tell me!” the boy begged.

And the tale was told by the family, in chorus, without politeness, interrupting freely. It seemed that the president of the big mine needed a superintendent, and wishing young blood and the latest ideas had written to the head of the Mining Department in the School of Technology to ask if he would give him the name of the ablest man in the graduating class—a man to be relied on for character as much as brains, he specified, for the rough army of miners needed a general at their head almost more than a scientist. Was there such a combination to be found, he asked, in a youngster of twenty-three or twenty-four, such as would be graduating at the “Tech?” If possible, he wanted a very young man—he wanted the enthusiasm, he wanted the athletic tendency, he wanted the plus-strength, he wanted the unmade reputation which would look for its making to hard work in the mine. The letter was produced and read to the shamefaced Johnny. “Gosh!” he remarked at intervals and remarked almost nothing else. There was no need. They were so proud and so glad that it was almost too much for the boy who had been a failure three years ago.

On the urgent insistence of every one he made a speech. He got to his six-feet-two slowly, and his hands went into his trousers pockets as usual. “Holy mackerel,” he began—“I don’t call it decent to knock the wind out of a man and then hold him up for remarks. They all said

in college that I talked the darnedest hash in the class, anyway. But you will have it, will you? I haven't got anything to say, so you'd notice it, except that I'll be blamed if I see how this is true. Of course I'm keen for it—Keen! I should say I was! And what makes me keenest, I believe, is that I know it's satisfactory to Henry McLean." He turned his bright face to his father. "Any little plugging I've done seems like thirty cents compared to that. You're all peaches to take such an interest, and I thank you a lot. Me, the superintendent of the Oriel mine! Holy mackerel!" gasped Johnny, and sat down.

The proportion of work in the battle of life outweighs the "beer and skittles"; as does the interest. Johnny McLean found interest in masses, in the drab-and-dun village on the prairie. He found pleasure, too, and as far as he could reach he tried to share it; buoyancy and generosity were born in him; strenuousness he had painfully acquired, and like most converts was a fanatic about it. He was splendidly fit; he was the best and last output of the best institution in the country; he went at his work like a joyful locomotive. Yet more goes to explain what he was and what he did. He developed a faculty for leading men. The cold bath of failure, the fire of success had tempered the young steel of him to an excellent quality; bright and sharp, it cut cobwebs in the Oriel mine where cobwebs had been thickening for months. The boy, normal enough, quite unphenomenal, was growing strong by virtue of his one strong quality: he did what he resolved to do. For such a character to make a vital decision rightly is a career. On the night of the Tap Day which had so shaken him, he had struck the key-note. He had resolved to use his life as if it were a tool in his hand to do work, and he had so used it. The habit of bigness, once caught, possesses one as quickly as the habit of drink; Johnny McLean was as unhampered by the net of smallnesses which tangle most of us as a hermit; the freedom gave him a power which was fast making a marked man of him.

There was dissatisfaction among the miners; a strike was probable; the popularity of the new superintendent warded it off from month to month, which counted

unto him for righteousness in the mind of the president, of which Johnny himself was unaware. Yet the cobwebs grew; there was an element not reached by, resentful of, the atmosphere of Johnny's friendliness—"Terence O'Hara's gang." By the old road of music he had found his way to the hearts of many. There were good voices among the thousand odd workmen and Johnny McLean could not well live without music. He heard Dennis Mulligan's lovely baritone and Jack Dennison's rolling bass, as they sang at work in the dim tunnels of the coal-mine, and it seemed quite simple to him that they and he and others should meet when work hours were over and do some singing. Soon it was a club—then a big club; it kept men out of saloons, which Johnny was glad of, but had not planned. A small kindness seems often to be watered and fertilized by magic. Johnny's music-club grew to be a spell to quiet wild beasts. Yet Terence O'Hara and his gang had a strong hold; there was storm in the air and the distant thunder was heard almost continually.

Johnny, as he swung up the main street of the flat little town, the brick school-house and the two churches at one end, many saloons *en route*, and the gray rock dump and the chimneys and shaft-towers of the mine at the other, carried a ribbon of brightness through the sordid place. Women came to the doors to smile at the handsome young gentleman who took his hat off as if they were ladies; children ran by his side, and he knocked their caps over their eyes and talked nonsense to them, and swung on whistling. But at night, alone in his room, he was serious. How to keep the men patient; how to use his influence with them; how to advise the president—for young as he was he had to do this because of the hold he had gained on the situation; what concessions were wise—the young face fell into grave lines as he sat, hands deep in his pockets as usual, and considered these questions. Already the sculptor Life was chiselling away the easy curves with the tool of responsibility.

He thought of other things sometimes as he sat before the wood fire in his old Morris chair. His college desk was in the corner by the window, and around it hung photographs ordered much as they had been in New Haven. The portrait of his father on

the desk, the painting of his mother, and above them, among the boys' faces, that group of boys and girls of whom she was one, the girl whom he had not forgotten. He had not seen her since that Tap Day. She had written him soon after—an invitation for a week-end at her mother's camp in the woods. But he would not go. He sat in the big chair staring into the fire, in this small room far in the West, and thought about it. No, he could not have gone to her house-party—how could he? He had thought, poor lunatic, that there was an unspoken word between them; that she was different to him from what she was to the others. Then she had failed him at the moment of need. He would not be taken back half-way, with the crowd. He could not. So he had civilly ignored the hand which she had held out several times, in several ways. Hurt and proud, yet without conceit, he believed that she kept him at a distance, and he would not risk coming too near, and so stayed altogether away. It happens at times that a big, attractive, self-possessed man is secretly as shy, as fanciful as the shyest girl—if he cares. Once and again indeed the idea flashed into the mind of Johnny McLean—that perhaps she had been so sorry that she did not dare look at him. But he flung that aside with a savage half-laugh.

"What rot! It's probable that I was important enough for that, isn't it? You fool!" And about then he was likely to get up with a spring and attack a new book on pillar and shaft versus the block system of mining coal.

The busy days went on, and the work grew more absorbing, the atmosphere more charged with an electricity which foretold tempest. The president knew that the personality of the young superintendent almost alone held the electricity in solution; that for months he and his little musical club and his large popularity had kept off the strike. Till at last a day came in early May.

We sit at the ends of the earth and sew on buttons and play cards while fate wipes from existence the thing dearest to us. Johnny's father that afternoon mounted his new saddle-horse and rode through the afternoon lights and shadows of spring. The girl, who had not forgotten, either, went to a luncheon and the theatre after.

And it was not till next morning that Brant, her brother, called to her, as she went upstairs after breakfast, in a voice which brought her running back. He had a paper in his hand, and he held it to her.

"What is it, Brant? Something bad?"

"Yes," he said, breathing fast. "Awful. It's going to make you feel badly, for you liked him—poor old Johnny McLean."

"Johnny McLean?" she repeated. Brant went on.

"Yesterday—a mine accident. He went down after the entombed men. Not a chance." Brant's mouth worked. "He died—like a hero—you know." The girl stared.

"Died? Is Johnny McLean dead?"

She did not fall down, or cry out, but then Brant knew. Swiftly he came up and put his big, brotherly arm around her.

"Wait, my dear," he said. "There's a ray of hope. Not really hope, you know—it was certain death he went to—but yet they haven't found—they don't know, absolutely, that he's dead."

Five minutes later the girl was locked in her room with the paper. His name was in large letters in the head-lines. She read the account over many times, with painstaking effort to understand that this meant Johnny McLean. That he was down there now, while she breathed pure air. Many times she read it, dazed. Suddenly she flashed to the window and threw it open and beat on the stone sill and dragged her hands across it. Then in a turn she felt this to be worse than useless and dropped on her knees and found out what prayer is. She read the paper again, then, and faced things.

It was the often-repeated, incredible story of men so accustomed to danger that they throw away their lives in sheer carelessness. A fire down in the third level, five hundred feet underground; delay in putting it out; shifting of responsibility of one to another, mistakes and stupidity; then the sudden discovering that they were all but cut off; the panic and the crowding for the shaft, and scenes of terror and selfishness and heroism down in the darkness and smothering smoke.

The newspaper story told how McLean, the young superintendent, had come running down the street, bareheaded, with his light, great pace of an athlete. How, just

as he got there, the cage of six men, which had gone to the third level, had been drawn up after vague, wild signalling filled with six corpses. How, when the crowd had seen that he meant to go down, a storm of appeal had broken that he should not throw his life away; how the very women whose husbands and sons were below had clung to him. Then the paper told how he had turned at the mouth of the shaft—the girl could see him standing there tall and broad, with the light on his boyish blond head. He had snatched a paper from his pocket and waved it at arm's-length so that every one could see. The map of the mine. Gallery 57, on the second level, where the men now below had been working, was close to gallery 9, entered from the other shaft a quarter of a mile away. The two galleries did not communicate, but only six feet of earth divided them. The men might chop through to 9 and reach the other shaft and be saved. But the men did not know it. He explained shortly that he must get to them and tell them. He would go to the second level and with an oxygen helmet must reach possible air before he was caught. Quickly, with an unhesitating decision, he talked, and his buoyancy put courage into the stricken crowd. With that a woman's voice lifted.

"Don't go—don't ye go, darlin'," it screamed. "'Tis no frinds down there. 'Tis Terence O'Hara and his gang—'tis the strike-makers. Don't be throwin' away your sweet young life for him."

The boy laughed. "That's all right. Terence has a right to his chance." He went on rapidly. "I want five volunteers—quick. A one-man chance isn't enough to take help. Quick—five."

And twenty men pushed to the boy to follow him into hell. Swiftly he picked five; they put on the heavy oxygen helmets; there was a deep silence as the six stepped into the cage, and McLean rang the bell that signalled the engineer to let them down. That was all. They were the last rescuers to go down, and the cage had been drawn up empty. That was all, the newspaper said. The girl read it. All! And his father racing across the continent, to stand with the shawled women at the head of the shaft. And she, in this far-off city, going through the motions of living.

The papers told of the crowds gathered, of the Red Cross, of the experts come to consider the situation, of the line of patient women, with shawls over their heads, waiting always, there at the first gray light, there when night fell; the girl, gasping at her window, would have given years of life to have stood with those women. The second day she read that they had closed the mouth of the shaft; it was considered that the one chance for life below lay in smothering the flames. When the girl read that, a madness came on her. The shawled women felt that same madness; if the inspectors and the company officials had insisted they could not have kept the mine closed long—the people would have opened it by force; it was felt unendurable to seal their men below; the shaft was unsealed in twenty-four hours. But smoke came out, and then the watchers realized that a wall of flame was worse than a wall of planks and sand, and the shaft was closed again.

For days there was no news; then the first fruitless descent; then men went down and brought up heavy shapes rolled in canvas and bore them to the women; and "each morning the Red Cross president, lifting the curtain of the car where he slept, would see at first light, the still rows of those muffled figures waiting in the hopeless day-break." Not yet had the body of the young superintendent been found; yet one might not hope because of that. But when one afternoon the head-lines of the papers blazed with a huge "Rescued" she could not read it, and she knew that she had hoped.

It was true. Eighteen men had been brought up alive, and Johnny McLean was one. Johnny McLean carried out senseless, with an arm broken, with a gash in his forehead done by a falling beam as he crawled to hail the rescuers—but Johnny McLean alive. He was very ill, yet the girl had not a minute's doubt that he would get well.

And while he lay half-alive, the papers of the country rang with the story of what he had done, and his father sitting by his bed read it, through unashamed tears, but Johnny took no interest. Breathing satisfied him pretty well for a while. There is no need to tell over what the papers told—how he had taken the leadership of the demoralized band; how when he found them cut off from the escape which he had

planned he had set them to work building a barrier across a passage where the air was fresher; how behind this barrier they had lived for six days, by the faith and courage of Johnny McLean. How he had kept them busy singing, playing games, telling stories; had taught them music and put heart into them to sing glees, down in their tomb; how he had stood guard over the pitiful supply of water which dripped from the rock walls, and found ways of saving every drop and made each man take his turn; how when Tom Steele went mad and tried to break out of the barrier on the fifth day, it was McLean who fought him and kept him from the act which would have let in the black damp to kill all of them; how it was the fall in the slippery darkness of that struggle which had broken his arm. The eighteen told the story, bit by bit, as the men grew strong enough to talk, and the record rounded out, of life and reason saved by a boy who had risen out of the gray of commonplace into the red light of heroism. The men who came out of that burial spoke afterward of McLean as of an inspired being.

At all events the strike question was settled in that week below, and Johnny McLean held the ring-leaders now in the hollow of his hand. Terence O'Hara opened his eyes and delivered a dictum two hours after he was carried home. "Tell them byes," he growled in weak jerks, "that if any of them says shrike till that McLean child drops the hat, they'll fight—O'Hara."

Day after day, while the country was in an uproar of enthusiasm, Johnny lay unconscious, breathing and doing no more. And large engineering affairs were allowed to go to rack and ruin while Henry McLean watched his son.

On a hot morning such as comes in May, a veteran fly of the year before buzzed about the dim window of the sick-room and banged against the half-closed shutters. Half-conscious of the sound the boy's father read near it, when another sound made his pulse jump.

"Chase him out," came from the bed in a weak, cheerful voice. "Don't want any more things shut up for a spell."

An hour later the older man stood over the boy. "Do you know your next job, Johnny?" he said. "You've got to get

well in three weeks. Your triennial in New Haven is then."

"Holy—mackerel!" exploded the feeble tones. "All right, Governor, I'll do it."

Somewhere in the last days of June, New England is at its loveliest and it is commencement time at Yale. Under the tall elms stretch the shady streets, alive eternally with the ever-new youth of ever-coming classes of boys. But at commencement the pleasant, drowsy ways take on an astonishing character; it is as if the little city had gone joyfully mad. Hordes of men of all ages, in startling clothes, appear in all quarters. Under Phelps gate-way one meets pirates with long hair, with earrings, with red sashes; crossing the campus comes a band of Highlanders, in front of the New Haven House stray Dutchmen and Japanese and Punchinellos and other flotsam not expected in a decorous town; down College Street a group of men in gowns of white swing away through the dappled shadows.

The atmosphere is enchanted; it is full of greetings and reunions and new beginnings of old friendship; with the everyday clothes the boys of old have shed responsibilities and dignities and are once more irresponsibly the boys of old. From California and Florida, even from China and France, they come swarming into the Puritan place, while in and out through the light-hearted kaleidoscopic crowd hurry slim youngsters in floating black gown and scholar's cap—the text of all this celebration, the graduating class. Because of them it is commencement, it is they who step now over the threshold and carry Yale's honor in their young hands into the world. But small attention do they get, the graduating class, at commencement. The classic note of their grave youthfulness is drowned in the joyful uproar; in the clamor of a thousand greetings one does not listen to these voices which say farewell. From the nucleus of these busy, black-clad young fellows, the folds of their gowns billowing about light, strong figures, the stern lines of the Oxford cap gracefully at odds with the fresh modelling of their faces—down from these lads in black, the largest class of all, taper the classes. A placard is on a tree in the campus that the class of '51, it may be, has its head-quarters at such a

place; a handful of men with white hair are lunching together—and that is a reunion.

In the afternoon of commencement day there is a base-ball game at Yale Field. To that the returning classes go in costume, mostly marching out afoot, each with its band of music, through the gay, dusty street, by the side of the gay, crowded trolley-cars loaded to the last inch of the last step with a holiday crowd, good-natured, sympathetic, full of humor as an American crowd is always. The men march laughing, talking, nodding to friends in the cars, in the motors, and carriages which fly past them; the bands play; the houses are faced with people come to see the show.

The amphi-theatre of Yale Field is packed with more than ten thousand. The seniors are there with their mothers and fathers, their pretty little sisters and their proud little brothers—the flower of the country. One looks about and sees everywhere high-bred faces, strong faces, open-eyed, drinking in this extraordinary scene. For there is nothing just like it elsewhere. Across the field where hundreds of automobiles and carriages are drawn close—beyond that is a gate-way, and through this, at three o'clock or so, comes pouring a rainbow. A gigantic, light-filled, motion-swept rainbow of men. The first rays of vivid color resolves into a hundred Japanese geishas; they come dancing, waving paper umbrellas down Yale Field; on their heels press Dutch kiddies, wooden-shod, in scarlet and white, with wigs of peroxide hair. Then sailors, some of them twirling oars—the



For days there was no news.—Page 51.

famous victorious crew of fifteen years back; with these march a dozen lads from fourteen to eight, the sons of the class, sail-or-clad too; up from their midst as they reach the centre of the field drifts a flight of blue balloons of all sizes. Then come the men of twenty years ago stately in white gowns and mortar-boards; then the Triennials, with a class boy of two years, costumed in miniature and trundled in a go-cart by a nervous father. The Highlanders stalk by to the skirl of bagpipes with their contingent of tall boys, the coming sons of Alma Mater. The thirty-five-year graduates, eighty strong, the men who are running the nation, wear a unanimous sudden growth of rolling gray beard. Class after class they come, till over a thousand men have marched out to the music of bands, down Yale Field and past the great



Large engineering affairs were allowed to go to rack and ruin while Henry McLean watched his son.—Page 52.

circle of the seats, and have settled in brilliant masses of color on the "bleachers." Then from across the field rise men's voices singing. They sing the college songs which their fathers sang, which their sons and great grandsons will sing. The rhythm rolls forward steadily in all those deep voices:

"Nor time nor change can aught avail,"

they sing

"To break the friendships formed at Yale."

There is many a breath caught in the crowded multitude to hear the men sing that.

Then the game—and Yale wins. The classes pour on the field in a stormy sea of color, and dance quadrilles, and form long lines hand in hand which sway and cross and play fantastically in a dizzying, tremendous jubilation which fills all of Yale Field. The people standing up to go cannot go, but stay and watch them, these thousand children of many ages, this marvellous show of light-heartedness and loyalty. Till at last

the costumes drift together and disappear slowly in platoons; and the crowd thins and the last and most stirring act of the commencement day drama is at hand.

It has come to be an institution that after the game the old graduates should go, class by class, to the house of the president of Yale, to renew allegiance. It has come to be an institution that he, standing on the steps of his house, should make a short speech to each class. The rainbow of men, sweeping gloriously down the city streets with their bands, dissolves into a whirlwind at the sight of that well-known, slight, dignified figure on the doorstep of the modest house—this is a thing which one who has seen it does not forget; the three-minute speeches, each apt to its audience, each pointed with a dart straight to the heart of class pride and sentiment, these are a marvel. Few men living could come out of such a test creditably; only this master of men and of boys could do it as he does it. For each class goes away confident that the president at least shares its conviction that it is the best class ever graduated. Life might well be worth living, it would seem,

to a man who should hear every year hundreds of men's voices thundering his name as these men behind the class banners.

Six weeks after the disaster of the Oriel mine it was commencement day in New Haven and Johnny McLean, his broken arm in a sling, a square of adhesive plaster on his forehead, was back for his Triennial. He was mightily astonished at the greeting he got. Class mates came up to him and shook his hand and said half a sentence and stopped, with an arm around his shoulder; people treated him in a remarkable way as if he had done something unheard of. It gratified him, after a fashion, yet it more than half annoyed him. He mentioned over and over again in protest that he had done nothing which "every one of you fellows wouldn't have done just the same," but they laughed at that and stood staring in a most embarrassing way.

"Gosh, Johnny McLean," Tim Erwin remarked finally, "wake up and hear the birdies sing. Do you mean to tell me you don't know you're the hero of the whole blamed nation?"

And Johnny McLean turned scarlet and replied that he didn't think it so particularly funny to guy a man who had attended strictly to his business, and walked off. While Erwin and the others regarded him astounded.

"Well, if that isn't too much!" gasped Tim. He actually doesn't know!"

"He's likely to find out before we get through," Neddy Haines, of Denver, jerked out nasally, and they laughed as if at a secret known together.

So Johnny pursued his way through the two or three days before commencement, absorbed in meeting friends, embarrassed at times by their manner, but taking ob-



Johnny McLean, . . . was back for his Triennial.



stinately the modest place in the class which he had filled in college. It did not enter his mind that anything he had done could alter his standing with the "fellows." Moreover he did not spend time considering that. So he was one of two hundred Buster Browns who marched to Yale Field in white Russian blouses with shiny blue belts, in sailor hats with blue ribbons, and when the Triennials rushed tempestuously down Trumbull Street in the tracks of the gray-beards of thirty-five years before, Johnny found himself carried forward so that he stood close to the iron fence which guards the little yard from the street. There is always an afternoon tea at the president's house after the game, to let people see the classes make their call on the head of the University. The house was full of people; the yard was filled with gay dresses and men gathered to see the parade. On the high stone steps under the arch of the doorway stood the president and close by him the white, light figure of a little girl, her black hair tied with a big blue bow. Clustered in the shadow behind them were other figures. Johnny McLean saw the little maid and then his gaze was riveted on the president. It surely was good to see him again; this man who knew how to make them all swear by him.

"What will he have to say to us," Johnny wondered. "Something that will please the whole bunch, I'll bet. He always hits it."

"Men of the class of—," the President began, in his deep, characteristic intonations, "I know that there is only one name you want to hear me speak; only one thought in all the minds of your class."

A hoarse murmur which a second's growth would have made into a wild shout started in the throats of the massed men behind the class banner. The president held up his hand.

"Wait a minute. We want that cheer; we'll have it; but I've got a word first. A great speaker who talked to you boys in your college course said a thing that came to my mind to-day. 'The courage of the commonplace,' he said 'is greater than the courage of the crisis.'"

Again that throaty, threatening growl, and again the president's hand went up—the boys were hard to hold.

"I see a man among you whose life has added a line to that saying, who has shown

to the world that it is the courage of the commonplace which trains for the courage of the crisis. And that's all I've got to say, for the nation is saying the rest—except three times three for the glory of the class of—, for McLean of the Oriel mine, the newest name on the honor roll of Yale."

It is probably a dizzying thing to be snatched into the seventh heaven. Johnny McLean standing, scarlet, stunned, his eyes glued on the iron fence between him and the president, knew nothing except a whirling of his brain and an earnest prayer that he might not make a fool of himself. With that, even as the thunder of voices began, he felt himself lifted, swung to men's shoulders, carried forward. And there he sat in his foolish Buster Brown costume, with his broken arm in its sling, with the white patch on his forehead, above his roaring classmates. There he sat perspiring and ashamed, and faced the head of the University, who, it must be said, appeared not to miss the humor of the situation, for he laughed consumedly. And still they cheered and still his name rang again and again. Johnny, hot and squirming under the merry presidential eye, wondered if they were going to cheer all night. And suddenly everything—classmates, president, roaring voices died away. There was just one thing on earth. In the doorway, in the group behind the president, a girl stood with her head against the wall and cried as if her heart would break. Cried frankly, openly, mopping away tears with a whole-hearted pocket handkerchief, and cried more to mop away. As if there were no afternoon tea, no mob of Yale men in the streets, no world full of people who might, if they pleased, see those tears and understand. The girl. Herself. Crying. In a flash, by the light of the happiness that was overwhelming, he found this other happiness. He understood. The mad idea which had come back and back to him out there in the West, which he had put down firmly, the idea that she had cared too much and not too little on that Tap Day four years ago—that idea was true. She did care. She cared still. He knew it without a doubt. He sat on the men's shoulders in his ridiculous clothes, and the heavens opened. Then the tumult and the shouting died and they let the hero down and to the rapid succession of strong emotions came as a relief another

emotion—enthusiasm. They were cheering the president, on the point of bursting themselves into fragments to do it, it seemed. There were two hundred men behind the class banner, and each one was converting what was convertible of his being into noise. Johnny McLean turned to with a will and thundered into the volume of tone which sounded over and over the two short syllables of a name which to a Yale man's idea fits a cheer better than most. The president stood, quiet, under the heaped-up honors of a brilliant career, smiling and steady under that delirious music of his own name rising, winged with men's hearts, to the skies. Then the band was playing again and they were marching off down the street together, this wonderful class that knew how to turn earth into heaven for a fellow who hadn't done much of a stunt

anyhow, this grand, glorious, big-hearted lot of chaps who would have done much more in his place, every soul of them—so Johnny McLean's thoughts leaped in time with his steps as they marched away. And once or twice a terror seized him—for he was weak yet from his illness—that he was going to make “a fool of himself.” He remembered how the girl had cried; he thought of the way the boys had loaded him with honor and affection; he heard the president's voice speaking those impossible words about him—about *him*—and he would have given a large sum of money at one or two junctures to bolt and get behind a locked door alone where he might cry as the girl had. But the unsentimental hilarity all around saved him and brought him through without a stain on his behavior. Only he could not bolt—he could not get a moment to himself for love



or money. It was for love he wanted it. He must find her—he could not wait now. But he had to wait. He had to go into the country to dinner with them all and be lionized and made speeches at, and made fun of, and treated as the darling child and the pride and joy and—what was harder to bear—as the hero and the great man of the class. All the time growing madder with restlessness, for who could tell if she might not be leaving town. A remnant of the class ahead crossed them—and there was Brant, her brother. Diplomacy was not for Johnny McLean—he was much too anxious.

“Brant, look here,” and he drew him into a comparative corner. “Where is she?” Brant did not pretend not to understand, but he grinned.

“At the Andersons’, of course.”

“Now?”

“Yes, I think so.”

“Fellows,” said Johnny McLean, “I’m sorry, but I’ve got to sneak. I’m going back to town.”

Sentences and scraps of sentences came flying at him from all over. “Hold him down!”—“Chain him up!”—“Going—tommy-rot—can’t go!” “You’ll be game for the round-up at eleven—you’ve got to be.” “Our darling boy—he’s got to be,” and more language.

“All right for eleven,” Johnny agreed. “I’ll be at head-quarters then—but I’m going now,” and he went.

He found her in a garden, which is the best place to make love. Each place is the best. And in some mystical manner all the doubt and unhappiness which had been gone over in labored volumes of thoughts by each alone, melted to nothing, at two or three broken sentences. There seemed to be nothing to say, for everything was said in a wordless, clear mode of understanding, which lovers and saints know. There was little plot to it, yet there was no lack of interest. In fact so light-footed were the swift moments in the rose-scented dark garden that Johnny McLean forgot, as others have forgotten before him, that time was. He forgot that magnificent lot of fellows, his classmates; there was not a circumstance outside of the shadowy garden

which he did not whole-heartedly forget. Till a shock brought him to.

The town was alive with bands and cheers and shouts and marching; the distant noises rose and fell and fused and separated, but kept their distance. When one body of sound, which unnoticed by the lovers had been growing less vague, more compact, broke all at once into loud proximity—men marching, men shouting, men singing. The two, hand tight in hand, started, looked at each other, listened—and then a name came in a dozen sonorous voices, as they used to shout it in college days, across the Berkeley Oval.

“McLean! McLean!” they called. “Oh, Johnny McLean!” and “Come out there, Oh, Johnny McLean!” That was Baby Thomas.

“By Jove, they’ve trapped me,” he said smiling in the dark and holding the hand tighter as the swinging steps stopped in front of the house of the garden. “Brant must have told.”

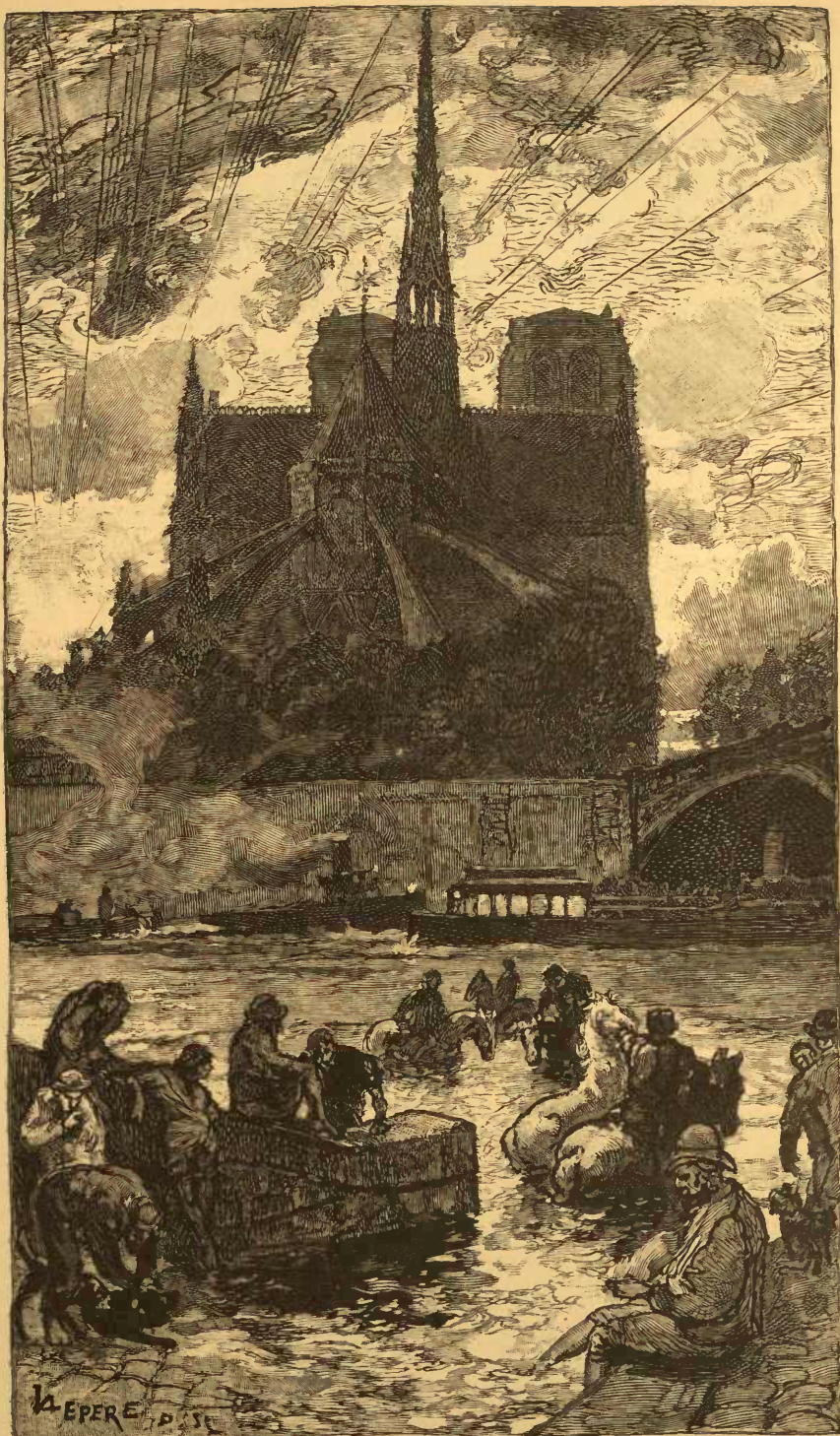
“They’ve certainly found you,” the girl said. Her arms lifted slowly, went about his neck swiftly. “You’re mine—but you’re theirs to-night. I haven’t a right to so much of you even. You’re theirs. Go.” And she held him. But in a second she had pushed him away. “Go,” she said. “You’re theirs, bless every one of them.”

She was standing alone in the dark, sweet garden and there was a roar in the street which meant that he had opened the door and they had seen him. And with that there were shouts of “Put him up!”—“Carry him!”—“Carry the boy,” and laughter and shouting and then again the measured tread of many men retreating down the street, and men’s voices singing together. The girl in the dark garden stood laughing, crying, and listened.

“Mother of men!”—

The deep voices sang—

“Mother of men grown strong in giving—
Honor to him thy lights have led;
Rich in the toil of thousands living,
Proud of the deeds of thousands dead!
We who have felt thy power, and known thee,
We in whose lives thy lights avail,
High, in our hearts enshrined, enthrone thee,
Mother of men, old Yale!”



Drawn and engraved by A. Lepère.

Notre Dame de Paris at sunset.

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—See "Field of Art," page 125.



Moving supplies to the front.

PHILIPPINE EXPERIENCES

CALOOCAN AND ITS TRENCHES

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON

Brigadier-General, United States Army

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

SHORTLY after daylight on February 5 [1899], orders were received for the Twentieth Kansas to advance from the Lico road and occupy a line somewhat beyond the trenches captured on the preceding afternoon. It was not known whether these had been reoccupied by the enemy or not, but after a part of the regiment had been deployed scouts were sent to work their way carefully to the front in order to report on the situation. These men stated that the enemy had not returned, so that there would be no necessity to fight in order to regain the ground given up. The regiment moved into its new position without incident, and was soon intrenching. As the lagoons from the bay did not come in so close at this point, we had more room, and it was found practicable to extend our left

so far that with its right resting on the railroad the regiment could have every one of its three battalions on the line. Immediately on our right we joined with the Third Artillery, which, it must be remembered, was serving as infantry, which in its turn connected with the First Montana, occupying the high ground near La Loma church. Six guns of the Utah Light Artillery Battalion under Major Richard W. Young and two guns of the Sixth Artillery under Lieutenant Adrain Fleming were posted at advantageous points along the line. During the day we could hear some firing far to our right, but there was little done on our own front, though the occasional crack of a rifle in the woods and the "zip" of a bullet furnished the necessary incentive to make the men cautious about exposing themselves. The left of the regiment fronted on dense woods, where nothing could be observed, but

its right was partially in the open, while the other two organizations of the brigade were entirely so.

During the day an officer rode over to my regiment, stated that he was Major Bell of the division staff, and desired that I should furnish him with a non-commissioned officer and a few other men in order that he might ascertain something as to the location of the insurgent trenches covering the town of Caloocan, on our front. At this I bristled up somewhat and announced that if there was any scouting to be done in advance of my regiment I could do it myself or have it done. Upon being assured by Major Bell that he was acting under orders of the division commander, I yielded the point, but I fear not with very good grace. Thus, rather inauspiciously, began my acquaintance with my excellent friend, the present Major-General J. F. Bell, who was destined because of his exceptional services in the suppression of the Philippine insurrection to rise within a few years to the highest rank now attainable in our army. I suppose that General Bell has by this time entirely forgotten the incident described. Later in the campaign that officer had at his disposal for scouting purposes a picked body of men, and did some most astonishing things in the way of penetrating the enemy's lines and bringing back information as to the location of his trenches. The non-commissioned officer that I directed to report to Major Bell on this occasion was Corporal Arthur M. Ferguson, a man whose soldierly qualities and daring were eventually to win him the Medal of Honor and a commission in the volunteer service, and afterward in the regular army. We shall hear more of him later in connection with the passage of the Rio Grande at Calumpit. Of course, whatever information Major Bell obtained on this reconnaissance was transmitted to the division commander. I was desirous of learning something on my own hook, and later in the day took a few men and crawled with them into the dense woods in front of the left of the regiment, working gradually around to the right until we were within a few hundred yards of the trenches just south of the Caloocan church. The country here was comparatively open, and we could see that the Filipinos were working with feverish haste in improving their de-

fenses. Being so close, the temptation to stir them up with a fusillade was very great, but it would never do, as we might be cut off before we could fall back on our lines.

I had established regimental headquarters about two hundred yards to the rear of our trenches, just to the right of the Caloocan wagon-road, which cut the regiment's line at right angles about one-third of the distance from its right to its left. As night came on the men were instructed to lie down and get what sleep they could behind the low shelter that they had constructed, a number from each company being detailed to remain on look-out in order to give warning of any attempt to rush our line. It was not thought best to have men on outpost in the woods on our front, as in case of a sudden attack they would mask the fire of the regiment, or possibly be sacrificed before they could retire to its line. So far as firing was concerned, we had a quiet day of it, but nightfall brought trouble. The regimental staff officers with myself and a few orderlies had just spread out our blankets and were preparing to lie down, when a lively rattle of fire opened up in the direction of the enemy's lines, and bullets began striking about us and whistling overhead. I was of the opinion that it was a mere spurt and would die down, but nevertheless rose and walked over to the trench, where I was joined by Major Metcalf. The firing increased in volume, and apparently was not coming from the enemy's trenches, which were eight hundred yards on our front, but rather from a point about half-way to them. None of our men were asleep yet, and some of them began to reply without orders.

There was some delay in finding a trumpeter to blow "Cease firing," and in the meantime one of our men was hit, and gave a shriek that was heard almost the length of the regiment. In an instant the men were beyond control. As the firing on our front increased they thought a charge was coming, and, kneeling behind the low shelter, worked their old Springfields for all they were worth. It was a form of panic, but not half so bad as bolting to the rear. The men were in as close a line as they could be and work their rifles, and they crammed cartridges into them and fired as rapidly as possible. The roar was deafening, while the rapid spurts of flame along the whole

line made in the darkness a show of fireworks that was not to be despised. The dense blanket of smoke, added to the gloom, made it impossible to see anything. We soon had every trumpeter in the regiment blowing "Cease firing," but in some cases blows and kicks had to be resorted to in order to bring the men to their senses. As our fire died down enough for one to be able to make himself heard, the officers began to open the vials of their wrath on their respective companies, while I, having to "cuss" twelve companies instead of one, was quite overcome by my efforts. But the insurgent fire had absolutely ceased, the enemy having stirred up more of a hornets' nest than he had bargained for.

What had occurred was that several hundred of them had advanced from their trenches to a point where there was good natural cover, whence they had started a fire-fight which they were doubtless glad to cease. It was in no sense an attempt to take our line by a rush, but that was what the men had feared. The regiment expended about twenty-five thousand rounds of ammunition in this piece of foolishness, but it was the last performance of that kind, involving any considerable number of men, that we had during the campaign. One of the insurgents wounded in this affair was the Filipino major, Hilario Tal Placido, who, captured more than a year later in Nueva Ecija province while I was in command there, became an "*Americanista*," and accompanied me on the expedition that brought in his old chief, Emilio Aguinaldo. Hilario, after I had come to know him, assured me that this experience cured him of any further desire to assist in unnecessarily stirring up the Americans just to see what they would do, and that he felt lucky in getting out of it with nothing worse than a big bullet through one of his lungs.

The next day while visiting La Loma church I took occasion to express to General MacArthur, who had his head-quarters there, my regret that the regiment had got into such a panic, but was assured by him that it was nothing to feel badly about, as it is a very common experience of troops until they have been under fire a few times. As a matter of fact, very few regiments in the Philippines escaped going through the same thing during the process of getting used to being under fire.

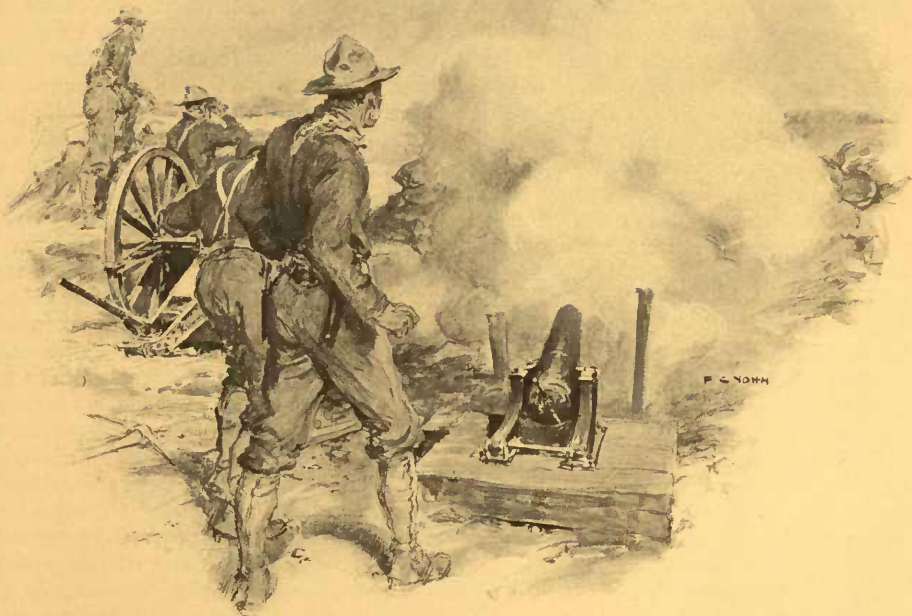
During the afternoon of the day following this incident, it being very quiet, I rather unwisely sent word to Mrs. Funston, in Manila, telling her that if she wished she could come out to the lines for a short visit, as it would give her an opportunity to see something of troops in the field, and we could have a brief chat. But in the meantime Captain Christy, who was officer of the day and was patrolling in front of the regiment with a few men, became involved in a sharp fight at about two hundred yards range with some hundred and fifty of the enemy, who had advanced from their trenches and were behind a dike, probably the same one from which they had fired on us during the night. I went out into the woods to investigate, and found that the redoubtable Christy had bitten off considerably more than he could masticate. He had only a few men, but they were fairly well sheltered and were having a hard fight, being so deeply involved that it was going to be a problem to get them out. I crouched down with the men for a few moments in order to decide what to do, and finally, by having them cease fire suddenly and then spring to their feet and make a dash by the right flank to some "dead" ground, stopped the fight. Going back to my head-quarters, behind the regiment's line, I found that Mrs. Funston had arrived, escorted by my orderly and Major Metcalf's. She had ridden in a *caromata*, a Filipino vehicle distantly related to the one-horse buggy, it being driven by one of the soldiers while the other rode along on horseback and acted as escort. The party had arrived during the skirmish in the woods, and as quite a few bullets were flying overhead, Mrs. Funston was sheltered for a time behind a portion of the Filipino earthwork that we had assaulted and carried two days before. Realizing that another fight was liable to break out at any moment, she went back to the city after a brief stay.

The hope that the Filipinos who had been stirred up by Captain Christy would desist, now that they were being let alone, proved an illusory one, as they kept up a slow fire on that portion of our trench nearest to them. Deeming it necessary once for all to break up this form of amusement, and fearing that it might continue throughout the night, I sent a staff officer to explain the situation to the brigade commander and re-



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The enemy had a very fine silken flag. . . . It became the centre of a short and sharp struggle. . . . It resembled as much as anything some of the confused scrambles that are seen on the foot-ball field.—Page 64.



When the odd little gun was fired we saw the projectile mount a couple of hundred feet into the air.—Page 70.

quested leave to administer the necessary castigation. The desired permission was granted, but I was cautioned not to attempt any pursuit after the force annoying us had been dislodged, as it was feared that such action might bring on a general engagement, thus interfering with the plans of the division commander. Three companies were considered more than sufficient to do the work, and their commanders were directed to hold them in readiness. It was not known how far into the woods the enemy's right flank extended, and an attempt to turn his left would have exposed us to fire from the trenches near Caloocan, so that a frontal attack was decided upon as giving the greatest chance to inflict heavy loss.

Major Metcalf was to assist me in leading the attack. At the word of command the three companies rose to their feet and fixed bayonets. Leaping over the trench, the start was quickly made. Our right was directly opposite the enemy's left, but it developed that our left considerably over-

lapped his right. For the first hundred yards the woods screened our movements, but when we broke into the open at a distance of three hundred yards from the dike we could see that it was fairly alive with the straw hats of the Filipinos, and they opened on us as rapidly as they could fire. Our men, perfectly steady, did not reply until ordered to a few seconds later, and when they did they fairly combed the top of that dike with bullets. We were advancing at a walk and it was point-blank range, and our fire so disconcerted the enemy that though they plied their rifles with great vigor, they were not exposing themselves enough to get any sort of good aim. They were armed entirely with Mausers so that they had no smoke to interfere with them, while our Springfields produced the usual prairie-fire effect. What little wind there was, however, served to drive the smoke behind instead of ahead of us, so that we were not so much troubled by it as ordinarily.

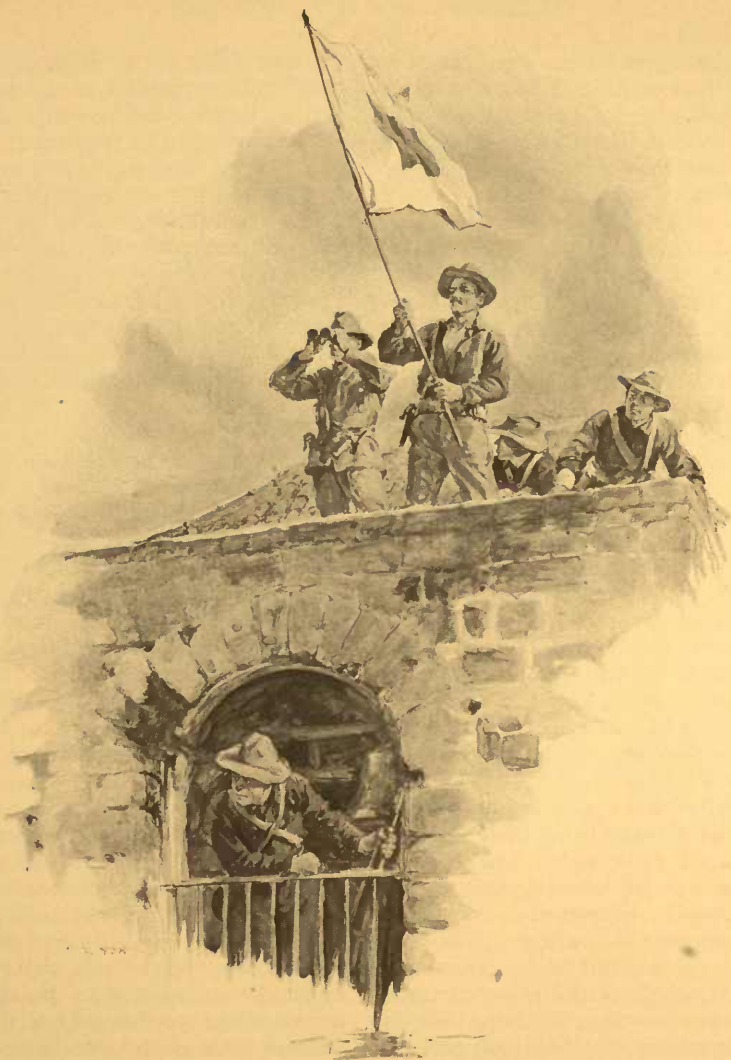
The men were under perfect control, and while somewhat excited, were attending to

their knitting. There had been scarcely a word spoken except for the occasional commands given by officers and non-commissioned officers, but when we were within eighty yards I had the "Charge" blown. Only the men near the trumpeter could hear it, but as they raised a yell and went forward on a run the others followed suit. It does not take long to cover eighty yards if you are in a hurry, and in no time we were among them. Of course, as soon as our men began to run, they ceased firing, though it was recommenced to a certain extent when we closed. As we reached the position and went over the dike all of the Filipinos who had not been killed or disabled rose to their feet and tried to get away. If we had molested them no further, and had let them go, it is probable that the fight would have ended at once, but our men were among them and a good many fought to save their lives. It did not seem to occur to them that they would be spared if they threw down their arms, but they had been used to fighting Spaniards, who had given them the same kind of quarter that they had given the insurgents of Cuba. A confused mêlée followed. It was the only time in my life that I saw the bayonet actually used.

Within twenty feet of me, a plucky little Filipino, one of the few of them who had his bayonet fixed, made a vicious jab at one of our sergeants, and a second later was run through the body. And he was not the only one to get the cold steel. During the mix-up I saw a Filipino raise his rifle and at a distance of only a few yards take a shot at one of our men. Just as the bullet struck the soldier in the thigh he saw the man who had shot him lowering his rifle. At first he seemed dazed, dropping his own weapon, but without stopping to pick it up sailed into that Filipino bare-handed, twisted his rifle out of his hands and beat his brains out with it. The enemy had a very fine silken flag with the emblem of the Katipunan embroidered on it. A number of them tried to get away with it, and it became the centre of a short and sharp struggle in which fire-arms could not be used. In fact, it resembled as much as anything some of the confused scrambles that are seen on the foot-ball field. When we finally got the flag it had been riddled by bullets and was drenched in blood. It is now

in the State House at Topeka. All of the Filipinos who could do so were getting toward the rear as rapidly as possible. Those who could cover the sixty yards to the dense underbrush were safe, as our orders did not permit us to follow them.

The whole affair had lasted less time than it takes to tell it. The companies were assembled as soon as possible, preparatory to returning to our own lines, as a counter attack which might be made on us by the Filipinos in the Caloocan trenches, distant only a few hundred yards, might have brought on the general engagement that I had orders to avoid. The Filipinos suffered severely in this combat, but we did not take the time necessary to make a complete count of their dead and disabled, though along the left of their trench where the hardest fighting had taken place, I counted thirty dead. There were not a great many wounded left on the ground, as all who were able to rise had escaped to the rear. Among the dead we were surprised to find a very large and coal-black negro. As this was many months before any of our colored troops had been brought to the islands, the man could not have been a deserter from them, but was probably some vagabond seaman who had run away from a merchant-vessel in Manila Bay. The storm of bullets that we had poured into the enemy as we advanced, disconcerting and "rattling" him, as well as the fact that the Filipinos were absolutely no match for our much larger men in the hand-to-hand struggle, had saved us from heavy loss. First Lieutenant Alfred C. Alford, commanding Company B, an excellent officer, who had been one of my schoolmates at the University of Kansas, was killed just as we carried the position. Sergeant Jay Sheldon, of Company I, was so badly wounded that he died the next day, while five other enlisted men were wounded, all severely. After we had returned to our line I went over to the dressing station to see our wounded. I tried to cheer up and encourage Sergeant Sheldon, though the surgeon had told me that his condition was very grave. He was a plucky fellow, and though suffering greatly, made the remark, "Well, it was worth getting hit to have been in so fine a fight." We had left the enemy's wounded where they had fallen, knowing that their friends would come for them during the night, now close at hand.



Captain Edgar Russell had been wig-wagging from the church tower certain angles, elevations, and other scientific stuff to a couple of naval vessels.—Page 72.

After the affair just described practically nothing of note occurred along the front of the Twentieth Kansas until the afternoon of the 10th, though we could occasionally hear firing far to the right along the front of Hale's brigade. After consideration of the situation General MacArthur determined to rectify the line occupied by the division to the extent of advancing our brigade, the First. From left to right the three regiments of the brigade were distributed as follows: Twentieth Kansas, First Montana, and Third Artillery, the last-named organization connecting with Hale's brigade on the ridge near La Loma church. The con-

templated movement really constituted a partial wheel to the right, pivoting on the right of the Third Artillery, so that that regiment had to make a very slight advance, the First Montana considerably more, while my own regiment had to push forward through the woods for more than half a mile, incidentally taking the town of Caloocan and the trenches covering it. Major Whitman had become ill a day or two previously and had returned to Manila, so that his battalion was commanded by Captain Edmund Boltwood, a gallant old veteran of the Civil War, in which he had served as an officer.

After the orders for the attack had been issued I had a heart-to-heart talk with Major Kobbe of the Third Artillery, and confided to him that I expected my regiment to lose heavily, as it would have to carry the strong trenches covering Caloocan on the south, as well as the massive church and adjacent wall. That officer agreed that I had a hard job cut out, and coincided with my view that the best way to avoid heavy loss in the advance would be to cover the Filipinos with fire as we attacked, and to make no attempt to save ammunition. The experience obtained in our attacks of the 5th and 7th had convinced me that by sweeping the ground that we were advancing over with a storm of bullets we could so demoralize the enemy that his fire would be badly directed. Appropriate orders were issued to battalion and company commanders, and we formed for the attack, being, so far, completely screened from the enemy by the woods or our front. The preliminary bombardment of the Filipino position by several vessels of the fleet and all our field artillery, took half an hour, and fairly filled the air with its roar. Owing to intervening tree growth the trenches could not be seen from the fleet, but their positions were approximately known, being marked by the church, which was in sight. The eight-inch and six-inch shells, following each other in quick succession, were continuously exploding in the woods to our front. They must have been a severe trial for the insurgents, as they had no adequate protection from them.

Of course, however, the fire of the fleet had to cease before the beginning of the infantry attack, so that they had some time in which to recover their composure. At last the pandemonium of sound ceased, and we dashed forward into the woods. Although the insurgents could not yet see us, they knew from the movements of the other two regiments in the open ground that the advance had begun, and how they did fill those woods with bullets! We had all twelve companies on the firing line, our support marching in rear being a battalion of the First Idaho, brought over for the occasion from the First Division, and the whole regiment as the bugles rang out the command to commence firing became wreathed in smoke, while the noise was so great that it was out of the question to make one's self heard. The attack was made at a walk,

the men firing to the front as rapidly as they could, regardless of the fact that at first no target could be seen. Many bullets were stopped by tree trunks, but thousands more, striking about the Filipino trenches or passing close over them, so demoralized the defenders that their fire, while of great volume, was very wild. I had started to ride my horse through the fight, but finally concluded to dismount, as fences confined me largely to the road, down which was coming the heaviest fire. So I followed the attack on foot, immediately behind Company C. We passed over the scene of the severe little fight of the 7th, and saw the Filipino dead still lying where they had fallen, though their wounded had been removed. In this company was a unique character, Sergeant John C. Murphy, who died only a couple of years ago as a retired officer of the regular army. Throughout the whole advance Murphy serenely smoked a large brier-wood pipe, which he only removed from his mouth when it became necessary to address some pointed remarks to the men of his section. He saw one of his men crouch quietly down behind a low shelter as if he contemplated remaining there as the company passed on. Murphy walked back to the man, deliberately removed his pipe, as if he were afraid of biting the stem in two, and then with unhoneyed words fairly kicked him up onto the firing line, where the man made up for lost time by plying his rifle with great vigor.

The five companies on the right of the regiment had now broken into the open in full view of the church and the trenches near it. These trenches and the top of the wall near the church were alive with straw hats bobbing up and down, while from both came a severe but badly aimed fire. It was a pretty exciting moment. For half a minute one company showed some signs of disorder, the men beginning to halt and lie down, but Major Metcalf and the officers and sergeants of the company strode up and down the line and quickly got them going again. I ordered the "Charge" blown, and all who could hear it sprang forward, the men to the right or left taking the cue and advancing with them, the whole regiment breaking into yells as we closed. In no time we were over the trenches, the survivors among the defenders bolting to the rear, the wall near the church being abandoned at the



The next few days were ones of comparative quiet.—Page 73.

same time. Some of them were shot down as they ran, but our men were so "winded" that their shooting was not so good as it might have been. Major Metcalf saw one man bring down a fleeing Filipino by, with both hands, hurling his rifle at him, muzzle first. The bayonet passed entirely through the man's skull. The bottom of the trench was a shocking spectacle, being simply covered with dead and wounded men, the most of whom had been brought down in the brief fire fight at close range that had preceded the final rush. The town had been fired in many places by the Filipinos as they retired. The nipa houses burned like tinder, and through the smoke and flames we took up the pursuit.

There was a moment's delay after the church was reached, the field and staff officers remounted their horses that had been brought up in the rear of the line, and the irregular and waving line of a thousand yelling men pushed through the burning town in pursuit. We were soon in the open country, but the fleet-footed Filipinos had several hundred yards the start of us, and we did not bring down many of them, the excitement of the chase and the ex-

haustion of the men not being conducive to good shooting. Occasionally a group would turn and fire on us for a few seconds, but the most of their efforts were bent on placing the Tuliajan River between themselves and our line. We chased them to the summit of the ridge overlooking that stream, about half a mile beyond Caloocan, and then halted, being far beyond where we had been directed to establish our new line.

The dusk was now gathering, but across the river near Malinta we could see long lines of the enemy, some of whom opened on us with a rather sharp but quite ineffective fire, the distance being about twelve hundred yards. We did not at first reply, but finally Captain Orwig of his own initiative began volley-firing with his company. I rode over to his position and pitched into him rather savagely in the hearing of his men, telling him that we could not hit anybody with our old Springfields at that distance, and that the fire of the enemy could do us no harm. Hardly had I delivered myself of this sage opinion when my horse whirled suddenly and began to sink down. Dismounting immediately, it was discovered that the animal had been shot clear

through the neck, one of the surgeons later removing the bullet from under the skin on the right-hand side. In view of my heated remarks only a moment before, this incident caused a derisive chuckle throughout the whole company. The horse, a fine little bay of the better type of Filipino pony, sure-footed, and indifferent to the noise of firing, completely recovered in time, and I rode him through all of the campaign up the railroad.

After dark the regiment fell back to a point about four hundred yards north of the Caloocan church where it was to intrench and remain until the general advance, six weeks later. Considering the heavy fire that we had been under, especially while the right flank of the regiment was engaging the trenches near the church, our losses had been small, consisting of two enlisted men killed and Captain Christy and eight enlisted men wounded. This did not include several slight wounds and contusions from spent bullets. The next morning we counted sixty-four insurgent dead, mostly in the trenches near the church or in their vicinity. Their wounded who had been left on the ground we gathered up and sent in to the hospital with our own. About one hundred rifles and several thousand rounds of ammunition were captured and destroyed, as we had no way of sending them back to the city. We also found standing near the railway repair-shops the big bronze siege-gun that had fired at us during the fighting of the night of the 4th and the next day. It had not been used in the present engagement, possibly because its ammunition had been exhausted. It must by no means be inferred that all the fighting on this day had fallen to the Twentieth Kansas, as the other two regiments of the brigade were just as severely engaged, but in the open country, while a detachment under Major Bell had assisted in the operation by crawling up a ravine and attacking the enemy in the left flank.

The regiment's new line was an undesirable one for several reasons, all of them beyond the control of any body other than the insurgents. Its left was on the narrow causeway which connected Caloocan with the considerable town of Malabon, this causeway being parallel with the regiment, or rather being on an extension of its left flank. This condition subjected us con-

stantly to a long-range enfilading fire which in the long run cost us numerous casualties, but which was in a measure provided against by the construction of sand-bag traverses six feet high in the shelter occupied by the battalion on the left. On the front of this same battalion the woods and bamboos came very close, and the ground was cut up by shallow ravines, the insurgents thus being enabled to construct trenches almost under our noses. The town of Malabon could not be taken except under the most disadvantageous conditions until our line had been advanced beyond the Tuliajan River, as the only method possible would have been a charge up the narrow causeway, flanked on both sides by swamps, and would have been a costly enterprise, especially as a bridge on it had been removed.

A week or so later I volunteered to try to rush the causeway by night with a small detachment in the hope that we could effect a lodgment in the town and hold on until the arrival of reinforcements. But General MacArthur did not think much of the project, and I have no doubt that his judgment was correct. At the time we had not a sufficient number of troops to hold the town even if we had succeeded in taking it. The centre of the regiment occupied an old Spanish trench which we improved, while the right, extending across the railroad, made some very satisfactory cover for itself. All day of the 11th was spent in intrenching, the work being done under an almost incessant long-range fire from Malabon. The left flank battalion was protected by a loop-holed sand-bag parapet six feet high, and was provided with traverses at short intervals. Just to the front of the centre of our right the field artillery constructed a redoubt open to the rear in which were installed several field-pieces. Lieutenant Seaman, of the Utah Artillery Battalion, was wounded while supervising the work, and was succeeded by Lieutenant Fleming, Sixth Artillery, who, under the general direction of Major Young, the chief of artillery, had charge of the battery thereafter. The Twentieth Kansas had four men wounded during the day, while two men of the Thirteenth Minnesota who in order to see some fighting had run away from their own regiment, which was still on duty in the city, were also hit, which came about being what they deserved.

General MacArthur established himself in the temporarily abandoned residence of Mr. Higgins, general manager of the Manila-Dagupan railway, this building being located in a very exposed position just west of the railroad track and less than a hundred yards behind the trench of my regiment. The brigade commander, General H. G. Otis, was camped in the open in the rear of the centre of his command. As headquarters for my own regiment, I took the Caloocan church, and rather think that I had the better of my superiors.

On the previous evening, just after bringing the regiment back from the ridge overlooking the Tuliajan, I had entered the building for the first time, and had had a small adventure that was to rise up and plague me months later. I had found there, rummaging about among the few articles that had been left in the building, an iron-visaged American woman, somewhat past middle age. I had seen her on several occasions, and knew her to be one of those self-appointed, so-called nurses, but really meddlesome busybodies, who are so apt to be found in the wake of armies in the field. This person had two names, or at least went by two different ones. Women of her type should not for a moment be confused with the members of that splendid and efficient body who go to make up the Army Nurse Corps, who remained on duty in the hospitals where they belonged, and who never made nuisances of themselves. I watched the woman for a few moments, and seeing her roll into a bundle a few articles of really no intrinsic value, told a sergeant to inform her quietly that she would not be permitted to take anything from the building. She replied to the effect that she would do as she pleased, and that it was nobody's business what she took. This courteous message having been delivered to me, I walked over to her, made her drop the bundle, and received a most artistic tongue-lashing in return. I closed the scene by telling her that if she did not at once leave the building I would send her under guard to Manila, even if I had to tie her up. She flounced out of the building in high dudgeon, vowing she would have me dismissed from the service. As a matter of fact, the things that she had attempted to take were of no intrinsic value, being merely an old and much torn priest's robe and some

sheet music, there being nothing else left in the church, but our orders to prevent looting, and especially to protect the churches, were so strict that I did not feel justified in permitting her to remove anything.

The rapidly moving incidents of the campaign made me all but forget this affair, but on my return to the United States, this woman, having preceded me to San Francisco, made and furnished to the newspapers an affidavit to the effect that she had entered the Caloocan church immediately after the battle and had seen me kick open a glass case containing a statue of the Virgin, from which I had stripped a gold-embroidered robe worth more than a thousand dollars, sending it to my wife in Manila. I made indignant denial, but a day later a man named Fitzgerald came out with another affidavit stating that he had been a witness to the occurrence. That of course settled it. This man was a fireman who had deserted from one of the transports, weeks after the taking of Caloocan, and had followed the army as a hanger-on during the campaign that had ended in the taking of Malolos, nearly two months later. One day shortly after the taking of Malolos I had caught him coming out of an abandoned residence with his arms full of clothing, and had sent him before the provost-marshal, who had punished him severely.

The allegations of this sweet-scented pair of perjurers all but ruined me. It almost destroyed my faith in the fair-mindedness of my countrymen that except among my friends my denials went for absolutely nothing. The whole pack, from high dignitaries of the church down, were after me in full cry, and the only thing that saved me at all was the vigorous defence of me by my excellent friend, Chaplain McKinnon of the First California, himself a Catholic priest, who stated that having come out to see the fight as a spectator, he had entered the church before I did and that there was in it no statue of the Virgin, or for that matter anything else of the slightest value from either a sacred or any other stand-point. The idea that nothing of value would have been left in a building in which services had not been held for nearly a year, and which during all of this time had been an insurgent fort and barrack, never seems to have occurred to my detractors. But to this day not one of the

men who took the matter up through the press and in public addresses has had the decency to express regret for his action. There never was a grosser slander against an army than the stories of church-looting in the Philippines. That there may have been isolated instances I am not prepared to deny, but such articles as the soldiers brought home were usually purchased from Chinese or Filipinos who had themselves stolen them from the churches when these were abandoned by their priests, which was long before the outbreak of the insurrection against the authority of the United States, and in most cases the purchasers knew nothing of any sacred character that these articles may have had. So far as the incident recounted has had any effect on myself, I feel that there is one thing mighty certain, and that is that if Uncle Sam should ever in a moment of confidence intrust me with the command of an army in the field, no camp-follower, male or female, will ever get within sight of it.

We now settled down to a by no means humdrum existence, waiting for the arrival of troops from the United States, who were to hold the "north line" of Manila while our division advanced against the insurgent capital. In the Twentieth Kansas was a large number of railroad men, and we soon had the tramway to Manila in operation hauling out to the front ammunition and subsistence supplies. On the wheezy engine at our disposal the men painted such legends as "Kansas and Utah Short Line," "Freddy's Fast Express," and such other bits of soldier humor as occurred to them. The insurgents were heavily intrenched within two hundred yards of the left of our line, having taken advantage of the cover afforded to dig themselves into the ground. We could have chased them out by an attack, but it was contrary to the plans of the division commander to bring on a general engagement before he was prepared to follow it up. So we had to bide our time. In spite of all precautions bullets in the trenches on our front or from Malabon kept taking their toll. If a man moved about by daylight for a bit of exercise he was liable to become the target for a hundred rifles and have to dive for cover. Fortunately a Filipino seldom hit anything that he shot at, so that the greatest danger arose from the long-range dropping fire from Malabon.

There would be days of comparative quiet, and then others in which the enemy would sweep us with a hot fire for half an hour or so. He seemed to have no end of ammunition, and was not lacking in a willingness to expend it. The field-guns in the redoubt sent occasional shells at our opponents, but they seemed so well sheltered that but little harm could be done them. But they had awaiting them a most unwelcome surprise, for in a few days a field-mortar was installed among the other guns. A mortar, it should be said for the benefit of non-military readers, is a very short gun using a small charge of powder. Instead of sending its projectile a long distance on a comparatively flat trajectory it throws it up into the air, and it comes almost straight down, being especially useful against troops behind cover at short range. There was one big yellow trench opposite the left of my regiment that had peppered us persistently, and the mortar gave it attention first. When the odd little gun was fired we saw the projectile mount a couple of hundred feet into the air and then sweep down with a graceful curve. It was a shrapnel with time fuse, and burst about thirty feet above the trench, being an absolutely perfect shot. The Filipinos swarmed out of the work like bees and began to run for cover. Several companies of the regiment had been warned to be in readiness for the occasion, and at short range poured in a fire that littered the ground with them. An occasional mortar shell at those of the trenches that we could see served to keep the enemy out of them during daylight, forcing them to lie behind low and inconspicuous cover. The trenches opposite our right, distant about eight hundred yards, caused us some annoyance, but did not do harm to compare with the others.

Among the vessels lying in the bay was the great British cruiser, *Powerful*, commanded by Captain the Honorable Hedworth Lambton, who less than a year later with his officers and crew was to win world-wide renown for his work with the naval guns in the defence of Ladysmith. The officers of the cruiser frequently came out to our lines, and were much interested in the novel situation. Commander A. P. Ethelston and I had become great friends, and one day he visited us accompanied by about a dozen junior officers of the *Powerful*, saying that he would like to show them



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

I ordered the "Charge" blown, and all who could hear it sprang forward . . . the whole regiment breaking into yells as we closed.—Page 66.

about. I was very uneasy about having them visit the trenches, fearing that so large a party might draw fire, and some of them be hit, especially as they were quite conspicuous on account of the white uniforms worn by them. I, however, felt some delicacy about referring to the possible danger. We walked down from the church to the right of the regiment's line, and then slowly strolled toward its left. We had covered half the distance, and I was beginning to thank my stars that we were going to get through without mishap, when the trouble began. About twenty men in a trench some six hundred yards distant opened on us, and bullets whistled all about, several passing through the group without hitting any one. As soon as the fire began I quickened the pace to a fast walk, and Ethelston, looking around at the young men with him, saw one or two of them flinch to the slightest degree, and spoke out sharply, "Remember, gentlemen, no ducking," and they threw their heads back and went through it without batting an eyelash. But they were all soon to go through a war that must have made our Philippine affair seem like play, and poor Ethelston himself, only nine months later, was to die a hero's death in the desperate assault of the naval brigade at Gras Pan in South Africa.

The night of February 22d was the date set by the insurgent leaders for a grand *coup*, a demonstration against our north line to hold all our troops in it, while a large number passed our left flank, which it has already been explained did not reach to the bay shore, and entered the city, where they were to be joined by the so-called militia, a lot of riff-raff numbering several thousands, armed mostly with bolos. They were then to set fire to the city in numerous places and attack Americans wherever they could be found. Up to a certain point this admirable project was carried out according to programme. Just after nightfall a severe fire was opened along our whole front, the entire brigade at least being attacked, and this continued almost without cessation until daylight. At times it was so severe that we anticipated that it was the prelude to an assault. The regiment had a number of men hit, despite the fact that we kept the men well down and did not allow them to reply except by a few volleys fired under the direction of company commanders. Ma-

jor Metcalf had a very neat hole punched through his right ear close up to the head by a Mauser bullet. It was as close a call as one could get and not be killed.

On this night occurred a very unique incident. Company L was firing a few volleys, and one of the men having just discharged his piece felt a second blow against his shoulder, it being almost as hard as the kick of the gun. Upon trying to reload it was found that the breech of the piece could not be opened, and it was laid aside to be examined by daylight, which was done in the presence of a number of us officers. Upon forcing the breech open it was found that the base of the copper shell of the cartridge that had been fired just before the weapon had been disabled had been shot away, while mixed all up in the breech mechanism we found the remains of the steel jacket and the lead filling of a Mauser bullet. There was a very pronounced dent on the muzzle of the piece. What had happened was that while the man had the gun extended in the firing position a bullet had gone down the muzzle. A man will go through a good many wars before he will encounter another such case. This weapon is now in the Army Ordnance Museum in Washington.

While we were having all this furor on our front about a thousand of the best insurgent troops, taking advantage of low tide, crossed the estuaries between Malabon and the Tondo district of Manila, attacked and drove from the tramway car-barn the small guard of half a dozen men of the Twentieth Kansas, wounding one of them, and then swarmed through the Tondo and Binondo districts, setting scores of fires and attacking detachments of the provost guard. The street fighting came within a few blocks of the business centre, and the portions of the city burned aggregated probably a hundred acres, mostly the poorer class of nipa houses. From Caloocan we anxiously watched the glare of the great conflagration and listened to the continuous rattle of rifle-fire miles in the rear of our lines. It was a bad night for those of us who had their families in Manila, but it was out of the question to think of leaving our posts for the purpose of protecting them.

The whole regiment had, of course, been awake and on the alert the entire night, and shortly after five o'clock the next morning,

while I was down on the trench line, I saw a big puff of smoke rise from the the summit of the hill near Malinta, about four thousand yards to the north. In a second came the tell-tale rumble, like the sound made by a train crossing a bridge, and at the same time a loud report was borne to our ears. When we first saw the puff of smoke it was thought to be the result of an accidental explosion, but the sound of the coming shell told us what to expect, and in a couple of seconds we saw it come sweeping down in a beautiful curve. It struck fifty yards in front of that portion of the trench occupied by Company E, threw half a wagon-load of earth into the air, and exploded with a noise like the report of a young cannon, while what looked like a general assortment of shelf hardware flew in all directions. The report had brought almost every man in the regiment to his feet, but the way the men of Company E dived to cover when the thing struck was worth going to see. It was subsequently learned that the shot was fired from a Krupp breech-loading rifled coast-defence gun, which after what must have been infinite labor had been brought from either Cavite or Subig Bay. It was served by Spanish artillerymen who were prisoners among the Filipinos, and who were compelled to do the work. It had been aimed at the Higgins house, known to be General MacArthur's head-quarters, and was an excellent shot, being in perfect line and less than a hundred and fifty yards short.

During the first day's fighting, as has been told, we had been fired at a number of times by a good-sized gun of antique type, and one day a shell from a Nordenfeldt field-gun had landed among us while in the Caloocan trenches, but had not exploded, but we were greatly astonished to receive the attentions of so large a weapon as this one. We were still discussing the matter when another cloud of smoke rose at Malinta. This shot was perfect on elevation, but a few yards to the right. It cleared the trench by only a few feet and exploded when it struck. The thing was becoming interesting, and all eyes were riveted on Malinta. After a few moments came the third, and poorest shot of all, it being far to the right and with too much elevation. It struck about half-way between the trench and the church, and did not explode, but sailed up into the air and

tumbling end over end passed a hundred feet over the roof of the church, and fell to the south of it. A number of the men went out and brought it in. It was an elongated projectile about six inches in diameter, and weighed about eighty pounds. The gun from which these shots were fired was dug up in the streets of Malolos after the capture of that place.

In the meantime Captain Edgar Russell, chief signal officer of the division, had been wig-wagging from the church tower certain angles, elevations, and other scientific stuff to a couple of naval vessels, the *Monadnock* and *Charleston*, if I am not mistaken, lying off Malabon, and soon puffs of smoke rose from them as they began to take an interest in the proceedings. The distance was great, but the shooting was beautiful, especially when it is considered that the target was not in sight. The shells struck all about the offending gun, blowing big craters in the ground as they exploded, and we heard no more from it. For months we took it for granted that the navy fire had either disabled the gun or made the gunners afraid to serve it, but the Spaniard, Segovia, who was serving as an officer with the insurgents, and who was present at the time, told me more than a year later that the third shot had broken the elevating gear of the gun and that they were trying to remove it when the navy opened, the shells coming so close that everybody ran from the piece.

Soon stories began to drift in to us to the effect that twenty-four men had been killed by a shell at Malinta, and our field artillerymen began to pride themselves that one of their long-range efforts had potted a group of insurgents. But this same Segovia gave me the facts when I came to know him, and his statements were corroborated by Filipinos. According to him, the day after the occurrences just described a number of men of the *Neuva Ecija* Battalion, from the province of that name, dug out of the ground an unexploded navy shell, which from the description given me must have been of either ten-inch or eight-inch calibre. They were unable to carry it, but managed to stand it on end, point down, and a large crowd gathered about, among them General Llanera and his adjutant, Segovia. Finally most of the group dispersed, their curiosity satisfied, but a considerable number remained, and by much

effort, using a hammer and chisel, managed to unscrew the fuse which was in the base of the shell. Of course, all crowded around to look into the aperture, and a corporal who was smoking a cigarette, being jostled, let it drop from his mouth into the shell. When the smoke cleared away half an acre of ground was littered with fragments of human beings, the head of one man being found in a mango tree, a hundred yards away. Strangely enough, several who were in the group recovered from their injuries, one of them having been close enough to see what had caused the accident. It was hopeless to arrive at the number of killed by trying to match the fragments scattered about, but twenty-four men of the battalion who had responded to roll-call that morning were never heard of again. The story has some rather improbable features, but I believe it to be true, as it was common talk in Nueva Ecija, where I afterward served for two years. At any rate, on the day after we had been fired on by the big gun those of us at Caloocan had seen a big puff of white smoke at Malinta, and had heard an explosion. To my mind this incident furnishes a most convincing argument against the use of cigarettes, especially while looking into loaded shells.

But to get back to what was happening to us. During the forenoon of this day, the 23d, a strong demonstration was made against our lines, without actually attempting to drive home the attack. The ridge opposite our right and centre was lined with Filipinos lying down and firing, while those in the trenches on our left were very active. Even Malabon contributed to the gayety of the occasion with its long-range fire. Our field-guns were in action at intervals during the day, and the regiment did considerable firing. We had a number of casualties, and the demonstration did not cease until toward noon. In the meantime the Filipinos who had sneaked into the city and the bolo-men who had joined them there were meeting a terrible retribution at the hands of the provost guard, consisting mostly of the Twenty-third Infantry and the Thirteenth Minnesota. There was much fighting behind street barricades, which were assaulted by our troops. After it was over hundreds of dead were found. I saw one barricade, while on my way into

the city that afternoon, behind which the ground was literally covered with dead men. We had been actually cut off from our base for hours. In opening up communications, Major J. S. Mallory of the division staff, who had gone back with a company of the First Montana, had had a very severe but successful fight near the scene of the Twentieth's baptism of fire on the night of the 4th.

The next few days were ones of comparative quiet, though we had to contend with the continual sniping. Captain David S. Elliott, one of the three Civil War veterans in the regiment, and a most efficient officer, was mortally wounded on the 28th, dying the next day. Pathos was added to his death by the fact that he had two sons in his company. A day or two after the death of Captain Elliott a flag of truce appeared in front of the centre of the regiment, and I went out to meet it. It was a commission from the insurgent government desirous of having an interview with the military governor, General E. S. Otis. Before admitting them through our lines I had to receive the authority of the division commander, and this took some time. While the flag was flying it was very amusing to see the Filipinos as well as our own men crawl out of their holes and move about with unconcern. The enemy's trenches fairly swarmed with men.

The truce gave me an opportunity to talk with a Filipino officer commanding the troops opposite our left and I told him that in my opinion the everlasting sniping that his men and ours were doing at each other served no useful purpose and was making life a burden to all concerned, calling attention to the way everybody was enjoying himself during this brief respite. I told him that I had no authority to make any agreement with him, but that I could assure him that my men would do no more firing unless his people started it. He seemed rather favorably impressed with my views, but said that he could make no definite promise. The results of this interview were most gratifying. I at once issued orders to the regiment to do no more firing until ordered, but for a while to be careful about exposing themselves, and not to gather in large groups. From that time for three weeks not a shot was fired along the front of the Twentieth Kan-

sas, though conditions did not change on the front of the other two regiments of the brigade. Gradually our men became more confident and moved about with the utmost freedom. Some of them even wanted to visit the insurgent lines, but this, of course, was not allowed. A couple of base-ball teams were organized, and played numerous games in full view of the enemy. The Filipinos showed the same disregard of our presence that we did of theirs, and could be seen taking their ease on top of their trenches instead of down under the ground. In fact, life became much less irksome for all of us. But the oddest thing was brought about by the fact that our band sent in to Manila for its instruments, the men since the outbreak having been fighting in the companies, and every evening we had a concert on our lines. The Filipinos would crowd the tops of their trenches to hear the music, and would vigorously applaud pieces that struck their fancy. Every concert closed with the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner," at which not only our men, but all the Filipinos stood at attention, uncovered. This state of affairs was the cause of much wonderment among visitors to our lines, and well it might be.

But it was too good to last, and one day the discovery was made that the enemy was running a zig-zag trench toward our left, the work being done under cover of dense undergrowth. They were already within seventy-five yards of the left flank of the regiment and within fifty of the Malabon causeway. This would never do, as it would enable them to get in our rear by running a short sap under the causeway and the left of our trenches. In this way they might by a sudden rush do us great damage, even if they did not for a time drive us out. Holding aloft a white handkerchief, I walked out in front of the sand-bag parapet that covered the First Battalion and approached the working party, but was warned back by an officer. I called to him that we could not allow the work to proceed, but received no reply, his attitude being distinctly hostile. Going back to the regiment, I had Company F fire a volley into the brush, and the long truce was broken. In a minute came the spiteful popping of the Mausers, and everybody dived into the earth. The trenches that half an hour before had been busy with life looked deserted.

It would be interesting, however, if we could know how many casualties were avoided by this informal arrangement. But we were nearly through with the Caloocan trenches, as the arrival of a number of regular regiments from the United States had increased the number of troops at the disposal of the division commander so that the longed-for campaign against the insurgent capital could begin.

On the afternoon of the 24th of March orders were received making radical changes in the distribution of the troops of the division preparatory to the advance. The First Montana, which had been on the centre of the brigade line, was shifted to its extreme right, where a portion of Hale's Brigade had been, and, having sent back to Manila all its useless impedimenta, the Twentieth Kansas just after dark formed in column of fours and moved away from the position that it had so long occupied, and in which it had had one officer and seven men killed and two officers and fifteen men wounded, marching in rear of the line to La Loma church, where in line of masses it went into bivouac for the night. Hale's Brigade had been moved by the right flank, and now my regiment was sandwiched in between the First Montana on its right and the Third Artillery on its left, this organization not having changed its position. Troops recently arrived from the United States occupied the old trenches on our front, in order to hold them and thus deny access to the city during the advance of the Second Division. The positions in the trenches on the extreme left of the division were occupied by what was known as the Separate Brigade, temporarily attached to General MacArthur's command. This brigade consisted of the Twenty-second United States Infantry and the Second Oregon, the first-named regiment having just recently arrived from the United States. It was commanded by Brigadier-General Loyd Wheaton, a dashing and aggressive soldier who was to win great laurels in the coming campaign. He commanded our own brigade later, and we shall hear much of him in the story of the campaign north of Malolos.

We of the Twentieth Kansas were in a measure disappointed that the changes preparatory to the advance spoiled our chance of settling a few scores with the insurgent trenches that had been on our front for

six weeks. The Second Oregon, that was the next day to take them by direct assault, had very severe fighting, losing more men, I believe, than any other organization did in any one fight in the Philippines. To the right of Hale's was still another brigade, that of Brigadier-General Robert H. Hall, which for a day or two was to act in conjunction with the Second Division. The general plan for the coming advance was for the brigades of Hale and Otis to advance rapidly just after daybreak and carry the insurgent lines on their front, Wheaton's brigade for the time to stand fast. After forcing the passage of the Tulaian River the brigades of Hale and Otis were to execute a wheel to the left as rapidly as possible in order to cut off the main force of the insurgents near Malinta and pin them up against the bay shore north of Malabon. After the attack had progressed to a certain point Wheaton was to carry the trenches on his front, the hope

being that the men falling back before him would find their retreat barred at Malinta. Hall's brigade on the extreme right was to engage the attention of the enemy on his front and protect the right of the Second Division.

Not counting the troops to be left in the trenches to cover Manila, this movement was to be participated in by about nine thousand men on a front of eight miles. The enemy opposed to us was of about equal strength, well armed, with an abundant supply of ammunition, and occupying an almost continuous line of trenches and field-works. These facts are submitted for the prayerful consideration of those who affect to think that there was nothing but guerilla fighting in the Philippines. The next day was to see the most extensive combat that United States troops have been engaged in since the Civil War, with the sole exception of the 1st of July, 1898, at Santiago.

[The third of General Funston's Philippine papers, "Up the Railroad to Malolos," will appear in the August Number.]

THE WINE OF VIOLENCE

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

I AM an old man now, and like many other old men, I feel like making confession. Not of my own sins: I have always been called, I am well aware, a diletante, and I could hardly have sinned in the ways of the particular sinners of whom I am about to speak. But I have the diletante's liking for all realities that do not brush him too close. Throughout the case of Filippo and Rachel Upcher, I was always on the safe side of the footlights. I have no excuse for not being honest, and I have at last an excuse for speaking. It is wonderful how death frees one's acquaintances; and I am discovering, at the end of life, the strange lonely luxury of being able to tell the truth about nearly every one I used to know. All the prolonged conventional disloyalties are passed away. It is extraordinary how often one is prevented from telling the blessed truth about the familiar dead because of some irrelevant survivor.

I do not know that there was much to choose between Filippo and Rachel Upcher—though the world would not agree with me. Both of them, in Solomon's words, "drank the wine of violence." I never really liked either of them, and I have never been caught by the sentimental adage that to understand is to forgive. If we are damned, it is God who damns us, and no one ventures to accuse Him of misunderstanding. It is a little late for a mere acquaintance to hark back to the Upchers, but by accident I, and I only, know the main facts that the world has so long been mistaken about. They were a lurid pair; they were not of my clan. But I cannot resist the wholly pious temptation to set my clan right about them. I should have done it long ago, in years when it would have made "scare-heads" in the same papers that of old had had so many "scare-heads" about the Upchers, but for

my dear wife. She simply could not have borne it. To tell the story is part of the melancholy freedom her death has bestowed on me.

By the time you have read my apology you will have remembered, probably with some disgust, the Upcher "horror." I am used to it, but I can still wince at it. I have always been pleased to recognize that life, as my friends lived it, was not in the least like the newspapers. Not to be like the newspapers was as good a test of caste as another. Perhaps it is well for a man to realize, once in his time, that at all events the newspapers are a good deal like life. In any case, when you have known fairly well a man sentenced and executed for murder—and on such evidence!—you never feel again like saying that "one doesn't know" people who sue for breach of promise. After all, every one of us knows people who accept alimony. But I've enough grudge against our newspapers to be glad that my true tale comes too late for even the *Orb* to get an "extra" out of it. The *Orb* made enough, in its time, out of the Upchers. On the day when the charwoman gave her evidence against Filippo Upcher, the last copies of the evening edition sold in the New York streets for five dollars each. I have said enough to recall the case to you, and enough, I hope, to explain that it's the kind of thing I am very little used to dealing with. "Oblige me by referring to the files," if you want the charwoman's evidence. Now I may as well get to my story. I want it, frankly, off my hands. It has been pushing, for a year, into my "Italian Interludes"; thrusts itself in, asking if it isn't, forsooth, as good, for emotion, as anything in the Cinquecento. And so, God knows, it is . . . but the Cinquecento charwomen have luckily been obliterated from history.

I knew Filippo Upcher years ago; knew him rather well, in a world where the word "friend" is seldom correctly used. We were "pals," rather, I should think: ate and drank together, at Upcher's extraordinary hours, and didn't often see each other's wives. It was Upcher's big period. London and New York went, docile enough, to see him act Othello. He used to make every one weep over Desdemona, I know, and that is more than Shakespeare unassisted has always managed. Perhaps if

he hadn't done Othello so damnably well, with such a show of barbaric passion . . . It was my "little" period, if I may say it; when I was having the inevitable try at writing plays. I soon found that I could not write them, but meanwhile I lived for a little in the odd flare of the theatric world. Filippo Upcher—he always stuck, even in play-bills, you remember, to the absurd name—I had met in my Harvard days, and I found him again at the very heart of that flare. The fact that his mother was an Italian whose maiden name had been brushed across with a title, got him into certain drawing-rooms that his waistcoats would have kept him out of. She helped him out, for example, in Boston—where "baton sinister" is considered, I feel sure, merely an ancient heraldic term. Rachel Upcher, his wife, I used to see occasionally. She had left the stage before she married Upcher, and I fancy her tense renditions of Ibsen were the last thing that ever attracted him. My first recollection of her is in a *pose plastique* of passionate regret that she had never, in her brief career, had an opportunity to do "Ghosts". "Rosmersholm," I believe, was as far as she ever went. She had beauty, of the incongruous kind that makes you wonder when, where, and how the woman stole the mask. She is absolutely the only person I ever met who gave you the original of the much-imitated "mysterious" type. She was eternally mysterious—and, every day, quite impossible. It wasn't to be expected that poor Evie should care to see much of her, and I never put the question that Mrs. Upcher seemed to be always wanting to refuse to answer. The fact is that the only time I ever took poor Evie there, Filippo and his wife quarrelled so vulgarly and violently that we came away immediately after dinner. It would have been indecent to stay. You were sure that he would beat her as soon as you left, but also that before he had hurt her much, she would have cut his head open with a plate. Very much, you see, in the style of the newspapers. I saw Filippo at the club we both had the habit of, and on his Anglo-Saxon days liked him fairly well. When his Italian blood rose beneath his clear skin, I would have piled up any number of fictitious engagements to avoid him. He was unspeakable, then: unappeasable, vitriolic, scarce human. You felt,

on such days, that he wanted his *entrée* smeared with blood, and you lunched at another table so that at least the blood shouldn't be yours. I used to fancy whimsically that some ancestress of his had been a housemaid to the Borgias, and had got into rather distinguished "trouble." But she must have been a housemaid. I did not, however, say this to any one during the trial. For I was sure that his passion was perfectly unpractical, and that he took action only in his mild moments.

I found, as I say, that I could not write plays. My wife and I went abroad for some years. We saw Upcher act once in London, but I didn't even look him up. That gives you the measure of our detachment. I had quite forgotten him in the succeeding years of desultory delightful roaming over southern Europe. There are alike so much to remember and so much to forget, between Pirene and Lourdes! But the first headlines of the first newspaper that I bought on the dock when we disembarked reluctantly in New York, presented him to me again. It was all there: the "horror," the "case," the vulgar, garish tragedy. We had landed in the thick of it. It took me some time to grasp the fact that a man whom I had occasionally called by his first name was being accused of that kind of thing. I don't need to dot my i's. You had all seen Filippo Upcher act, and you all, during his trial, bought the *Orb*. I read it myself: every sickening column that had been, with laborious speed, jotted down in the court-room. The evidence made one feel that, if this was murder, a man who merely shoots his wife through the heart need not be considered a criminal at all. It was the very scum of crime. Rachel Upcher had disappeared after a violent quarrel with her husband, in which threats—overheard—had been freely uttered. He could give no plausible account of her. Then the whole rotten mass of evidence—fit only for a rag-picker to handle—began to come in. The mutilated body disinterred; the fragments of marked clothing; the unused railway ticket—but I really cannot go into it. I am not an *Orb* reporter. The evidence was only circumstantial, but it was, alack! almost better than direct testimony. Filippo was perfectly incoherent in defence, though he of course pleaded "not guilty." He had, for

that significant scene—he, Filippo Upcher!—no stage presence.

The country re-echoed the sentence, as it had re-echoed every shriek of the evidence, from Atlantic to Pacific. The jury was out five hours; would have been out only as many minutes, if it had not been for one Campbell, an undertaker, who had some doubts as to the sufficiency of the "remains" disinterred to make evidence. But the marked underclothing alone made their fragmentariness negligible. Campbell was soon convinced of that. It was confused enough, in all conscience,—he told Upcher's and my friend, Ted Sloan, later—but he guessed the things the charwoman overheard were enough to convict any man; he'd stick to that. Of course, the prosecuting attorney hadn't rested his case on the imperfect state of the body, anyhow—had just brought it in to show how nasty it had been all round. It didn't even look very well for him to challenge medical experts, though a body that had been buried was a little more in his line than it was in theirs, perhaps. And any gentleman in his profession had had, he might say, more practical experience than people who lectured in colleges. He hadn't himself though, any call from superior technical knowledge, to put spokes in the wheel of justice. He guessed that was what you'd call a quibble. And he was crazy to get home—Mrs. C. was expecting her first, any time along. Sloan said the man seemed honest enough; and he was quite right—the chain of circumstance was, alas! complete. Upcher was convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to death. He didn't appeal—wouldn't, in spite of his counsel, and Sloan's impassioned advice: "Give 'em a run for their money, Filippo. Be a sport, anyhow!"

"Lord, man, all juries are alike," was the response. "They've no brains. I wouldn't have the ghost of a show, and I'm not going through that racket again, and make a worse fool of myself on the stand another time."

"But if you don't, they'll take it you've owned up."

"Not necessarily, after they've read my will. I've left Rachel the 'second-best bed.' There wasn't much else. She's got more than I ever had. No, Sloan, a man

must be guilty to want to appeal. No innocent man would go through that hell twice. I want to get out and be quiet."

The only appeal he did make was not such as to give Mr. Campbell any retrospective qualms of conscience. The request was never meant to get out, but, like so many other things marked "private," it did. His petition was for being allowed to act a certain number of nights before his execution. He owed frightful sums, but, as he said, no sums, however frightful, could fail to be raised by such a device.

"It would kill your chances of a reprieve, Filippo," Sloan said he told him.

"Reprieve?" Filippo had laughed. "Why, it would *prove* me guilty. It would turn all the evidence pale. But think of the box-office receipts. There would have to be a platoon of police deadheading in the front rows, of course. But even at that——!"

Sloan came away a little firmer for circumstantial evidence than he had been before. He wouldn't see Filippo again; wouldn't admit that it was a good epigram; wouldn't even admit that it was rather fine of Filippo to be making epigrams at all. Most people agreed with him; thought Upcher shockingly cynical. But of course people never take into account the difference there is between being convicted and pleading guilty. Is it not *de rigueur* that, in those circumstances, a man's manner should be that of innocence? Filippo's flight has always seemed to me a really fine one. But I do not know of any man one could count on to distil from it the pure attar of honesty.

We had gone straight to my wife's family in New England, on arriving. Until I saw Sloan, I had got my sole information about Upcher from the newspapers. Sloan's account of Filippo's way of taking it roused my conscience. If a man, after all that, could show *any* decency, one owed him something. I decided, without consulting my wife about it, to go over to New York and see Filippo, myself. Evie was so done up by the thought of having once dined with the Upchers, that I could hardly have broken my intention to her. I told her, of course, after I returned, but to know beforehand might have meant a real illness for her. I should have spared her all of it, had it not seemed to me, at the moment,

my duty to go. The interview was not easy to manage, but I used Evie's connections shamelessly, and in the end the arrangement was made. I have always been glad that I went, but I don't know anything more nerve-racking than to visit a condemned criminal whose guilt you cannot manage to doubt. Only Filippo's proposal (of which Sloan had told me) to act long enough to pay his debts, made me do it. I still persist in thinking it magnificent of Filippo, though I don't pretend there wasn't, in his desire, some lingering lust of good report. The best he could hope for was to be forgotten; but he would naturally rather be forgotten as Hamlet than as Filippo Upcher.

Upcher was not particularly glad to see me, but he made the situation as little strained as possible. He did no violent protesting, no arraigning of law and justice. If he had perhaps acted according to the dictates of his hypothetical ancestress, he at least spoke calmly enough. He seemed to regard himself less as unjustly accused than as unjustly executed, if I may say so: he looked on himself as a dead man, and his calamity was irretrievable. The dead may judge, but I fancy they don't shriek. At all events, Upcher didn't. A proof of his having cast hope carelessly over his shoulder was his way of speaking of his wife. He didn't even take the trouble to use the present tense; to stress, as it were, her flesh-and-blood reality. It was "Rachel was," never "Rachel is"—as we sometimes use the past tense to indicate that people have gone out of our lives by their own fault. The way in which he spoke of her was not tactful. A franker note of hatred I've never—except perhaps once—heard struck. Occasionally he would pull himself up, as if he remembered that the dead are our natural creditors for kindly speech.

"She was a devil, and only a devil could live with her. But there's no point in going into it now."

I rather wanted him to go into it: not—might Heaven forbid!—to confess, but to justify himself, to gild his stained image. I tried frankness.

"I think I'll tell you, Upcher, that I never liked her."

He nodded. "She was poison; and I am poisoned. That's the whole thing."

I was silent for a moment. How much might it mean?

"You read the evidence?" he broke out. "Well, it was bad—damned bad and dirty. I'd rather be hanged straight than hear it all again. But it's the kind of thing you get dragged into sooner or later, if you link yourself to a creature like that. I suppose I'm essentially vulgar, but I'm a better lot than she was—for all her looks."

"She had looks," I admitted.

"No one could touch her, at her best. But she was an unspeakable cat."

It had been, all of it, about as much as I could stand, and I prepared to go. My time, in any case, was about up. I found it—in spite of the evidence—shockingly hard to say good-by to Upcher. You know what farewells by a peaceful death-bed are; and you can imagine this.

There was nothing to do but grip his hand. "Good-by, Filippo."

"Good-by, old man. I'll see you——" The familiar phrase was extinguished on his lips. We stared at each other helplessly for an instant. Then the warder led me out.

The Upcher trial—since Filippo refused to appeal—had blown over a bit by the time I went West: My widowed sister was ill, and I left Evie and every one, to take her to southern California. We followed the conventional route of flight from tuberculosis; and lingered a little in Arizona, looking down into the unspeakable depths of the Grand Cañon. I rather hoped Letitia would stay there, for I've never seen anything else so good; but the unspeakable depths spoke to her words of terror. She wanted southern California: roses, and palms, and more people. It was before the Santa Fé ran its line up to Bright Angel, and of course El Tovar wasn't built. It was rather rough living. Besides, there were Navajos and Hopis all about, and Letitia came of good Abolitionist stock and couldn't stand anything that wasn't white. So we went on to Santa Barbara.

There we took a house with a garden; rode daily down to the Pacific, and watched the great blue horizon waves roll ever westward to the immemorial East. "China's just across, and that is why it looks so different from the Atlantic," I used to explain to Letitia; but she was never disloyal to the North Shore of Massachusetts. She

liked the rose-pink mountains, and even the romantic Mission of the Scarlet Woman; but she liked best her whist with gentle white-shawled ladies, and the really intellectual conversations she had with certain college professors from the East. I could not get her to take ship for Hawaii or Samoa. She distrusted the Pacific. After all, China *was* just across.

I grew rather bored, myself, by Santa Barbara, before the winter was out. Something more exotic, too, would have been good for Letitia. There was a little colony from my sister's Holy Land, and in the evenings you could fancy yourself on Brattle Street. She had managed, even there, to befof herself in a New England atmosphere. I was sure it was bad for her throat. I won't deny, either, that there was more than anxiety at the heart of my impatience. I could not get Filippo Upcher out of my head. After all, I had once seen much of him; and, even more than that, I had seen him act a hundred times. Any one who had seen him do *Macbeth* would know that Filippo Upcher could not commit a murder without afterthoughts, however little forethought there might have been in it. It was all very well for van Vreck to speculate on Filippo's ancestry and suggest that the murder was a pretty case of atavism—holding the notion up to the light with his claret, and smiling æsthetically. Upcher had had a father of sorts, and he wasn't all Borgia—or housemaid. Evie never smirched her charming pages with the name of Upcher, and I was cut off from the *Orb*; but I felt sure that the San Francisco papers would announce the date of his execution in good time. I scanned them with positive fever. Nothing could rid me of the fantastic notion that there would be a terrible scene for Upcher on the other side of the grave; that death would but release him to Rachel Upcher's Stygian fury. It seemed odd that he should not have preferred a disgusted jury to such a ghost before its ire was spent. The thought haunted me; and there was no one in Letitia's so satisfactory circle to whom I could speak. I began to want the open: for the first time in my life, to desire the sound of unmodulated voices. Besides, Letitia's régime was silly. I took drastic measures.

It was before the blessed days of limousines, and one had to arrange a driving-

trip with care. Letitia behaved very well. She was really worried about her throat, and absurdly grateful to me for giving up my winter to it. I planned as comfortably as I could for her—even suggested that we should ask an acquaintance or two to join us. She preferred going alone with me, however, and I was glad. Just before we started, while I was still wrangling with would-be guides and drivers and sellers of horses, the news of Upcher's execution came. If I could have suppressed that day's newspapers in Santa Barbara, I should have done so, for little as I had liked Filippo, I liked less hearing the comments of Letitia's friends. They discussed the case, criminologically, through an interesting evening. It was quite scientific, and intolerably silly. I hurried negotiations for the trip, and bought a horse or two rather recklessly. Anything, I felt, to get off. We drove away from the hotel, waving our hands to a trim group (just photographed) on the porch.

The days that followed soothed me: wild and golden and increasingly lonely. We had a sort of cooking-kit with us, which freed us from too detailed a schedule, and could have camped, after a fashion; but usually by sundown we made some rough tavern or other. Letitia looked askance at these, and I did not blame her. As we struck deeper in toward the mountains, the taverns disappeared, and we found in their stead lost ranches—self-sufficing, you would say, until, in the parched faces of the women-folk, all pretence of sufficiency broke down. Letitia picked up geological specimens, and was in every way admirable, but I did not wish to give her an overdose. After a little less than a fortnight, I decided to start back to Santa Barbara. We were to avoid travelling the same country twice, and our route, mapped, would eventually be a kind of rough ellipse. We had just swung round the narrow end, you might say, when our first real accident occurred. The heat had been very great, and our driver had, I suspect, drunk too much. At all events, he had not watched his horses as he should have done, and one of the poor beasts, in the mid-afternoon, fell into a desperate state with colic. We did what we could—he nearly as stupid as I over it—but it was clear that we could not go on that night whither we had intended. It was a

question of finding shelter, and help for the suffering animal. The sky looked threatening. I despatched the inadequate driver in search of a refuge, and set myself to impart hope to Letitia. The man returned in a surprisingly short time, having seen the outbuildings of a ranch-house. I need not dwell on details. We made shift to get there eventually, poor collapsed beast and all. A ranchman of sorts met us, and conducted Letitia to the house. The ranch belonged, he said, to a Mrs. Wace, and to Mrs. Wace, presumably, he gave her in charge. I did not, at the moment, wish to leave our horse until I saw into what hands I was resigning him. The hands seemed competent enough, and the men assured me that the animal could travel the next day. When the young man returned from the ranch-house, I was quite ready to follow him back thither, and get news of Letitia. He left me inside a big living-room. A Chinese servant appeared presently and contrived to make me understand that Mrs. Wace would come down when she had looked after my sister. I was still thinking about the horse when I heard the rustle of skirts. Our hostess had evidently established Letitia. I turned, with I know not what beginnings of apologetic or humorous explanation on my lips. The beginning was the end, for I stood face to face with Rachel Upcher.

I have never known just how the next moments went. She recognized me instantly, and evidently to her dismay. I know that before I could shape my lips to any words that should be spoken, she had had time to sit down and to suggest, by some motion of her hand, that I should do the same. I did not sit: I stood before her. It was only when she began some phrase of conventional surprise at seeing me in that place of all places, that I found speech. I made nothing of it; I had no solution; yet my message seemed too urgent for delay. All that I had suffered in my so faint connection with Filippo Upcher's tragedy, returned to me in one envenomed pang. I fear that I wanted most, at the moment, to pass that pang on to the woman before me. My old impatience of her type, her cheap mysteriousness, her purposeless inscrutability, possessed me. I do not defend my mood; I only give it to you as it was. I have often noticed that crucial moments

are appallingly simple to live through. The brain constructs the labyrinth afterwards. All perplexities were merged for me just then in that one desire—to speak, to wound her. But my task was not easy, and I have never been proud of the fashion of its performance.

"Mrs. Wace" (even the 'subtle van Vreck could not have explained why I did not give her her own name), "is it possible—but I pray Heaven it is—that you don't know?"

"Know?" It was the voice of a stone sphinx.

"How can I tell you—how can I tell you?"

"What?"

"About Filippo."

"Filippo?"

"Yes, Filippo! That he is dead."

"Dead?" The carved monosyllables were maddening.

"Yes—killed. Tried, sentenced, *executed*."

Her left hand dropped limply from the lace at her throat to a ruffle of her dress. "For what?" Her voice vibrated for the first time.

"For murdering you."

"Me?" She seemed unable to take it in.

"You must have seen the papers."

"I have seen no papers. Does one leave the world as utterly as I have left it, to read newspapers? On a lonely ranch like this"—she broke off. "I haven't so much as seen one for five months. I—I—" Then she pulled herself together. "Tell me. This is some horrid farce. What do you mean? For God's sake, man, tell me!"

She sat back to hear.

I cannot remember the words in which I told her. I sketched the thing for her—the original mystery, breaking out at last into open scandal when the dismembered body was found; the evidence (such of it as I could bring myself to utter in the presence of that so implicated figure); the course of the trial; Filippo's wretched defence; the verdict; the horrid inevitable result. My bitterness grew with the story, but I held myself resolutely to a tone of pity. After all—it shot across my mind—Filippo Upcher had perhaps, in the grave, found peace.

It must have taken me, for my broken, difficult account, half an hour. Not once,

in that time, was I interrupted. She seemed hardly to breathe. I told her to the very date and hour of his execution. I could give her no comfort; only, at best, bald facts. For what exhibition of self-loathing or self-pity I had been prepared, I do not know; but surely for some. I had been bracing myself, throughout, for any kind of scene. No scene of any kind occurred. She was hard and mute as stone. I could have dealt better, when at last I stopped, with hysterics than with that figure before me—tense, exhausted, terrible. I found myself praying for her tears. But none came.

At last I rose—hoping, by the sudden gesture, to break her trance. Her eyes followed me. "Terrible—terrible—beyond anything I ever dreamed." I caught the whispered words. I took the chance for pity; found myself—though I detested the woman as never before—wanting to comfort her.

"He never appealed," I reminded her. "Perhaps he was glad to die." It sounded weak and strange; but who could tell what words would reach that weak, strange heart?

I stood before her, more perplexed than at any other moment of my life. At last, she opened her eyes and spoke. "Leave me. And do not tell your sister who I am. I shall pull myself together by dinner-time. Go." She just lifted her hand, then closed her eyes again.

I went out, and stumbling across a Chinese servant, got him to show me my room.

Of what use would it be to recall, after all the years, what I felt and thought during the next hours? I did not try to send Letitia to Mrs. Upcher. Letitia would have been of no use, even if she had consented to go. It was sheerest wisdom to obey Rachel Upcher, and not to tell. But I had a spasm of real terror when I thought of her, "pulling herself together" in her lonely chamber. I listened for a scream, a pistol-shot. It did not seem to me that a woman could hear news like that which it had been my tragic luck to give, without some according show of emotion. Yet a little later, in good faith I asked myself what show could ever fit that situation. What speech, what gesture, in that hour, would have been adequate? The dangerous days, in point of fact, would probably come later. I thought more of her, in those two hours, than of Filippo. Though she might well, from all

the evidence, have hated him quite honestly, hers was the ironic destiny that is harder to bear than mere martyrdom. No death had ever been more accidental, more irrelevant, more preventable, than Filippo's. One fortnight sooner, she could have turned back the wheel that had now come full circle. That was to be her Hell, and—well, having descended into it in those two hours, I was glad enough to mount once more into the free air.

Mrs. Upcher kept her promise. She pulled herself together, and came to dinner, in a high black dress without so much as a white ruche to relieve it. The mahager of the ranch, a young Englishman named Floyd, dined with us. He was handsome in a bloodshot way, and a detrimental, if ever there has been one. In love with Mrs. Upcher, he looked to be; that, too, in the same bloodshot way. But she clearly had him in perfect order. The mask, I suppose, had worked. Letitia did her social best, but her informing talk failed to produce any pleasant effect. It was too neat and flat. Floyd watched Mrs. Upcher, and she watched the opposite wall. I did my best to watch no one. We were rather like a fortuitous group at a provincial *table d'hôte*: dissatisfied with conditions, and determined not to make acquaintance. We were all thankful, I should think, when the meal was over. Mrs. Upcher made no attempt to amuse us or make us comfortable. The young manager left for his own quarters immediately after dinner, and Letitia soon went to her room. I lingered for a moment, out of decency, thinking Rachel Upcher might want to speak to me, to ask me something, to cry out to me, to clutch me for some desperate end. She sat absolutely silent for five minutes; and seeing that the spell, whatever it was, was not yet broken, I left her.

I did not go to bed at once. How should I have done that? I was still listening for that scream, that pistol-shot. Nothing came. I remember that after an hour I found it all receding from me—the Upchers' crossed emotions and perverted fates. It was like stepping out of a miasmic mist. Filippo Upcher was dead; and on the other side of the grave there had been no such encounter for him as I had imagined. And I had positively seen a demoniac Rachel Upcher waiting for him on that pale verge! I

searched the room for books. There was some Ibsen, which, at that moment, I did not want. I rejected, one after one, nearly all the volumes that the shelves held. It was a stupid collection. I had about made up my mind to the "Idylls of the King" (they were different enough, in all conscience, from the Upcher case) when I saw a pile of magazines on a table in a distant corner. "Something sentimental," I proposed to myself, as I went over to ravage them. Underneath the magazines—a scattered lot, for the most part, of *London Graphics* and *English Illustrateds*—I found a serried pack of newspapers: San Francisco and Denver sheets, running a few months back. I had never seen a Denver newspaper, and I picked one up to read the editorials, out of a desultory curiosity rare with me. On the first page, black headlines took a familiar contour. I had stumbled on the charwoman's evidence against Filippo Upcher. *Rien que ça!*

My first feeling, I remember, was one of impotent anger—the child's raving at the rain—that I must spend the night in that house. It was preposterous that life should ask it of me. Talk of white nights! what, pray, would be the color of mine? Then I, in my turn, "pulled myself together." I went back to the newspapers and examined them all. The little file was arranged in chronological order, and was coextensive with the Upcher case, from arrest to announcement of the execution. The *Orb* might have been a little fuller, but not much. The West had not been fickle to Filippo.

I sat staring at the neatly folded papers for a time. They seemed to me monstrous, not fit to touch, as if they were by no means innocent of Filippo Upcher's fate. By a trick of nerves and weak lamplight, there seemed to be nothing else in the room. I was alone in the world with them. How long I sat there, fixing them with eyes that must have shown clear loathing, I have never known. There are moments like that, which contrive cunningly to exist outside of Time and Space, of which you remember only the quality. But I know that when I heard steps in the corridor, I was sure, for an instant, that it was Filippo Upcher returning. I was too overwrought to reflect that, whatever the perils of Rachel Upcher's house might be, the intrusion of

the dead Filippo was not one of them: that he would profit resolutely by the last league of those fortunate distances; if so it chanced, by the immunity of very Hell. It could not be Filippo's hand that knocked so nervously on the door. Nor was it. I opened to Rachel Upcher. The first glance at her face, her eyes, her aimless, feverish, clutching hands, showed that the spell had at last been broken. She had taken off her black dress and was wrapped in loose, floating, waving pink. Have you ever imagined the Erinyes in pink? No other conceivable vision suggests the figure that stood before me. I remember wondering foolishly and irrelevantly why, if she could look like that, she had not done Ibsen better. But she brought me back to fact as she beckoned me out of the room.

"I am sorry—very sorry—but—I was busy with your sister when you came in, and they have given you the wrong room. I will send some one to move your things—I will show you your room. Please come—I am sorry."

I cannot describe her voice. The words came out with difficult, unnatural haste, like blood from a wound. Between them, she clutched at this or that shred of lace. But I could deal better even with frenzy than with the mask that earlier I had so little contrived to disturb. I felt relieved, disburdened. And Filippo was safe—safe. I was free to deal as I would.

I stepped back into the room. The pile of papers no longer controlled my nerves. After all, they had been but the distant reek of the monster. I went over and lifted them, then faced her.

"Is this what you mean by the wrong room?"

She must have seen at once that I had examined them; that I had sounded the whole significance of their presence there. The one on top—I had not disturbed their order—gave in clear print the date fixed for Filippo Upcher's execution: that date now a fortnight back. And she had played to me as if I were a gallery god, with her black dress!

"I have looked them through," I went on; "and though I didn't need to read those columns, I know just what they contain. You knew it all." I paused. It would have taken, it seemed to me, the vocabulary of a major prophet, to denounce

her fitly. I could only leave it at that bald hint of her baseness.

She made no attempt at denial or defence. Something happened in her face; something more like dissolution than like change, as if the elements of her old mask would never reassemble. She stepped forward, still gathering the floating ribands, the loose laces, in her nervous hands. Once she turned, as if listening for a sound. Then she sat down beside my fire, her head bent forward toward me, ready, it seemed, to speak. Her fingers moved constantly, pulling, knotting, smoothing, the trailing streamers of her gown. The rest of her body was as still as Filippo Upcher's own. I endured her eyes for a moment. Then I repeated my accusation. "You knew it all."

"Yes, I knew it all."

I had not dreamed, in spite of the papers that I clutched in full view of her, that she would confess so simply. But they apparently brought speech to her lips. She did not go on at once, and when she did, she sounded curiously as Filippo Upcher in prison had sounded. Her voice touched him only with disgust. Yet she stinted no detail, and I had to hear of Filippo's vices: his vanities, his indiscretions, his infidelities, all the seven deadly sins against her pride committed by him daily. He may have been only a boulder; but his punishment had been fit for one heroic in sin. I did my best to keep that discrepancy in mind, as she went on vulgarizing him. I am no cross-questioner, and I let her account move, without interruption, to the strange, fluttering *tempo* of her hands. Occasionally, her voice found a vibrant note, but for the most part it was flat, impersonal as a phonograph; the voice of the actress who is not at home in the unstudied rôle. I do not think she gauged her effect; I am sure that she was given wholly to the task of describing her hideous attitude veraciously. There was no hint of appeal in her tone, as to some dim tribunal which I might represent; but she seemed, once started, to like to tell her story. It was not really a story; the patched portrait of a hatred, rather. Once or twice I opened my lips to cry out, "Why not, in Heaven's name, a divorce rather than this?" I always shut them without asking, and before the end I understood. The two had simply hated each other too much. They

could never be adequately divorced while both beheld the sun. To walk the same earth was too oppressive, too intimate a tie. It sounds incredible—even to me, now; but I believed it without difficulty at that moment. I remembered the firmness with which Filippo had declared that, herself poison, she had poisoned him. Well: there *were* fangs beneath her tongue.

Heaven knows—it's the one thing I don't know about it, to this day—if there was any deliberate attempt on Rachel Upcher's part to give her flight a suspicious look. There were so many ways, when once you knew for a fact that Filippo had not killed her, in which you could account for the details that earlier had seemed to point to foul play. My own notion is that she fled blindly, with no light in her eyes—no ghastly glimmer of catastrophe to come. She had covered her tracks completely because she had wished to be completely lost. She didn't wish Filippo to have even the satisfaction of knowing whether she was alive or dead. Some of her dust-throwing—the unused ticket, for example—resulted in damning evidence against Filippo. After that, coincidence labored faithfully at his undoing. No one knows, even now, whose body it was that passed for Rachel Upcher's. All other clues were abandoned, at the time, for the convincing one that led to her. I have sometimes wondered why I didn't ask her more questions: to whom she had originally given the marked underclothing, for example. It might have gone far toward identifying what the Country Club grounds had so unluckily given up. But to lead those tortured fragments of bone and flesh into another masquerade would have been too grotesque. And at that moment, in the wavering unholy lamplight of the half-bare, half-tawdry room—the whole not unlike one of Goya's foregrounds—justice and the public were to me equally unreal. What I realized absolutely was that so long as Rachel Upcher lived, I might not speak. Horror that she was, she had somehow contrived to be the person who must be saved. I would have dragged her by the hair to the prison gates, had there been any chance of saving Filippo—at least, I hope I should. But Filippo seemed to me at the moment so entirely lucky that to avenge him didn't matter. I think I felt, sitting opposite that Fury in pink, something of their own emo-

tion. Filippo was happier, *tout bonnement*, in another world from her; and to do anything to bring them together—to hound her into suicide, for example—would be to play him a low trick. I could have drunk to her long life, as she sat there before me. It matters little to most of us what the just ghosts think: how much less must our opinion matter to them! No: Rachel Upcher, even as I counted her spots and circles, was safe from me. I didn't want to know anything definitely incriminating about her flight: anything that would bring her within the law, or impose on me a citizen's duties. Citizens had already bungled the situation enough. If she had prepared the trap for Filippo, might that fact be forever unknown! But I really do not believe that she had. What she had done was to profit shamelessly (a weak word!) by coincidence. I have often wondered if Rachel Upcher never wavered, never shuddered, during those months of her wicked silence. That question I even put to her then, after a fashion. "It was long," she answered; "but I should do it all again. He was horrible." What can you do with hatred like that? He had been to her, as she to him, actual infection. "Poison . . . and I am poisoned." Filippo's words to me would have served his wife's turn perfectly. There was, in the conventional sense, for all her specific complaints, no "cause." She hated him, not for what he did, but for what he was. She *would* have done it all again. The mere irony of her action would have been too much for some women; but Rachel Upcher had no ironic sense—only a natural and Ibsen-enhanced power of living and breathing among unspeakable emotions. And she plucked at those ribands, those laces, with the delicate hovering fingers of a ghoul.

It is all so long ago that I could not, if I would, give you the exact words in which, at length, she made all this clear. Neither my mind nor my pen took any stenographic report of that conversation. I have given such phrases as I remember. The impression is there for life, however. Besides, there is no man who could not build up for himself any amount of literature out of that one naked fact: that Rachel Upcher knew her husband's plight, and that she lay, mute, breathless, concealed, in her lair, lest she should, by word or gesture, save him. She took the whole trial, from ac-

cusation to sentence, for a piece of sublime unmitigated luck—a beautiful blunder of Heaven's in her behalf. That she thought of herself as guilty, I do not believe; only as—at last!—extremely fortunate. At least, as her tale went on, I heard, less and less, any accent of hesitation. She knew—oh, perfectly—how little any one else would agree with her. She was willing to beg my silence in any attitude of humility I chose to demand. But Rachel Upcher would never accuse herself. I asked no posturing of her. She got my promise easily enough. Can you imagine my going, hot-foot, to wake Letitia with the story? No more than that could I go to wake New York with it. Rachel Upcher, calmed by my solemn promise (though, if you'll believe it, her own recital had already greatly calmed her), left me, to seek repose. I watched her fluttering, sinister figure down the corridor, then came back to my infected room. She had not touched the pile of newspapers. I spent the night reading Ibsen; and in the morning managed so that we got off early. Mrs. Wace did not come down to breakfast, and I did not see her again. Young Floyd was in the devil of a temper, but his temper served admirably to facilitate our departure. He abandoned ranch affairs entirely to get us safely on our way. Our sick horse was in perfectly good condition, and would have given us no possible excuse for lingering. Letitia, out of sight of the ranch, delivered herself of a hesitating comment.

"Do you know, Richard, I have an idea that Mrs. Wace is not really a nice woman?"

I too, had broken Mrs. Wace's bread,

but I did not hesitate. "I think you are undoubtedly right, Letitia."

It was the only thing I have ever, until now, been able to do, to avenge Filippo Upcher. Even when I learned (I have always had an arrangement by which I should learn, if it occurred) of Mrs. Floyd's death, I could still do nothing. There was poor Evie, who never knew, and who, as I say, could not have borne it.

I shall be much blamed by many people, no doubt, for having promised Rachel Upcher what she asked. I can only say that any one else, in my place, would have done the same. They were best kept apart: I don't know how else to put it. I shall be blamed, too, for not seizing my late, my twelfth-hour opportunity to eulogize Filippo Upcher—for not at least trying to explain him. There would be no point in trying to account for what happened by characterizing Filippo. Nothing could account for such hatred: it was simply a great natural fact. They combined, like chemical agents, to that monstrous result. Each was, to the other, poison. I tell the truth now because no one has ever doubted Upcher's guilt, and it is only common fairness that he should be cleared. Why should I, for that reason, weave flatteries about him? He did not murder his wife; but that fact has not made it any easier to call him "Filippo," which I have faithfully done since I encountered Rachel Upcher in southern California. If truth is the order of the day, let me say the other thing that, for years, I have not been at liberty to say: he was a frightful bounder.

JUNE


By Eleanor Stuart

ALTHOUGH I'm old, I still believe in spring,
In that wide blossoming
Of souls called joy. And all that's in me says,
"Forget, sweet, those dark days
Before the happy birds had learned to sing."

Let not earth's green surprise you, dearest soul,
Forsake your tragic rôle;
And now bright days surround you, in full voice
Proclaim, "I had no choice,
I had to echo that dear oriole."

THE RAILROAD RIOTS OF 1877

BY JAMES FORD RHODES

S it not true," once asked a public man of wide experience, "that our country has surmounted successfully its various crises?"

Thinking of the Civil War and the abolition of slavery, of the disputed presidency and the Electoral Commission, and of the railroad riots of 1877, the student of American history, to whom the question was put, gave the expected affirmative answer. The riots, which are our present concern, were not, it is true, met in the Napoleonic way. The country simply muddled through; but an account of them may well raise the question whether the chaotic manner in which they were suppressed was not, in the long run, better for the safety of the State than if they had been crushed by the imperial method.

The depression following the panic of 1873 was wide-spread and severe, and the railroad interest, which was the largest single business interest in the country, suffered more than any other. In the years of settlement consequent upon the panic and depression, one-fifth in value of the railroad investment of the country was sold under foreclosure of mortgage. For the railroads feel, keenly business stagnation, which results at once in a diminished freight and passenger traffic; and, in any event, there would have been bankruptcies and receiverships, but the situation was aggravated by a war of rates between the trunk lines, as the railways running from Chicago and St. Louis to the seaboard were called. There were four distinct interests: the New York Central, the Erie, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore and Ohio, all having adequate facilities to do more business than was offered them, and the natural competition was increased by the rivalry between the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. It was unquestionably a difficult situation, and the railroad managers showed little ability in meeting it. In 1874 the railroads began bidding against each other for the business that was in sight, with the result that toward the end of 1875

the through rates on the trunk lines were made without regard to the cost of transportation. In December, 1875, an agreement was entered into between the railroads to maintain rates, but it was broken two months later, and a large part of the year 1876 was marked by a fierce and destructive war of rates. A mention of most of the prevailing freight charges will hardly convey an idea of the fierceness of the war, for the reason that since 1876 a great reduction has been made in the cost of carrying freight, with a corresponding reduction in regular rates; yet a traffic manager of to-day would assert that it would mean absolute ruin to carry cattle from Chicago to New York for a dollar a car-load, which rate was made during the conflict. Passenger rates were likewise demoralized, and the only good feature of the war was that the low fares permitted a vast number of persons to visit the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia who otherwise would have been debarred from this improving influence. Low rates to Philadelphia need not necessarily have influenced the whole through traffic, but this was a war in which the encounters were at many places. A concrete case will illustrate the advantage of the passenger who travelled between competitive points. Two persons going from Cleveland to Boston, in August, 1876, compared notes as to the cost of their journey. One had paid \$6.80 for his ticket from Cleveland to Boston, the other had the courtesies of the Lake Shore and Boston and Albany railroads, as the common giving of free passes was called. While this person paid nothing from Cleveland to Buffalo, and nothing from Albany to Boston, he had to buy a ticket from Buffalo to Albany, for which he paid the legal rate of two cents per mile, or \$5.94. His passes covering considerably more than half of his journey of 682 miles had saved him 86 cents.

While the railroad war may have been of transitory benefit to a few, its general and lasting results were not only ruinous to the bondholders and stockholders of the railroads but were bad for the business com-

munity at large. Simple fidelity to a fair agreement would have ended it in a day, but this seemed impossible to bring about. Agreements were made but were soon broken. It was said that a railroad president who had himself solemnly promised to maintain rates, went out from the meeting of railroad presidents and managers, and immediately cut the rates to secure a large amount of desirable business. More frequently would a freight agent be guilty of the infraction; openly condemned by his superior, his offence was winked at. Such "smartness" presumably placed him in the line of promotion; so his example was demoralizing to other competitors. In his despair an honest freight agent was heard to say that he wished Congress would pass a law compelling the railroads to keep their agreements. Thomas A. Scott, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, declared that "during the first six months of 1877, not a farthing was made on through competitive freight by any line."

In April, 1877, the railroad presidents entered into a fresh agreement in regard to rates, and this was made more solid by a subsequent one dividing the west-bound tonnage by percentages under a pooling arrangement. Both these agreements were to take effect on July 1, but, confronted with the immense falling off in earnings due to the hard times and their own unwisdom, the presidents did not wait for results from these agreements; in order to recoup themselves for past losses, they somewhat hastily and jauntily announced a reduction of ten per cent in the wages of their employees. This was done on the New York-Philadelphia-office-ultimatum-plan which I may thus describe: the railroad president, in his well-appointed office, with the wage-sheet on his desk, calculated that the engineer, fireman, and brakeman, receiving so much by the job or by the day, obtained adequate monthly wages, and that they could afford to help in bearing the burden of the commercial depression. The next step was the posting of a peremptory order announcing the ten-per-cent reduction. Herein lay two errors: the one logical, the other administrative. For, in the first place, due weight was not given to the unsteadiness of the work. With laudable intent, too many men were kept on the rolls on the principle that half a loaf is better

than no bread. Moreover, some of the work was done under conditions which reduced the net return; for example, crews of freight trains were left away from home a day or a night, with their board and lodging to pay. The other error lay in reducing the wages hastily by a peremptory order.

Thomas A. Scott denied that there was any agreement among the railroads to reduce wages, and did not know whether such a policy was discussed at a meeting of the presidents held in the endeavor to agree upon a system of pooling earnings. But the uniform action seems to suggest some tacit understanding. This was not necessary to meet combinations among laborers; though the powerful organization of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was already in existence, trade-unionism on the whole was in its infancy. It is almost certain that if the division superintendents, master-mechanics, and other like officials of any one railroad had been called into council with their president, they would have advised against an arbitrary reduction. They were close to the men, having, not infrequently, social relations at least with the locomotive engineers, and they were aware how hard the reduced traffic was bearing on the employees. Their plan would have been to say to the men, "Come, let us reason together." Each would have presented his side, the grievances on the one hand, the necessities of the situation on the other. Employers and employed might then have stood shoulder to shoulder in an honest endeavor to cope with a deplorable condition of affairs. The locomotive engineers were a high class of labor, acquiring little properties, creating homes, having a stake in the country, patriotic; and while it was not primarily their strike, their active sympathy and co-operation was a prime factor in it. They might have been moderators instead of being one of the parties to the conflict. Whatever might have been the outcome of such a plan, it would have been better than the actual event.

The drama opened at Martinsburg, W. Va., on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, on which the ten-per-cent reduction was ordered to take effect on July 16. Accepted by other employees, it was resisted by the firemen, who during that afternoon began to abandon their trains. By persuasion and threats they induced

selves nor permit other men to take their places. It is generally the theory of the employer in such cases that a large number of competent workmen can be had if furnished adequate protection, and while in 1877 persuasion and threats had not been erected into the system since built up by the trade-unions, yet on this July 19 persuasion was employed, and when it failed threats were ready. For on account of the enormous number of the unemployed, steady men were everywhere seeking jobs, and intimidation was probably necessary to keep the vacant places unsupplied. Thus a freight blockade was established, although passenger trains were permitted to run.

Before noon of the 19th the acting-superintendent went to the City Hall and asked the protection of 10 policemen and the mayor's presence at the yard. The mayor must have been either weak and timid or else in sympathy with the strikers, for he said he had no men to send. Owing to the hard times the force had been reduced to 120, only 9 of whom were on duty during the day. But the acting superintendent found 10 of the discharged policemen who were willing to serve when assured of their pay by the railroad, and, as the mayor absolutely refused to go to the scene of trouble, the superintendent took this small force with him to the railroad yard. While in the act of opening a switch he was struck in the eye by a striker, and, as the rioters numbered a hundred, he decided not to attempt moving the trains at once, but appealed to the mayor for additional protection, which was not furnished. During the next four days the mayor and police practically disappear from the history of the riot.

Between 11 o'clock and midnight of the 19th the acting superintendent saw the sheriff of the county and demanded protection. The result of the interview was that these two, together with General Pearson, the commander of the Sixth Division of the Pennsylvania militia, with headquarters at Pittsburg, went out to Twenty-eighth Street, which was the scene of the trouble, and addressed a crowd of two hundred. The sheriff advised them to disperse and was thus answered: "Go home! We are not going to allow any freight trains to leave until the difficulty between us and the railroad company is settled. The mayor

and policemen are on our side, and prominent citizens have offered to assist us in provisions and money to carry on the strike." This reply satisfied the sheriff that there was a riot which he could not quell with a posse of citizens, and he thereupon telegraphed to the governor for military aid. But the governor was beyond the limits of the State and travelling toward the Pacific coast, and the adjutant-general, Latta, was exercising his authority as commander-in-chief of the State militia. He had been thoroughly informed about the doings in Pittsburg by the railroad officials in Philadelphia, and was ready to take action. He accordingly authorized General Pearson to call out his troops and to take command. Pearson, who had seen three years service during the Civil War, rising to the command of a brigade, ordered out three regiments and a battery. The Eighteenth, responding at noon of Friday, July 20, with about 225 men, was sent to the stock-yards east of Pittsburg, and acquitted themselves with credit during the whole trouble. But the members of the other two regiments assembled slowly, and when they came to the rendezvous it was evident that they sympathized with the strike. At 6.35 on the evening of the 20th, Pearson telegraphed Latta that he had only been able to collect 230 men (meaning in addition to the Eighteenth Regiment), while he needed 2,000, as the mob had grown to 4,000 or 5,000, and he suggested that troops be sent from Philadelphia. Latta ordered to Pittsburg the First Division of the National Guard, composed almost entirely of Philadelphia men. On this day, the 20th, a proclamation was issued by the secretary of state in the governor's name, and with the State seal, ordering the mob to disperse. This produced no effect whatever. The rioters knew that the governor was out of the State; they believed, or pretended to believe, that the railroad people had issued the proclamation and that the troops had been illegally ordered out without authority from the governor. The trainmen held a meeting and sent their demands to the superintendent, two of which were that there should be no double-headers except on the coal trains, and that the wages existing before June 1 should be restored. The situation was taking on the aspect of war, and Pearson knew that if an affray

should take place, the Twenty-eighth Street crossing, which was a mile east of the Union Station, would be the scene of it. On the morning of the 21st, aware that the Philadelphia division was on the way, he ordered his two available regiments and the battery to take possession of the crossing and hold it. These troops were under the immediate command of a brigade commander who failed to carry out his orders, and, dressed in citizen's clothes, encouraged his men to fraternize with the mob. By 3 o'clock of Saturday afternoon, July 21, 650 Philadelphia soldiers, under the command of Brinton, a Civil War veteran, arrived at the Union Station. They were a brave body of men; many had seen service in the Civil War and some of the companies were composed of the élite of their city. But they had little relish for the fight before them for they were hungry. Owing to bad management they had been on short rations although their journey lay entirely within the populous and fertile State of Pennsylvania. Leaving Philadelphia at about two in the morning, they had once had coffee and sandwiches on the way, and the same again on their arrival at the Union Station, but nothing else.

Saturday-afternoon was a bad time to tackle a mob in Pittsburg. It was a general half-holiday and the crowd was swelled by the mill and factory hands and the miners in the neighborhood, who, as well as the train men, were exasperated by the news of bloodshed in Baltimore and doubted the legality of the presence of State troops. Tramps abounded, and these together with outcasts and criminals gave a lawless complexion to the mob they reinforced. It is said that Cassatt was asked to defer the offensive movement until Monday, but he insisted that the State should restore to the railroad its property. Latta and Pearson met the Philadelphia troops at the Union Station, and Brinton acted under the command of his superior officers. Before setting out on the march to Twenty-eighth Street he gave instructions to his two brigadiers and to his regimental commanders to the effect that he did not want a shot fired, but that if personal violence was attempted the men should defend themselves. The Philadelphia troops then marched to the Twenty-eighth Street crossing where they found the Pittsburg militia fraternizing with

a mob of many thousands, in which the vicious element was large. They partly cleared the tracks, but as the rioters pressed between their ranks they were forced to the defensive and formed a hollow square. A bayonet charge wounded a number and exasperated the rest. The rioters threw stones and lumps of coal at the soldiers, and followed up these missiles with pistol-shots. Emboldened by the lack of resistance, those in front seized the muskets and attempted to wrest them from the troops. Some few were disarmed when at about 5 o'clock a scattering fire began along the line, which increased to a volley, but, as the officers did their best to stop it, lasted less than a minute. But at least sixteen of the rioters were instantly killed and many were wounded. The occurrence was extremely unfortunate, and although the firing was done without precise orders, and the only warrant for it was Brinton's general instructions, it had become necessary in order to avoid broken ranks and a general disarming of the troops. Moral support should have been forthcoming for these brave militiamen who had been precipitately ordered forward to attempt an impossible task; but the Pittsburg public generally regarded their act as murderous. Some of the newspapers were rabid. One headed its account with: "Blood or bread. The worthy strikers arm themselves and assemble thousands strong to compel their rights." Another: "Seventeen citizens shot down in cold blood by the roughs of Philadelphia. The Lexington of the labor conflict at hand. Threats that the Philadelphia soldiers will not be allowed to go home alive."

The firing temporarily dispersed the mob and the troops were masters of the situation, but were not in sufficient force to remain so, and reinforcements that were expected did not arrive. The railroad officials could not get engineers and crews to take charge of trains, so no trains went out. About dusk Brinton withdrew his troops for rest and food to the lower round-house at Twenty-sixth Street, supposing that the upper round-house at Twenty-eighth Street would be occupied by the Pittsburg militia. But this was not to be. The Pittsburg troops had throughout fraternized with the mob, some of them quitting the service; and, after the firing, the number of sympathetic desertions increased. Those remaining were

intimidated, as was also their brigade commander, who, as the mob grew more excited and angry, dismissed his troops lest, as he afterward defended this act, they should exasperate the rioters to further violence. So the affair had simmered down to a contest between the mob and the Philadelphia soldiers. The exasperation at the bloodshed of the afternoon was increased by the report, which may have been true, that some of the killed were innocent spectators; for the neighboring hill had been covered with people and the firing had been high. A report that women and children were among the killed aggravated the wrath of the people, and when the mob reassembled at the Twenty-eighth Street crossing on the tracks in the railroad yard, they were bent on revenge, took the offensive, and laid siege to the Philadelphia troops in the round-house. These were without food. Provisions were sent to them from the Union Station a mile away in express wagons, which, being unguarded, were intercepted by the rioters. Possessed of firearms from having broken into a number of gun-shops, the rioters, with some attempt at military order, marched to the round-house and poured volley after volley into the windows, eliciting no response from the Philadelphia soldiers, who were under orders not to fire unless absolutely necessary for self-protection. But after proper warning, they did fire at men attempting to use a field-piece captured from a Pittsburg battery, and killed perhaps two or three. Failing to overpower their enemy by assault the rioters tried fire. They applied the torch to the upper round-house and the neighboring buildings. Breaking in the heads of barrels of oil taken from the detained freight, they saturated cars of coke with it, ignited them, and pushed the cars toward the lower round-house in the attempt to roast out the beleaguered soldiers, who by means of the fire apparatus managed for a while to stay the fire. It was a terrible ordeal they were passing through. "Tired, hungry, worn out, surrounded by a mob of infuriated men yelling like demons, fire on nearly all sides of them, suffocated and blinded by smoke, with no chance to rest and little knowledge of what efforts were being made for their relief, with orders not to fire on the mob unless in necessary self-defence, the wonder

is that they were not totally demoralized; but the evidence of all the officers is that the men behaved like veterans."*

It is probable that the original railroad strikers had little or no part in this attack; they certainly had none in the arson and pillage which followed. They had invoked a spirit with which they were not in sympathy. The controlling force now was the tramps, communists, criminals, and outcasts—the dregs of society, and these could work their will unrestrained. As I have said before, the mayor and police counted for nothing toward the preservation of order. The sheriff with some deputies went to the Twenty-eighth Street crossing with the first advance of the Philadelphia troops, but effected nothing; after the firing threats were made to murder him, and he disappeared, going first to his home and then, apparently for greater security, to his office. His ultimate safety may have been due to the newspapers incorrectly reporting that he had been shot by the mob. The mob set fire to the remaining railroad buildings in the yard, to the laden freight cars and locomotives. Barrels of spirits taken from the freight cars were opened and drunk; another goad to the men was supplied by women, who abused the troops and pillaged with ardor; thus the work of destruction and plunder of the goods in transit went on with renewed fury. The firemen responded to the fire-alarm, but were not allowed to play upon the burning railroad property; after some parley, however, they got permission to put out the flames which had spread to private buildings. That Saturday night Pittsburg witnessed a reign of terror.

At last the lower round-house took fire and the Philadelphia troops were forced to abandon it and retreat. Unable as they were to cope with the mob, their only thought was self-preservation. At about 8 o'clock on Sunday morning, July 22, they marched out in good order. Their progress was not opposed, but after passing, they were fired upon from street corners, alleyways, windows, and house-tops. Shots were fired at them from a street-car and from the sidewalk in front of a police-station, where a number of policemen were standing. The troops turned and used with some effect their rifles and a Gatling-gun

*Report of the committee of the Pennsylvania legislature appointed to investigate the railroad riots of 1877.

which they had brought with them in their retreat. Finally, they reached the United States arsenal and asked for shelter and protection, which the commandant, fearing that he could not defend the place against an attack of the mob, refused. Leaving their wounded, the Philadelphia troops, no longer hindered by the mob, marched on, crossed the Alleghany River to Sharpsburg, and encamped near the work-house, where they were given bread and coffee, their first food since the snack of the previous afternoon at the Union Station. Through the efforts of Cassatt they were supplied with regular rations; and later they were ordered east to Blairsville (52 miles east of Pittsburg), where, being supplied by Scott with woollen and rubber blankets, they did guard duty for a number of days. During their retreat 3 or 4 had been killed, or died afterward from their injuries, and 13 were wounded; 15 were wounded in the affray at the Twenty-eighth Street crossing. The coroner held inquest over 19 bodies of the rioters; it was thought others had been killed and disposed of secretly. Many were wounded.

On Sunday, the 22d, the rioting, with arson and pillage, went on, and in the afternoon the Union Station and Railroad Hotel and an elevator near by were burned. Then as the mob was satiated and too drunk to be longer dangerous, the riot died out; it was not checked. The following incident illustrates the general alarm of that day. The State authorities, driven from the Union Depot Hotel, took refuge in the Monongahela House, the leading hotel in Pittsburg, where they wrote their names in the usual manner in the hotel register; but these were scratched out by the hotel people and fictitious names put in their place. On Monday, through the action of the authorities, supported by armed bands of law-abiding citizens and some faithful companies of the Pittsburg militia, order was restored.

Nevertheless, the business and daily occupations on which depend the life and regulation of an industrial community, were not resumed. Governor Hartranft, alarmed at the seeming anarchy prevailing in his State, was hastening home from the Far West on a special train, and from a telegraph station in Wyoming, on Sunday, July 22, he ordered out the whole militia force of Pennsylvania and called upon the President for

aid. Hayes responded at once, issued his third proclamation, and ordered General Hancock to Philadelphia as the best point from which to survey the whole field. Hancock himself reached Philadelphia on the morning of July 23, receiving that day from the President "full authority to move any troops within your division as you may think necessary during these disturbances." Making use of this enlarged authority, he ordered out the entire available force of the military division of the Atlantic, including the troops in the South.

Governor Hartranft reached Pittsburg on the 24th and stopped overnight. He found the city quiet, but coal was getting scarce and the food supply was running low, hence he made up his mind that the railroads centring in Pittsburg must be opened as soon as possible, although many influential citizens, still a prey to the terror, tried to persuade him to defer the attempt. He issued a stern proclamation, hastened to Philadelphia, and after consultation with Generals Hancock and Schofield (the latter of whom was fresh from a long conference with the President and his cabinet in Washington) developed his plan. Setting out from Philadelphia at two in the afternoon of July 26 with 200 men, he collected troops at various points on the way and proceeded toward Pittsburg. His progress was hampered from the difficulty of obtaining crews to run the several trains which carried the soldiers. In some cases the same engineer and fireman ran the whole distance between Philadelphia and Pittsburg (349 miles); in others crews for the engines and trains were made up from the soldiers of the expedition. Leaving Philadelphia at two on Thursday afternoon, he reached Pittsburg at dawn on the Saturday, a run which is now made by the Pennsylvania Special in seven hours and three minutes. Brinton commanded the van of the governor's force and made his re-entry into Pittsburg with a caution born of his experience of the previous week. An open car with a Gatling-gun and 30 sharpshooters was placed in front of the two locomotives which drew the cars filled with soldiers, and more sharpshooters with a Gatling gun were in an open car at the rear end of the train. The governor, who had been in active service during the whole of the Civil War, ending as brevet major-

general, assumed command of the whole force (about 4,000) as commander-in-chief of the army of the State. In addition 600 United States regular soldiers, under orders from Hancock, were sent to Pittsburg. The city took on the appearance of an armed camp.

On Thursday (the 26th) the Pennsylvania Railroad people began cautiously to repair the tracks that had been destroyed by the fire during the riot. The mail trains had continued to run, as the strikers and the mob would not interfere with carriage which had at its back the authority of the United States, and the running of mail trains involved a considerable amount of passenger traffic; through passenger trains at least had been operated, though with considerable difficulty. For the most part they were sent over the western Pennsylvania (now the Conemaugh division) which left the main line at Blairsville Intersection; but some of the mails were transferred by wagon round the place of riot and destruction of the terrible Saturday. Under protection of the military the work of repair proceeded rapidly, but when all was ready it was difficult to find employees willing to run the trains. The State authorities, however, had brought from Philadelphia ten competent men, who were at hand for any emergency; and the knowledge that the State was ready to supply its own men to perform railroad service had much influence toward inducing some of the old employees to make a break. On Sunday night, July 29, eight days after the night of riot and terror, the first freight train was sent out on the main line under a military guard, and, although either this one or the one following was wrecked at Spring Hill by a removed switch, the movement was followed up with vigor on the Monday. A succession of freight trains were despatched, all under guard, and there ensued a rush of the striking trainmen to secure their old places. The Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad had already been opened, and the Alleghany Valley resumed operations on this same Monday. The strike at Pittsburg was over. The men on the Pennsylvania Railroad returned to work at the reduced wages which had gone into effect on the first of June. The troops began leaving Pittsburg on July 31, and they were gradually with-

drawn; the last of the State militia departed on August 10, but some of the United States regulars remained three weeks longer.

Meanwhile, the strike had spread to a large number of railroads between the seaboard and the Missouri River, and a spirit of unrest and lawlessness had invaded many of the Northern States. New York State, however, did not suffer as acutely as Pennsylvania; nevertheless, the contagion crept over the border. A threatened strike of the last days of June was realized, in fact, on July 20, when the firemen and brakemen on the Western division of the Erie railway struck against the reduction of wages of June, and, concentrating at Hornellsville, stopped all trains, and tore up the tracks to prevent the passage of troops. The Erie was in the hands of a State receiver who was at once furnished troops for his protection by the governor, Lucius Robinson. But the strike spread to other points on the Erie, and also to the New York Central and Lake Shore railroads. On July 23 the governor ordered the whole military force of the State under arms; 16,000 men were in active service during the troubles, and according to the British consul-general, they "seemed determined to do their duty in upholding the law and protecting the rights and property of their fellow-citizens." In most cities of New York the police were efficient, and while there were riotous demonstrations there was only one serious riot (at Buffalo, July 23), and that in comparison with the affrays in Pennsylvania was insignificant. The remembrance of the draft riots of 1863 was still fresh, so that public attention was directed to New York City where there was an army of the unemployed and where the dangerous classes abounded. Considerable anxiety was felt in regard to the public meeting under socialistic and communistic auspices, called for Wednesday evening, July 25, in Tompkins Square. Considering the matter carefully, the mayor and police authorities decided to permit the meeting, but to suppress promptly and sternly the least attempt at disturbance. The police were out in force and were kept well in hand, and three regiments of militia under arms were subject to the call of the mayor. One of these was the Seventh, who, from their armory, 500 yards away, could reach Tompkins Square in ten min-

utes ready for action. It is said that some of the communists in taking stock of the measures to preserve order got a look into this armory, and seeing the best young citizens of New York lying on their arms with the determined look of men who are out on grave duty, felt their courage for the attempt to overturn society ooze away. Inflammatory speeches made in English and German were probably taken seriously by the communists and socialists, but did not goad them to riotous action, and indeed the majority of the 10,000 or 12,000 who had gathered together was an ordinary good-natured crowd actuated by curiosity rather than bent on mischief. "The meeting," wrote the British consul-general, "was a complete fiasco"; and this result had a pacifying influence throughout New York State and all over the disturbed part of the country.

By July 28 the riotous demonstrations had ceased, the trouble in the State of New York was over, and nearly all of the State militia were sent home. The trainmen resumed work on the Erie and New York Central at the reduced wages.

New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Illinois, Michigan, Kentucky, and Texas were disturbed by strikes and affected by the general unrest and lawlessness. One occurrence claims our attention. The strike on the railroads in Chicago furnished an occasion for the rising of a mob of the dangerous classes, who were numerous in this city owing to the large and conglomerate foreign population. The mayor was determined and the police efficient, and the story of July 24 and 25 is that of many conflicts between the police and the mob, the police maintaining the upper hand. There were State troops available and also six companies of United States regulars, who, on their way East, had been stopped by the Secretary of War and for whom the proper requisition had been made by the governor. The mayor was loath to call upon the troops, but on July 26 the situation had become so grave that he authorized their use. On this day a desperate conflict took place at the Sixteenth Street viaduct between the mob and the police, in which 10 rioters were killed and 45 wounded. Nineteen police were injured. The appearance of the United States regulars on the scene put an end to the rioting, and their con-

tinued presence in the city insured tranquillity. Six companies were there on the 26th and later 13 more companies arrived, General Sheridan himself reaching Chicago on the 29th.

The country may be said to have been in a tumult from July 16 to 31, but with one exception the rioting was over before the last day of July and the strike was settled. In the main the strikers failed to secure the restoration of the pay which they had demanded.

It is probable that the ratio of unemployed to the total population has never been larger in this country than during 1877, and the strikes and riots of that year constituted the most serious labor disturbance that has ever occurred in the United States. For a while freight traffic on the most important railroads of the country was entirely suspended, and the mail and passenger trains were run only on sufferance of the strikers. Business was paralyzed. The railroad managers had no idea that they were prodding a slumbering giant when their edict of a ten-per-cent reduction went forth. The industrious workmen who began an honest strike against what they deemed an unfair reduction and unjust exactions little imagined that they would soon be allied with the dregs of society. Their experience recalls this statement of Niebuhr's: "A man of great distinction who had lived through all the terrors of the French Revolution, but had kept his hands clean, once said to me, 'You do not know what a recollection it is to have lived during a revolution: one begins the attack with the best, and in the end one finds oneself among knaves.'" Writers however, who have based their accounts on newspaper sources have pushed historical parallels too far when they have compared the riots of 1877 with the terrible days of the first French Revolution and of the Paris Commune of 1871. In truth a thorough study will show much more conspicuous diversities than resemblances between the American and the French uprisings.

Heretofore, except for the suppression of the New York City draft riots during the Civil War, and for the enforcement of the governmental policy of reconstruction in the Southern States, United States soldiers had been rarely and sparingly used in domestic troubles. In July, 1877, the gov-

ernors of West Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Illinois called upon the President for assistance, which, as we have seen, was promptly sent. In Missouri and Indiana as well as in Illinois the regulars were employed on the demand of the United States marshals, acting under the authority of the United States courts through the receivers whom they had appointed. Where the regular soldiers appeared order was at once restored without bloodshed. The President acted with judgment and decision, and it was due to him that order was ultimately restored. But the number of outcasts and the prevalence of the mob spirit disclosed by the events of July made thoughtful men shudder as they reckoned what might have happened had not the disputed presidency of a few months earlier been peacefully settled. The number ready to enlist under any banner that promised a general overturn and a chance for plunder would have proved a dangerous factor had Republicans and Democrats come to blows.

From the close of the Civil War to the

end of the century the gulf between labor and capital was constantly widening; the difficulty of either workman or employer putting himself in the other's place increased. This tendency was much accelerated by the autocratic reduction in wages of 1877 and by the strikes and riots which ensued. It is true that victory rested with the railroad companies, but it was a Pyrrhic victory.

In his annual message of December, 1877, President Hayes said that his Southern policy had been "subjected to severe and varied criticism." He might have drawn a strong argument in its favor from the events of July. The old Confederate States were stripped bare of United States troops, yet they, with the exception of Texas, vied in peace and order with New England, these two sections contrasting strangely in their tranquillity with the rest of the country. Moreover, it was said that General Schofield was assured that 100,000 men in the South were ready to come at the call of the President, to protect the government or any State from insurrection.

LOVE AND RHEUMATISM

By A. Carter Goodloe

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED PEGRAM



FERRIS hung over the steamer's rail chewing gloomily at the end of his unlighted cigar and crumpling a telegram between his fingers. His usually blithe countenance wore an injured expression, and even the sight of six beribboned members of a Hoboken *singverein*, accompanied by a brass band and an enormous floral horseshoe inscribed "*Auf Wiedersehen*," who were bearing down upon a rotund Teuton beaming upon them from the end of the gang-plank, failed to arouse a sympathetic smile. No one was there to bid *him* good-by, he reflected dejectedly, and instead of his traveling companion, Arnold, there was only the telegram.

"Confound it! Why couldn't Arnold's blooming miners have waited until we were

in mid-ocean before they struck?" he demanded indignantly of the German Lloyd pier. Receiving no reply, he tore up the offending telegram and scattered it to the winds of New York bay.

The head deck steward came up and touched him on the shoulder. "Shall I show you where I've placed your two chairs, sir?" he asked anxiously. "I got the two best places, sir, on the windward side behind——"

Ferris turned a resigned look upon him. "Never mind," he said languidly, "I don't care a hang where they are and I only want one."

The deck steward gazed sorrowfully at Ferris. This sudden diminution of interest was most discouraging from a financial point of view. Had he been of a different class he would probably have made philo-

sophic reflections on the volatile character of the rich young American.

Ferris was so cast down by the defection of Arnold and the sudden termination of all his plans for the summer that he maintained himself in haughty seclusion during the entire voyage. At Plymouth he got wearily off the boat instead of going on to Cherbourg as he and Arnold had intended. But London was unendurable. Everybody he knew or wanted to see was out of town and ignorant of his presence there, and the city itself was impossible. A hot wave had struck it and everywhere was torridity and stickiness. At the end of a week Ferris had had about enough.

"I suppose I'll have to accept Wraymouth's invitation after all," he soliloquized mournfully. "But oh Lord, how I do hate house parties in Scotland! And to think I might be motoring in the Cévennes with Arnold——"

He drew Lord Wraymouth's invitation from his pocket, where it had lain neglected and unanswered since the day before he sailed, and read it over with furrowed brow.

"And there'll be a charming *compatriote* of yours, too. Met her at San Remo in the spring. She's perfectly ripping, my dear boy. You'll be bowled over in the first innings." Ferris groaned aloud. In spite of his money and his good looks he was still shy. Women were more or less alarming to him, and although an artificially easy manner very successfully hid his perturbations he avoided them when possible and sought comfort and safety in masculine society. The mere thought of an unknown "ripping" countrywoman sentimentally awaiting him at Wraymouth's place near Edinburgh made him long unutterably for Arnold's society and their solitary motor excursion. But apparently there was nothing to be done but to go. It was really too boring to stay in London and alone any longer, and so Ferris gloomily told his man to send a telegram to Lord Wraymouth and pack his things.

Ferris fled London on a morning unhappy only too rare in that metropolis. The excessive heat of the last week had given way to a tempered brightness and cool clearness that flooded even the gloomy St. Pancras station. As Ferris, with Benson's aid, settled himself and his bags in a first-class compartment of the Midland Grand, he felt

for the first time a lightening of the gloom which had enveloped his spirits since his departure from America.

His cheerfulness was further enhanced by the belief that he was to have the compartment to himself. This happy conviction, however, was rudely dispelled. Just before the train pulled out a guard came hastily down the platform and, opening the door of Ferris's carriage, ushered into it a young girl followed by a respectable, middle-aged Englishwoman. Almost before Ferris had time to realize her entrance the whistle had sounded and the train began to move.

The young girl sank down somewhat breathlessly in the seat by the window opposite Ferris, motioning to her maid to take a place near her, and as the train sped northward out of the great station he had the opportunity of noting in the clear English air how amazingly pretty she was. Black hair and blue eyes darkened by heavy lashes and brows suggested Irish ancestry, but the white skin untouched by color—all the red was concentrated in the firm, curved lips—the straight, short nose, the grace and lightness of figure and bearing, undisguised by the heavy mourning she wore, pointed unmistakably to the American. There was, besides, a pathetic hint of weariness in the lovely face, of unstrung nerves, that was particularly appealing.

These slender observations made by Ferris between discreet glances from the carriage window at the English landscape rushing past, were reinforced shortly by a glimpse of a wedding-ring disclosed for an instant when her silk glove was hastily pulled off to fasten the end of a refractory veil. The sight gave Ferris something of a shock. He could not have explained just why unless it was that she had seemed to him too young to be married, much less widowed.

On and on they rushed northward, the air growing clearer and clearer, the sunlight more and more brilliant until the whole verdant English midland billowed about them in a translucent freshness and glory. Ferris, from his corner, watched the delight and wonder of her glancing face grow with every mile that whirled past. She sat quite still and quiet, enjoying it to the full and without even an exclamation or word to her maid. Ferris was glad that she could enjoy silently—he was a silent chap

himself, and he disliked women who chattered.

But suddenly silence seemed undesirable to Ferris. He began to wish that she would say something—move, give him a chance to speak or perform some slight service for her. On they sped without pause or stop, through tunnels, over bridges, through cities without slowing up by so much as a hair's-breadth, under the shadow of mighty cathedrals, past stately country places and tenderly beautiful ruins.

Ferris was beginning to wonder gloomily if nothing would ever happen, if the train was scheduled to shoot through England like a meteor, when suddenly he felt it slowing down and in another instant it had come pantingly to rest in a large, well-lighted station. He went to the other window of the compartment, and, leaning out, tried to discover a name somewhere on the much-advertised station walls. He could have found out what the place was by simply looking at the railway guide in his pocket, but to do anything so obvious and commonplace as that was not in Ferris's plans. Instead he walked back to the window he had left and, looking at the girl, raised his hat with a certain diffidence not without its charm in such a man.

"Could you tell me—do you know what city this is?" he inquired gravely.

"I'm not sure, but I think it must be 'Bovril'—at least that is all I can see," she returned, glancing at the huge advertisements of that rejuvenating fluid which everywhere met the eye, and dimpling charmingly at her little joke. Ferris couldn't dimple but he smiled appreciatively.

He sat down in his former place opposite her. "They say Americans are the greatest advertisers in the world, but it seems to me the English can beat us at our own game," he said tentatively.

The young girl withdrew her gaze from the station walls and regarded Ferris for the first time. Apparently her inspection reassured her, for she smiled quite cordially upon him, and then as the train slid rapidly out of the station on the shining "metals" a small sign with "Leicester" on it, tucked unobtrusively away in one corner, caught their glance and they both laughed happily like two children. Suddenly it seemed to Ferris that he had known her all his life—only he hadn't, and a wave of indignant self-

pity swept over him at the thought. He had missed a good deal he assured himself severely and he wasn't likely to make it up in a hurry either apparently, for, after the first pleasant intercourse, the girl had lapsed into somewhat chilling silence and Ferris owned to himself that he hadn't been able to hold her interest. Perhaps she was a little frightened at his evident eagerness to please. As mile after mile of glowing country flashed by them, Ferris grew desperate. Suddenly he bethought him of his railway guide. He drew it from his pocket.

"How stupid of me not to have looked at this!" he said regretfully. "I could have found out easily enough where I was by consulting this time-table," and he spread it out on his knee. "This is an express all right," he went on cheerfully, undaunted by the girl's silence. "How few stops it makes!—Leicester, Leeds, Harrogate, 'the greatest of English spas' according to the guide-book—by the way, I suppose you are going on through to Edinburgh?" he finished carelessly.

The girl waited for an instant, glancing at the outspread railway time-table. "No," she said, "no, I'm not going through. I'm going to stop off at—" she hesitated, slightly embarrassed to be discussing her plans with a stranger—"at Harrogate."

The Englishwoman at the other end of the carriage turned her head sharply, and the young girl spoke to her for the first time. "Don't forget, Willetts," she said earnestly, "that we are to get off at Harrogate. It's the next station but one."

Ferris felt another shock of disappointment. "Confound it!" he reflected dejectedly, "why can't she be going on through?" He gazed at her again for a full minute.

"That's curious," he said quite pleasantly at the end of it. "I'm getting off at Harrogate myself."

A fleck of color rose to the girl's cheeks. "That is curious," she assented rather coldly.

"And yet I don't know," pursued Ferris argumentatively. "The guide-book of Harrogate I was reading the other night—they hand 'em around to you at my London hotel, and there's another beautiful instance of the fine art of advertising—said there were about forty thousand visitors annually to the baths. So after all it isn't so

strange that you and I should be two of the many thousands."

It looked so easy—the way he put it—that the girl leaned back against the cushions, smiling again.

"Oh, certainly," she murmured reassuredly as the train glided into the Leeds station. "I'm only surprised," she added hastily, "because I would never have imagined that you were in need of the cure."

"Ah, you never can tell," returned Ferris darkly. "You see there's rheumatism in the family, and rheumatism is something that has to be reckoned with. My grandfather, who was the jolliest old boy imaginable, suffered agonies with it. I remember it all quite well. Perhaps you don't know that certain forms of rheumatism have a little peculiarity of skipping a generation and fastening upon an unsuspecting grandson. I'm the grandson."

The girl smiled sympathetically.

"But if there's anything in the cure at Harrogate—and the doctors are all enthusiastic over it—I'm going to find it out and get well," went on Ferris, and his blue eyes gazed into the girl's with a melancholy steadfastness of purpose that rather impressed her.

She nodded at him brightly. "That's right," she said, "don't be discouraged—that's half the battle!"

Her glance set every nerve in Ferris's body to throbbing. Rheumatism itself couldn't have done it more completely. He smiled at her with a smile that was intended to be cheerful, but that obviously held unwilling despondency in it. Her sympathetic interest was the most delightful thing Ferris had ever encountered and he had no intention of prematurely quenching it. Suddenly he stopped smiling.

"And you?" he queried anxiously. "Don't tell me that anything so serious as rheumatism has brought you to Harrogate!"

The girl shook her head slowly. "Oh, no," she said. "It's not rheumatism—it's—why, here we are!" she exclaimed, breaking off in the middle of the sentence and looking out of the window. She turned briskly to the Englishwoman who sat impassively in her corner. "Willetts," she cried, "get our things together. We are at Harrogate," and then she turned to Ferris. "I hope you'll get rid of that wretched rheumatism," she said.

Ferris helped her out carefully and put her into one of the waiting cabs from the King Edward Hotel. "I'm bound to get well. I feel sure this place is going to cure me," he said almost cheerfully. He shut the door of the cab and stood at the open window holding his hat in his hand with that charming air of diffidence that sat so well on him. "What I hope even more than that is that I may have the pleasure of seeing you again."

The girl smiled and the blue eyes were now not at all pathetic, but amused and a little embarrassed. She leaned back against the cushions. "I hope so, too," she said sweetly. "*Au revoir*."

Ferris watched the cab disappear with a light heart. "*Au revoir*" had a distinctly encouraging sound. She might have said so many blighting final things, but instead it had been the inconclusive, pleasant "*au revoir*."

"At any rate, I've got three weeks," exulted Ferris still looking after the cab. "That guide-book says the cure takes three weeks, so she's bound to stay that long and if she stays longer I'll begin and take it all over again. I'll take fifty cures, if necessary! And now," he said airily to a cabby hovering anxiously near, "take me to a hotel bang up against the King Edward, and be quick about it."

II

THEY met again the next morning in the pretty Crescent Gardens. She was looking quite lovely in a white gown of embroidered linen and a big black hat. Ferris caught sight of her from afar. She was sitting on a shady bench beneath a tree, looking thoughtfully at the tip of her white shoe and to Ferris the English maid was delightfully conspicuous by her absence. The sight of Her (she was already capitalized in his thoughts) sitting there alone, cheered him inexpressibly. He had been rather downcast that morning from the effects of the evening before, spent in sending long, highly imaginative telegrams to Wraymouth and more concise ones to the bewildered Benson left in London to attend to some commissions and innocently expecting to join Ferris in Edinburgh the next day. Wraymouth and Benson off his mind he had devoted the rest of the evening to studying the Har-

rogate Guide-Book in the hotel smoking-room. The results were anything but soothing and he asked himself indignantly why he had been such an idiot as to choose rheumatism when he could just as easily have had anything else—something romantic and appealing like “Number 4, Nervous Exhaustion from Worry and Overwork,” or even “Number 7, Chronic Bronchitis and Certain Forms of Consumption.” The “cure” for rheumatism, Ferris observed, according to the inexorable guide-book, was particularly unpleasant, and before his mental eye the future stretched miserably away, beclouded by the appalling fumes of sulphuretted hydrogen.

“There’s always something to be thankful for, though,” murmured Ferris, reading down the list of “Diseases Benefited by Harrogate.” “Thank the Lord I didn’t settle on ‘Number 2, Disorders of the Liver and Stomach’—that *would* have been disgusting!”

Between gusts of self-pity and condemnation Ferris was racked by doubts as to whether he would see her soon and whether she would be cordial to him or freezingly polite. There was something in her behavior of the day before which had left it tantalizingly uncertain as to how she might bear herself toward him. But here she was and she was even smiling a little at him as he came up. Decidedly things looked more cheerful by morning.

Ferris stood before her, hat in hand. He made a very pleasant picture as he stood there—his shoulders looked very broad and his hair a very nice shade of brown in the morning sunlight, and his eyes and skin noticeably clear and fresh.

“Have you had your morning glass?” he asked smiling and throwing out a hand toward the Royal Pump Room.

The girl shook her head. “No,” she said gloomily. “You see,” she went on more brightly, “I haven’t consulted a physician yet and they won’t serve you the waters without a physician’s prescription.”

“Of course not,” said Ferris eagerly. “I wasn’t able to get up enough courage either to go to a doctor yesterday.”

“Well, it wasn’t exactly courage I lacked—” said the girl and then she stopped. “I suppose I must go to one this afternoon,” she added after an instant’s hesitation.

“That’s right—better get it over with. I’ll muster up my nerve too—we can’t begin too soon to take this wonderful cure,” said Ferris earnestly.

“I wonder if I shall have to drink that frightful sulphur water?” queried the girl with a little shudder.

“I shouldn’t wonder,” said Ferris despondently, “everybody has to—it’s the prize stunt here, I’m told. I caught a whiff of it as I came by just now and it pretty near bowled me over. I used to go in for running when I was at college, and when I caught that celestial odor it was all I could do to keep from sprinting over here in cinder-track form.”

The girl laughed. “I’m afraid your clothes aren’t just right for sprinting,” she said.

“They aren’t,” said Ferris. “That was the only thing that kept me down to a walk.”

“That and your rheumatism—don’t forget that,” said the girl.

“And my rheumatism, of course,” assented Ferris hurriedly.

“It has developed since you left college?” she asked solicitously.

“It has developed very recently,” said Ferris impressively. “There are times when I’m feeling pretty well—like this morning, for example—when I almost forget it.” He looked anxiously around at the thinning crowd. “I say—everybody’s going back to the pump room for the second glass. Don’t you think it would be rather fun to stroll past and see them taking it? They make such awful faces. It’s rather amusing when one doesn’t have to drink it one’s self.”

The girl rose. “That’s a great idea,” she declared; “this may be our last day of grace. To-morrow morning you and I may be making faces, too.” She raised her white parasol and turned to go.

“Wait a moment,” said Ferris blushing a little beneath his clear skin. “Before I ask a favor of you, I would like to introduce myself. I looked over all the hotel registers last night hoping to find some friend here who might vouch for me, but incredible as it sounds, you and I seem to be the only Americans in this place.”

For a second the girl hesitated and then she held out her hand with sweet frankness.



"This is an express all right," he went on cheerfully, undaunted by the girl's silence.—Page 98.

"The more reason we should be friends, then!" she said.

If Ferris had any lingering doubts that she was adorable they vanished then and there. He would have liked to fall on his knees before her, only he hated to be conspicuous and he thought that might attract attention. So, instead, he handed her his card.

She took it and read thereon, "Mr. Thomas Haven Ferris, University Club, New York City."

"Oh," she said, smiling brilliantly, "I think I must have heard my cousin, Harry Arnold, speak of you."

A gleam of intuition illuminated Ferris's bewildered brain.

"It isn't possible you are Mrs. Archie Channing?"

"Yes," she said.

"Not Edith Channing?" he insisted.

"But I am—Edith Channing," she averred still smiling.

Ferris couldn't take his eyes off her. So this was beautiful Edith Channing whose ex-

travagant praises Arnold had often chanted to him—this was the lovely young woman whom a mercenary aunt had married off at twenty to Archie Channing, a man rather more than less of a brute, and who had fortunately been killed in a motor accident near Tours six months after his marriage. Not even his chauffeur had mourned him, and his young widow was popularly supposed, by those who understood the situation, to be hiding her heart-felt relief rather than her grief, in quiet places along the French Riviera.

While Ferris was thinking these thoughts the girl was talking

"I don't think I was ever before in a place where I was one of two solitary representatives of our great country. It really is rather incredible."

"Incredibly delightful, I call it," said Ferris still gazing at her, and together they strolled past the musicians' stand and out into the thronged street and so up to the Royal Pump Room.

They joined the gay throng and when they could no longer stand the fumes of the sulphur water, fled with the rest back to the pretty little Crescent Gardens and listened to the musicians in tile hats playing such suggestive and heart-rending airs as "O, Dry Those Tears," and "The Heart Bowed Down." And when the crowd had melted away and the musicians had put their instruments into the queer bulbous black cases, and gone off to play somewhere else—they are always playing somewhere at Harrogate—Ferris and Mrs. Channing left too and sauntered up through the Valley Gardens to the King Edward Hotel towering in gilded magnificence above the town.

At the entrance Ferris left her, but not until her kindly solicitude for him had caused his uneasy conscience to smite him horribly.

"One can't be too careful," she said gravely, though her blue eyes were smiling divinely at him. "You ought to see a physician at once."

"And you?" queried Ferris. "It is of far more importance that you should start in on this wonderful cure. I'll tell you what I'll do," he said earnestly. "If you'll promise to see a physician this afternoon, I will, too."

"I promise," she said, and then they both laughed and Ferris lifted his hat and went away.

III

WHAT Ferris said to Dr. Anthony Flower, of 47 Crescent Road, will never be known. Perhaps it will be sufficiently explanatory when one knows that the good doctor thought at first that he was dealing with a harmless lunatic. As Ferris talked, however, fear gave way to amazement, amazement to mirth, and mirth to pity. At the end of half an hour of the doctor's valuable time Ferris went away.

As he walked down Crescent Road he caught sight of Mrs. Channing in a victoria, but she did not see him and so he was forced to forego the bow and word with her for which he would have given a foolishly extravagant amount.

Something of the state of Ferris's mind—or heart rather—can be surmised from the fact that he intended to drink two glasses of most abominable sulphur water every

other morning for three weeks in order to have a pretext for staying at Harrogate as long as Mrs. Channing had to stay. He would have taken the baths, too—"d'Arsonval Electric," "Gréville," "Neuheim"—any and every one of them; would have submitted to any tortures in the way of prickly, hot treatments or showery, cold ones, had not the doctor absolutely forbidden it.

Up to a certain point Dr. Flower had been malleable, and as every one, apparently, no matter what his ailment, drank the waters, he had given Ferris the prescription for them without which all pretensions to illness would instantly have been stamped fraudulent; but as for the rest, Ferris was to spend the next three weeks in practising deceptions of a kind that made his naturally straightforward nature rather shudder. On alternate days duplicity of the blackest variety was to be his chosen portion. On those days was he to take an imaginary "Aix Douche," followed by an exhausting electric treatment which would leave him scant time for Mrs. Channing's society, he reflected gloomily.

"At any rate, I'll meet her in the morning in the Crescent Gardens and we'll go to that blessed pump room together," he assured himself. And they did.

And after the pump room they strolled up to the Kursaal for the morning concert. In the afternoon they had tea in Valley Gardens at one of the numerous little tables that overflow daily from the pretty tea-house out on the green lawn. While they sipped their tea she confided to Ferris that she had "Number 4, Nervous Exhaustion and General Debility from Worry and Overwork," and Ferris anathematized her brute of a husband and himself more than ever to think that he might have had it too if he hadn't stupidly chosen rheumatism. And then he fell to wishing he could have it in her stead, that he might suffer for her. It seemed unendurably cruel that such a brilliant young creature should be ill and Ferris determined to help her keep on bravely with the "cure."

The next day being the day for the baths—she had a hot sulphur bath and electrical massage followed by three hours of rest—they did not see each other until the late afternoon. By that time Ferris was in a



FRED. PEGRAM

Drawn by Fred Pegram.

"Aren't you doing too much, walking too far? Won't this make your rheumatism worse?"—Page 104.

state bordering on desperation. It is not really pleasant to be obliged to immure one's self with an uneasy conscience in a hotel smoking-room for the better part of a delightful summer day, consuming innumerable strong cigars and glowering at the walls. Ferris began to think that a few more days like it and he would develop "Number 4" himself and stand in very real need of sulphur baths and electrical massage.

At five he could stand it no longer and seizing his hat, strolled up to the King Edward. He found Mrs. Channing ready to go out, and so together they made their way through Bogs Field, past the bandstand, where the pierrots were singing "Awaitin' at the Church" to an enraptured audience, up and up to the bright, windy moor.

If anywhere on this round earth there is a green expanse swept by such air as the poets are fond of comparing to wine, it is Harlow Moor. It sings in one's ears and gets into one's veins and makes even quite old and dilapidated invalids feel remarkably sprightly and well. No wonder, therefore, that Ferris and Edith Channing found it invigorating. It would have been difficult to find two people who looked less like victims of rheumatism and "nervous exhaustion" than those two as they stood transfixed with pleasure looking at the beautiful Yorkshire country stretching away hundreds of feet below them, or walking—very nimbly for invalids—over miles and miles of lovely roadway winding through the pink heather and dark firs. Ferris felt as if he could have walked on forever or taken hurdles or run Marathon races.

Suddenly the girl stopped. "Oh," she cried anxiously, "aren't you doing too much, walking too far? Won't this make your rheumatism worse?"

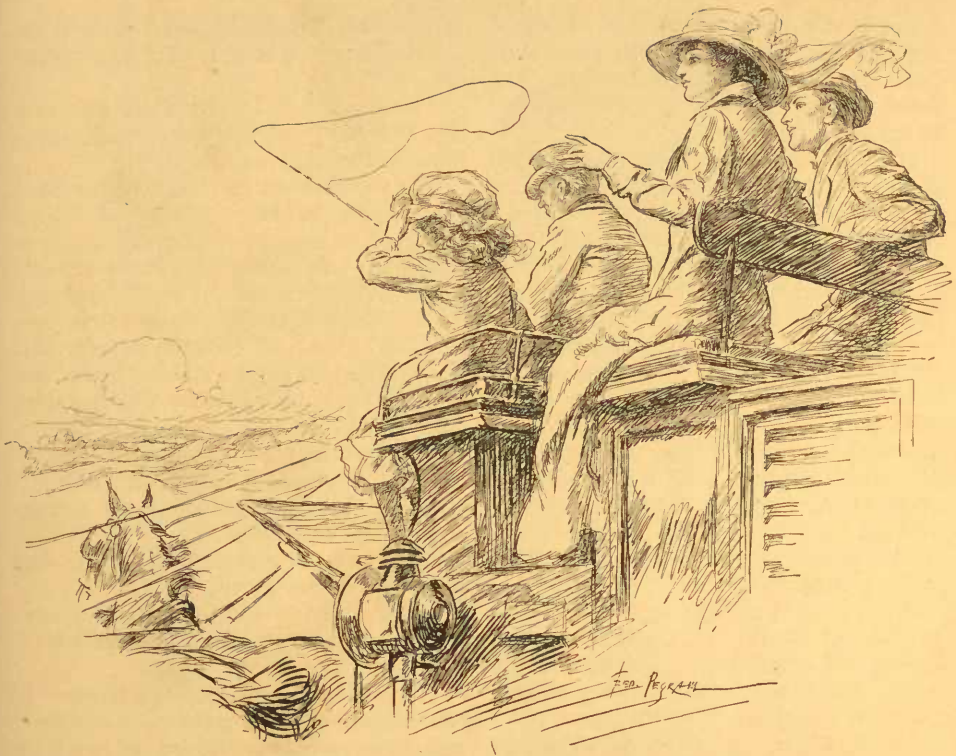
Ferris looked at her in amazement. "Rheumatism!" he said—"rheumatism! Why, whatever made you think of—do you know," he said confidentially, checking himself in time, "I had forgotten there was such a thing." Which was really quite true.

And then he looked at her. "It's you," he said penitently, "who are doing too much. I shouldn't have let you take all this exercise after the exhausting treatment you had this morning. I'm a thoughtless brute!" And upbraiding himself at every

step, he got her down to the King Edward as quickly as possible in spite of her protests.

The next day being their "off day," as Ferris styled it, he boldly proposed taking a coaching trip, and, to his delight, after only the slightest and most perfunctory hesitation, the girl assented. And so after luncheon, their driving coats over their arms, they strolled down the Cold Bath Road to the Stray where the coaches wait for passengers. It was difficult to make a choice of an objective point, for there are so many amazingly lovely places within driving distance of Harrogate, and there are so many coaches and the boots are so eager and the booking-agent so persuasive. But at last they settled on Knaresborough—Knaresborough with its toppling castle and peaceful Nidd flowing away beneath a fabulously lovely bridge—and climbing into the box-seats, they waited for the happy moment when boots breathed lustily into his horn and the red-cheeked coachman in white beaver hat and hunting pink let his whip fall with a long, curling lick upon the horses' backs and they started off into the wonderful English country. Rheumatism, nerves, "general debility," baths, waters, everything was forgotten—blown far away by the keen Yorkshire air!

That was but the beginning of numberless excursions—to Ripley Castle, to Fountains Abbey, to Ripon and Studley and Harewood House, to quaint places with delectable names such as Follifoot and Spacey Houses, Kettlesing Bottom and Pot Bank. Ferris blessed these names for they made Her laugh and when she laughed she was more entrancing than ever. At the end of a week Ferris couldn't remember the time he hadn't been in love with Her. His former life, his deception of Wraymouth, his commands to poor Benson to languish indefinitely and alone in London, all receded into a dim and misty past. If he thought of Wraymouth at all it was only to congratulate himself that he had disappointed that noble youth. The mere thought that he might have gone on to Wraymouth Park and missed Her sent cold shivers racing up and down his spine. As for his uneasy conscience, it was no longer uneasy except when the girl whom he loved and was deceiving aroused it by her solicitude for his state of health.



Rheumatism, nerves, "general debility," . . . everything was forgotten—blown far away by the keen
Yorkshire air!—Page 104.

At the end of two weeks Ferris was not only as desperately in love as a man can be and still retain enough of his wits to transact the ordinary affairs of life, but he felt almost sure that the girl he loved, loved him. Life held nothing more except the exquisite happiness of telling her what she was to him. His conscience was quite genially comfortable and callous by now; her solicitude no longer made it uneasy—on the contrary, there were days when he deliberately pretended to be in pain so that he might see that look of tender anxiety on her face. And then, lest anxiety for him should make her "nervous exhaustion and debility" worse, would Ferris hasten to reassure her on his account and watch delightedly to see the look of concern fade away and one of content settle once more on her lovely face. He had entirely justified to himself his duplicity toward the lady of his heart. Its brilliant success had been its own justification, he reasoned, and he thanked Heaven a dozen times a day that he had had the nerve to seize his opportunity. He

was completely and ecstatically happy in his wrong-doing and retribution seemed afar off.

IV

BUT retribution, like a great many disagreeable things, has a way of hanging around ready to pounce upon one. It pounced upon Ferris at the end of the second week—the next day but one, to be exact. They had had a long, glorious stroll out over the Irongate Road, past the old quarry to Birk Crag, coming back over their favorite moor, the wind rushing past them, stinging their faces and bringing such a lovely pink to her cheeks that Ferris hardly dared trust himself to look at her for fear he should begin proposing on the spot. As it was obviously impossible to propose comfortably and with any effect in a place where at every instant a gust of wind was likely to drown one's words or force them down one's throat and make one laugh and choke, and where one's hands were already fully occupied in holding on to one's hat, Ferris re-

luctantly decided to wait. And so, laughing and choking and holding on to their hats, they made their tempestuous way down through the blazing Valley Gardens to the King Edward.

It was as they gained the terrace in front of the hotel that retribution came upon Ferris with the suddenness and awfulness of a stroke of lightning, but in the insidiously mild and ingratiating aspect of Lord Wraymouth. Nothing could really be more unlike a stroke of lightning than Lord Wraymouth, but at that moment it seemed to Ferris that there was a dreadful resemblance.

As they caught sight of each other all three stopped short. There was a moment of stricken silence. Lord Wraymouth was the first to recover. He took off his hat and held out his hand to the girl.

"My dear Mrs. Channing, I'm delighted to see you here! Thought your telegram said you were ill at Brighton!"

The girl shook her lovely head and smiled, but it was a peculiar, perfunctory smile. Lord Wraymouth stared a little and then he turned to Ferris.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he ejaculated cheerfully. "I'm awfully glad to see you too, my dear chap, but what on earth are you doing here? Your wire said you'd be kept in London three weeks on important business!"

Ferris laid a soothing hand on Wraymouth's arm. "You're stopping at the King Edward? All right—you meet me in the smoking-room in an hour. I've a lot to tell you, Wraymouth," he said impressively.

Wraymouth gazed at him in open astonishment. "Well, I'll be hanged!—All right, my boy," and then he looked out over the Valley Gardens and down to the Royal Baths and the pump room. "I say, Mrs. Channing, this isn't quite such fun as San Remo, eh?"

"Oh, much better!" averred the girl. She was smiling naturally now and her eyes sparkled mischievously.

"Well, I'll be hanged!—" said Lord Wraymouth again, looking at her curiously. Wraymouth, although a nice fellow, had never been noted for his conversational powers. "I say," he went on severely, "you know you two people broke up my house party—both of you ought to be at

Wraymouth Park this blessed minute. What you're doing here is more than I can make out——"

"Wraymouth," interrupted Ferris hastily, "didn't I tell you I'd explain everything in the smoking-room?"

"So you did—so you did," began Lord Wraymouth heatedly, staring at Ferris. Suddenly he stopped staring and began to grin. His grin caused delicious cold chills to chase themselves over Ferris's anatomy. As for the girl, she haughtily turned her head and gazed out over the terrace. But her usually pale cheeks and the tips of her little ears gradually became a deeper and deeper pink.

Wraymouth put on his hat. "All right," he said. "See you later! Well, I'll be—" but he had disappeared down the terrace steps before he finished.

When he had quite gone Mrs. Channing turned icily upon Ferris.

"I didn't know you knew Lord Wraymouth. I don't think I understand—" she began.

"I didn't know you knew him either. If you will come over here I'll try to explain," said Ferris gloomily. He led her to a little embowered arbor where they were mercifully hidden from a curious world.

"As a beginning," said Ferris grimly, standing before her, "I may as well tell you that I haven't got rheumatism."

She gave a little cry and sank back against the bench.

"Not got rheumatism—? but your grandfather had it—you said you remembered your grandfather——"

"My grandfather never had rheumatism either—not for a minute. He died of pneumonia when he was thirty-two and I never even saw him."

She sat quite speechless at that. When she had recovered a little she looked at him severely. "And you've been taking all these baths——"

"I haven't taken any baths—" interrupted Ferris doggedly.

"What, no Aix Douches?"

"Not a one."

"No electrical massage?"

"No."

"No Gréville treatment?"

"No—you see Dr. Flower——"

"Dr. Flower!" she cried. "Dr. Flower of Crescent Road?"



"Look here," he asked anxiously, "do you think it will be possible for you to learn to love and trust me after this deception?"—Page 103.

"Yes—he's my physician—if I can be said to have a physician——"

"He's mine, too," she said faintly.

"Well, he said he'd stand for my drinking the mild sulphur, but he wouldn't answer for the consequence if I began monkeying with Gréville treatments and things."

"Then why—then why—oh, I don't understand," said the girl helplessly.

Ferris folded his arms. "And yet it's easy enough," he said, looking down upon her. "I'll just make a clean breast of it—tell you everything. I'm a fraud of the worst description. I've deceived you, voluntarily behaved with unexampled duplicity toward you."

"Oh, so you've deceived me——" said the girl coldly. "It is outrageous!"

"Yes, but let me tell you, if I've acted the cheat, if I've traded on your sympathy, on your good-nature, if I've fooled Wraymouth, and disappointed the beautiful American he had waiting to fall in love with me——"

"What!" cried the girl.

"It's you who have made me do it!" swept on Ferris inexorably. "You are to blame. It's your charm and beauty that have lured me into the easy paths of dissimulation. No recording angel with the most elementary sense of justice could pos-

sibly blame me. Why, I never did a crooked thing in my life until I met you!"

"Well, I never!" said the girl indignantly.

"Don't you see it's all your fault?" went on Ferris. "I never dreamed of not going to Wraymouth's. Didn't I ask and pay for a ticket to Edinburgh? And if you'd gone to Edinburgh I would have gone, too. But you deliberately told me yourself that you were going to Harrogate. That settled me. If you had casually mentioned you were going to the sacred city of Lhasa or the headwaters of the Amazon, I would have said I was just starting out myself."

"But—" faltered the girl, "how could I know——"

"How could you know? Don't try to get out of it," said Ferris sternly. "Don't you know how beautiful you are? Don't you know that I fell in love with you at sight? Don't you know that any man would? Don't you know that when I discovered that you were ill and had to stay here for the cure that the only thing for me was to throw over Wraymouth and stay too? And don't you know that I had to have an excuse? I couldn't tell you an hour after seeing you for the first time that I was desperately in love with you and had to see you or perish. Men don't do that sort of thing nowadays, worse luck! And so I simply had to invent a reason for stopping here, too. Of course, the obvious one was illness. I own I made a mistake in choosing rheumatism," admitted Ferris frowning meditatively. "I've wished many times that I'd chosen something else—something more appealing—like heart disease——"

"Heart disease!" said the girl scornfully.

"I repeat—heart disease," said Ferris firmly. "I've got it in its worst form and only you can cure me. Harrogate nor any other old spa won't do a thing for me." Suddenly he dropped his masterful manner. "Look here," he asked anxiously, "do you think it will be possible for you to learn to love and trust me after this deception?"

The girl was tracing patterns in the soft ground with the tip of her parasol.

"Yes," she said, after an instant's hesitation, in a voice that trembled slightly.

"I don't see how you can—" began Ferris humbly, touched by her emotion.

The girl looked up at him and Ferris saw with amazement that her lips were smiling and her eyes were shining.

"It's because—because I've deceived you shamefully myself!"

"What!" cried Ferris.

"You see, I haven't got 'nervous exhaustion and general debility from worry and overwork' any more than you've got rheumatism, and I haven't been ill in Brighton or anywhere else, and I'm the lovely American whom Wraymouth meant to have fall in love with you—only I didn't know it was you—and I rather detested the idea of meeting any Americans, and so—so I just decided while we were in the train that I'd stop off at Harrogate, but I didn't mean to stay—it was you who jumped to the conclusion that I was going to take the cure——"

"Why, of course I did!" put in Ferris indignantly.

"And then——"

"And then," suggested Ferris blithely, "you liked me so much that you thought you'd stay——"

"What a conceited idea!" cried the girl, "but of course I had to have an excuse, so I told Dr. Flower and he seemed awfully sympathetic——"

"He'd just seen me," cut in Ferris grinning.

"Oh!" breathed the girl, "and then—and then——" suddenly she stopped talking and began to laugh. "It's too absurd! Here we've been indulging in a course of idiotic deceit, punishing ourselves by drinking that awful sulphur water——"

"Depriving ourselves of hours of each other's company——"

"Pretending to be taking baths and massage——"

"When all the while we might have been having a glorious time at Lord Wraymouth's!"

"It's been a mislaid romance, a case of misplaced affections——"

"Nonsense!" cried Ferris. "It's perfect!" and he put his arm around her.

It was at that psychological moment that Lord Wraymouth, returning to the hotel by a circuitous path, caught a fleeting glimpse of the interior of the little arbor.

For an instant he stood transfixed, speechless, rooted to the spot.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he said finally under his breath, and, grinning to himself, softly retraced his steps.

RECOLLECTIONS, GRAVE AND GAY

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON

XI



IN the autumn following the surrender, my mother and I made a visit to Fort Delaware, where the late private secretary of the Confederate president was undergoing a continuation of his rigorous confinement as a "dangerous" prisoner. I had received an "underground" letter from the fortress telling me that while still a solitary prisoner our friend was living under improved conditions and in comparative comfort in a light casemate, with a cot, table, chair, decent food, and as many books as he called for from the post library. It was doubly pleasant to hear that a friendship had sprung up between him and the general in charge, resulting later in walks on the island and visits to the commandant's home. (This friendship, in the revolution of time's whirligig, was to end by the naming of one of the general's sons after his prisoner, who was also enabled, in the course of events, to be of substantial service in shaping the successful business career of another son of his former guardian.) Our ways of reaching Fort Delaware, through the aid of a young cousin living in Woodbury, New Jersey, were devious and difficult, including a sail over rough waters in a leaky boat to the door of the redoubtable fortress, where, with faltering hearts, we sent in our cards by a soldier to the commandant. To our relief, we were asked to cross the bridge over the moat, and were soon in the office of the arbiter of our fate.

The general, maintaining a severe official aspect, looked us over, inquiring of Mrs. Cary whether we were perchance the mother and sister of his prisoner.

"No," said my mother, "only friends." "I understand," said the general, hemming and hawing greatly. A moment more and he accepted the parcel my mother handed to him—a miniature of myself painted in

New York to replace the one the prisoner had cast into the soldiers' camp-fire in the Georgia wilderness following his capture with Jefferson Davis—and the open letter accompanying it—both of which were despatched by an orderly to "Colonel Harrison."

And then, a wave of even kinder impulse surging over him, he asked if my mother could trust him to show me the interior of the fortress. He led, I followed, trembling, to a doorway opening on the inner court, where, bidden to look upward to the battlements, I saw my prisoner, standing indeed between guards with bayonets, in a casemate, but alive and well, waving his hat like a school-boy and uttering a great irrepressible shout of joy!

These are the things that remain green in memory when the landscape of life is elsewhere dry and sere. But for the courage and devotion of my dear mother and my cousin in accompanying me on what seemed a forlorn hope, we should never have won the day.

The next winter, we had a house in Washington, principally for the purpose of winning the prisoner's release. Principally through the tireless efforts with President Johnson of our dear old friend, Hon. Francis Preston Blair, and a resolution passed by the legislature of Mississippi, asking for his release, this was finally accomplished. On the 16th of January, 1866, Burton Harrison was freed from Fort Delaware, coming at once to visit us in Washington, on his way to rejoin his mother and sister in the South. Having spent the latter months of his imprisonment in studying law, through the aid of books furnished him by his old friends and Yale chums, Eugene Schuyler, and S. D. Page, of Philadelphia, he, after journeys to Canada and to Europe, was admitted to the New York bar.

In October, 1860, my mother and I sailed in the ship *Arago*, for Havre, the passenger

list made up of many New Yorkers known to each other, including the family of the new American minister to the court of Napoleon III, General Dix. Several young couples on their bridal tours (who have strangely managed to become old couples by now) bore names familiar to New York society. Everybody on board was nice to us recent enemies of the Republic, and we contracted more than one friendship of an enduring nature.

As our winter in Paris was avowedly for the purpose of giving my education the "finishing" touches sadly omitted in war experience, I was forthwith started in lessons of various kinds, including a training of the voice by M. Archimbaud of the Paris Conservatoire. To meet exigencies of Parisian opinion, I was transformed back into the conventional *jeune fille*, accompanied everywhere by my mother. I often wondered what my testy little *maître de chant* would think if I told him I had sung war-songs to marching troops, or played accompaniments for a chorus of soldiers surrounding me at the piano? I believe he would have fainted, then and there!

By and by, we removed from the Hôtel de Lille et d'Albion to a quaintly attractive domicile where some New Orleans creole friends, well placed in Parisian society, had advised my mother to go for the betterment of my French accent. This was "La Ville au Bois," a villa boarding and apartment house, at the Porte Maillot in Neuilly, as pretty a place as could be, with ivy-grown buildings surrounding a paved courtyard, where in fine weather the tables for meals were set out of doors under the shade of great old trees. A high brick wall, overhung with creepers, divided us from the Bois de Boulogne. There, in a small but daintily furnished *rez de chaussée*, consisting of two bed-rooms and a sitting-room, the latter upholstered in a warm crimson moireen stuff, opening upon a wee garden of our own, we spent the winter. We grew so attached to our French home that when during the Franco-Prussian war we heard it had been destroyed by shot and shell—the second abode of mine laid low through war's necessities—we were genuinely grieved.

Until then, I had not believed there were so many bright-eyed, smiling, chattering old people in the world as among our comrades at Ville au Bois! The mystery was

explained when on Sundays younger men and women, with children carrying bouquets, came reverently to call upon their seniors, most often leading them off in their best caps and redingotes, to dine *en ville* with their offspring. The Ville au Bois, generally, was dying to understand about "ces dames de l'Amérique du Sud" who had taken the *rez de chaussée* apartment. Upon my mother, who had a beautiful clear olive complexion with large dark eyes, they looked with some comprehension, but continued to ask her if mademoiselle were not remarkably fair for a denizen of her country.

Old Mme. Letellier, Alexandre Dumas' sister, who had an apartment all rosy chintz and growing plants, showed me a lock of their "sainted father's" hair (we called it wool in our part of the world) asking me if that was not like the hair of our people, generally. She pointed with pride to the deep tinting of blood underneath her fingernails, and said, "I, too, am of your race, mademoiselle." To all of them, to be of our South meant to be off-color in complexion!

She was a dear little old person, who lent me books, gave me one of the great Alexandre's manuscripts, and petted me extravagantly. She adored her nephew, Dumas fils, whose "Idées de Mme. Aubray" had just made its success at the Gymnase Theatre; and showed me the photograph of her famous brother sitting with Adah Isaacs Menken on his knee, saying indulgently, "He was always an imprudent boy, ce bon gros Alexandre."

We soon found ourselves amid friends of our own nationality and sympathies. Many Southern families intermarried with French ones of the old régime were pleasantly established in Paris. Our little red salon with its *feu d'enfer*, as Jean, our attendant, styled our liberal coal-fire, opened to some interesting people: Mr. Francis Corbia, an hereditary friend of my mother's family, called, and entertained us at his splendid old Rohan hôtel in the Rue de Grenelle; General Breckenridge, Colonel Dudley Mann, Prince Camille de Polignac, M. de Saint Martin, the Givins, the Amaron Ledoux, of New Orleans, the mother scarcely older and not less beautiful than her daughters; General and Mrs. Preston and their daughters from the Rue Lord

Byron; General and Mrs. Myers, she with her rosy young face and dark hair powdered with gray, looking like a *belle marquise* of olden time in France. They came afterward to live at the Ville au Bois; as also our cousins, the Talcotts, one of whom had married a Polish aide-de-camp of Maximilian. Our little group around the evening lamp seemed indeed to personify the image of Lost Causes—"when all's lost except a little life," dwelling amid "the after silence on the shore."

Dr. and Mrs. Marion Sims were then living in Paris, with their charming daughters. Mr. and Mrs. John Bigelow, long afterward to be our neighbors in Gramercy Park, were just leaving Paris to yield place to General and Mrs. Dix in the United States Legation. Mr. Parke Godwin, our future neighbor at Bar Harbor, made the speech of the evening at the banquet given to the retiring minister in December at the Grand Hotel. Two of the supreme beauties of the New York set were the Misses Beckwith; and Miss Lillie Hitchcock, of San Francisco, was greatly quoted as a belle. The Smith Bryces, of New York, with whom we had crossed on the *Arago*, the Hewitts and Zborowskis, appear frequently in my diary of those days. Many pleasure parties were projected for me, and we heard all the great singers of the hour, Patti, Nilsson, Galli-Marié, Capoul, Sass, etc.; heard Joachim with Padeloup's noble orchestra at the Salle d'Athénée; and went frequently to all three opera-houses, and to such of the theatres as were considered possible to a *jeune fille*.

There has never been anything so magnificent in the streets of Paris since, as the pageants of that Exposition year before the fall of the second empire, and what it seemed to us ex-rebels, accustomed for long to the surroundings of bitter and disastrous warfare, can be imagined. We had known battle, murder, and sudden death, poverty, hunger, and self-sacrifice, gnawing fear for the lives of those we loved, and ought perhaps to have sat down amid the wreck of worlds, taking no interest in frivolities. But the heart of youth is endlessly elastic, and fresh hopes, new interests, were crowding thick!

My first glimpse of the radiant Empress Eugénie was at the skating-pond in the Bois de Boulogne. The clubhouse was sur-

rounded by coronetted carriages, powdered and plushed footmen, and Tom Thumb grooms waiting upon the fine flower of empire society. I lost my heart to the stately, lovely sovereign, skating between two gentlemen of the court, who held a bâton between them by which her majesty steadied herself. She wore sapphire-blue velvet with a toque and trimmings of pearly *grêbe* plumage. Another day we were admitted to the midday mass at the Tuileries chapel—now vanished with all the pomp and circumstance that enshrined its functions—and sat facing the emperor and empress with the prince imperial during the service.

In February my girl's heart was made glad by the receipt of a large rose-colored card from the Duc de Bassano, inviting me to the Tuileries ball, to which a friend of my mother's offered to chaperon me. What a glittering vision it all was, from the bonfires in the Rue de Rivoli outside, to the Cent Gardes on the crimson staircase leading up to the dazzling rooms above. I saw there all the distinguished people of the hour, danced to the bâton of Strauss in the gilded gallery of the Salle des Maréchaux, and again palpitated with admiration of the empress, who in her panoply of gems, fairly took my breath away with her beauty and gracious bearing.

After that, there were functions and spectacles, dinners and private balls, pageants of royalty arrived to see the Exposition, and much pomp and vanity, until the spring was well along. But amid all this bewilderment of splendor, our hearts did not swerve from continual remembrance of dear ones left behind. Their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, were ours, and tears often flowed in thinking of them. My mother indeed carried until death the Confederacy written in her heart, as Queen Mary once bore Calais. Like other wandering children of the South then in Paris, we were critically anxious for the release of Mr. Davis from his two years' painful imprisonment in Fortress Monroe. His trial, long delayed, now coming on under care of eminent counsel of the American bar, was first in our thoughts.

The story of that trial, and the release of our ex-president, came to the Ville au Bois in two letters from Burton Harrison (inserted as a fit sequel to my war story),

read and reread to tearful sympathizers gathered in our salon.

RICHMOND, VA., May 13, 1867.

To-morrow's papers may inform the far-off world of Paris that our great chieftain has been finally liberated on bail. In a little while, we are to go into the court-room where the last act of his long drama of imprisonment is to be performed—we may yet be disappointed, and may be called upon to conduct Mr. Davis again to a dungeon . . . we are very anxious, of course—feverishly so—but there seems to be no reason to apprehend failure this time.

I left New York early Tuesday morning and have been constantly busy moving ever since I brought the documents here which have since been published to the world, and have set the newspaper quidnuncs scribbling ten thousand crude speculations. But my long training to reticence in diplomacy has enabled me to keep our real devices concealed from the gossips.

Spent Wednesday and Thursday here plotting and making ready for the great day. On Friday I went down to the fortress and there spent, with him, the last night of his sojourn in the Bastille. It was the second anniversary of our capture. Next day we came up the river. General Burton was as courteous to his prisoner as he could be—subjected him to no restraint, brought no guards—and we travelled as amiably as a select party of gentlemen could. There were very few passengers on the boat, but it had become generally known that the chief was on board, and at every landing was assembled an enthusiastic little group to meet the president. It did my heart good to see the fervent zeal of the good people at Brandon. They came aboard and such kissing and embracing and tears as Belle Harrison, Mary Spear Nicholas, and Mrs. George Harrison employed to manifest their devotion to the leader who was beaten, have never been seen out of dear old Virginia.

We were brought to the Spotswood Hotel and Mr. and Mrs. Davis occupy the same rooms they used in 1861, when they first came to Richmond under such different circumstances. The Northern proprietor of the house has caught the zeal of the entire community and actually turned his own

family out of that apartment. . . . There are no sentinels, no guards—no stranger would suppose the quiet gentleman who receives his visitors with such peaceful elegance and dignity, is the state prisoner around whose dungeon so many battalions have been marshalled for two years and whose trial for treason against a mighty government to-day excites the interest of mankind.

Almost every one has called, bringing flowers and bright faces of welcome to him who has suffered vicariously for the millions. Yesterday, after service, half the congregation from St. Paul's Church was here, and I confess I haven't seen so many pretty women together for years.

Amighty army of counsel is here. O'Connor is towering in his supremacy over all lesser personages and looked like a demigod of antiquity, yesterday, when he gathered a few of us around Mr. Davis to explain the details of his arrangements. It was a scene so remarkable for the men who constituted the group and for the occasion of their meeting that I shall never forget it.

NEW YORK, May 18, 1867.

My last letter was written in Richmond on the morning of the great crisis. The telegrams in the newspapers informed you of the result of our labors, and you will see accounts enough of the various scenes of the drama from newspaper correspondents. I enclose you one from the *Baltimore Gazette*, written by Wilkins Glenn—as good a story of what occurred as I have seen. The *World* will give you a report of the speeches made by O'Connor and the rest, which were very meagre.

The fact was everything had been agreed upon beforehand, between O'Connor and the attorney-general, and it was understood there should be no speeches of pretentious declamation. Each actor in the drama did his part soberly and with satisfactory precision. Although Underwood, the judge, had received from the government an intimation of their desire that he should accept bail, we were not sure that he would not disappoint us with some assertion of the "independence of the judiciary." Underwood is the *bête noire* of Richmond. The people regard him with unlimited fear and dislike. They say he has shown himself such an agent as has not sat on the bench to

torment humanity since the days of James's chief-justice. They were terribly frightened by the step we took in securing Mr. Davis's removal from Fortress Monroe to be within control of the "civil" authorities—thought it the greatest possible blunder—were certain that Underwood would avail himself of the opportunity to punish the whole Confederacy through their representative man, and looked for nothing better than a transfer of our chief from the quarters at the fortress where his custodian was a gentleman and his surroundings were those of comfort, to the filthy dungeons of the town jail! The women were in an agony of prayer—the men more anxious than at any moment since the evacuation of Richmond.

But it really seemed as if the deep feeling of the community had possessed the United States officials. The desire to be polite and gracious manifested itself in every one of them. After we were all in the court-room awaiting the arrival of the judge and the prisoner, General Burton came in dressed in full uniform and followed by Mr. Davis. The marshal conducted them to the prisoner's dock, coming immediately to me to invite me to sit by Mr. Davis, that he might feel he had a friend with him, and lose the disagreeable consciousness of the presence of constables and turnkeys. As I pushed my way through the crowd, I thanked the marshal heartily, and sitting down beside the prisoner, felt that I was enthroned with a king.

In a very few moments, the courtesy was extended by asking us to remove from the seat of the accused to join Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Reed within the bar. There I stood behind Mr. Davis during the whole of the proceedings, and when it was all over, was the first to congratulate him.

Observation of this kindness on the part of the officials had inspired in anxious friends more hope in the judge, but there was still such a dread in everybody's eyes when Underwood was about to speak—such a perfect stillness in the halls as I shall rarely see again in a lawyer's life of anxiety in court-rooms. And when the oracle came—"The case is undoubtedlyailable, and as the government is not ready to proceed with the trial, and the prisoner is and for a long time has been ready and demanding trial—it seems emi-

nently proper that bail should be allowed"—such joy and relief as came upon all faces!

When it was done and "the prisoner discharged," Mr. Davis asked me to convey him as rapidly as possible from the court to his rooms at the Spotswood, and I did so in triumph.

Our carriage was beset with a crowd frantic with enthusiasm, cheering, calling down God's blessings, rushing forward to catch him by the hand, and weeping manly tears of devotion to "our president." I shall never see such joy in a crowd again, and some of the faces I saw through the tears in my own eyes will remain impressed on my memory forever.

Reaching the hotel, he took my arm through the crowd and up the stairway. The halls were full of friends waiting to congratulate him, but everybody held back with instinctive delicacy as he went in to his wife.

In a moment I followed. Dr. Minnegerode, Miss Jenny Ritchie, and Mr. George Davis were already there, helping Mrs. Davis to pass the time which we spent in the court-room. The door was locked and we knelt around a table, while the rector offered a prayer of thanksgiving; every one of us weeping irrepressibly, for God had delivered the captive at last, and with him we were all liberated!

After a while the doors were opened, and I ran away from the multitude of men and women who laughed and cried by turns. And now, the whole town rejoiced. The animosity of war was put aside, and every household vied with its neighbor in extending hospitalities to General Burton and the other United States officials, who seemed to find almost as much happiness in the result as we did. They were breakfasted, dined, and toasted, till they fully realized what Virginian hospitality can be.

We determined to take the chief as quickly as possible away from these scenes of explosive excitement, and went aboard ship that evening, coming to New York by sea to avoid the multitudes on land. He will go in a few days to visit his children in Canada. Beyond that, his plans are not made.

At the New York Hotel, he had been beset by congratulating friends, and had be-

come so nervous and weakened by continued excitement, that last night I took bodily possession of him, put him into a carriage, and drove him out to Mr. O'Connor's to have a restful sleep in the country and a day or two of quiet.

He remonstrated, but in vain. He had been so long accustomed to submit to his keepers that at last he ceased to resist and I conveyed him away forcibly.

Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Howell went to see Ristori—her last night in New York. I suppose they will be in town for a day or two longer, and I shall continue to be in diligent attendance. But the decree which admitted Mr. Davis to bail, liberated me also—and from that moment I was released from all bonds—save one.

"The past is now the past—all is now in the future."

No one could read this loyal outpouring of a young man's enthusiasm for a fallen chief, with any doubt that his friendship and hearty desire to serve Mr. Davis continued always. Many letters in my possession attest the warmth of their mutual regard; but the course of their lives, diverging at this point, never ran in parallel lines again. When Mrs. Davis, after her widowhood, lost her beloved and gifted daughter Winnie, and was to carry the body, almost in state, for interment in Richmond, she sent for my husband to accompany her, and leaned upon him like a son.

We passed the summer in Switzerland and England, where we spent some days at Leeds Castle, in Kent, as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wykeham Martin, whose grandson now owns the noble old dwelling, once royal property, where every portion of the house overflows with portraits, busts, books, relics, and souvenirs of my mother's family. We found installed there, in the oak over the mantelpiece in the state dining-hall, a replica of our own portrait of an ancestor of the seventeenth century (taken by my mother to be restored in England), of which she had allowed a copy to be made for Leeds Castle. The original, now re-established in America, hangs in the room in which I write these lines.

In the autumn we returned to New York, where my marriage took place at old Mor-

risania, the residence of my aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, in Westchester.

XII

WHAT an odd, provincial, pleasant little old New York was that of the earliest seventies, just when the waves of after-the-war prosperity had begun to strike its sides and make it feel the impulse toward a progress never afterward to cease!

Broadway, a long unlovely thoroughfare, was filled with huddled buildings monotonous in line and tint. Union and Madison Squares were enclosed in high railings, removed in 1871, their grass and trees, as now, a great relief to the eye in passing. Fifth Avenue, fringed on either side with telegraph poles, was abominably paved with irregular blocks of stones, so that a drive to the park, or "away up-town to Fiftieth Street," was accompanied by much wear and tear to the physical and nervous system. The celebrated and delightful Dr. Fordyce Barker used to say he actually could not recommend a convalescent patient to take the air, because of the necessary jolting in a carriage in any direction away from the residential quarter. Apart from the discomfort, the noise of continuous passage of vehicles knowing not rubber tires, made open windows in one's home a purgatorial trial. Certainly, we modern grumblers in asphalted streets heave no sigh of regret for that feature of the dear old by-gone days!

Plodding up and down town, joggled the lamentable old omnibusses, filled, as Mr. J. W. Cross once said of them, "exactly the way we stuff the carts with calves in London." A sorry spectacle, indeed, was that of well-dressed, well-bred New Yorkers clinging to straps, jaded, jammed, jostled, panting in the aisle of these hearse-like equipages, to reach their goal. An astute traveller from France, Mr. J. Simonet, in an article published at that time in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, guilelessly records that he was "told in New York" it was the custom of "the ladies" on getting into a full omnibus in Fifth Avenue, to seat themselves on the knees of "gentlemen" already placed! The conditions of horse-cars in the neighboring avenues showed for many years no improvement upon this dis-

comfort, and the prices of "hacks" and "coaches," procured after much preamble at the livery stables, were prohibitive save for the solvent citizen. On New Year's Day, when calls were made by men upon the families of their friends, it was common for four of the intending visitors to unite in paying forty dollars for the hire of a ponderous old hack of the Irish funeral variety, and go their rounds clad in evening dress, rumbling over the stony streets from mid-day till dinner-time at six o'clock.

In the absence of cabs, hansom, and the sportive "taxis"—then as unimaginable as the air-ship in common use appears to-day,—walking was very much in vogue. It was a general practice of professional men possessing offices downtown, to go afoot in all weathers from their dwellings to their business haunts and back again. A lawyer prominent in that day lately said to me: "And weren't we the better for it, I'd like to know? Who doesn't remember Clarkson Potter's handsome erect figure and springing step, like a boy's in middle age; and David Dudley Field, who always took his exercise in that way (as well as on horse-back, with a rest before dinner)? Wasn't he a picture of vigor in later life? No dieting and health foods about those men, I'll promise you. And what a cheery meeting-place Broadway was for friends!"

It must be remembered, though, that the residential part of town was then far south of its present limit. Arrogant old Isaac Brown of Grace Church, the portly sexton who transmitted invitations for the elect, protested to one of his patronesses that he really could not undertake to "run society" beyond Fiftieth Street.

Central Park was already beginning to be beautiful in verdant slopes and flowering shrubs and trees, although still surrounded, and the way to it disfigured, by hillsides from which segments were cut away like slices from a cheese, upon the summit of which perched the cabins of Irish squatters left high and dry by the march of municipal progress. The territory around these dwellings was populous with curs, urchins, goats, pigs, and mounds of debris revealing old tin cans and discarded hoopskirts. To go to Old Morrisania, we generally walked to the car-sheds on the site of the present Madison Square Garden, there taking our seats in a train of ordinary day-coaches,

drawn in sections by horses, along Fourth Avenue, through the tunnel at Thirty-fourth Street—then a drear and malodorous vault!—to the Grand Central Station, where locomotives were attached. The alternative to this method of reaching Mott Haven was an hour spent in an ill-ventilated, car of the Third Avenue line, drawn by shambling, staggering horses, and crammed with an East Side population bearing babies and market-baskets in equal numbers. For a brief time, the company put upon this line what they called a "Palace car," large, clean, and comfortable, charging ten cents for a fare. But the great American public that has always dominated New York, condemned this as an aristocratic luxury, and so it passed from sight. Later on, when we began to achieve Harlem by means of the elevated road, I remember going one day to my uncle's home for luncheon, accompanied by our friend the Hon. Eugene Schuyler, who had recently made his adventurous journey into Turkestan. On crossing part of the towering trestle-work beyond Central Park, he declared he felt positively ill with apprehension, begging me to return by boat, train, horse-car—anything—rather than repeat this alarming experience!

Dinners, then as now the touch-stone of highest civilization, were numerous, but the hours set for them, much earlier than now. From six o'clock we moved on to half-past six, then to ultra-fashionable seven, and lastly to eight o'clock, where the generality of people are still content to assemble for the prandial meal. To my mind, those dinners have never been surpassed in true elegance and charm, although totally lacking in the sensational features of decoration, gifts, and cookery developed by later generations of New Yorkers. By the owners of certain stately homes, possessing chefs and wines of admitted merit, formal banquets after the foreign fashion were given in the best style. But among well-bred people of less pretension to great wealth and the custom of elaborate entertaining, were found a large number satisfied to bid their friends to meals served to the last nicety in silver, damask, porcelain, and glass, by their own customary attendants, and cooked by their own resident artists after a fashion habitual to them in the family menu of every day—a

practice still happily pursued in many aristocratic homes of Britain, and still to be seen in kindly, easy Washington, but little familiar to New York to-day.

What would have been thought in that epoch of New York, of a table stretched to the limit of the dining-room, with chairs so pushed together as to prevent free movement with spoon and fork; where forty or more guests, corralled to eat insidious messes served by caterers, are shepherded by strange waiters on tip-toe thrusting between them fish, flesh, and fowl with their attendant cates and condiments, at quarters so close, the alarmed diner must shrink back in order to avoid contact with the offered dish!

No, that was hardly the way they served dinners in the seventies! Rather were friends convened to the number of ten or twelve around mahoganies of generous size and space (small enough for talk to fly easily across them), and host and hostess were near enough to their guests to mark their own individuality upon the feast. Upon the authority of the late Mr. Ward McAllister, we are told, however, that "Blue Seal Johannisberg flowed like water; incomparable '48 claret, superb Burgundies and amber-colored Madeira were there to add to the intoxicating delight" of the best New York dinners and supper-tables. But as the present chronicler has never been able to distinguish old wine from new, she fears in this matter she is in the category of a certain well-known literary lady of New York of whom Mr. Ward McAllister once remarked to me with scathing emphasis: "*She* write stories of New York society! Why, I have seen her, myself, buying her Madeira at Park & Tilford's in a demijohn." It is not in me to offer regretful comparison of the New York of my first acquaintance—its people content to dwell in barns of brick with brownstone fronts, its chief avenues as yet untouched by the finger of art in beautiful buildings, some of its streets yet encumbered with rows of trucks and wagons kept there by their owners for want of a place of shelter, ash and refuse barrels in all their hideous offensiveness standing by the basement doors of refined citizens—with our later city of wondrous progress, a gathering-place of the art of the whole wide world, as well as a sovereign of finance!

But, putting aside the physical aspects of the place, forgetting certain inherited crudities of customs, its vulgar and lifeless architecture, I have never seen reason to renounce my belief that the period I write of was illustrated by the best society New York has known since Colonial days. It is generally admitted by commentators of our social life to-day that the rock we split upon is the lack of leadership. As to who are the present real great ladies of New York, there is in the public mind a nebulous uncertainty, only occasionally dispelled by the dictum of some writer for the newspapers.

In the earlier period, New York possessed what none could gainsay: a sovereignty over its body corporate divided between five or six gentlewomen of such birth, breeding, and tact that people were always satisfied to be led by them. Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Mrs. Lewis Morris Ruthenford, Mrs. Belmont, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, and the two Mrs. Astors were the ladies whose entertainments claimed most comment, whose fiat none were found to dispute.

Of these, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt seemed to me easily the most beautiful; and in the graciousness of her manner and that inherent talent for winning and holding the sympathetic interest of those around her, I have seen none to surpass her. One asks oneself why such loveliness of line and tinting, why such sweet courtesy of manner, cannot be passed down the years instead of dying upon the stem like a single perfect flower! Why nature, having found such a combination, should not be content with repeating it?

Mrs. Belmont was a woman of charm and distinction, to whom fortune had allotted full means and opportunity to take the lead in entertainments of the grandiose foreign order, in a great house, with an illuminated picture gallery, and everything on a corresponding scale.

Mrs. Hamilton Fish, a matron of exemplary dignity who transferred her regnant attitude toward society from New York to Washington, where her husband was secretary of state in Grant's administration, belonged to the Faubourg St. Germain side of New York—the Second Avenue "set," embracing a number of old-school families of Colonial ancestry who had

not thought it worth their while to remove from their broad and spacious residences on the East Side to emulate the mere fashion of living in Fifth Avenue.

In this quarter abode also Mrs. Lewis Morris Rutherford, wife of the gentle and learned astronomer. No parties seemed more agreeable to me, more an exponent of the best New York could do in the way of uniting genteel people all of a kind, than Mrs. Rutherford's. That pair presented the unusual combination of an uncommonly beautiful woman married to an uncommonly handsome and distinguished man. Mrs. Rutherford was a law-giver in her circle, and no weak one; she invited whom she pleased, as she pleased; and an offender against her exactions came never any more. But she had the prettiest way in the world of putting people in appropriate place.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor was at the time I first came to New York a noble-looking woman, holding herself like one born to the purple, but full of gracious sweetness and wide humanity. Her parties were a happy union of the best elements procurable in New York, surrounded by all that wealth and taste could add to originality of conception. Her Southern blood revealed itself in the cordiality and simplicity with which this lady bore her honors of leadership.

It was on the east side of town that we, "reconstructed" rebels, first pitched our tent in New York (so long to be our home), in a building since locally remarked for the number of "people one knows" who made a beginning there. This was the apartment house built by Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant in Eighteenth Street near staid and well-mannered little Irving Place. Our flat was diminutive in size like all the rest, and not especially sunny, situated at the summit of two long flights of stairs, of small account in those days when Rosalind's complaint to Jupiter rarely occurred to us. This "apartment," as we took care to call it, thinking "flat" had a vulgar sound, had been engaged while yet in lath and plaster, and we climbed workmen's ladders to survey our future domicile. The suites, it was said, were mostly taken in this way, by friends or relatives of the proprietor, the list producing a very old Knickerbocker sort of effect upon the outside mind. Be that as it may, I recall among our fellow tenants

Dr. and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish Morris, Miss Mary Rutherford Prime, Mr. and Mrs. James Scrymser, Mr. and Mrs. Frothingham, Mr. and Mrs. George Haven Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Weeks, and others. Later on, Mr. and Mrs. Gouverneur Morris took a *pied-à-terre* there, also my mother and brother. Mr. and Mrs. Leupp had one of the studio suites high up, Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Taylor came there after we left at the end of our three years' tenancy.

I am sure no perfectly equipped Fifth Avenue establishment, fitted up beforehand by the fairies who obey the wands of millionaires, ever gave to a young couple the delight we took in our simple quarters. The contrast with surroundings in the war-worn South made the simple necessities of life, disposed with taste and harmony, seem a fairy tale. I had brought from Paris some understanding of the decorative value of *crétonne* in small rooms, and the French gray of my little salon with its draperies and furniture of the same tint relieved by medallions of pale blue enshrining shepherds and shepherdesses, hearts and darts, pipes and tabors tangled with knots of ribbon, filled the measure of my ambition as a house-keeper.

A curious instance of the result of the Commune in Paris, was the drifting to our shores of so many of the miscreants who had worked havoc with its beauty, and done to death the fair fame of that imperial city, under the guise of patriotism. My recollection of the hard-working, cheery servants at the Ville au Bois, up early and to bed late, serving delicious meals, and keeping the house in every part agleam with cleanliness, disposed me to make my first efforts at securing domestic service among those of their nationality in New York.

The rather prompt result was the installation of two women, concerning whom close scrutiny failed to arouse the demon Doubt in our artless minds. The cook, Susanne, otherwise Mme. Dubois—wife of a clockmaker with whom she had emigrated to America, hoping to set up a shop and dispose of an assortment of his wares—had the handsome tragic mask of some actress of the Comédie Française. She was dark, capable, and silent; respectful in manner, but with an expression that more than once sug-

gested to me one of those matrons of the Terror who sat knitting while royal and aristocratic heads dropped into the basket beneath the guillotine. From the date of her arrival, things moved smoothly in her domain, and her excellent cuisine made housekeeping a summer's day. Florence, her friend and comrade, who went about her work singing, in the frilled cap and apron of a heroine of Béranger or Murger, was an extremely pretty girl, silver-voiced and nearly always smiling.

By and by, we began to detect in the long hall leading from the back stairs to our kitchen, stealthy footsteps, arriving daily just as our dinner was going off. Later on in the evening more footsteps, and from afar the sound of muffled voices. It was evident that Susanne's husband did not neglect a diurnal visit to his spouse. Poor M. Dubois, Susanne explained to us, had been unfortunate in his business venture. Madame, she observed, had several mantels needing clocks. Would madame allow M. Dubois the privilege of decorating them with a few choice specimens of his unsold timepieces?

Madame, rashly acquiescing, on returning home one afternoon found every room in the flat adorned with a costly clock, all ticking and chiming together with distracting regularity; and that evening the number of visitors to the kitchen increased perceptibly, the household bills making a corresponding jump upward in the week.

Soon Susanne and her bosom friend, Florence, had a hot quarrel, which raged until Florence, bouncing into the drawing-room, informed madame that the Duboises had been in the front rank of the horrible "Vengeurs de la République" in the Commune, had fled to America through fear of the guillotine; while our daily caller was none other than the infamous wretch who boasted that his shot had killed the good and gentle Archbishop of Paris, Darboy, in the massacre of the hostages at the prison of La Roquette!

Next day Susanne took her leave, polite to the end, but with a vengeful gleam in her cold eye that boded ill for the informing Florence. The clocks vanished from our mantels, M. Dubois came not again, and I breathed a sigh of relief that I had escaped so easily from the hands of the handsome *pétroleuse*. Next, pretty Flor-

ence also took her leave, declaring that she needed "protection," being forced to give up service through fear of the Duboises, and departed bag and baggage. After that we made no more experiments in foreign domestics, contenting ourselves with unadulterated (if domesticated) Irish.

We now found ourselves in a circle of acquaintances alien in political creed, with a few exceptions among the Southerners already established in New York, but most kind and considerate always; and every year the number grew and firmer friendships were cemented.

I cannot pretend to be chronologically exact as to social events of those years, or their sequences. We went out a great deal, as appears from a series of letters addressed to my mother, my most constant correspondent. There is the record of a ball at the Academy of Music of which Lord Dufferin was the bright particular star among the guests, with Sir Tatton and Lady Sykes and some other smart English folk in the party. Mrs. Edward Cooper, of Lexington Avenue, who entertained much and well, had asked us to be of this gathering, occupying two boxes, and to sup at a large table served for her. Lord Dufferin, with his delightful Irish gayety, resembled a school-boy "out for fun." I had been dancing with him, and was sitting afterward, enjoying his sparkling wit, when the movement to supper was inaugurated. At once, he arose, and gallantly offered me his arm, when I stopped him with a sepulchral whisper. "Oh, thank you, but I *can't*! You are expected to take in Mrs. Cooper, don't you see?" Lord Dufferin did see, and with quick tact rectified his blunder, while kind Mr. Cooper, who I felt mortally sure had never meant to ask me, but had been looking forward to conducting the jolly and handsome Lady Sykes, stepped promptly up and led me off. He had Lady Sykes on his other hand, however, while I had no more of adorable Lord Dufferin, until we were breaking up, when he came back again with a rattling fire of chaff. I have rarely met so agreeable a companion, and the story of the closing in of his honored life amid troubles and distress of mind brought upon him by those whom he had trusted in business overmuch, was a source of real regret.

To the Academy of Music we repaired for public balls and operas. Till late at

night on those occasions quiet, sleepy Irving Place would resound with the roll of fashionable carriages, and the hoarse call by the doorman of fashionable names or their equivalent numbers. And, oh! the song-birds caged for our delectation in that dear old Temple of Music! There Patti, Nilsson, Gerster, Pauline Lucca, Annie Louise Cary, Kellogg, Minnie Hauk, Parepa Rosa, Brignoli, Capoul, Campanini, Del Puente, and a host of others, sang our hearts out of our bodies many a time. Once when Campanini had caught sight of the great Salvini sitting in a box near the stage while he was taking the part of *Don José* in "Carmen," he rose to the occasion in quite an extraordinary way, acting and singing superbly. After he was disposed of by the toreador's dagger, and came back to life before the footlights in the usual way, we all saw that he was pallid with real emotion. The house sprang upon its feet, handkerchiefs waved, roar after roar of applause went up; but Campanini's eyes sought those of Salvini only. The tragedian, leaning forward, clapped his hands until he could do no more. It was an event in musical recollection.

XIII

I WAS connected with a musical movement in New York society, inaugurated by a number of gentlemen, of which Mr. George Templeton Strong was the president. It was called the Church Musical Association, the director, Dr. Pech, an Englishman thoroughly trained in such conductorship. We had one hundred volunteers, including many people in society and fifty paid singers in the chorus; with an orchestra of one hundred musicians, many of them from the Philharmonic orchestra, of which Mr. Strong was also, or had been, president. Our rehearsals—solid hard work, no shirking or favoritism anywhere—were held in some rooms belonging to Trinity Chapel. Dr. Pech, a cold, rather sardonic man, thoroughly knew his business, and brought us on rapidly. Particularly did we progress in sight-reading, and the hours of deciphering those grand masses were a keen pleasure.

Mr. Edmund Schermerhorn, of West Twenty-third Street, used to give musical afternoons where one was sure of hearing only the best talent, professional and ama-

teur. There, also, were enjoyed charming duos from his nieces, Misses Charlotte and Annie Schermerhorn, whose refined style and perfect technique reflected credit upon their instructor, Mme. Bodstein, much in vogue among the old families of New York.

Mr. Roosevelt, who lived on Broadway near Grace Church, an uncle of the future president and father of Mr. Hilborne Roosevelt, afterward the maker of fine organs, was, like Mr. Edmund Schermerhorn, a musical virtuoso of a very high order of merit. When we went to his parties we found him confined to a rolling chair, indeed, but very much alert in directing and controlling his performers and audiences. Woe betide the fashionable chatterer who dared to venture a word out of season while music was going on.

While all the world was going daft over the exquisite singing and virginal loveliness of Christine Nilsson, no less than the ineffably gallant and delicate acting of Victor Capoul in his various rôles as her lover, my teacher, old Ronconi, invited me to see a rehearsal of Italian opera at the Academy. We had the big dusky auditorium pretty much to ourselves, with a few others, to see the cast of the following day's performance of "Sonnambula" go through their paces in walking dress, with overcoats, hats, sticks, etc. *Amina* (was she Gerster? I am not sure) in furs, with her jacket tightly buttoned, tripped over the bridge with reluctant footsteps, and everybody sang a *demi-voix*. Rather disillusionizing certainly, but not so much so as my talk with the elegant M. Capoul, who was presented to me when he came strolling around into the house. In the course of it I spoke of the diva, Nilsson, her perfect voice, her fine art and great personal beauty.

"The only trouble with Mlle. Nilsson," responded her ardent swain, with a malicious twinkle in his eye, "*c'est qu'elle a les mains d'un crapaud*" (the hands of a frog).

"Oh! oh!" I protested, in veritable distress, "Faust to say this of his Marguerite!" and Faust laughed with a glee borrowed from Mephistopheles.

Nilsson was, at the time, a great favorite in society. She had head-quarters at the Clarendon Hotel, where in her free moments she was surrounded by an adoring clique of young matrons and maidens, who

found her frank cordiality and good fellowship a great attraction.

The Philharmonic Society's concerts, and their final rehearsals held on the day previous, were occasions when the Academy of Music was packed to its utmost capacity. At the rehearsals, women and girls crowded in till the lobbies were unpleasantly congested with eager and palpitant femininity. In spring and summer, all the world resorted to the open-air concerts of the wizard Theodore Thomas, at the Central Park. His orchestra, like its leader, was in the first rank of musical excellence. In the stroll during the entr'actes, the fashionable world met and discussed the programme and each other. No old-time New Yorker of true musical sympathy but will answer to the *rappel* of the charming Mendelssohn Glee Club. The first concert I attended given by this distinguished amateur association of male voices was in a small room or hall on Broadway somewhere near Grace Church, when Mrs. Arthur, wife of the future president, sang the soprano solo for their chorus. Mr. Mosenthal conducted with the vigor and knowledge that kept this organization upon a high plane of excellence for many years. I think it might have been twenty years later, after I had been hearing them off and on during that time, that I was present at one of their concerts, to outward appearance much the same, save that the leader had lost the slenderness of youth and the hall was some grand up-to-date interior.

One can't fail to experience a sense of regret that the great swelling wave of noble professional music from the foremost artists of the world has long ago swept away every trace of amateur attempt to appear before a critical audience of New York society. With the present abundance and accessibility of operas and concerts large and small, there is literally no room for music of the second grade.

Already the aspect of New York social life had begun to show token of coming radical changes. The lines of the old régime revealed a certain elasticity toward families previously excluded. It is curious to recall patronizing sayings, that have stuck in memory, by conservatives of the old school concerning some of those who have since pushed them to the wall, and stand before modern eyes as symbols of the high aris-

tocracy of the metropolis. For my own part, I could never see that these arbitrary distinctions of our society, the shutting out of one family and snatching another to its bosom, had any *raison d'être* in a republic. The enormous influx of outside wealth brought to New York by after-the-war prosperity started the fashion of huge dinners given at Delmonico's and elsewhere, where splendor of decoration and extravagance of food and wines flashed like electric lights before the eyes of old-time entertainers. To wonder about these novelties, was to go and enjoy them. Mrs. Potiphar and Mrs. Gnu of Mr. Curtis's satiric chronicle were soon left behind in the race, though we were still reminded of these characters at receptions given in Fifth Avenue establishments with brown-stone fronts and rather dreadful picture galleries, where, in a glare of gas-light, we were jostled by hundreds of people standing around a supper-table from which floated searching odors of fried oysters served with mounds of chicken salad, and accompanied by champagne that flowed like water. This ceremony accomplished, and a tour of the rooms made, there was really nothing left to do but to begin the mad rush through the upstairs dressing-rooms in search of coats and hats and take one's leave!

Generally, the "social events" in question were presided over, on the doorstep, under the canvas awning, by Brown, whose gruff tones in calling and despatching carriages mingle with all such recollections of that day. His function, when off church duty, was that (wittily applied to his son-in-law and successor) of "the connecting link between society and the curbstone." Possessed of native humor and an aggressive spirit, Brown became in time very lawless in his methods with his employers; always inclined, however, to temper justice with mercy in the case of his earlier patrons, the old families whom he considered actually of first importance. I remember driving with one of these ladies to a reception at a fine new house where Brown stood near the carriage door, and greeted us. "Many people here, Brown?" asked my friend, casually.

"Too many," was the answer in a sepulchral tone tinged with melancholy. "If you ladies will take my advice, you'll go on to Mrs. —'s. This is mixed, very!"

Once, when we were entering Grace Church to go to our pew for Sunday morning service, we passed, kneeling in the aisle near the door, his head bent in prayer and crossing himself devoutly, an Italian laborer in rough garb who had strayed in from Broadway, all unconscious of alien faith, to make his devotions. His feet, extending behind him, were of extraordinary size, clad in cowskin boots of formidable thickness. Brown, nudging my husband in the arm, said in a hoarse whisper with a glance at these appendages, "Them's beetle-crushers!"

But he did not interfere with the suppliant until his prayers were done!

A visiting clergyman, who was to occupy the pulpit of Grace Church on a Sunday afternoon, consulted Brown as to the usual length of the sermon on such occasions.

"Well, I should say, sir," said the despot, looking the stranger over with a cool and

critical gaze, "you'd better make it twenty minutes; our people won't stand much more."

When we were seeking a house for ourselves upon leaving the apartment, Brown visited my husband in his office to offer him his own dwelling, which he was anxious to rent.

"I can only tell you, Colonel Harrison," he said with entire solemnity, "that it suits *me* exactly. It's a perfect bejoo."

We did not avail ourselves of this privilege, and I never heard who occupied the bijou, which I have no doubt was a comfortable residence. Brown's peculiar relation to things social, and his intelligence and judgment about people, caused the wits of the time to attribute to him the possession of a list of "dancing young men" of respectable connections, upon which hostesses not well established in New York, would draw for the uses of their balls.

THE END.

CLAIRVOYANCE

By Frederick van Beuren, Jr.

EYES of a dear child-angel, blue and bright,
 Sweetened by love and warmed by tenderness;
 Lightened by laughter, soft with gentleness,
 Tempered with tears and lashes of the Night;
 Seeing the impure, pure; no wrong in right;
 Fearing no harm and daring to confess
 The wonder of your heart that none might guess,
 How has your vision rectified my sight!
 Whether the wind be kind or bitter keen
 And Fortune hold me here or send me there,
 Whether my fate to live or die unseen,
 Unloved, unhonored; yet, Dear, everywhere
 And every time, 'mid seasons white or green,
 Life, through your eyes, seems always good and fair.

THE POINT OF VIEW

AN older brother who had been making his first excursions into philosophy told my small self that he would give me a dollar for every pair of apple leaves I brought him exactly alike. I had several uses for dollars and the task seemed absurdly easy. His superimpositions of my specimens, his accuracy of measurement, his observations on the discrepancies of outline, veinlets, midrib, and stem, were extremely disillusioning. "They are as different as man and wife," he finally remarked, at which a great light broke in upon me and I retorted that he had been reading the thing called "novels." Another day, finding me playing at anagrams, he picked out the O's and N's, the H's and C's, and remarked *ex cathedra*: "Everything alive is made up of

The Human
Pair

oxygen and nitrogen, hydrogen and carbon. It all depends on how you arrange them. Sometimes the most harmless elements combine into the rankest poisons; sometimes an element has the dormant value that comes out only in partnership."

Too unsophisticated to recognize the style of the text-book, I again opined that he had been reading "novels," the "partnership" recalling the disappointing apple leaves, "as different as man and wife."

These episodes occurred in the centuries-past time of childhood, but the combinations of man and wife have ever since acted on my subconsciousness, leading me to note how every human pair from its peculiar angle of observation must deal with life uniquely. Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of the theme, and it is only a poor-hearted chronicler who withholds from a tale because some one else has told it well.

Plutarch says that it is often an action of small note, a short saying, or a jest that distinguishes a person's character more than the greatest signs or the most important battles. It is a pity he did not give women a chance in his inimitable gallery. He had a superior wife himself, loved her devotedly, admired and praised her. I picture her as small, and can almost catch the twinkle in his eye as from his Athenian stand-point he notes that Archidamus was fined in Sparta for marrying a little

woman. Elsewhere he explained that in Romulus's time a wife could be divorced for having her husband's keys counterfeited, that sin ranking with adultery or poisoning her children. I wish that Plutarch with his openness and flexibility of mind had left us a portrait of Aspasia, the first woman of classic times to assert the right of the wife to be educated, that she might live not as the slave but as the peer and companion of her husband. Pericles loved and admired her, and Socrates advised his friends to send their sons to be educated by her. Aspasia was one of the notable instances of the classic world that women sprang, as the witty Frenchman said, "from the side of Adam, and not from his feet."

But Adam, what unhackneyed experiences must have been his! When his remarks as recorded by Milton expand too obviously into a sermon, Eve in the most discreet manner steps softly away and refreshes herself with slumber. Bagehot, commenting upon the fact, suspects that conversation must have been difficult between these two because they had nobody to talk about. Happier was the situation of the modern male sermonizer who, in a picture gallery, stood before a white-robed Psyche towed across Styx by a naked Charon. "Ah," said the man, "Lord Ullin's Daughter"! a smile of welcome recognition on his lips. The lady was deeply interested, receiving his elaborate details with wifely interest.

In olden times certain wells were resorted to by newly married couples. The first to drink the water was to be the head of the house throughout life. Southey describes how a bride outwitted the bridegroom.

After the wedding I hurried away
And left my wife in the porch,
But i' faith she had been wiser than I
For she took a bottle to church.

Other brides, other customs! Judge Sewell's lady was a buxom lass whose father on her wedding day actually put her on the scales and weighted the other side down with Pine-tree shillings. "It is not every wife that is worth her weight in silver," he commented. This father, Captain Hull, made the shillings for the

Massachusetts Colony, and received one in every twenty for his pay.

Hawker, the delectable Vicar of Morwenstowe, used in celebrating a marriage to take the ring and toss it in the air before restoring it to the bridegroom, probably to symbolize that marriage is always more or less of a toss-up. His congregations had unfailing opportunities of making acquaintance with old truths in new guises. Possibly it was from his mouth that the Cornishman learned that Sodom and Gomorrah were places, having hitherto regarded them as man and wife.

Very admirable persons, however, are subject to confusion in historical allusion. Of Mrs. Disraeli her husband said, "She is an excellent creature, but she never can remember which comes first, the Greeks or the Romans." Possibly her very lack of omniscience had its charm, since "for thirty-three years she has never given me a dull moment." How happy, too, were his great contemporaries in their helpmates. "It would not be possible to unfold in words," said Gladstone, on his sixtieth wedding anniversary, "the value of the gifts which the bounty of God has conferred upon me through my wife." In Germany about the same time Bismarck wrote to his wife: "You are my anchor on the good side of the shore"; while Hohenlohe, on his golden wedding-day, declared that "during the many years of my official life my wife has helped me through painful and anxious times with her courage and counsel, and when political struggles pursued us even into society, she returned pin pricks with blows of a moral bludgeon and smoothed the path by which I could reach my goal."

EXCITEMENT is a short thing and marriage a long, and it is the unclouded ray which is wanted even in the happiest to gild the inevitable hours of gloom and sickness. "Ah, my dear," said Lord Dufferin, "you have been everything to me in my prosperous days, and they have been many, and now you are even more to me in my adversity." "Come, let us seek a new capitol elsewhere," said Bunsen to his wife when he was dismissed from Rome after living twenty-one years on Capitol Hill; and on his death-bed he murmured to her, "If I have walked toward the throne, it was by your help."

One of the most appealing episodes in that strange book of Ezekiel is the command that

the prophet shall abstain from all mourning for his beloved wife—a sign of the silent stupefaction which Jerusalem's fall should bring with it. Even the Roman code was more mellow. To the widow of Agricola, Tacitus, their son-in-law, wrote: "Keep sacred the memory of the husband by pondering all that he said or did, and let the expression of his character rather than of his person be enshrined there. The soul's image is imperishable. All of Agricola that we loved and admired abides." To make public the virtues of a companion gone is somewhat to ease one's personal grief. In the introduction to the "Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson" his lady hopes she "may be pardoned for drawing an imperfect image of him, especially when even the rudest draft that endeavors to counterfeit him will have much of delightful loveliness in it." Mrs. Huxley took upon herself the task of writing for the scientist's tombstone an epitaph that should not misrepresent him:

Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep,
For still he giveth his beloved sleep,
And if an endless sleep he wills, so best.

The list of royal marriages is not without delightful episodes. The Little Princess of Mecklenburg wrote a letter to young George III, a beautiful letter without a single blot, on the horrors of war and the blessings of peace; and he replied, It did credit to her head and heart; come over and be queen of England; which she did, and they lived happy ever after. Mercy told Marie Antoinette that it was for her to cultivate and excite in her husband all ideas that tend to elevate the soul and that could give him the spirit of prudence and judgment necessary to remove present evils and avert those in the future. "My words astonished the dauphine," the ambassador wrote Maria Theresa, "and made an impression upon her." An illuminating comment on the young husband's character is that he was so occupied in finding little means of pleasing Marie Antoinette that he could not think of the great ones. Their daughter, the sweet child of the Temple prison, grew up cold and tactless, "lacking *savoir vivre*, as her husband, the son of Charles X, lacked *savoir dire*." She sacrificed her conscience to her duties as a wife and ignored the art of gaining hearts. When Louis XVIII died, the duchess, who had always taken precedence of her husband, as daughter of a king, fell behind at the door, saying, "Pass on, M. le Dauphin."

A Matrimonial
Anthology

The beautiful Margaret of Austria was betrothed at the age of three to the dauphin of France, lived in Paris, and was treated as a little queen, but at fourteen was sent back to Flanders. Her second marriage was to the eldest son of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, a lovely prince who died the second year. Her third marriage to Philibert of Savoy was no less a love match. He, too, died in the flower of his youth, though Margaret had her finest pearls ground up to make him an elixir to save his life. Three successive devices she adopted. After her first marriage, a high mountain with a hurricane about its summit; after the death of John of Spain, a tree laden with fruit struck in half by lightning; and after Philibert's death, a motto meaning "Playing of fortune." Henry VII of England begged her to accept him as her fourth husband, but she refused, devoting the remainder of her life to the care and welfare of her nephew Charles V.

Andrew Lang says that the reason literary characters are often unhappy in marriage is that theirs is a home industry and they and their wives see too much of each other. The Carlyles rise to the front as a rueful instance; the Grotes more humorously. "I like Mr. Grote," exclaimed Sydney Smith; "he's so ladylike; and I like her, she's such a perfect gentleman!" Jenny Lind compared the historian to a fine old bust in a corner which one longed to dust. "And," commented Hare, "Mrs. Grote dusted him!"

More aggressive in defence was the Rev. R. C. Maturin who, when in the throes of composition, would be seen with a red wafer stuck on his forehead, a sign to his wife and numerous family that he was not to be spoken to. That the home industry is not, however, the sole cause of conjugal *ennui* is suggested by the famous letter of the French wife: "I am writing to you because I do not know what to do, and I am ending my letter because I do not know what to say."

The traffic in kind speeches and occasional sips from the chalice prepared for other lips are potent factors in the pleasantness of married life. When Harm Jan Huidekoper and his wife added up the same column of figures to see if the results corresponded and they

would sometimes differ, he would always say, "Dear, I must have made a mistake." Less tact was shown by the autograph collector who, perceiving that the house was on fire, scrambled out of bed crying to his wife, "You save the children and I will save the autographs." Obviously if an important thing is to be done one should do it one's self.

Wordsworth on one occasion, when talking to his wife, referred to a time when "as you know, I was better looking." "But, my dear," replied she, "you were always very ugly."

Lady Dacre on her eighty-third birthday wrote to her granddaughter: "I do assure you that if I had been a lovely young bride striking nineteen, more affectionate and gratifying speeches could not have flown from my bridegroom's lips of twenty-three. I am so little worthy of it. It belongs to his nature: I have nothing to do with it"; a delightful instance of the dormant qualities which come out in elemental partnerships.

The companions of our lives become a literal part of ourselves, sit enthroned in our hearts, work with us, and all that we do is their tribute. "Wendell, no shilly-shallying to-night. Your wife, Ann," ran the note to Phillips, the suffering invalid urging her husband to his duty while the mobs howled furious epithets at him. "I should never have cared for the Indian if my wife had not forced me to it," declared two senators who have done exceptionally good work along that line.

Of "Liberty," the most carefully executed of all John Stuart Mill's writings, he said: "My wife was its joint producer, going over every sentence of it with me again and again." And he remarked elsewhere, "Those who are associated in their lives tend to become associated in character. In the closeness of relation between the sexes men cannot retain manliness unless women acquire it." That man and woman under the sane and steadying experiences of married life grow to look alike and think alike is not surprising to students of psychology; and I have a theory that if the very apple leaves were evergreen instead of deciduous, not so quickly divorced by the changing seasons, they might grow as like as two pine needles, and so win dollars for little girls who yearn to match them.

THE FIELD OF ART.

PAINTER-WOOD-ENGRAVING: A REVIVAL

THE possibility of a revival of the art of wood-engraving is an ever-recurring subject of discussion. It will be found to lie in painter-engraving, that is original effort, rather than in the reproductive art in which so consummate an achievement was attained in our days.

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the United States witnessed a development of reproductive wood-engraving carried to what was apparently the limit of its possibilities in the suggestion of tones and textures. The glorious period of success was as remarkable in its product as it was short in duration. The photo-mechanical processes, particularly the now ubiquitous half-tone, swept all before them, and only two noteworthy members of the group of men who made American wood-engraving famous—Cole and Wolf—are to-day still regularly practising the art.

The decay of wood-engraving has been deplored in print and speech not a few times, and not infrequently in apparent forgetfulness of the fact that not only will necessity insure the survival of that which fits its case, but in this case the revival is already with us. But the art has arisen in a new form, or rather there is a renaissance of an old form. It is an open question whether there will ever again be a general use of wood-engraving for the purpose of reproducing paintings or drawings or photographs. But there is no doubt that an increasing number of artists have been turning to the wood block, as they have to etching or lithography, as a means of original, direct

expression. Painter-wood-engraving is coming to its own.

In this country, the desire for original work first took the form of engraving direct from nature by some of the men who had helped to bring reproductive wood-engraving to its high state of development.

Elbridge Kingsley, W. B. Closson, the late Victor Bernström, Henry Wolf, and Frank French, long known as discerning interpreters of the designs and paintings of others, felt the impulse of original creation and brought to its service their long training and artistic temperament. In the result there is completeness of effect, the natural outcome of their previous activity. The spaces of their composition are filled with lines to indicate tone or local color.

In the hands of the artists who are not professional wood-en-

gravers, but who turn temporarily to wood and graver as one of the means through which to find an outlet for what they see and feel, the medium is usually employed in a somewhat different way. Here, there is indication rather than fulfilment, decorative effect of line or space rather than wealth of detail. The rendition of form is simplified. Simple designs, flat tints of gray or black or color, are generally used. Two elements are noticeable particularly: a reversion to the line of the fac-simile engraving (as we see it in cuts after Dürer, for instance), with occasionally a touch of archaism; and the influence of the Japanese chromo-xylograph, or wood-engraving in color. But these influences, in the work which is worthy of serious consideration, appear in assimilation, not in imitation. The key-note in these prints is modern-



A Hopi Chief.

Drawn and engraved by Howard McCormick.



Half-tone from an Ipswich print, by Arthur W. Dow.

The original printed in two tints. The block was engraved on the face of the wood, not as in the usual method on the end of the grain.

ity; they are of to-day, and none the less original because based on experience of the past.

Vallotton, Lepère, Guérard, Orlik, Strang, Gordon Craig, Ricketts, are a few of the Europeans who have exemplified the widely varying possibilities of individual expression in this art of simple, straightforward, and yet subtle effects. Even a cursory examination of their work will show how responsive this art can be to the personal touch. Yet all this display of variety in conception, treatment, and result is based primarily on an understanding of the peculiar nature of the tools used, on a recognition of both the range and the limits of their inherent potentiality. To know how to produce effects without torturing the instrument beyond its proper functions is as necessary in art, as it is in literature to produce word-pictures without straining the language.

Technical matters cannot be overlooked in the enjoyment of a work of art. Some knowledge of the process by which it was produced enables one to approach it with a clearer idea of the problem that was before the artist, and a keener appreciation of the product. And these same processes circumscribe the possibilities of the art. Thus, the result attained in wood-engraving is essentially affected by the circumstance that we have to do here with a so-called "relief process" (in contrast to the "intaglio" process of the engraving or etching on copper). In this, the lines to print in black are produced by cutting away the wood around them so that

they stand out in relief, and when inked will leave an impression on paper pressed against them. Originally, all designs were drawn in lines on wood and then engraved line for line, a method usually referred to as "fac-simile." Subsequently, the matter of tones and tints began to be regarded, and the engraver strove to reproduce the effect of wash-drawings, and later of the photograph. Explanations without examples are barren perforce, but examination of actual specimens is not so difficult in these days of museums and of print-rooms and art departments in large public libraries.

A few, at least, among American artists have heeded the appeal of the wood block, have tested its possibilities in quite varied styles and moods. And the result is most satisfactory where the artist does not lose his better self in the pursuit of the close imitation of other models, where foreign influences are absorbed in a healthy manner while the artist's own personality predominates. This is apparent, for instance, in the works of Arthur W. Dow (among them the "Ipswich prints," which he himself calls "simple color themes"), in which the principles of color-printing from wood blocks are well illustrated. The late Ernest F. Fenollosa, writing of Dow's experiments in printing pictures in a few flat tints, emphasized the characteristics of the process, its limits, its salient features, the delicacy which lies in its very simplicity. "The artist," said he, "is as free with his blocks as the painter with his palette. . . .

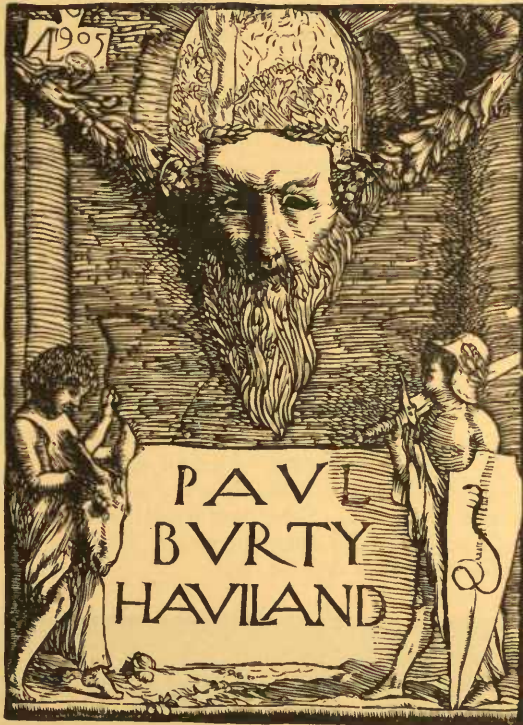
Pigment washed upon the wood, and allowed to press the sheet with a touch as delicate as a hand's caress, clings shyly only to the outer fibres, . . . leaving the deep wells of light in the valleys, the whiteness of the paper's inner heart, to glow up through it and dilute its solid color with a medium of pure luminosity." And farther: "This method . . . strengthens the artist's constructive sense in that it forces him to deal with simple factors. It stimulates the faculty of design. . . . Mr. Dow's application of it to Western expression and use remains an epoch-making event."

It is this Western expression which forms the interest of these prints, the independent adaptation of the Japanese technique for the presentation of a point of view which carries no hint of mere imitation, but is the outcome of personal conviction. The Japanese manner is very much more in-

sisted upon in the case of Miss Helen Hyde, who, furthermore, lives in Japan and chooses Japanese subjects. She has presented some delicate and subdued color harmonies, such as we see them in old Japanese prints as they appear to-day, with the colors toned down by time or exposure. Yet with all this there is in her pictures an element of Occidental observation. This gives to her Eastern mothers and children a touch of humanity which we do not so readily feel in the native prints, unless we have probed below the exotic strangeness that lies over them as a result of many years of systematized, formalized methods of design. To a Japanese, indeed, her work seems strange, despite the fact that we are told that she won a prize in Tokio in competition with native artists. The Japanese

form is there, but not the spirit. The gesture is Japanese, the language is English. And it is well that Miss Hyde, despite her Japanese robes, does speak her mother tongue—though occasionally with just a hint of an accent.

An entirely different point of view is evidenced in the work of Howard McCormick, rugged, yet aiming in its way at full pictorial effect, covering the surface of the block with lines. Still, his is not the manner of the professional wood-engraver, and not suited to microscopical examination any more than the impressionistic canvases of Monet or Pissarro or Sisley. It is a method well adapted in its vigor to his reproduction of the bust of Lincoln in which that homely, honest character has been pictured by the virile directness of Gutzon Borglum. Usually, however, he engraves after his own designs, as in some magazine covers, or in his



From a book-plate drawn and engraved by Allen Lewis

series of Mexican subjects. In these latter he handles the graver (burin) with the sweep of the brush, using legitimate burin methods, but applying them with a free, flickering touch which gives a noteworthy impression of life and action and pulsating tone.

Where McCormick fairly hews out his way in a distinct style of his own, A. Allen Lewis shows a touch of frank archaism, joined, however, to an equally honest individuality of expression. His frequent use of tints of color, flat, but with the mottling of delicate variations produced by the texture of the wood, is reminiscent of the old "chiaroscuro" engravings. It is merely a matter of method, however; the work is essentially of to-day. Rud. Ruzicka fairly bathes his designs in black, executed with both vigor and lightness,

in a light-brown tint relieved by white lights. The effect invests the towering business buildings of New York with an appeal to the imagination that is distinctly and delightfully personal in its presentation. Lewis has been particularly identified with the art of the book-plate, to the designing and engraving of which W. F. Hopson has brought the finished mastery of the practiced engraver on both wood and copper. Hopson exhibits that combination of variety in treatment with dignity and restraint in expression which produces the happiest results in these marks of bibliophilic proprietorship.

In contrast to this art of the small there is the opposite, as to size, in the field of the print, the poster. It was once, before the more ambitious efforts of lithography, wholly the province of the wood-cutter, though a product, then, of rough and ready effects. The materials used may have seemed unpromising: wood-carver's tools ground down to the length of a boxwood-graver, the blade being grooved to prevent splitting in the wood, and very soft basswood, quite free from knots. Yet James Britton employed them with bold and broad effect in several vigorously drawn posters for the Connecticut League of Art Students, for a studio concert, etc. They bring us back to the old truth, that the artist who really has something to say will find his

own way of saying it, and will win the medium to his style.

All this is not so very much, quantitatively. Its significance lies in the effort to use this oldest of the reproductive media as a painter-art. Yet it is simply one of the forms of graphic art which offer by-paths for incursions which are not undertaken too often by American artists. The present gratifying revival of painter-etching in the United States is expressed almost entirely in the activity of those who make a specialty of etching; the painter who etches occasionally is rare indeed. Lithography is almost entirely neglected. Abroad—in France, England, Germany, and Austria—one finds much more active utilization of such possibilities on the part of artists, who turn from canvas or modelling clay to the etching plate, the lithographic stone, or the wood block (not to speak of forms of applied art such as interior decoration or the designing of furniture—or advertisements), bringing the personal note which forms the value and attraction of such efforts to clothe the objects of vision in various artistic forms. Such occasional changes of activity must provide a veritable safety-valve, an opportunity for the "other view," a chance of escape from the "usual thing" when that threatens to become too much a matter of manner, a road of return to the artist's own self.

FRANK WEITENKAMPE.



A bit of Old New York.

Drawn and engraved by R. Ruzicka.



Drawn by Fred Pegram.

"THE OLD KING SAW HIM TOO, AND REINED UP AND CALLED 'SECURE THAT FELLOW!'"

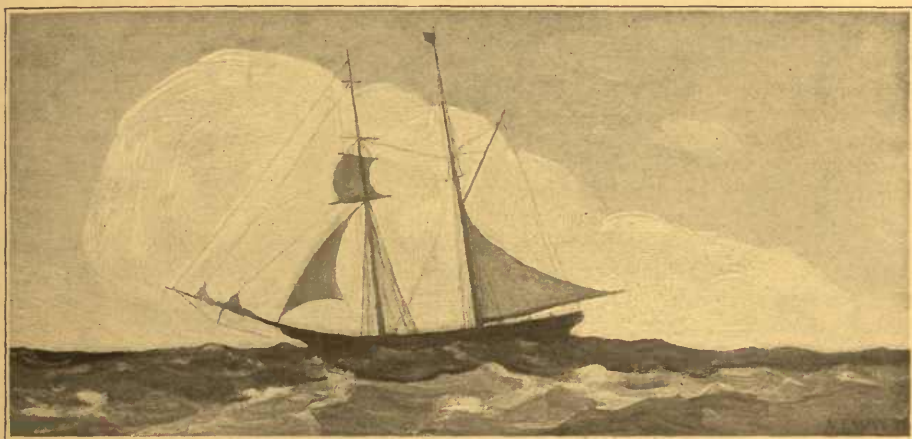
—"The Queens of Arcady," page 221.

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CAPTAIN BLAISE

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

TWO years now since Mr. Villard had come home, and not a soul on the plantation but believed that at last the new master had given up his mysterious voyages and was home to stay. But one day I had business in Savannah, and while there, hearing that the bark *Nereid* was in from the West African coast, I strolled down to the river front; and presently I was approached and addressed by the master of the *Nereid*, a seaman-like and rather shrewd-looking man who had a message for Mr. Villard, he said—from the West Coast.

"I am charged to ask him to pass the word to Captain Blaise," said the *Nereid's* master, "that an old friend of his lies low of fever into Momba. Captain Blaise would know who. We were putting out of Momba lagoon and I was standing by the rail, when a nigger came paddling up and whis-

pered it. Like a breath of night air it was. 'Tell Marster Carpt'n that Ubbo bring the word,' said the nigger, and like another breath of wind he passed on. No more than that. A short, very stout, and very black nigger. And I was to pass the word to Mr. Villard, a gentleman of estate near Savannah, Ga., and if you, sir, will attend to that, my part's done."

After my dinner in town was through with, I rode hard; but it was late night by the time I reached the manor-house. I found him sitting out under the moon, smoking a cheroot as usual, and he continued to smoke immovably for some minutes after I had delivered the message; but by and by he stood up and took to pacing the veranda, and presently, after his fashion, to speak his thoughts aloud.

"A hundred thousand acres and a thousand slaves, good, bad, and indifferent—

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surely a man does owe a little something to his manorial duties. At least, so all my highly respectable and well-established neighbors tell me. What do you say, Guy?"

"I never gave much thought to the matter, sir."

"No? Well, doubtless you will—some day. But d' y' remember Kingston Harbor, where the black boys dive through the green waters for the silver sixpenny pieces, and Kingston port, where the white roads and the white walls throw back the tropic sun so that it seems twice as hot as it really is—Kingston, Guy—in Jamaica, where the sun sets like a blood-orange salad in a purple dish? D' y' remember, Guy, and the day we were lying into Kingston in the *Bess* and the word came that my uncle was dead Aye, you do; but don't you remember how he used to rail against me? To be sure—you were too young. And yet a good old uncle, who gave me never a mild word in his life but left me his all at death."

"And why shouldn't he, sir?"

"Why not? Aye, that is so. Why not? And yet he could have left it to anybody—to you, say."

"Why to me? Who am I?"

"What? Who are you? He ceased his pacing. "That is so, Guy—who are you? You with the strange, quick blood writ so plain in your countenance that there——"

"Isn't it good blood, sir?"

"Aye, Guy, be sure it is good blood. But often have I thought how he would have stormed if——" He gazed curiously at me.

"If——"

"Aye, if—but no matter." He resumed his nervous pacing back and forth, back and forth, hands in pockets, head up, chin out, and face turned always toward the river, past the moss-hung cypress trees to the yellow Savannah flowing swiftly beyond. The salt tide-water made as far as Villard Landing, and when it was in full flood, as now, it brought the smell of the sea strongly with it.

"No matter that now, Guy. A good old soul, my uncle, d' y' see; but the blood was everything to him. And he put it in the bond and I am bound by it: that only the lawful issue, a son of the house, shall inherit. 'I'll have no strange derelict child inherit my estate.' His own words. So this fair

estate, lacking lawful issue of my body or my old uncle's son—and he is dead—it goes out of the family. Oh, a stormy, intolerant, but well-meaning old uncle, who would have none of his property left to— Oh, but not that, Guy—no, no, lad." He laid a restraining hand on my shoulder. "No, no, lad, you must not take that to yourself; for you are, no fear, honest born."

"I've waited long for you to tell me even that. Won't you tell me more, sir?"

"Enough for now. But whatever my uncle thought or wished, here, Guy, is an estate to your hand to enjoy. What d' y' say, eh, to the life of a Southern gentleman on his plantation? A hundred thousand acres, a thousand slaves, a stable of the horses you love so, upland and river bottom to hunt, dancing, riding, balls, the city in winter. Is not that something better than the hard, uncertain sea, Guy?"

He had paused for my answer, but I made none. He was standing motionless, except for the backward toss of his head and the deep inhalation, three or four times, of the briny air from the flooding river. There was disappointment in his voice when he took up the talk again.

"Oh, Guy, between us two what a difference! I was born ashore, you at sea, and yet

"It's you for the back of a charging barb,
And me for the deck of a heaving brig!"

In a lower voice he repeated the couplet, and was plainly vastly pleased with it. "Faith, and I wonder is that my own, or something I read somewhere. Something of the lilt of a Scotch strathspey to 't, shouldn't you say? You know more of such things. What d' y' say—shall I claim that for my own, Guy?"

"You do, sir, and it's not Homer, nor Dante, nor Keats who will rise up to accuse you of plagiarism."

"Bah! You would no more allow me the merit of a poetic vein than——"

"Poetry, sir?"

"Poetry—why not?" and suddenly bending sidewise and forward, he essayed to obtain a fuller view of my face. And it is true that I was thinking of anything but poetry.

His face darkened as he gazed. "A hundred estates and plantations were nothing to me against——" he burst out passionately,



After my dinner in town was through with, I rode hard.—Page 129.

but no further than that. He checked himself and went inside, and with no good-night going.

In the morning he was gone. I waited—one, two, three days, and then I went also—to Savannah, where I saw the *Bess*, but so altered that it needed a lifetime's intimacy to hail her in the stream. Her spars had been sent down and her name was now the *Triton*, and to her bow and stern was clamped the false work which left her with no more outward grace than any clumsy coaster; and by these signs I knew that Mr. Villard of Villard Manor would once more disappear and that Captain Blaise would soon again be sailing the *Dancing Bess* overseas.

Captain Blaise had not yet come aboard; but whatever ship he sailed the full run of that ship was mine, and I went into his cabin to wait for him.

It was after dark when he came over the side. It was always after dark when he boarded the *Bess* in home ports. His words were colder than his expression when he addressed me. "And where are you bound?"

"I don't know yet, sir."

"And why not?"

"You have not yet told me, sir, where you are going."

"Suppose it should be the West Coast and the old trade?"

"I'm sorry, sir, but even so I go."

"And leave all that good life you love so at the Manor?"

On his face was still the stern look. I could not stand it longer and I stepped closer to him. "You have not turned against me, sir?"

He softened at once. "Guy, Guy, don't mind me. I meant well. I thought you might prefer the shore to living on the sea."

"I do, sir, but when you are at sea it's at sea I'd rather be too, sir."

"Ah-h—" and when he looked at me like that it mattered not about his law-breaking—he was the bravest, finest man that ever sailed the trades. "Guy, my boy, if you'll have it so, why come along. And once more we'll cruise together; but you won't judge your commander too harshly, will you, Guy?"

We took the ebb down the river. Our papers read for a West India trading voyage, but we lingered not among the West Indies. Four weeks later we raised the

Cape Verdes, and an islet rose like a castle from out of the mists. Abreast of a pebbled beach we came to anchor and waited.

II

A BOAT scraped alongside, and the agent Rimmle came aboard. He came out to have a chat for old time's sake; and yet not so old either, he corrected, and would Captain Blaise come ashore and have a drink or two of good liquor? And Captain Blaise replied that he carried as good liquor in his locker as ever graced any sideboard ashore. And they dropped into the cabin, where I happened to be, and had a glass of wine and a word or two, and another glass and a few more words; and at last Rimmle put the question: Would Captain Blaise run one more draft?

Long ago, Captain Blaise promised me that there was to be no more slave-running, and as he never lied to me, I wondered now why he paused and pondered as if debating with himself. At last he looked up. "It doesn't pay any more, Rimmle."

"Well, in these days," observed Rimmle, "I don't blame you, with the bull-dogs of men-o'-war making it so hot."

We all had to smile at that, and Rimmle, seeing that Captain Blaise was not to be shamed into it, went on. "But suppose there was larger head-money than ever was paid before, Captain? And if half the head-money and the crew's pay were laid down in advance? For it is hard, as you have often said, Captain, that anything should happen to brave and willing men on such a cruise and they have neither profit nor safety of it." It was the old talk all over again, the agent urging him once more to take to slave-running, except that in other days Captain Blaise had displayed less patience.

The wineglasses had already been filled too frequently for me, and, pleading business, I had spread out a coast chart on the other end of the cabin table and was studying it, this by way of removing myself from a conversation which I saw was not to end with trading or slave-running.

This Rimmle was one of those who held Captain Blaise for a sort of idol. I had seen dozens of the kind before. Great hours for them when they could sit in with the famous Captain Blaise, and so now, with

the agent bound to talk of the West Coast trade, lawful and otherwise, Captain Blaise was making but slow headway.

I was thinking of stepping up on deck to stretch my legs, when the conversation took a sudden shift. "Captain"—Rimmle put the question hesitatingly—"I thought I had seen the last of you. May I ask what lured you back?"

Captain Blaise had decanted another bottle and was viewing the rich-colored bubbles as he held the carafe up against the light. Such little things afforded him keen pleasure. He set the carafe down—softly—only to ask by way of reply: "Rimmle, what is it always brings men back?"

Rimmle laid his head to one side and nodded shrewdly. "As far as my experience goes, Captain, it is one of three things."

"And which of the three is my failing?" Captain Blaise was absently filling their glasses.

"M-m— It cannot be money—you never cared for that. You who have made fortunes and spent them as fast as you made them—no, it cannot be money. And then your newly acquired property in the States——"

"My newly acquired— What of that?"

"Why, the rumor is out that you fell heir to a great estate in the States—on the bank of the Mississippi or the Ohio, or some outlandish name of a river in the States."

"Oh, a rumor! Go on."

"And as for the drink—it must be a great occasion, indeed, Captain, when you take more than is good for a man. And so——"

"We can never take too much drink in good company, Rimmle. And so drink up—here's health! And so you think it must be——" He smiled faintly at the agent. "And yet who should know better than you that all the gold I ever gave for a woman's favor would not suffice to keep the poorest of them in cambric handkerchiefs."

"As to that"—the agent pursed up his full moist lips—"it is true; the kind who looked for money were never your kind. And yet that kind sometimes cost men a hundred times more in the end."

Captain Blaise bent deferentially toward the agent. "You think that, Rimmle—truly?"

Rimmle bowed wisely.

Captain Blaise continued to regard him in the most friendly way, and yet with an

air of doubt, as if debating how far to discuss matters of this kind with him. And then, leaning yet further forward and speak-

mle beamed. "And so, Rimmle, you can believe possibly that Captain Blaise may yet have his immortal hour, and cherish the



I found him sitting out under the moon, smoking a cheroot as usual.—Page 129.

ing rapidly, energetically: "And agreeing that it is so, who is it that ever regrets the price? D'y' think that I, even though I be what I be, that I— Why, Rimmle, even you who live to amass money"—Rimmle flushed—"even you have had your days when— To be sure you have had." Rim-

hope none the less dearly in his heart because his head, from out the experience of bitter years, tells him that it can never be. And it may be that I go this time for neither money nor drink, nor anything else in which traders ashore or aship commonly bargain. But, hah, hah!"—he grinned suddenly, sar-

donically, at the agent. "Think of us, Rimmle, sitting in the cabin of a West Coast slaver and smuggler discoursing in this fashion—two gallant gentlemen who trade in human misery."

Ten years since Captain Blaise had done any slave-running, and Rimmle, who knew that, was slave-running still, and so he did not quite know how to take this outburst.

Neither did I. Where Captain Blaise was sincere and where talking for effect I could not have said; but surely he was moulding Rimmle like jelly; and now looking out from under his eyebrows at Rimmle, but his lips curved in a smile, he selected a cheroot and lit it, and lit another for Rimmle, who now smiled too. And cheroot followed cheroot, and story story, and drink drink, and the agent gurgled with joy of the intimacy. "What adventures you have had, Captain, and"—he blew a cloud to the cabin roof—"what stories!"

"Adventures? Stories?" Captain Blaise shrugged his shoulders. "Well enough, Rimmle, in their way. 'Tis true I can tell of blockades evaded and corvettes slipped, of customs officers bedevilled, of tricks on slow-tacking junks, and of dancing with creoles under the moon. But what is that? The heedless, unplanned adventuring of an irresponsible American captain. Now you, if you cared to talk, Rimmle, you, I warrant, could tell of big things, things that concern great people—of admirals and governors and what not; for you, it is well known, Rimmle, have your own bureau of information."

Rimmle chuckled. "It is true"—and then he paused. Captain Blaise refilled their glasses. In courtly imitation of the captain, Rimmle raised his and they drank.

Captain Blaise filled them up again. "Men like myself, Rimmle, are but pawns in this trading game. It is the people on the inside, the Governor of Momba and gentlemen like you who direct the play."

Rimmle smacked his lips. "M-m—To be sure, the Governor of Momba—"

There was a half-hour of anecdotes of the Governor of Momba and his son before Cunningham's name was even mentioned; and when the question of him was slipped, so casually was it slipped that I, with senses astretch, did not realize that this must be the sick man at Momba—not until the next question was put.

"But there must have been something else, Rimmle, between the Governor and Cunningham?"

Now, had they been drinking ordinary wine or heavy ale, Rimmle might have held his own. But this was a rare vintage, a delicate bouquet meant for a finer breed than Rimmle. His tongue was still limber but his wits were fled. He was vain to display to the famous Captain Blaise his knowledge of secret affairs. "Yes, it is true, Captain, there was more than showed on the surface there. And that insult to Cunningham was no accident. "No"—he winked—"not at all. He had insulted and shot men before, but he never knew that Cunningham was an old duellist himself. None of us in Momba knew. Did you, Captain?"

"He was not." Captain Blaise banged his hand on the table. "He killed three men, yes; but bad men, and killed them in fair combat."

"Hm-m. A man to let alone that; but nothing of that was known—not then. However, he took the Governor's professional duellist out behind a row of palms one sunny morning and shot him—a beautiful bit of work. It was the vastest surprise—a shock. But a duel, lawful possibly in your country, is not so in ours, Captain, and—"

"And is his daughter with him?"

"When she is not at the Governor's house—yes."

"What! Why there?"

"I don't know, unless it is the only house in that country where a young lady of her position—and then her beauty—"

"Under that old satrap's roof? But here, Rimmle, what is the Governor going to do with Cunningham?"

"Well, Captain, if it should happen that she will marry the Governor's son, why Cunningham might be allowed—you know how, Captain, ho! ho!—surely, to escape. Especially as nobody seems to mourn the man he shot. But when she seemed slow to fall in with their wishes, and as Cunningham had converted all his property into gold and diamonds and shipped them or hid them—though no search has unearthed them—preparatory to shooting the Governor's friend, why they grew suspicious and threatened to push matters. Cunningham was nominally under arrest always. And then he fell sick. How sick? Hard to say.



It was a short, very stout, and very black negro who stood at attention before Captain Blaise.—Page 137.

But should he die, or be punished—imprisoned, say—for the duel, consider it. She is a beautiful girl, true, but human, and in time, in that lonesome country where white gentlemen of social position are so scarce—! And, after all—the Governor of Momba's son and——”

“Rimmle”—Captain Blaise had stood up to look through an air port—“it's a fair wind for me. Shall I put you ashore?”

“Ashore? Why, yes, yes! Bless me, I've had quite a stay, haven't I? But if you care to try it again, Captain, my friend Hassan is into Momba. He will be aboard, no fear. If you do business with him, Captain, why, draw on me, and it's money in my pocket.”

“If I do business of that kind this cruise, Rimmle, I promise you I'll do it with Hassan.”

“Thank you, Captain. Speedy voyage to you, and don't forget Hassan. Good-by, sir, to you.”

Within the hour we sailed for Momba.

III

A SQUADRON of corvettes and sloops o' war put their glasses on us lazily as we neared Momba; but without Dutch bow and stern, our stumpy spars, no self-respect-

ing war-ship was bothering the *Triton*. They let us pass without so much as a hail.

Captain Blaise planned to cross Momba Bar that night, all the more surely cross because the watchers ashore, seeing us hang on and off in the late afternoon, would probably report that we were waiting for morning. So we hauled her to in the dusk where, were it light, we would have seen, under its three fathom of water, Momba Bar lying white and smooth and quiet as a sanded deck as we passed on. With the wind coming low and light from the land that was; but were it a high wind and from the sea, there would be no going over that bar at night or any other time.

We slipped silently up the inside, the northerly passage, to the lagoon, and crept up the lagoon just as silently, but even as we were mooring the *Bess* in a nook at the head of the lagoon, a tall Arab was alongside. With him Captain Blaise and I went ashore in the ship's long-boat, and to avoid suspicion we took no arms. An hour of camp-fires and shadows under the trees we wasted then with this sharp trader Hassan. No printed calicoes, or brass rings, or looking-glasses for him, nor rum, he being a true believer. Nothing of that; but of gold paid into hand, and plenty of it there must be. And Captain Blaise, to allay sus-



I had half seen how he had rested his elbow on the hedge and carried his head to one side when he fired that first shot.—Page 139.

picion, discussed matters hotly. Finally he agreed to the Arab's terms, and Hassan salaamed, and out under the open sky we went again.

"A proper villain, Guy, is that fellow. Did you ever see so wonderfully cunning a

smile? And in the morning I am to give him a draft on Rimmle! Sometimes I think there must be something infantile about me, strangers do pick me up for such an innocent at times. But in the morning, my shrewd Hassan——"

Naked feet padded beside us. "O Marster Carpt'n, Marster Carpt'n, suh——"

"You, Ubbo!"

"Yes, suh, Marster Carpt'n." It was a short, very stout, and very black negro who stood at attention before Captain Blaise.

"Where's your master?"

"Waitin', Carpt'n, suh. He sick, suh, but not so he die, he say, suh."

"And Miss Shiela?"

"Missy Shiela at de Governor's, suh. An' de missy know you come too, suh. I been watchin' suh, for long time. I see de ship, suh, an' I know you come over de bar, suh, to-night. An' I tell de marster, suh. An' marster waitin', an' Missy Shiela waitin', Marster Carpt'n, to take um away—to take um home, suh. He very sick, suh."

"After us, Ubbo."

We raced to where was the long-boat, screened under a bank. From her crew we took four good men and followed Ubbo.

The roof of a low building loomed above the jungle growth. Ubbo uttered a warning-sound. We could hear the regular tread and presently he came around the corner of the house. He was a negro in uniform with a musket held carelessly over his shoulder.

Captain Blaise whispered to his men: "When he comes around again get him. No noise. Choke him first." The four sailors leaped together when next he appeared. In an instant almost it was done. They laid him on the ground, threw his musket into the brush, and we entered the building.

On a cot beside an open window, with a reading-lamp at his head, lay a tall man.

"Still alive, Gad," called Captain Blaise cheerily.

"Still alive, Blaise, and I reckon you did a neat job on that nigger guard, for all I heard was a little gurgling. Yes, still alive. Still alive, Blaise, thanks to Shiela's discrimination in the selection of the Governor's nourishing cordials, and thanks no less to my boy Ubbo's sleepless habits. But, old friend, you're none too soon. And don't waste any time in getting Shiela. She is still at the Governor's. I bade her stay there so they would not suspect. She has my sabre and duelling pistols with her, by the way. And she'll bear a hand with them, if need be. But who is

this? Oh, this is Guy? I'm glad to know you, Guy."

A wreck of a tall, slender, handsome man, such a man he may have been in his prime as was Captain Blaise, but older. A sporting, reckless sort he may have been, but a man of manner and blood. Two of the crew bore him out, though one would have sufficed. "Ubbo will show you where the strong-box is, Blaise," he called on being borne off; and Ubbo led us through the thick jungle to where, under a rock over which a little water-fall played, a massive iron chest was buried. It took two stout men of the crew to handle it.

We saw Mr. Cunningham and the strong-box safely to the long-boat and then, with Ubbo, took station behind a hedge which bordered the Governor's grounds. There was much going on there—music and people strolling on the lawn. Captain Blaise pointed out the Governor to me, and his son, and bade me notice also fifteen or twenty barefooted but armed and uniformed negroes clustered between two rows of palms on the farther side of the lawn.

"We'll wait here, with the hedge to protect us," said Captain Blaise, and motioned to Ubbo. "Tell Miss Shiela that all's ready."

The negro slipped away. A short minute or so and Captain Blaise, who had been peering like a man on watch on a bad night, gripped me nervously. "Look, there she is!"

I looked. Never again would I have to be told to look. She was framed in a low window off the veranda. The Governor's son was now close behind her. Ubbo was standing on the lawn over near the musicians. We crept nearer. Turning, as if accidentally, she saw him and called to him. "How is your master, Ubbo, to-night?"

"Marster tell me to say he more happy to-night, Missy."

"Told you to say, Ubbo."

"Yes, Missy, marster tell me to say."

"That's the signal, that sentence," whispered Captain Blaise.

"That's good. You can go, Ubbo." She smiled and chatted with the Governor's son then.

"She can't have interpreted the message aright," I panted.

"Because she did not leap into the air. Trust her—she's Gadsden Cunningham's, her own father's daughter."

In a few minutes she turned from the Governor's son to his father, from him to her ladyship, and from her without haste to some less distinguished member, and then in the most casual way in the world she strolled inside and from our sight.

Hardly a minute later the signal came: a firefly's flash five times together and three times repeated from the darkened upper story.

Ubbo was with us when the signal came. "Marster Carpt'n," he whispered, and handed him a sabre and a pair of duelling pistols. "Missy send um—an' dey loaded, both um, suh."

Captain Blaise, taking the sabre and passing me the pistols, ordered Ubbo to show the way.

We skirted the grounds and entered by a rear gate a garden where were all sorts of low-growing trees and high-growing shrubs to screen us as we drew near the rear veranda. I saw the white gown with the dark blue sash shining out from the shrubbery, and then the white and blue drew back. I would have leaped out on the path to follow, but a restraining hand was on my arm. "Wait, wait!" warned Captain Blaise.

It was the Governor and his son hurrying around the corner of the veranda. "I do not believe it," the Governor was saying. "I cannot credit it. That could not have been his ship which was reported still off the bar at dark—a clumsy galliot of a craft she was described; and besides, he would not dare, a whole squadron cruising within an hour's sail."

"But he is gone, and we found the guard was overpowered. He does not even know how it happened, and his ship is even now moored in the lagoon, and he himself was with Hassan less than an hour ago. Hassan will say no more until he gets his advance money in the morning. But if we move now, he is caught like a rat in a trap. Why not send word to the squadron? The wind is from the sea again and increasing, and he cannot now recross the bar. If we could get hold of Cunningham's nigger, he'll know something. Perhaps we can make him tell. I've sent Charlotte to watch her." He ran to the corner of the veranda. "O Ubbo! Where in the devil is he? O Ubbo! Only a few minutes ago he was talking to her out front. Ubbo! O Ubbo!"

A mulatto girl came hurrying from within the house. "The American missy, I cannot find her. She not in her room, suh."

"What!" The fat old potentate almost jumped into the air.

But the son kept his head. "Not in her room, Charlotte? And Ubbo gone, too? Had I not better make the guard ready, sir?"

"Yes, yes; have the guard fall in."

They rushed around the corner of the veranda and we leaped into the lighted path. She, too, stepped out into the light. "Captain Blaise, oh, Captain Blaise, you don't know what courage you give us."

"Miss Sheila, you don't know what joy you give us."

"Still the same—but—but who is this?" she cried out like a surprised child. And then she seemed to know without being told, for "Oh-h, of course, this is Guy," she said, and smiled as if she had an hour to smile in, and gave me both hands.

"Come," said Captain Blaise abruptly. And down the rear path we hurried, and, circling the garden, entered the hedged path to the lagoon bank. All went well until we had to pass the walk which crossed our path from the front lawn. Here the light of a row of hanging lanterns fell on us.

And they saw us, the Governor and his son and the assembled guards, and came charging down across the lawn after us. But only two abreast could they come down the path.

"The boat is now but a hundred yards away, Miss Shiela," said Captain Blaise. "Guy will take you there. Go you, too, Ubbo." I took her hand and we raced to the bank, where I handed her to a place beside her father in the boat.

"And what are you going to do now?" she asked.

"I? Why, I must go back to help Captain Blaise."

"Oh, of course. But hurry back. And be careful, won't you?"

I ran up the path and was soon at his elbow. The column was crowding down the path, and so soon after coming from the bright light, possibly they could not see clearly when he lunged. However it was, one groaned and slid down. He lunged again and the head of the column stopped dead. "What's wrong?" came a voice, the Governor's. "What are you stopping for?"

"Won't you step this way and find out?" jeered Captain Blaise.

"What! only one man?"

The hedge lining the path was waist high, trimmed flat and wide, but I never suspected what was coming until I saw the flash and felt the ting of the bullet on my cheek. "Drop!" warned Captain Blaise, but I had no mind to drop. I held one of Mr. Cunningham's duelling pistols ready for the next shot. I saw it and fired, to the right of and just above the flash. I had half seen how he had rested his elbow on the hedge and carried his head to one side when he fired that first shot. There was the crash of a body through the hedge. And then a silence.

"You got him, I think," said Captain Blaise.

I had been spun half around by the shock of something or other, and now I was once more facing the path squarely, and a thought of those red and blue and gold uniforms jammed in there gave me an idea. "Ready, men!" I called out. "Steady! Aim!—and be sure you fire low." No more than that, when in the Governor's guard there was the wildest scrambling and trampling to get to the rear.

And we left them falling rearward over each other and ran for the landing. The men were waiting on their oars. We leaped in, and Captain Blaise took the tiller ropes. "Give way!" he ordered.

Mr. Cunningham was lying on cushions in the bottom of the boat. I was still laughing, and he rolled his head, I thought, to look at me.

"Where did that skunk get you, Guy?" asked Captain Blaise.

"Why, I didn't know that he got me at all."

"Feel of your cheek."

There was blood, not much, trickling down my right cheek.

"You'd better attend to it."

"Yes, sir."

Warm fingers met mine. It was her silk scarf which she was pressing into my hand. I thrust it in my left breast, then took my own handkerchief and held it to my cheek.

I was chuckling to myself as I fancied the Governor's guards tumbling over each other in their retreat, when Captain Blaise broke in on me. "Aren't you laughing rath-

er soon? You're not over your troubles yet," he said.

"Troubles, sir? Troubles?" It was not at all like him, and his voice, too, was unwontedly harsh. "Troubles?" I almost laughed aloud again. He did not understand—I had only to lean forward to gaze into her eyes. I had only to reach out to clasp her hand. Troubles? Well, possibly so, but I smiled to myself in the dark.

IV

ERE we had fairly boarded the brig they were in chase of us. We could see lights flitting along the lagoon bank and hear the hallooing of native runners—the Governor's, we knew. And for every voice we heard and every light we saw, we knew that hidden back of the trees were a dozen or a score whom we could not hear or see. And on the black surface of the lagoon, paddling between us and the bank, as we worked the ship out, were noiseless men in canoes. We could not see them, but every few minutes a mysterious cry carried across the silent water, and the cry, we knew, was the word of our progress from the Governor's canoe-men to the messengers on the bank.

The lagoon emptied on the south into the Momba River, which twisted and turned like so many S's to the sea; on the north was the passage by which we had come, that which led to the sea by way of the bar. But there was to be no crossing of the bar for us that night. Ten miles inland we had smelled that sea-breeze and knew what it meant; but Captain Blaise, nevertheless, held on with the *Bess* toward the bar. We could hear their crews paddling off and shouting their messages of our progress until they were forced by the breakers to go ashore. Their parting triumphant shouts was their word of our sure intent to attempt the passage of the bar.

When all was quiet from their direction, we put back to the lagoon and headed for the river passage. But one ship of any size had ventured this river passage in a generation, and the planking of that one, the brig *Orion*, for years lay on the bank by way of a warning. "But the *Orion* was no *Dancing Bess*," commented Captain Blaise. Surely not, nor was her master a Captain Blaise.

The top spars of the *Bess* had been slung while we were ashore, and by this time we had also knocked away the ugly and hindering false work on bow and stern, so that with her lifting foreyards which would have done for a sloop of war, and on her driving fore and aft sails which could have served the mizzen of a two-thousand-ton bark, the *Bess* was now herself again. And she had need to be for the work before her.

Captain Blaise ordered her foresails brailed in to the mast to windward and her foreyards braced flat, this that she might sail closer to the wind.

Entering the narrow passage, she was held to the edge of the low but steep bank to windward; so close that where the low-lying reeds grew outward we could hear them swishing against her sides as we passed on.

Miss Cunningham, having seen her father comfortably established with Ubbo in the cabin, had come on deck, and Captain Blaise, busy though he was, took time to make her welcome. No need for him to boast of his seamanship—the whole coast could tell her that; but how often had a beautiful girl a chance to see the proof of it?

We followed the curve of the river's bank almost as the running stream itself. When we came to a sharp-jutting point, Captain Blaise himself, or me to the wheel, would let her fall away until her jib-boom lay over the opposite bank; and then, her sails well filled, it was shoot her up into the wind and past the point before us. Twenty times we had to weather a point of land in that fashion. Fill and shoot, fill and shoot, never a foot too soon, never a foot too late—it was a beautiful exhibition, and only a pity it was not light for her to see it better.

We were clear of the river at last; that is, we were in the river's V-shaped mouth, the delta. The south bank extended westerly, two miles or so farther to the sea, and the other bank north-westerly toward Momba Bar. Now we were able to get a view of the coast line, and northward to beyond the bar it was an almost unbroken line, we could see, of lights flaring from high points along the shore.

Captain Blaise hove her to until he should see a guiding rocket from the men-of-war which he knew were waiting. And presently one came, a blue and gold from due west, and another red and gold from the

west-nor'-west, then a red and blue from north-west by west. Presently there was another, from abreast of and close in to the bar. And we knew there were more in waiting than had signalled. It was already a solid line across the mouth of the river.

If those ships guarding the river's mouth were only anchored, our problem would have been simplified; but they were constantly shifting, and as they showed no sailing lights, no telling where, after a signal flashed, they would fetch next up; and always, showing no signal light whatever, would be the others guarding what they would like to have us mistake for an open passage in the dark.

Their sending up so many signals indicated a bewilderment as to our whereabouts. By this time they must have known ashore that we were not anchored inside the bar; and out to sea they must have known we had not foundered in the surf, and also by this time they had probably discovered that we were not in the lagoon.

"They will puzzle it out soon. Get your floating mines ready," ordered Captain Blaise. That was my work, and in anticipation of it I had knocked together two small rafts loaded with explosives and a large one with explosives and combustible stuff to burn brightly for half an hour or so.

"What does this mean?" Miss Cunningham was at Captain Blaise's elbow. She could not have asked a question more pleasing to him.

"It means that we are like a rat in a hole and half a dozen big cats guarding the exit. It is an acutely angled corner we are in, Miss Shiela, and a string of corvettes and sloops of war stretched, no knowing just where, across the narrow way out. So far they do not know we are here, but before long it is bound to occur to some of them that this is the *Dancing Bess* and that she has made the Momba River passage—and then they will crowd in and pounce on us. That is, if we don't get out before that."

"I see. I must go down and tell father. He's not worrying but he wants to know what's going on."

He let the brigantine now run offshore, parallel with the southern bank, almost to the entrance. Then we doubled back on

our course. As we came about he called, "Ready with your mines, Guy?"

"Ready, sir!"

"Let go!"

At the word over went the big raft. We sailed on for a quarter mile or so. "Let go!" Over went the second. A quarter mile farther and the third one went. Each mine had its fuse. In a very few minutes—the *Bess* was in by the corner of the delta again—the inshore mine exploded.

Following the noise and flame there was a quiet and a great darkness, and then from the southerly guard-ship a rocket, while from the shore burst forth new lights. If the surf had not been roaring, we knew that we could have heard those joyful yells from the watchers up that way. Everybody on the coast knew that the *Bess* carried two long-toms and no lack of ammunition for them. We could imagine their chuckling over our explosion.

Then came the second explosion, and five minutes later the third, and from her a great flame which continued to burn.

"Captain Blaise, I don't understand. Why that fire-raft?"

"Why? We are hoping that they will think that we are sailing out to sea in line of the explosions, just the opposite from what we are doing. If they will but think that that burning raft is our burning hold and that we are in distress, why— Look, Miss Shiela!"

Two war-ships were now signalling to each other recklessly, and their signals gave us a chance to reckon pretty nearly the course that they were steering. Both ships were headed straight for the burning raft. As they came on they uncovered their sailing lights, to prevent collision with each other, and watching these two ships' lights, we might have picked a way directly between them. But if they happened to have another ship under cover in that apparently open water, we would be lost; and also, in passing between, we would have blocked off the lights of each in turn to the other and then they would have us.

Between the bar and the sailing lights of the inshore ship of the pair now bearing down, we knew there was another ship. We had seen her signal early, and that ship, we knew, would be held as close to the line of surf as her draught and the nerve of her commander would allow. Captain

Blaise, reckoning where she should be, laid the *Bess's* course for her. "She's used to having a little loose water on her deck—let her have it again," he said, and at this time we had everything on her, and if I have not made any talk of it before, I'll say it now—the *Bess* could sail.

We were now heading about a point off the edge of the outer line of heavy breakers, and as the *Bess* had the least freeboard of any ship of her size sailing the trades, she was soon carrying on her deck her full allowance of loose water. Amidships, when she lay quietly to anchor, a long-armed man could lean over her rail and all but touch his fingers in the sea. Now, with the wind beam, over her lee rail amidships the heavy seas mounted. On the high quarter-deck we had only to hang onto the weather rail, but the men stationed amidships had to watch sharp to keep from being swept overboard.

She was long and lean. It was her depth, and not her beam, which had held the *Bess* from capsizing in many a blow. Ten years Captain Blaise had had her, and in those ten years, whether in sport or need, he had not spared her. She was long and lean, and as loose forward as an old market basket.

Loose and lean and low, she was wiggling like a black snake through the white-topped seas. We had men in our foretop looking for the guard-ship, and because they knew almost exactly where to look for her, we saw her in time and swung the *Bess* inside her, yet close to the breakers. Her big bulk piled toward us, her great sails reached up in clouds—shadows of clouds. Past our bow, past our waist, past our quarter. We could pick the painted ports and the protruding black muzzles of her port battery, she was past, a huge shapeless shadow racing one way, and we going the other way like some long, sinuous, black devil of a creature streaking through a white-bedded darkness.

We were by before they were alive to it. A voice, another voice, a hundred voices, and then we saw her green sidelight swing in a great arc; but long before then we were away on the other tack, and so when her broadside belched (and there was metal sufficient to blow us out of water), we were half a mile to the westward and leaping like a black hound for home.

A score of rockets followed the broadside. Captain Blaise glanced astern, then ahead, aloft, and from there to the swinging hull beneath him. He started to hum a tune, but broke it off to recite:

"O the woe of wily Hassan
When they break the tragic news!"

And from that he turned to Miss Cunningham with a joyous, "And what d' y' think of it all?"

She looked her answer, with her head held high and breathing deeply.

"And the *Dancing Bess*, isn't she a little jewel of a ship? Something to love? Aye, she is. And you had no fear?"

"Fear!" Her laughter rang out. "When father went below, he said, 'Fear nothing. If Captain Blaise gets caught, there's no help for it—it's fate.'"

And I knew he was satisfied. She had seen him on the quarter of his own ship and he playing the game at which, the *Bess* under his feet, no living man could beat him; and in playing it he had brought her father and herself to freedom. It was for such moments he lived.

The night was fading. We could now see things close by. He took her hand and patted it. "Go below, child, and sleep in peace. You're headed for home. Look at her slipping through the white-topped seas, and where she lays down to her work—there's nothing ever saw the African coast can overhaul us. No, nothing that ever leaped the belted trades can hold her now, not the *Bess*—while her gear's sound and she's all the wind she craves for."

"I believe you, Captain." She looked over the roaring side. Long and loose and lean, she was lengthening out like a quarter-horse, and he was singing, but with a puzzling savageness of tone:

"Roll, you hunted slaver—
Roll you battened hatches down—"

"Good-night, Captain." She turned to me. She was pale, but 'twas the pallor of enduring bravery. There was no paling of her dark eyes. Even darker were they now. "Good-night—" She hesitated. "Good-night, Guy."

"Good-night, Miss Shiela," and I handed her down the companion-way. At the foot of the stairs she looked up and whispered, "You must take care of that wound,

Guy." And I answered, "No fear," and then her face seemed to melt away in a mist under the cabin lamp.

Astern of us the dawn leaped up. It had been black night; in a moment, almost, it was light again. I remembered what Captain Blaise had said of a sunset in Jamaica; but here it was the other way about—a purple, round-rimmed dish, and from a segment of it the blood-red salad of a sun up-leaping. And pictured clouds rolling up above the blood-red. And against the splashes of the sun the tall palm trees. And in the new light the signal flambeaux paling. And the white spray of the bar tossing high, and across the spray the white-belted squadron tacking and filling futilely.

I grew cold and wondered what was wrong. I dimly saw Captain Blaise come running to me. "Guy! Guy!" he called. I remember also myself saying, "Nothing wrong with me, sir—and no harm if there is. It's sunrise on the Slave Coast and the *Dancing Bess* she's bound to the west'ard!"

V

THE blue-belted trades! Day and day, week and week, the little curly, white-headed seas, the unspecked blue sky, and the ceaseless caress of the pursuing wind. No yard nor sail, never a bowline, sheet, or hal-yard to be handled, and the *Bess* bounding ever ahead. Beauty, peace, and a leaping log—could the sea bring greater joy?

Captain Blaise had located the bullet—the second shot it must have been—which had lodged under my right shoulder and cut it out. We were nearing home, and the fever was now gone from me, but I was not yet able to take my part on deck. "Perhaps to-morrow," she had said. And to-morrow was come, and I lay there thinking, and at times trying to write.

She had left me alone for a while. Her father had called her to hear another of the Captain's stories. Through the cabin skylight I could see her, or at least the curve of her chin, and her tanned throat, and one shoulder pressing inward under the skylight shutters. Her face was turned toward Captain Blaise, whose head and shoulders, he pacing and turning on the quarter, came regularly within range. But she was not forgetting me; every few minutes she

thrust her head within the skylight opening and looked down to see that I wanted for nothing, and always she smiled.

I was propped up in an easy chair. Up to two days back I had been on a cot. Mr. Cunningham had improved so rapidly that for more than a week now he had been allowed on deck, and there he was now, as I said, listening with his daughter to the tales of Captain Blaise. His laughter and her breaths of suspense, I could hear the one and feel the other.

I took up my pad of paper and resumed my writing. And reviewing my writing, I had to smile at myself, even as I used to smile at Captain Blaise when he would submit his couplets or quatrains for my judgment. He might marshal off-hand a stanza or two of his vagabond thoughts, but here was I carefully composing with pencil and paper, and had been for a week now.

I had never been ill before, never for five minutes. And this illness had driven me to a strange introspection. There had been time to think. I had smiled at Captain Blaise's amateurish rhymings on the veranda of the manor-house. I had condemned him in my own mind for this death or that death of his irregular career; on that last night on the veranda I had even allowed him to read my thoughts of such matters. And now I could not recollect of his having ever killed or maimed except in defence of his life or property; and yet that night in Momba I had shot, caring not whether I killed or no. Self-defence? At the instant of shooting I had thought, had almost spoken it aloud: "There! There's for a channel to let the starlight into your unclean brain." Self-defence? Tish! He desired, possibly loved in his way, a girl that I had known no longer than I knew him, and there it was—I loved her, too! Captain Blaise himself had probably never killed on less provocation; and meditating on his emotional side, on his many provocations, his lifelong environment, I had to concede that the Captain Blaise I condemned was a less guilty man than I.

This, as I was beginning to see, was but an argument with myself for a final dismissal of my old life. Surely I should be ashamed to admit that in such fashion was my brain trying to fool my soul; but so it was. Remorse? I should have been worn

with remorse, I know; but I was not. I tried to grieve for my hasty judgment of Captain Blaise; and I did. But for the Governor's son, not a qualm. I too, like Captain Blaise, had become the creature of hereditary instincts and overpowering emotion. Never in all my life before had I thought that any sin or shortcoming of mine was ever to be anybody's business but my own. My salvation lay in the future, which, now that my conscience was awakened, I would have only myself to censure if it did not become what I wished.

But these serious thoughts were of previous days. This morning I was to have some little composition ready for her when she came down. I turned to my paper and pencil and began to write. But thoughts, such thoughts as I conceived would please her, came slowly. My new conscience or it may have been the voices of the quarter-deck—her father's questions, Captain Blaise's muffled answers, her exclamations of delight and wonder—all these diverted me. In despair I tried to catch, as I usually could, what Captain Blaise was saying; but to-day he spoke in so low a tone that I could not quite.

Ubbo came down for a chart, a particular chart which Captain Blaise has always kept apart from the others. I pointed out to him where he would find it. And my eye followed his figure up the cabin steps. In a sailor's costume Ubbo was proud but perspiring, though devotion shone out in every drop of perspiration.

Through the skylight I saw Captain Blaise take the chart from Ubbo, unroll and scan it. "I was right. Yes, here's the spot." He was addressing Shiela. "In red ink, see, and here's about where we are now—not ten miles from here, north by east."

Shiela was bending over the chart when "Sail-ho!" rang out from the lookout in the foretop. He had a grand voice, that man on watch.

With one hand Captain Blaise held the chart so Shiela still could read it; with the other he reached through the skylight opening for his long glass. After a long look I saw that he did not resume his narrative. By that I knew that the stranger was troubling him.

Shiela came below to see me. The traces of tears were in her eyes.

"It's a large ship to the northward," she said. "From something Captain Blaise whispered to father it may be a man-o'-war, though I hope not. But what have you done since I've been gone? You mustn't feel put out when I have to go on deck. It's an ungrateful girl, you know, who is not courteous to her host, especially when that host is Captain Blaise. Think what father and I owe him! And what a wonderfully interesting man he is! And what adventures he has had!"

"But what made you cry?"

"Captain Blaise was telling of a happening on this very spot almost. It was a ship from Cadiz for Savannah. She had taken fire. He picked up among others three people lashed to some pieces of wreckage—a man, a woman, and their baby. She was dead and he dying. He did die later aboard his ship, the predecessor of the *Bess*. The baby lived. Do you recall the story?"

"No, he never told me that one. And the baby?"

"The father had practically supported the baby in the water for four days—the baby was less than a year old—and the mother had nursed him till she died. For two days, the man said, with nothing to eat herself. She and he, they had practically killed themselves for the baby boy. She was a Spanish woman—a lady. The father died aboard Captain Blaise's ship. He was an American who had married abroad without consulting his father, and the old gentleman made such a fuss about it that the young man had stayed away—intended to stay away and renounce his heritage; but at last the father had sent for him, and he was then on his way home. But you should have heard Captain Blaise tell it. He made us feel that mother's love for her baby, that mother who was dead before he picked her up, and made us feel, too, what a man the father was. What an actor he is! I tried not to cry, but I did. But let me see—what have you there?"

I showed her some things. She picked up the nearest and read it aloud:

"I was walking down the glen—
O my heart!—on a summer's day.
He passed me by, my gentleman—
Would I had never seen the day!

"True love can neither hate nor scorn,
And ne'er will true love pass away.
And his hair was silk as tasselled corn,
My heart alack—that summer's day!

"Oh, he wore plumes in his broad hat
And jewelled buckles on his shoon,
And O, the sparkle in his eye!
And yet his love could die so soon!"

"H-m. Suggests satin breeches and hair-powder, men who could navigate a ball-room floor more safely than the Tardes, doesn't it? Wherever did you get such notions?"

I showed her a volume, one of Captain Blaise's, an anthology of the Elizabethan and Restoration poets. "I was trying to write like one of 'em," I explained. "And I thought it was pretty good."

"I don't—a poor girl believing that Heaven made her kind for the high people's pleasure. No, I don't like that. And 'hair as silk as tasselled corn!' Do you like tasselled corn hair?"

"Why, no—in a man. But my own being black——"

"Hush! Black's best. No, you're not intended for that kind of writing."

"But here—listen:

'True love can neither hate nor scorn,
And ne'er will true love pass away.'

Don't you like that?"

"Something like it's been said so often. Why don't you put it in your own words?" She took up another sheet. "What's this about?"

"That's about a day and night at sea—a fine day in the trades, such a day as to-day—and last night."

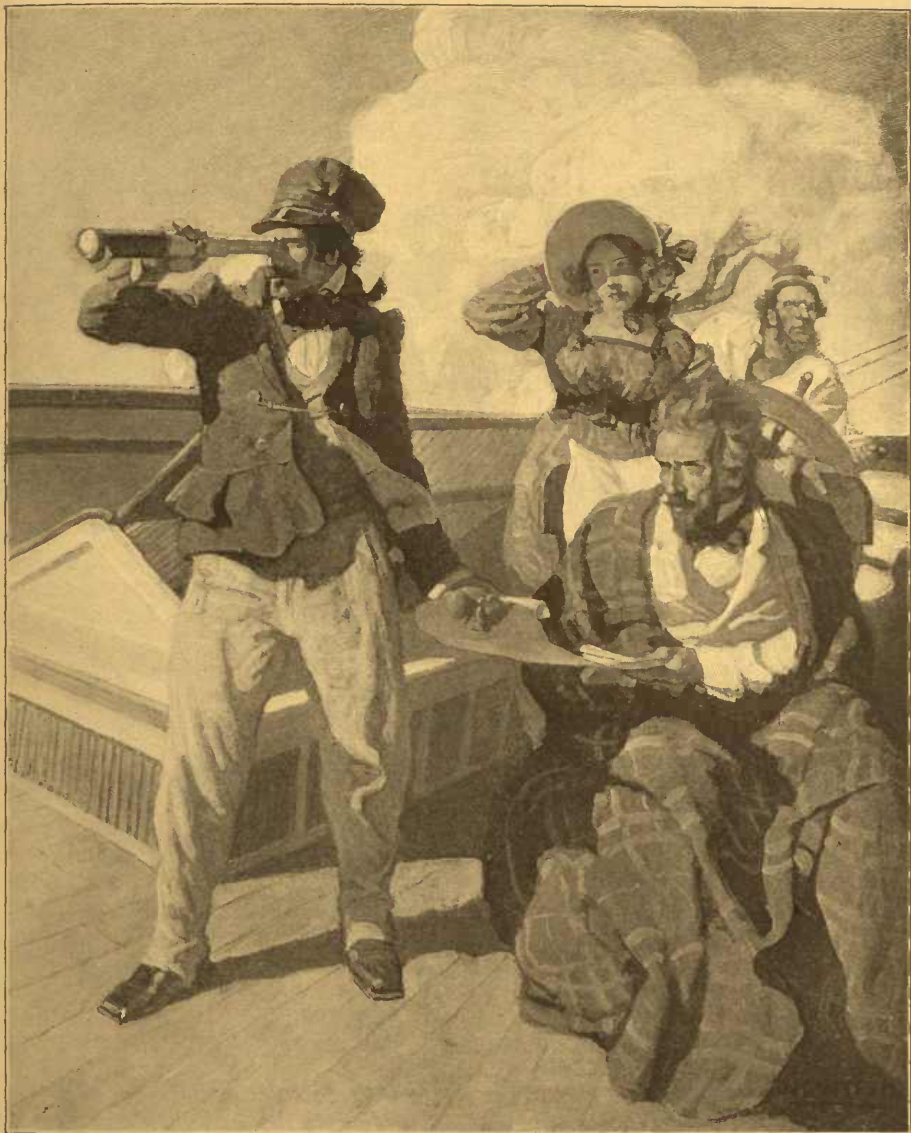
"It *was* a beautiful moon last night, wasn't it?" And she read to herself. Coming to the last stanza, she read aloud, unconsciously I think:

"The stars gleamed out of a purple light,
The moon trembled wide on the sea;
The Western Ocean smiled that night—
Sweetheart, 'twas a dream of thee!"

She paused. "But the ocean doesn't smile."

"But it does. Smiles and frowns, and roars and coos, and coaxes and threatens, and strikes and caresses, and leaps and rolls—and so many other things. I've seen it. And Captain Blaise will tell you the same."

She looked strangely at me. In the deep sea I had seen, at times, that deep dark blue of her eyes—ultramarine, they call it;



After a long look I saw that he did not resume his narrative. By that I knew that the stranger was troubling him.—Page 143.

but hers softer. I almost told her so, but I was afraid.

She looked away and repeated softly:

“‘The Western Ocean smiled that night—
Sweetheart, ’twas a dream of thee’

It’s pretty, but more like what men who cruise for pleasure would write. You’re a sailor—have taken a sailor’s chances. Why don’t you write like a sailor? It is a

sad sea, a terrible sea, despite all your beautiful blue trades. Why don’t you write of the tragic sea?”

“I knew that some time you would say something like that. I’ve seen it in your eyes before.”

“You have?”

“Why, many times. And so, here.” And from between the pages of Captain Blaise’s book of verse I drew another sheet.

At that time I would have been ashamed to let anybody else see these things, but I did not mind her. "Here," I said, "is one I felt. One night in the Caribbean we got caught in a tornado, and we thought—Captain Blaise said afterward he thought so too—that we had stood our last watch. And at the height of it—we could do nothing but stand by—one of the crew, a young fellow—I was only sixteen years old myself then—he said to me, 'Oh, Master Guy, what will she say when she hears?' He meant his young wife. He'd been married just before we put out, and she'd come down to the ship to see him off. So listen:

"The spray, most-like, was in my eyes,
He waved his hand to me—
The wind it blew a gale that day
When he sailed out to sea."

"Ah-h!" She leaned closer.

"It *was* a gale the day we put out. We had to get out—in Charleston Harbor it was—and they were hot after us—gale or no gale, Captain Blaise put out. I'm trying to imagine what she would think when she heard.

"And now no spray is in my eyes,
No hand is waved to me—
But all the gales of time shall blow
Ere he comes back from sea!"

"And she a bride! Oh-h, the poor girl!" She had leaned over my shoulder to read it for herself, and her breath was on my cheek.

"That is why, if I had—a wife, I should dread the sea."

"And that is why a woman— But how long have you been writing poetry?"

"Poetry? Or rhyme? Never before the day I saw you."

"But when did such ideas before take hold of you?"

"The other night I was lying here looking up, and after a time the moon shone through onto my cot, and you crossed its path—you had given me my night cup and I had pretended to be asleep; and I thought of you looking out on the moonlight sea and I got to wondering what you were thinking of. And I remembered a thousand such moonlit nights when you were not there. And I thought what a difference it would have made had you been there, and so when I say

'The Western Ocean smiled that night—
Sweetheart, 'twas a dream of thee!'

you must not smile. I meant it; for if the ocean smiles and whispers and makes men dream of——"

"Oh-h!" her head had settled and now her cheek was against mine. "Go on," she said softly.

"It made me dream of her that was never more than a dream-woman until I saw you. No longer a dream—not after you stepped out onto the veranda of the Governor's house that night in Momba. I knew it again when, looking out from the shrubbery in the garden, you looked at me and said, 'And who is this?' And I knew it when with you in the long-boat, when I wanted to reach out and take your hand——"

"And why didn't you? I knew you were weak from your wound, and it would have been a charity in me to cheer you up."

"Divine charity—but I was not weak—not from any wound. I had not the courage. A sailor may shape his course by a star, but that does not mean that he ever thinks of reaching up and trying to grasp it."

"And you've heard the sea whisper, too, Guy?"

"Many a time. In the night mostly—in the mid-watch, when it's quietest. I've leant over the rail and heard it whisper up to me. People laugh at that, but they know nothing of the sea. And the day, or the night, comes to some men, when she whispers up to him and beckons with her wide arms and on her deep bosom offers to pillow him, and weary of the wrong-doing, mostly it's wrong-doing, or despair, when men hear it—weary, weary to death, they are glad to——"

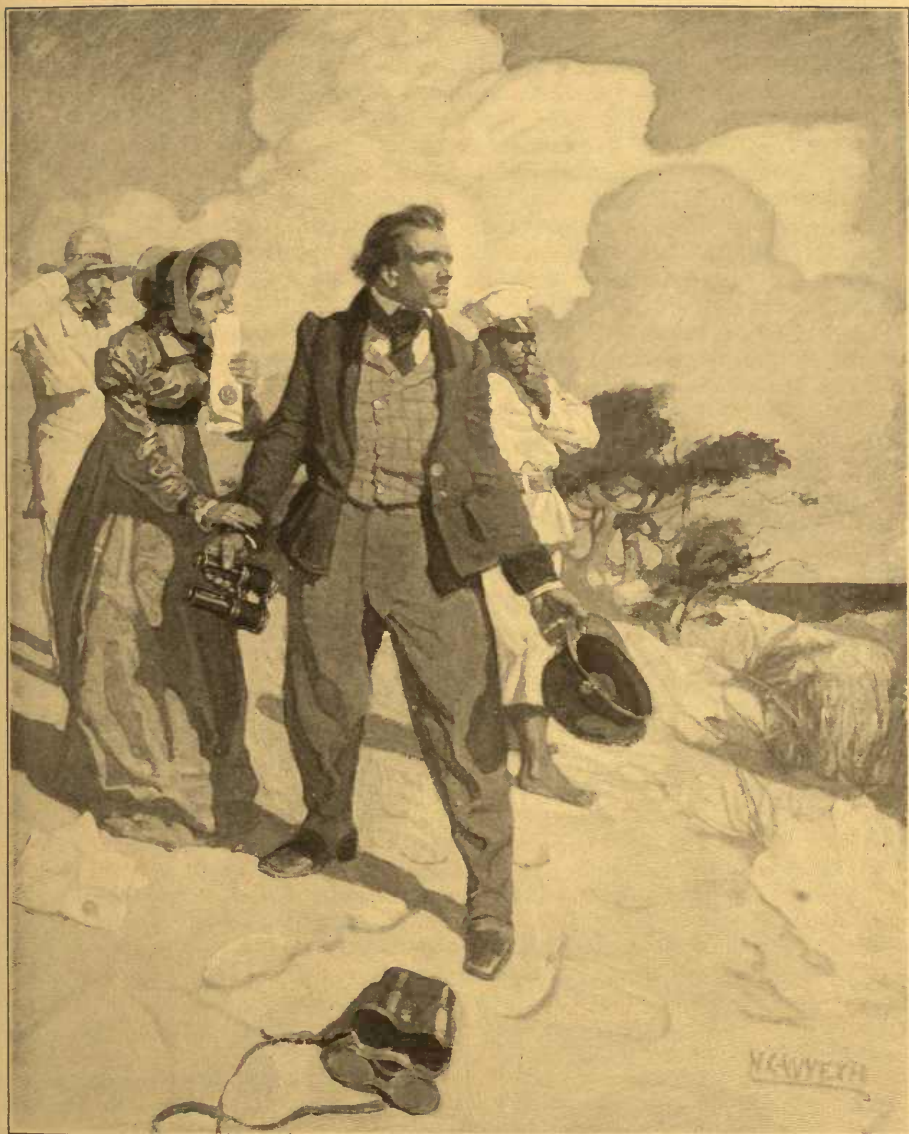
"No, no—no, Guy—you must never go like that!"

"But when a man's alone?"

She rested her chin on my shoulder, she reached a hand down to mine. "You will not be alone, dear—never, never again."

A voice from above recalled me. "Guy! O Guy! If you can make shift to come on deck, you would do well. We are in close quarters and like to be yet closer."

I looked up, not in full time, but in time to catch a glint of his eyes. Pain in his voice, suffering in his eyes—never till that moment did it come to me that this whole cruise had been but a wooing of Shiela Cunningham. And I, who owed



There she was, the *Dancing Bess*, holding a taut bowline to the eastward. And there were the two frigates, but they might as well have been chasing a star.—Page 149.

him everything in life, I had stood in his way. And even with Shiela there my heart ached for him.

VI

WHEN I made the deck I saw that off each beam was an American frigate, and ahead was the land—the coast of Georgia.

No doubt of what they were after. The

Bess was a much-desired prize, and known as far as a long glass could shape her lines or pick her rig. "But there is yet time, sir," I suggested, "to put about, run between them, and escape to the open sea."

"There *is* time," he answered curtly. He had not looked fairly at me since I came on deck. "But I am going to land our passengers, and without further risk of capture."

I thought that he had in mind to hold up for the mouth of the Savannah River and run on up the river to the city. He could do that, though it would mean the final abandonment of the brigantine and, most likely, the identification of Captain Blaise with Mr. Villard of Villard Manor.

Though these were two fast-sailing frigates, we were outrunning them; not rapidly, but sufficiently to make it certain, while yet we were a mile offshore, that we would easily make the river entrance, if such was his intention. But evidently not so, for he now ordered the gig ready for lowering and had Mr. Cunningham's strong-box brought on deck.

"Shall I also take that package you spoke of?" asked Mr. Cunningham.

"Surely. It is ready in my room." And he went below and came up with it, a great beribboned and bewaxed envelope, saying, "Deliver it when the time comes, Gad. Or wait, let Miss Shiela do it," and handed it to her instead.

She blushed vividly and placed it in her portmanteau. "Thank you, sir," she said.

I had difficulty in keeping my eyes off her, even though I was again acting as first officer of the *Bess*, and my first duty just now was to keep an eye on the two ships and render judgment as to their intentions.

"That fellow to the south seems to have decided to bid up for the Savannah River entrance on the next tack, sir," I reported.

"Yes." He was busy with the Cunninghams and spoke absently, though it was also likely that he saw better than I did what the man-o'-war would be at. "That's good. Let him stretch that tack all he pleases."

"Then we are not to stand in yet, sir?"

"Not yet, not till the northerly fellow comes into stays. We'll tack then, but not for the river."

The frigate to the north came into the wind, and as she did we wore ship and stood up; not a great divergence from our old course, but enough to make them think we might yet come about and try for the open sea. The ship to the south of us took notice then and came into the wind, and while they were hanging there we eased off and headed straight for the white beach to the north of the river.

Both ships, after the loss of some minutes in irons, once more filled their sails and

made straight for our wake. Now they seemed to say, "Another half-mile on that leg and you won't make either the river or the open water."

As we neared the white shore an inlet opened up before us. "There's something, Gad, no chart will show you," observed Captain Blaise. "There's a channel carved round an island since the last government chart was plotted. They're doing some puzzling aboard those war-dogs now, I'll warrant. They're thinking we're going to beach and abandon her, I'll wager."

The *Bess* held straight on. It was an inlet which went on for half a mile or so before turning obliquely to the north. It was wide and deep enough for us—plenty; but a frigate's tonnage would have her troubles, if she tried to follow.

We weathered the first bend. Before us was another bend. I remembered now that years before, when I was a little fellow, I had come in and out of this very place. I began to recollect dimly that after a while it came to the open sea again some miles to the north.

We were almost to the other entrance when he ordered the *Bess* hove-to and the gig lowered. Into it went the strong-box and the Cunninghams and Ubbo. "And you, too, Guy." He was looking at me queerly. "Mr. Cunningham is still weak. And Shiela, brave as she is, is only a woman—a girl. Will you see that they are landed safely? That is the main shore. See that their luggage is carried up to the top of that hill. In the creek beyond that hill is an old darky who will take them in his little sharpie by way of a back river to Savannah.

And so I was to have a few more minutes with her. At the gangway he took my hand and held it while he said, "You're weak yet—don't hurry. Those two frigates won't follow us in here." I remember wondering why only Ubbo was in the boat besides ourselves; but I was too excited at the thought of so soon landing her to think logically. As I was about to step into the gig he whispered, "Take good care of her, won't you, Guy?"

"Why, of course, sir."

"That's the boy." He pressed my hand.

We shoved off, Ubbo rowing. In two minutes we were on the beach. I was still weak to be of much help to Ubbo with the

strong-box, and so it took us some time to get it to the top of the hill. We covered it with sand and brush to guard against a possible landing party from the frigates. Shiela's idea that was, and it delayed us another few minutes.

I turned to go. Shiela, she was nervous too, but smiling. "Shiela——"

"You're not going back to the ship."

"But I must—I must."

"No, you're not—and you must not. Here." She had taken the bewaxed and beribboned package from her little hand-bag. It was addressed to "Guy Villard, Esq., Villard Manor, Chatham County, Ga."

"But who is he?"

"Who is he? Who are you?"

"Guy Blaise."

"No, you're not. Open it and read. Or wait, let me read it."

And it is true that not till then did I suspect. I thought that I might have been his son, or the son of some wild friend, born of a marriage on the West Coast or other foreign parts. But of this thing I never had a suspicion.

I was the baby boy picked up in the wreck of the burning ship. There were the marriage certificates of my father and mother, and the title deeds to the Villard estate. It had been a great temptation—he the next of kin, my father's cousin, and no one knowing. And he, too, feared the strange blood. But watching my growth, he had come to love me, and wanted me to love him, and feared my contempt if I should learn. All this was explained in a letter in a small envelope, written recently and hastily. Together, Shiela and I, we finished the reading of it:

"Though I'm not sure now that you should not thank me for withholding your inheritance until the quality of your manhood was assured. It is true that I imperilled your mortal body a score of times; but through fifty-score weeks I nurtured your immortal soul, Guy.

"And now I am going back to that sea wherein I expect to find rest at the last, and let my friends make no mourning over it, Guy. 'Tis a beautiful clean grave, no mould nor crawling worms there. But if it be that the sea will have none of me, and the metalled war-dogs drive me, and sparshattered and hull-battered I make a run

of it to harbor in my old age, I shall come in full confidence of a mooring under your roof, Guy. And who knows that I won't be worth my salt there?"

"You have won her, Guy. I knew you would from that night in Momba when you sat in the stern-sheets and laughed. 'Twas in your laugh that night, though you did not suspect it. But I know. The tides of youth were surging in you. Beauty, wit, and courage—with these in any man I will measure swords; but the tides of youth are of eternal power.

"I should like to dance your children on my knee, Guy, and lull the songs of the sea into their little ears. I've a fine collection by now, Guy—you've no idea—ringing chanties to get a ship under way, and roaring staves of the High Barbaree, ballads of the gale, and lullabies of west winds and summer nights. And your children, Guy, will grow up none the less brave gentlemen and fine ladies for the strengthening salt of the sea in their blood and the clearing whiff of the gale in their brains. So a fair, fair trade to you and Shiela—the fair warm trades which kiss even as they bear us on—and do not forget the tides of youth are flooding for you. Take them and let them bear you on to happiness and wisdom."

I felt weak and dizzy, but I rose to my feet and started down the hill. Shiela caught me and held me. "Look!" She was pointing out to sea.

There she was, the *Dancing Bess*, holding a taut bowline to the eastward. And there were the two frigates, but they might as well have been chasing a star.

"Look!" She handed me the glasses. I looked and saw her ensign dipping. I took off my hat and waved it, hoping that with his long glass he could see. He must have seen us, for the ensign dipped three times again, and from the long-tom in her waist shot out a puff of smoke. We waited for the sound of it. It came.

Farewell that meant. I watched her till her great foresails were no larger than a toy ship's. Then I sat down and cried, and had no care that the negro slave and servant, Ubbo, saw me.

Mr. Cunningham came and sat beside me. "Guy," he said, "don't worry about him. He'll come through all right. He has great qualities in him."

"He's good, too—too good to me."

"He was more than great and good," said Shiela. "He loved and was lovable. And that includes all your goodness and greatness."

It may be that she who knew him least understood him best.

When her great square foresails were no

more than a gull's wing on the hazy horizon we waved her a last salute. Then we made our way to the creek and sailed up Back River, past Savannah, and on to Villard Landing. And hand in hand Shiela and I walked up between the row of moss-hung cypress trees to the manor-house and—Home.

AVE ET VALE, CÆSAR

By E. Sutton

You of the broad black brows, that watched me well
With golden eyes of fealty, you that bore
So sleek your coat of brinded tortoise-shell,
With, on the breast before,

For loyalty the white shield blazoned wide,
'Twixt your great shoulders and the lengthy span
Of limbs that slender looked, till set beside
The strong arm of a man,

Friend, lover, royal Dane, the empty house
Still seems to hold your presence as of yore,
Who at my bedside knew if but a mouse
Would steal across the floor.

But now each morrow is a sad surprise
Without your greeting from the cushion near,
And wakeful moments miss your watchful eyes
That signalled, "I am here."

The statue sejant, hewn without a flaw,
Upon the stair-head, waiting me below;
For seldom faults the gravely offered paw,
And, from the long ago,

Unwearying attendance still as thought;
The quick quaint sympathy when lights were dim,
The nudging nose at meal-time, which besought
That I remember him.

Remember? Ah, if one could but forget
A faith and selflessness beyond desire!
Not oft in brute or human souls is set
The flame of noble fire.

And few, or high or humble, from at hand
And near, pass out into the twilight gray
By the Heart's Portal, so that Thought must stand
To watch them down the way.

So lost, and laid the veiled days behind
Under my window 'neath the grass and dew,
Ave et vale, Cæsar; none may find
Another such as you.

ETHAN FROME

BY EDITH WHARTON



HAD the story, bit by bit, from various people, and, as generally happens in such cases, each time it was a different story.

If you know Starkfield, Massachusetts, you know the post-office. If you know the post-office you must have seen Ethan Frome drive up to it, drop the reins on his hollow-backed bay and drag himself across the brick pavement to the white colonnade; and you must have asked who he was.

It was there that, several years ago, I saw him for the first time; and the sight pulled me up sharp. Even then he was the most striking figure in Starkfield, though he was but the ruin of a man. It was not so much his great height that marked him, for the "natives" were easily singled out by their lank longitude from the stockier foreign breed: it was the careless powerful look he had, in spite of a lameness checking each step like the jerk of a chain. There was something bleak and unapproachable in his face, and he was so stiffened and grizzled that I took him for an old man and was surprised to hear that he was not more than fifty-two. I had this from Harmon Gow, who had driven the stage from Bettsbridge to Starkfield in pre-trolley days, and knew the chronicle of all the families on his line.

"He's looked that way ever since he had his smash-up; and that's twenty-four years ago come next February," Harmon threw out between reminiscent pauses.

The "smash-up" it was—I gathered from the same informant—which, besides drawing the red gash across Ethan Frome's forehead, had so shortened and warped his right side that it cost him a visible effort to hobble from his buggy to the post-office window. He used to drive in from his farm every day at about midday, and as that was my own hour for fetching my mail I often passed him in the porch or stood beside him while we waited on the motions of the distributing hand behind the grating. I no-

ticed that, though he came so punctually, he seldom received anything but a copy of the *Bettsbridge Eagle*, which he put without a glance into his sagging pocket. At intervals, however, the post-master would hand him an envelope addressed to Mrs. Zenobia—or Mrs. Zeena—Frome, and usually bearing conspicuously in the upper left-hand corner the address of some manufacturer of patent medicine and the name of his specific. These documents my neighbour would also pocket without a glance, as if too much used to them to wonder at their number and variety, and would then turn away with a silent nod to the post-master.

Every one in Starkfield knew him and gave him a greeting tempered to his own grave mien; but his taciturnity was respected and it was only on rare occasions that one of the older men of the place detained him for a word. When this happened he would listen quietly, his blue eyes on the speaker's face, and answer in so low a tone that his words never reached me; then he would climb stiffly into his buggy, gather up the reins in his left hand and drive slowly away in the direction of his farm.

"It was a pretty bad smash-up?" I questioned Harmon, looking after Frome's retreating figure, and thinking how gallantly his lean brown head, with its shock of light hair, must have sat on his shoulders before they were bent out of shape.

"Wust kind," my informant assented. "More'n enough to kill most men. But the Fromes are tough. Ethan'll likely touch a hundred."

"Good God!" I exclaimed. At the moment, Ethan Frome, after climbing to his seat, had leaned over to assure himself of the security of a wooden box—also with a druggist's label on it—which he had placed in the back of the buggy, and I saw his face as it probably looked when he thought himself alone. "*That* man touch a hundred? He looks as if he was dead and in hell now!"

Harmon drew a slab of tobacco from his pocket cut off a wedge and pressed it into

the leather pouch of his cheek. "Guess he's been in Starkfield too many winters. Most of the smart ones get away."

"Why didn't *he*?"

Harmon considered. "Somebody had to stay and care for the folks. There warn't ever anybody but Ethan. Fust his father—then his mother—then his wife."

"And then the smash-up?"

Harmon chuckled sardonically. "That's so. He *had* to stay then."

"I see. And since then they've had to care for him?"

Harmon thoughtfully passed his tobacco to the other cheek. "Oh, as to that: I guess it's always Ethan done the caring."

Though Harmon Gow developed the tale as far as his mental and moral reach permitted there were perceptible gaps between his facts, and I had the sense that the deeper meaning of the story was in the gaps. But one phrase stuck in my memory and served as the nucleus about which I grouped my subsequent inferences: "Guess he's been in Starkfield too many winters."

Before my own time there was up I had learned to know what that meant. Yet I had come in the degenerate day of trolley, bicycle and rural delivery, when communication was easy between the scattered mountain villages, and the bigger towns in the valleys, such as Bettsbridge and Shadd's Falls, had libraries, theatres and Y.M.C.A. halls to which the youth of the hills could descend for recreation. But when winter shut down on Starkfield, and the village lay under a sheet of snow perpetually renewed from the pale skies, I began to see what life there—or rather its negation—must have been in Ethan Frome's young manhood.

I had been sent up by my employers on a job connected with the big power-house at Corbury Junction, and a long-drawn carpenters' strike had so delayed the work that I found myself anchored at Starkfield—the nearest habitable spot—for the best part of the winter. I chafed at first, and then, under the hypnotising effect of routine, gradually began to find a grim fascination in the life. During the early part of my stay I had been struck by the contrast between the vitality of the climate and the deadness of the community. Day by day, after the December snows were over, a blazing blue sky poured down torrents of light

and air on the white landscape, which gave them back in an intenser glitter. One would have supposed that such an atmosphere must quicken the emotions as well as the blood; but it seemed to produce no change except that of retarding still more the sluggish pulse of Starkfield. When I had been there a little longer, and had seen this phase of crystal clearness followed by long stretches of sunless cold; when the storms of February had pitched their white tents about the devoted village and the wild cavalry of March winds had charged down to their support; I began to understand why Starkfield emerged from its six months' siege like a starved garrison capitulating without quarter. Twenty years earlier the means of resistance must have been far fewer, and the enemy in command of almost all the lines of access between the beleaguered villages; and, considering these things, I felt the sinister force of Harmon's phrase: "Most of the smart ones get away." But if that were the case, what had hindered the flight of a man like Ethan Frome?

During my stay at Starkfield I lodged with a middle-aged widow, colloquially known as Mrs. Ned Hale. Mrs. Hale's father had been the village lawyer of the previous generation, and "lawyer Varnum's house", where my landlady still lived with her mother, was the most considerable mansion in the village. It stood at one end of the main street, its classic portico and small-paned windows looking down a flagged path flanked with Norway spruces to the slim white steeple of the Congregational church. It was clear that the Varnum fortunes were at the ebb, but the two women did what they could to preserve a decent dignity; and Mrs. Hale, in particular, had a certain wan refinement not out of keeping with her pale old-fashioned house.

In the "best parlour," with its black horse-hair and mahogany weakly illuminated by a gurgling Carcel lamp, I listened every evening to another and more delicately shaded version of the Starkfield chronicle. It was not that Mrs. Ned Hale felt, or affected, any social superiority to the people about her; it was only that the accident of a finer sensibility and a little more education had put just enough distance between herself and her neighbours to enable her to judge them with detachment. She

was not unwilling to exercise this faculty, and I had great hopes of getting from her the missing facts of Ethan Frome's story, or rather the key to his character which should coördinate the facts I knew. Her mind was a store-house of innocuous anecdote and any question about her acquaintance brought forth a flow of detail; but on the subject of Ethan Frome I found her unexpectedly reticent. There was no hint of disapproval in her reserve; I merely felt in her an insurmountable reluctance to speak of him or his affairs, a low "Yes, I knew them both . . . it was awful . . ." seeming to be the utmost concession that her distress could make to my curiosity.

So marked was the change in her manner, such depths of sad initiation did it imply, that, with some doubts as to my delicacy, I put the case to my village oracle, Harmon Gow; but got nothing for my pains but an uncomprehending grunt.

"Ruth Varnum was always as nervous as a rat; and she was the first one to see 'em after they was picked up. It happened right below lawyer Varnum's, down at the bend of the Corbury road, just round about the time that Ruth got engaged to Ned Hale. The young folks was all friends, and I guess she just can't bear to talk about it. She's had troubles enough of her own."

All the dwellers in Starkfield, as in more notable communities, had had troubles enough of their own to make them comparatively indifferent to those of their neighbours; and though all conceded that Ethan Frome's had been beyond the common measure, no one gave me an explanation of the look in his face which, as I persisted in thinking, neither poverty nor physical suffering could have put there. Nevertheless, I might have contented myself with the story pieced together from these hints had it not been for the provocation of Mrs. Hale's silence, and—a little later—for the accident of personal contact with the man.

On arriving at Starkfield I had arranged with Denis Eady, the rich Irish grocer, who was the proprietor of Starkfield's nearest approach to a livery stable, to send me over daily to Corbury Flats, where I had to pick up my train for the Junction. But about the middle of the winter Eady's horses fell ill of a local epidemic. The illness spread to the other Starkfield stables and for a day or two I was put to it to find a means of

transport. Then Harmon Gow suggested that Ethan Frome's bay was still on his legs and that his owner might be glad to drive me over.

I stared at the suggestion. "Ethan Frome? But I've never even spoken to him. Why on earth should he put himself out for me?"

Harmon's answer surprised me still more. "I don't know as he would; but I know he wouldn't be sorry to earn a dollar."

I had been told that Frome was poor, and that the saw-mill and the stony acres of his farm yielded scarcely enough to keep his household through the winter; but I had not supposed him to be in such want as Harmon's words implied, and I expressed my wonder.

"Well, matters ain't gone any too well with him," Harmon said. "When a man's been setting round like a hulk for twenty years or more, seeing things that want doing, it eats inter him, and he loses his grit. That Frome farm was always 'bout as bare's a milkpan when the cat's been round; and you know what one of them old-water-mills is wuth nowadays. When Ethan could sweat over 'em both from sun-up to dark he kinder choked a living out of 'em; but his folks ate up most everything, even then, and I don't see how he makes out now. Fust his father got a kick, out haying, and went soft in the brain, and gave away money like Bible texts afore he died. Then his mother went queer and dragged along for years as weak as a baby; and his wife Zeena, she's always been the greatest hand at doctoring in the county. Sickness and trouble: that's what Ethan's had his plate full up with, ever since the very first helping."

The next morning, when I looked out, I saw the hollow-backed bay between the Varnum spruces, and Ethan Frome, throwing back his worn bear-skin, made room for me in the sleigh at his side. After that, for a week, he drove me over every morning to Corbury Flats, and on my return in the afternoon he met me again and carried me back through the icy night to Starkfield. The distance each way was barely three miles, but the old bay's pace was slow, and even with firm snow under the runners we were nearly an hour on the way. Ethan Frome drove in silence, the reins

loosely held in his left hand, his brown seamed profile under the helmet-like peak of the cap standing out against the banks of snow like the bronze relief of a hero. He never turned his face to mine, or answered, except in monosyllables, the questions I put, or such slight pleasantries as I ventured. He seemed a part of the mute melancholy landscape, an incarnation of its frozen woe, with all that was warm and sentient in him fast bound below the surface; but there was nothing unfriendly in his silence. I simply felt that he lived in a depth of moral isolation too remote for casual access, and I had the sense that his loneliness was not merely the result of his personal plight, tragic as I guessed that to be, but had in it the profound accumulated cold of many Starkfield winters.

Only once or twice was the distance between us bridged for a moment; and the glimpses thus gained confirmed my desire to know more. Once I happened to speak of an engineering job I had been on the previous winter in Florida, and of the contrast between the Starkfield landscape and that in which I had found myself the year before; and to my surprise Frome said suddenly: "Yes: I was down there once, and for a good while afterward I could call up the sight of it in winter. But now it's all snowed under."

He said no more, and I had to guess the rest from the inflection of his voice and his abrupt relapse into silence. Another day, on getting into my train at the Flats, I missed a volume of popular science—I think it was on some recent discoveries in bio-chemistry—which I had carried with me to read on the way. I thought no more about it till I got into the sleigh again that evening, and saw the book in Frome's hand.

"I found it after you were gone," he said.

I put the volume into my pocket and we dropped back into our usual silence; but as we began to crawl up the long hill from Corbury Flats to the Starkfield ridge I became aware in the dusk that he had turned his face to mine.

"There are things in that book that I didn't know the first word about," he said.

I wondered less at his words than at the queer note of resentment in his voice. He was evidently surprised and slightly aggrieved at his own ignorance.

"Does that sort of thing interest you?" I asked.

"It used to."

"There are one or two rather new things in the book: there have been some big strides lately in that particular line of research." I waited a moment for an answer that did not come; then I said: "If you'd like to look the book through I'd be glad to leave it with you."

He hesitated, and I had the impression that he felt himself about to yield to a stealing tide of inertia; then, "Thank you—I'll take it," he answered shortly.

I hoped that this incident might set up some more direct communication between us. Frome was so simple and straightforward that I was sure his curiosity about the book was based on a genuine interest in its subject. Such tastes and acquirements in a man of his condition made the contrast more poignant between his outer situation and his inner needs, and I hoped that the chance of giving expression to the latter might at least unseal his lips. But something in his past history, or in his present way of living, had apparently driven him too deeply into himself for any casual impulse to draw him back to his kind. At our next meeting he made no allusion to the book, and our intercourse seemed fated to remain as negative and one-sided as if there had been no break in his reserve.

Frome had been driving me over to the Flats for about ten days when one morning I looked out of my window into densely falling snow. The height of the white waves massed against the garden-fence and along the wall of the church showed that the storm must have been going on all night, and that the drifts were likely to be heavy in the open. I thought it probable that my train would be delayed; but I had to be at the power-house for an hour or two that afternoon, and I decided, if Frome turned up, to drive over to the Flats and wait there till my train came in. I don't know why I put it in the conditional, however, for I never doubted that Frome would appear. He was not the kind of man to be turned from his business by any commotion of the elements; and at the appointed hour his sleigh glided up through the snow like a stage-apparition behind thickening veils of gauze.

I was getting to know him too well to express either wonder or gratitude at his keep-

ing his appointment; but I exclaimed in surprise as I saw him turn his horse in a direction opposite to that of the Corbury road.

"The railroad's blocked by a freight-train that got stuck in a drift below the Flats," he explained, as we jogged off through the stinging whiteness.

"But look here—where are you taking me, then?"

"Straight to the Junction, by the shortest way," he answered, pointing up School House Hill with his whip.

"To the Junction—in this storm? Why, it's a good ten miles!"

"The bay'll do it if you give him time. You said you had some business there this afternoon. I'll see you get there."

He said it so quietly that I could only answer: "You're doing me the biggest kind of a favour."

"That's all right," he rejoined.

Abreast of the school house the road forked, and we dipped down a lane to the left, between hemlock boughs bent inward to their trunks by the weight of the snow. I had often walked that way on Sundays, and knew that the solitary roof showing through bare branches near the bottom of the hill was that of Frome's saw-mill. It looked exanimate enough, with its idle wheel looming above the black stream dashed with yellow-white spume, and its cluster of sheds sagging under their white load. Frome did not even turn his head as we drove by, and still in silence we began to mount the next slope. About a mile farther, on a road I had never travelled, we came to an orchard of starved apple-trees writhing over a hill-side among outcroppings of slate that nuzzled up through the snow like animals pushing out their noses to breathe. Beyond the orchard lay a field or two, their boundaries lost under drifts; and above the fields, huddled against the white immensities of land and sky, one of those lonely New England farm-houses that make the landscape lonelier.

"That's my place," said Frome, with a sideway jerk of his lame elbow; and in the distress and oppression of the scene I did not know what to answer. The snow had ceased, and a flash of watery sunlight exposed the house on the slope above us in all its plaintive ugliness. The black wraith of a deciduous creeper flapped from

the porch, and the thin wooden walls, under their worn coat of paint, seemed to shiver in the wind that had risen with the ceasing of the snow.

"The house was bigger in my father's time: I had to take down the 'L,' a while back," Frome continued, checking with a twitch of the left rein the bay's evident intention of turning in through the broken-down gate.

I saw then that the unusually forlorn and stunted look of the house was partly due to the loss of what is known in New England as the "L": that long deep-roofed adjunct usually built at right angles to the main house, and connecting it, by way of store-rooms and tool-house, with the wood-shed and cow-barn. Whether because of its symbolic sense, the image it presents of a life linked with the soil, and enclosing in itself the chief sources of warmth and nourishment, or whether merely because of the solace suggested by the thought that dwellers in that harsh climate can get to their morning's work without facing the weather, it is certain that the "L" rather than the house itself seems to be the centre, the actual hearth-stone, of the New England farm. Perhaps because of this connection of ideas, which had often occurred to me in my rambles about Starkfield, I heard a wistful note in Frome's words, and saw, in the diminished house, the image of his own slunken body.

"We're kinder side-tracked here now," he added, "but there was considerable passing before the railroad was carried through to the Flats." He roused the lagging bay with another twitch; then, as if the mere sight of the house had let me too deeply into his confidence for any farther pretence of reserve, he went on slowly: "I've always set down the worst of mother's trouble to that. When she got the rheumatism so she could'n't move around she used to sit up there and watch the road by the hour; and one year, when they was six months mending the Bettsbridge pike after the floods, and Harmon Gow had to bring his stage round this way, she picked up so that she used to get down to the gate most days to see him. But after the trains begun running nobody ever come by here to speak of, and mother never could get it through her head what had happened, and it preyed on her right along till she died."

As we turned into the Corbury road the snow began to fall again, cutting off our last glimpse of the lonely house; and Frome's silence fell with it, letting down between us the old veil of reticence. This time the wind did not cease with the return of the snow. Instead, it sprang up to a gale which now and then, from a tattered sky, flung pale sweeps of sunlight over a landscape chaotically tossed. But the bay was as good as Frome's word, and we pushed on to the Junction through the wild white scene.

In the afternoon the storm held off, and the clearness in the west seemed to my untrained eye the pledge of a fair evening. I finished my business as quickly as possible, and we set out for Starkfield with a fair chance of getting there for supper. But at sunset the storm-clouds gathered again, bringing with them an earlier night. The snow fell straight and steadily from a sky without wind, in a soft universal diffusion more confusing than the gusts and eddies of the morning: it seemed to be a part of the thickening darkness, to be the winter night itself descending on us layer by layer.

The small ray of Frome's lantern was soon lost in this smothering medium, in which even his sense of direction, and the bay's homing instinct, finally ceased to serve us. Two or three times some ghostly landmark sprang up to warn us that we were astray, and then was reabsorbed into the mist; and when we finally got back to our road the old horse began to show signs of exhaustion. I felt that I was to blame for having accepted Frome's offer, and after a short argument I persuaded him to let me get out of the sleigh and walk along through the snow at the bay's side. In this way we struggled on for another mile or two, and at last reached a point where Frome, peering into what seemed to me formless night, said: "That's my gate down yonder."

The last stretch had been the hardest part of the way. The bitter cold and the heavy going had nearly knocked the wind out of me, and I could feel the bay's side ticking like a clock under my hand.

"Look here, Frome," I began, "there's no earthly use in your going any farther—" but he interrupted me: "Nor you neither. There's been about enough of this for anybody."

I understood that he was offering me a night's shelter at the farm, and without

answering I turned into the gate at his side, and followed him to the barn, where I helped him to unharness and bed down the tired horse. When this was done he unhooked the lantern from the sleigh, stepped out again into the night, and called to me over his shoulder: "This way."

Far off above us a square of light trembled through the screen of snow. Following in Frome's wake I floundered toward it, and in the darkness almost fell into one of the deep drifts against the front of the house. Frome scrambled up the slippery steps of the porch, digging a way through the snow with his heavily booted foot. Then he lifted his lantern, found the latch, and led the way into the house. I went after him into a low unlit passage, at the back of which a ladder-like staircase disappeared into obscurity. On our right a line of light marked the door of the room which had sent its ray across the night; and behind the door I heard a woman's voice droning querulously.

Frome stamped his feet on the threadbare oil-cloth to shake the snow from his boots, and set down his lantern on a kitchen chair which was the only piece of furniture in the hall. Then he opened the door.

"Come in," he said to me; and as he spoke the droning voice grew still. . . .

It was that night that I found the clew to Ethan Frome, and began to put together this vision of his story.

I

THE village lay under two feet of snow, with drifts at the windy corners. In a sky of iron the points of the Dipper hung like icicles and Orion flashed his cold fires. The moon had set, but the night was so transparent that the white house-fronts between the elms looked gray against the snow, clumps of bushes made black stains on it, and the basement windows of the church sent shafts of yellow light far across the endless undulations.

Young Ethan Frome walked at a quick pace along the deserted street, past the bank and Michael Eady's new brick store and Lawyer Varnum's house with the two black Norway spruces at the gate. Op-

posite the Varnum gate, where the road fell away toward the Corbury valley, the church reared its slim white steeple and narrow peristyle. As the young man walked toward it the upper windows drew a black arcade along the side wall of the building, but from the lower openings, on the side where the ground sloped steeply down to the Corbury road, the light shot its long bars, illuminating many fresh furrows in the track leading to the basement door, and showing, under an adjoining shed, a line of sleighs with heavily muffled horses.

The night was perfectly still, and the air so dry and pure that it gave little sensation of cold. The effect produced on Frome was rather of a complete absence of atmosphere, as though nothing less tenuous than ether intervened between the white earth under his feet and the metallic dome overhead. "It's like being in an exhausted receiver," he thought. Four or five years earlier he had taken a year's course at a technological college at Worcester, and dabbled in the laboratory with a friendly professor of physics; and the images supplied by that experience still cropped up, at unexpected moments, through the totally different associations of thought in which he had since been living. His father's death, and the misfortunes following it, had put a premature end to Ethan's studies; but though they had not gone far enough to be of much practical use they had fed his fancy and made him aware of huge cloudy meanings behind the daily face of things.

As he strode along through the snow the sense of such meanings glowed in his brain and mingled with the bodily flush produced by his sharp tramp. At the end of the village he paused before the darkened front of the church. He stood there a moment, breathing quickly, and looking up and down the street, in which not another figure moved. The pitch of the Corbury road, below Lawyer Varnum's spruces, was the favourite coasting-ground of Starkfield, and on clear evenings the church corner rang till late with the shouts of the coasters; but to-night not a sled darkened the whiteness of the long declivity. The silence of midnight lay on Starkfield, and all its waking life was gathered behind the church windows, from which strains of dance-music flowed with the broad bands of yellow light.

The young man walked around to the side of the building and went down the slope toward the basement door. To keep out of range of the revealing rays from within he made a circuit through the untrodden snow and gradually approached the farther angle of the basement wall. Thence, still hugging the shadow, he edged his way cautiously forward to the nearest window, holding back his straight spare body and craning his neck till he got a glimpse of the room.

Seen thus, from the pure and frosty darkness in which he stood, it seemed to be seething in a mist of heat. The metal reflectors of the gas-jets sent crude waves of light against the white-washed walls, and the iron flanks of the stove at the end of the hall looked as though they were heaving with volcanic fires. The floor was thronged with girls and young men. Down the side wall facing the window stood a row of kitchen chairs from which the older women had just risen. By this time the music had stopped, and the musicians—a fiddler, and the young lady who played the harmonium on Sundays—were hastily refreshing themselves at one corner of the supper-table which aligned its devastated pie-dishes and ice-cream saucers on the platform at the end of the room. The guests were preparing to leave, and the tide had already set toward the passage where coats and wraps were hung, when a young man with a sprightly foot and a shock of black hair shot into the middle of the floor and clapped his hands. The signal took instant effect. The musicians hurried to their instruments, the dancers—some already half-muffled for departure—fell into line down each side of the room, the older spectators slipped back to their chairs, and the lively young man, after diving about here and there in the throng, drew forth a girl who had already wound a cherry-coloured "fascinator" about her head, and, leading her up to the end of the room, whirled her down its length to the bounding tune of a Virginia reel.

Frome's heart was beating fast. He had been straining for a glimpse of the dark head under the cherry-coloured scarf and it vexed him that another eye should have been quicker than his. The leader of the reel, who looked as if he had Irish blood in his veins, danced well and his partner

caught his fire. As she passed down the line, her light figure swinging from hand to hand in circles of increasing swiftness, the scarf flew off her head and stood out behind her shoulders, and Frome, at each turn, caught sight of her laughing panting lips, the dark hair clouding about her forehead, and the dark eyes which seemed the only fixed points in a maze of flying lines.

The dancers were going faster and faster, and the musicians, to keep up with them, belaboured their instruments like jockeys lashing their mounts on the home-stretch; yet it seemed to the young man at the window that the reel would never end. Now and then he turned his eyes from the girl's face to that of her partner, which, in the exhilaration of the dance, had taken on a look of almost impudent ownership. Denis Eady was the son of Michael Eady, the ambitious Irish grocer, whose suppleness and effrontery had given Starkfield its first notion of "smart" business methods, and whose new brick store testified to the success of the attempt. His son seemed likely to follow in his steps, and was meanwhile applying the same arts to the conquest of the Starkfield maidenhood. Hitherto Ethan Frome had been content to think him a mean fellow; but now he positively invited a horse-whipping. It was strange that the girl did not seem aware of it: that she could lift her rapt face to her dancer's, and drop her hands into his without appearing to feel the offence of his look and touch.

Frome was in the habit of walking into Starkfield to fetch home his wife's cousin, Mattie Silver, on the rare evenings when some chance of amusement drew her to the village. It was his wife who had suggested, when the girl came to live with them, that such opportunities should be put in her way. Mattie Silver came from Stamford, and when she entered the Fromes' household to act as her cousin Zeena's aid it was thought best, as she came without pay, not to let her feel too sharp a contrast between the life she had left and the isolation of a Starkfield farm. But for this—as Frome sardonically reflected—it would hardly have occurred to Zeena to do anything for the girl's amusement.

When his wife first proposed that they should give Mattie an occasional evening out he had inwardly demurred at having to

do the extra two miles to the village and back after his hard day on the farm; but not long afterward he had reached the point of wishing that Starkfield might give all its nights to revelry.

Mattie Silver had lived under his roof for a year, and from early morning till they met at supper he had frequent chances of seeing her; but no moments in her company were comparable to those when, her arm in his, and her light step flying to keep time with his long stride, they walked back through the night to the farm. He had taken to the girl from his first day when he had driven over to the Flats to meet her, and she had smiled and waved to him from the train, and cried out "You must be Ethan!" as she jumped out with her bundles, while he reflected, looking over her slight person: "She don't look much on house-work, but she ain't a fretter, anyhow." But it was not only that the coming to his house of a bit of hopeful young life was like the lighting of a fire on a cold hearth. The girl was more than the bright serviceable creature he had thought her. She had an eye to see and an ear to hear: he could show her things and tell her things, and taste the bliss of feeling that all he imparted left long reverberations and echoes he could wake at will.

It was during their night walks back to the farm that he felt most intensely the sweetness of this communion. He had always been more sensitive than the people about him to the appeal of natural beauty. His unfinished studies had given form to this sensibility and even in his unhappiest moments field and sky spoke to him with a deep and powerful persuasion. But hitherto the emotion had remained in him as a silent ache, veiling with sadness the beauty that evoked it. He did not even know whether any one else in the world felt as he did, or whether he was the sole victim of this mournful privilege. Then he learned that one other spirit had trembled with the same touch of wonder: that at his side, living under his roof and eating his bread, was a creature to whom he could say: "That's Orion down yonder; the big fellow to the right is Aldebaran, and the bunch of little ones—like bees swarming—they're the Pleiades . . ." or whom he could hold entranced before a ledge of granite thrusting up through the fern while

he unrolled the huge panorama of the ice-age, and the long dim stretches of succeeding time. The fact that admiration for his learning mingled with Mattie's wonder at what he taught was not the least part of his pleasure. And there were other sensations, less definable but more exquisite, which drew them together with a shock of silent joy: the cold red of sunset behind winter hills, the flight of cloud-flocks over slopes of stubble, or the intensely blue shadows of hemlocks on sunlit snow. When she said to him once: "It looks just as if it was painted!" it seemed to Ethan that the art of definition could go no farther, and that words had at last been found to utter his secret soul. . . .

As he stood in the darkness outside the church these memories came back with the poignancy of vanished things. Watching Mattie whirl down the floor from hand to hand he wondered how he could ever have thought that his dull talk interested her. To him, who was never gay but in her presence, her gaiety seemed plain proof of indifference. The face she lifted to her dancers was the same which, when she saw him, always looked like a window that has caught the sunset. He even noticed two or three gestures which, in his fatuity, he had thought she kept for him: a way of throwing her head back when she was amused, as if to taste her laugh before she let it out, and a trick of sinking her lids slowly when anything charmed or moved her.

The sight made him unhappy, and his unhappiness awoke his latent fears. His wife had never shown any jealousy of Mattie, but of late she had grumbled increasingly over the house-work and found sardonic ways of attracting attention to the girl's inefficiency. Zeena had always been what Starkfield called "sickly," and Frome had to admit that, if she were as ailing as she believed, she needed the help of a stronger arm than the one which lay so lightly in his during the night walks to the farm. Mattie had no natural turn for house-keeping, and her training had done nothing to remedy this defect. She was quick to learn, but forgetful and dreamy, and not disposed to take the matter seriously. Ethan had an idea that if she were to marry a man she was fond of the dormant instinct would wake, and her pies and biscuits become the pride of the county; but domesticity in the

abstract did not interest her. At first she was so awkward that he could not help laughing at her; but she laughed with him and that made them better friends. He did his best to supplement her unskilled efforts, getting up earlier than usual to light the kitchen fire, carrying in the wood overnight, and neglecting the mill for the farm that he might help her about the house during the day. He even crept down on Saturday nights to scrub the kitchen floor after the women had gone to bed; and Zeena, one day, had surprised him at the churn and had turned away with one of her queer looks.

Of late there had been other signs of her disfavour, as intangible but more disquieting. One cold winter morning, as he dressed in the dark, his candle flickering in the draught of the window, he had heard her voice from the bed behind him.

"The doctor don't want I should be left without anybody to do for me," she said in her flat whine.

He had supposed her to be asleep, and the sound of her voice had startled him, though she was given to abrupt explosions of speech after long intervals of secretive silence.

He turned and looked at her where she lay indistinctly outlined under the dark calico quilt, her high-boned face taking a grayish tinge from the whiteness of the pillow.

"Nobody to do for you?" he repeated.

"If you say you can't afford a hired girl when Mattie goes."

Frome turned away again, and taking up his razor stooped to catch the reflection of his stretched cheek in the blotched looking-glass above the wash-stand.

"Why on earth should Mattie go?"

"Well, when she gets married, I mean," his wife's drawl came from behind him.

"Oh, she'd never leave us as long as you needed her," he returned, scraping hard at his chin.

"I wouldn't ever have it said that I stood in the way of a poor girl like Mattie marrying a smart fellow like Denis Eady," Zeena answered in a tone of plaintive self-effacement.

Ethan, glaring at his face in the glass, threw his head back to draw the razor from ear to chin. His hand was steady, but the attitude was an excuse for not making an immediate reply.

"And the doctor don't want I should be left without anybody," Zeena continued. "He wanted I should speak to you about a girl he's heard about, that might come—"

Ethan laid down the razor and straightened himself with a laugh.

"Denis Eady! If that's all, I guess there's no such hurry to look round for a girl."

"Well, I'd like to talk to you about it," said Zeena obstinately.

He was getting into his clothes in fumbling haste. "All right. But I haven't got the time now; I'm late as it is," he returned, holding his old silver turnip-watch to the candle.

Zeena, apparently accepting this as final, lay watching him in silence while he pulled his suspenders over his shoulders and jerked his arms into his coat; but as he went toward the door she said, suddenly and incisively: "I guess you're always late, now you shave every morning."

That thrust had frightened him more than any vague insinuations about Denis Eady. It was a fact that since Mattie Silver's coming he had taken to shaving every day; but his wife always seemed to be asleep when he left her side in the winter darkness, and he had stupidly assumed that she would not notice any change in his appearance. Once or twice in the past he had been faintly disquieted by Zenobia's way of letting things happen without seeming to remark them, and then, weeks afterward, in a casual phrase, revealing that she had all along taken her notes and drawn her inferences. Of late, however, there had been no room in his thoughts for such vague apprehensions. Zeena herself, from an oppressive reality, had faded into an insubstantial shade. All his life was lived in the sight and sound of Mattie Silver, and he could no longer conceive of its being otherwise. But now, as he stood outside the church, and saw Mattie spinning down the floor with Denis Eady, a throng of disregarded hints and menaces wove their cloud about his brain . . .

II

As the dancers poured out of the hall Frome drew back behind the projecting storm-door.

From this hidden corner he watched the segregation of the grotesquely muffled

groups, in which a moving lantern ray now and then lit up a face flushed with food and dancing. The villagers, being afoot, were the first to climb the slope to the main street, while the country neighbours packed themselves into the sleighs under the shed.

"Ain't you riding, Mattie?" a woman's voice called back from the throng about the shed, and Ethan's heart gave a jump. From where he stood he could not see the persons coming out of the hall till they had advanced a few steps beyond the wooden sides of the storm-door; but through its cracks he heard a clear voice answer: "Mercy no! Not on such a night."

She was there, then, close to him, only a thin board between. In another moment she would step forth into the night, and his eyes, accustomed to the obscurity, would discern her as clearly as though she stood in daylight. A wave of shyness pulled him back into the dark angle of the wall, and he stood there in silence instead of making his presence known to her. It had been one of the wonders of their intercourse that from the first, she, the quicker, finer, more expressive, instead of crushing him by the contrast, had given him something of her own ease and freedom. But now he felt as heavy and loutish as in his student days, when he had tried to "jolly" the Worcester girls at a picnic.

He hung back, and she came out alone and paused within a few yards of him. She was almost the last to leave the hall, and she stood looking uncertainly about her as if wondering why he did not show himself. Then a man's figure approached, coming so close to her that under their formless wrappings they seemed merged in one dim outline.

"Gentleman friend gone back on you? Say, Matt, that's tough! No, I wouldn't be mean enough to tell the other girls. I ain't as low-down as that." (How Frome hated his cheap banter!) "But look at here, ain't it lucky I got the old man's cutter down there waiting for us?"

Frome heard the girl's voice, gaily incredulous: "What on earth's your father's cutter doin' down there?"

"Why, waiting for me to take a ride. I got the roan colt too. I kinder knew I'd want to take a ride to-night." Eady, in his triumph, tried to put a sentimental note into his bragging voice.

The girl seemed to waver, and Frome saw her twirl the end of her scarf irresolutely about her fingers. Not for the world would he have made a sign to her, though it seemed to him that his life hung on her next gesture.

"Hold on a minute while I unhitch the colt," Denis called to her, springing toward the shed.

She stood perfectly still, looking after him, in an attitude of tranquil expectancy torturing to the hidden watcher. Frome noticed that she no longer turned her head from side to side, as though peering through the night for another figure. She let Denis Eady lead out the horse, climb into the cutter and fling back the bearskin to make room for her at his side; then, with a swift motion of flight, she darted up the slope toward the front of the church.

"Good-by! Hope you'll have a lovely ride!" she called back to him over her shoulder.

Denis laughed, and gave the horse a cut that brought him quickly abreast of the girl's retreating figure.

"Come along! Get in quick! It's as slippery as thunder on this turn," he cried, leaning over to reach out a hand to her.

She laughed back at him: "Good-night! I'm not getting in."

By this time they had passed beyond Frome's ear-shot and he could only follow the shadowy pantomime of their silhouettes as they continued to move along the crest of the slope above him. He saw Eady, after a moment, jump from the cutter and go toward the girl with the reins over one arm. The other he tried to slip through hers; but she eluded him quickly, and Frome's heart, which had swung out over a black void, trembled back to safety. A moment later he heard the jingle of departing sleigh bells and discerned a figure advancing alone toward the empty expanse of snow before the church.

In the black shade of the Varnum spruces he caught up with her and she turned with a quick "Oh!"

"Think I'd forgotten you, Matt?" he asked with boyish glee.

She answered seriously: "I thought maybe you couldn't come back for me."

"Couldn't? What on earth could stop me?"

"I knew Zeena wasn't feeling any too good to-day."

"Oh, she's in bed long ago." He stopped, a question struggling in him. "Then you meant to walk home all alone?"

"Oh, I ain't afraid!" she laughed.

They stood together in the gloom of the spruces, an empty world glimmering about them wide and grey under the stars. He brought his question out.

"If you thought I hadn't come, why didn't you ride back with Denis Eady?"

"Why, where *were* you? How did you know? I never saw you!"

Her wonder and his laughter ran together like spring rills in a thaw. Ethan had the sense of having done something arch and ingenious. To prolong the effect he groped for a dazzling phrase, and brought out, in a growl of rapture: "Come along."

He slipped an arm through hers, as Eady had done, and fancied it was faintly pressed against her side; but neither of them moved. It was so dark under the spruces that he could barely see the shape of her head beside his shoulder. He longed to stoop his cheek and rub it against her scarf. He would have liked to stand there with her all night in the blackness. She moved forward a step or two and then paused again above the dip of the Corbury road. Its icy slope, scored by innumerable runners, looked like a mirror scratched by travellers at an inn.

"There was a whole lot of them coasting before the moon set," she said.

"Would you like to come in and coast with them some night?" he asked.

"Oh, *would* you, Ethan? It would be lovely!"

"We'll come to-morrow if there's a moon."

She lingered, pressing closer to his side. "Ned Hale and Ruth Varnum came just as *near* running into the big elm at the bottom. We were all sure they were killed." Her shiver ran down his arm. "Wouldn't it have been too awful? They're so happy!"

"Oh, Ned ain't much at steering. I guess I can take you down all right!" he said disdainfully.

He was aware that he was "talking big," like Denis Eady; but his reaction of joy had unsteadied him, and the inflection with which she had said of the engaged couple "They're so happy!" made the

words sound as if she had been thinking of herself and him.

"The elm is dangerous, though. It ought to be cut down," she insisted.

"Would you be afraid of it, with me?"

"I told you I ain't the kind to be afraid," she tossed back, almost indifferently; and suddenly she began to walk on with a rapid step.

These alternations of mood were the despair and joy of Ethan Frome. The motions of her mind were as incalculable as the flit of a bird in the branches. The fact that he had no right to show his feelings, and thus provoke the expression of hers, made him attach a fantastic importance to every change in her look and tone. Now he thought she understood him, and feared; now he was sure she did not, and despaired. To-night the pressure of accumulated misgivings sent the scale drooping toward despair, and her indifference was the more chilling after the flush of joy into which she had plunged him by dismissing Denis Eady. He mounted School House Hill at her side and walked on in silence till they reached the lane leading to the saw-mill; then the need of some definite assurance grew too strong for him.

"You'd have found me right off if you hadn't gone back to have that last reel with Denis," he brought out awkwardly. He could not pronounce the name without a stiffening of the muscles of his throat.

"Why, Ethan, how could I tell you were there?"

"I suppose what folks say is true," he jerked out at her, instead of answering.

She stopped short, and he felt, in the darkness, that her face was lifted quickly to his. "Why, what do folks say?"

"It's natural enough you should be leaving us," he floundered on, following his thought.

"Is that what they say?" she mocked back at him; then, with a sudden drop of her sweet treble: "You mean that Zeena—ain't suited with me any more?" she faltered.

Their arms had slipped apart and they stood motionless, each seeking to distinguish the other's face.

"I know I ain't anything like as smart as I ought to be," she went on, while he vainly struggled for expression. "There's lots of things a hired girl could do that come

awkward to me still—and I haven't got much strength in my arms. But if she'd only tell me I'd try. You know she hardly ever says anything, and sometimes I can see she ain't suited, and yet I don't know why." She turned on him with a sudden flash of indignation. "You'd ought to tell me, Ethan Frome—you'd ought to! Unless you want me to go too——"

Unless he wanted her to go too! The cry was balm to his raw wound. The iron heavens seemed to melt and rain down sweetness. Again he struggled for the all-expressive word, and again, his arm in hers, found only a deep "Come along."

They walked on in silence through the blackness of the hemlock-shaded lane, where Ethan's saw-mill gloomed through the night, and out again into the relative clearness of the fields. On the farther side of the hemlock belt the open country rolled away before them grey and lonely under the stars. Sometimes their way led them under the shade of an overhanging bank or through the thin obscurity of a clump of leafless trees. Here and there a farm-house stood far back among the fields, mute and cold as a grave-stone. The night was so still that they heard the frozen snow crackle under their feet. Now and then they were startled by the crash of a loaded branch falling suddenly far off in the woods; and once a fox barked, and Mattie shrank closer to Ethan, and quickened her steps.

At length they sighted the group of larches at Ethan's gate, and as they drew near it the sense that the walk was over brought back his words.

"Then you don't want to leave us, Matt?"

He had to stoop his head to catch her stifled whisper: "Where'd I go, if I did?"

The answer sent a pang through him but the tone suffused him with joy. He forgot what else he had meant to say and pressed her against him so closely that he seemed to feel her warmth.

"You ain't crying are you, Matt?"

"No, of course I'm not," she quavered.

They turned in at the gate and passed under the knoll where, enclosed in a low fence, the Frome grave-stones slanted at crazy angles through the snow. Ethan looked at them curiously. For years that quiet company had mocked his restlessness, his desire for change and freedom.

"We never got away—how should you?" seemed to be written on every headstone; and whenever he went in or out of his gate he thought with a shiver: "I shall just go on living here till I join them." But now all desire for change had vanished, and the sight of the little enclosure gave him a warm sense of continuance and stability.

"I guess we'll never let you go, Matt," he whispered, thinking, as they brushed by the graves: "We'll always go on living here together, and some day she'll lie there beside me."

He let the vision possess him as they climbed the hill to the house. He was never so happy with her as when he abandoned himself to these dreams. Half-way up the slope Mattie stumbled against some unseen obstruction and clutched his sleeve to steady herself. The wave of warmth that went through him was like the prolongation of his vision. For the first time he stole his arm about her, and she did not resist. They walked on as if they were floating on a summer stream.

Zeena always went to bed as soon as she had had her supper, and the shutterless windows of the house were dark. A dead cucumber-vine dangled from the porch like the crape streamer tied to the door for a death, and the thought flashed through Ethan's brain: "If it was there for Zeena—" Then he had a distinct sight of his wife lying in their bedroom asleep, her mouth slightly open, her false teeth in a tumbler by the bed . . .

They walked around to the back of the house, between the rigid gooseberry bushes. It was Zeena's habit, when they came back late from the village, to leave the key of the kitchen door under the mat. Ethan stood before the door, his head heavy with dreams, his arm still about Mattie. "Matt—" he began, not knowing what he meant to say.

She slipped out of his hold without speaking, and he stooped down and felt for the key.

"It's not there!" he said, straightening himself with a start.

They strained their eyes at each other through the icy darkness. Such a thing had never happened before.

"Maybe she's forgotten it," Mattie said in a tremulous whisper; but both of them knew that it was not like Zeena to forget.

"Maybe it's fallen off into the snow," Mattie continued, after a pause during which they had stood intently listening.

"It must have been pushed off, then," he rejoined in the same tone. Another wild thought tore through him. What if tramps had been there, and what if . . .

Again he strained his ears, fancying he heard a sound in the house; then he felt in his pocket for a match, and kneeling down, passed its light slowly over the rough edges of snow about the doorstep.

He was still kneeling when his eyes, on a level with the lower part of the door, caught a faint ray beneath it. Who could be stirring in that silent house? He heard a step on the stairs, and again for an instant the thought of tramps tore through him. Then the door opened and he saw his wife.

Against the dark background of the kitchen she stood up tall and angular, one hand drawing a quilted counterpane to her flat breast, while the other held a lamp. The light, on a level with her chin, drew out of the darkness her puckered throat and the projecting wrist of the hand that clutched the quilt, and deepened fantastically the hollows and prominences of her high-boned face under its ring of crimping-pins. To Ethan, still in the rosy haze of his hour with Mattie, the sight came with the intense precision of the last dream before waking. He felt as if he had never before known what his wife looked like.

She drew aside without speaking, and Mattie and Ethan passed into the kitchen, which had the deadly chill of a vault after the dry cold of the night.

"Guess you forgot about us, Zeena," Ethan joked, stamping the snow from his boots.

"No. I just felt so mean I couldn't sleep."

Mattie came forward, unwinding her wraps, the colour of the cherry scarf in her fresh lips and cheeks. "I'm so sorry, Zeena! Isn't there anything I can do?"

"No; there's nothing." Zeena turned away from her. "You might 'a' shook off that snow outside," she said to her husband.

She walked out of the kitchen ahead of them and, pausing in the hall, raised the lamp at arm's-length as if to light them up the stairs.

Ethan paused also, affecting to fumble for the peg on which he hung his coat and

cap. The doors of the two bedrooms faced each other across the narrow upper landing, and to-night it was peculiarly repugnant to him that Mattie should see him follow Zeena.

"I guess I won't come up yet awhile," he said, turning as if to go back to the kitchen.

Zeena stopped short and looked at him. "For the land's sake—what you going to do down here?"

"I've got the mill accounts to go over."

She continued to stare at him, the flame of the unshaded lamp bringing out with microscopic cruelty the fretful lines of her face.

"At this time o' night? You'll ketch your death. The fire's out long ago."

Without answering he moved away toward the kitchen. As he did so his glance crossed Mattie's and he fancied that a fugitive warning gleamed through her lashes. The next moment they sank to her flushed cheeks and she began to mount the stairs ahead of Zeena.

"That's so. It is powerful cold down here," Ethan assented; and with lowered head he went up in his wife's wake, and followed her across the threshold of their room.

(To be continued.)

IN SÆCULA SÆCULORUM

By Marguerite Merington

So great

This love of ours, and holy, calling each
Unto the other, over a world's span,
Fulfilled, prophetic, as when time began,
In handclasp, clinging lip insatiate,
In lyric unisons all speech
Transcending, know we not ourselves create
For this: by grace of being woman, man,
Destined through love immortal heights to reach!

But still

Ever there lurks through commune satisfied
Dread lest its very perfectness its wane
Forebode. Ours not to hold, in finite strain
What if these moments exquisite but thrill!

Wind-swept together, cast aside

By ruthless onrush of life's passioned will
Till isolate, as man is born, again
Suppose we fare, after our love has died!

And yet

When separate, complete, dwell you and I,
Even as gods knowing things as they are,
Have been, shall be through cyclic ages, far
Above our creature-being's spent wave set,

Haply somewhere a little cry

May haunting make the sumless echoes fret.
Then will my mountain signal to your star,
Seeing the ghost of our old love pass by!

UP THE RAILROAD TO MALOLOS

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON

Brigadier-General, United States Army

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN



THE bugles blowing reveille on the morning of the 25th ushered in the longed-for day when the Second Division was to take up the march for Malolos, the insurgent capital, and we knew that before us was a week or so of almost continuous fighting, for the way was barred by the best troops of the rebel army, commanded by Antonio Luna, far the ablest and most aggressive leader in the service of Aguinaldo. The insurgent troops were better armed than were the volunteers that composed the bulk of the Second Division, having that splendid weapon, the Mauser, while we still used the Springfield, of much shorter range. It might be said here that the advantage had by a weapon of high velocity over one of low is that the former, having a flatter trajectory, is not so much affected by errors in aiming or in estimating distance. The Springfield could reach as far as effective fighting could be done with any small arm, but at a thousand yards its bullets were coming down at a very considerable angle, thus diminishing the dangerous space. But we were through with our black-powder days, as we had now been supplied with cartridges which, while not absolutely smokeless, did not at once shroud us in a cloud of our own making.

The force opposed to us was about equal in strength to our division, and was an enemy not to be despised, as it was made up very largely of former native regiments of the Spanish army. These had gone over to the insurgents intact, keeping their former organization, and largely having their original officers. They had been in service more than a year, and had had considerable training in the matter of drill, but I fear not very much in target practice. They retained their old Spanish uniforms,

so that these became really the insurgent uniform. It was not until the later period of guerilla warfare that the Filipinos fought in civilian clothing. While not very capable troops on the offensive, these insurgents had shown no little mettle in defending positions, for they had often stuck to them until the bottoms of the trenches were literally covered with their dead. Some of our people have affected to despise the courage of the Filipino, but the most of them are among those who did not get mixed up in the fighting until after the greater part of those who fought us during the first four months had been killed or disabled and their places had been taken by yokels snatched out of their rice fields and compelled to fight. The real test of the *morale* of troops is the ability to bring them time and again to face the music, to suffer almost inevitable defeat, and to have their ranks decimated by appalling losses. Judged by this standard, the Filipino does not by any means stand at the foot of the list.

Deaths from bullets and disease, as well as a considerable list of sick and wounded in the hospitals, had reduced the Twentieth Kansas to a strength of about a thousand men. These, as soon as the bugles rang out, set themselves to making coffee and broiling bacon, and had soon made away with a typical soldier breakfast in the field. Lieutenant-Colonel Little had recovered from his accidental injury received before the outbreak, and was now in command of the First Battalion, while Major Whitman, returned to duty from sick leave some weeks before, had his own battalion, the Second. Our orders were to have two battalions on the firing line and one marching in rear as a regimental reserve.

Night passes into day quickly in the tropics, and the sun had almost risen by the

time the men had stowed their mess tins in their haversacks, buckled on their tin cups and cartridge belts, and stood at ease awaiting the first order. This was not long in coming, and we soon formed line, still in close order, marched the few rods to the summit of the ridge, jumped over the trenches occupied by the men of one of the recently arrived regular regiments, and started down the gentle slope. As soon as we had cleared the steeper part of the slope the Second and Third Battalions began deploying, while the First remained stationary, with orders to let us have five hundred yards start, when it was to follow in line of platoons in column. The First Montana, on our right, had already started, as also had Hale's brigade, still to its right, and already the crackle of the Mausers was heard to our right front as these regiments came under fire. The Third Artillery, on our left, waited until we were even with its position and then leaped over its trenches and started for the goal. We were crossing an almost level plain, and nearly all of the two brigades could be seen at one time, as they silently advanced in a long, irregular line toward the woods that sheltered the enemy's outpost line. It was a spectacle enough to inspire any man. It looked like a manœuvre, but it was war. Already the woods fifteen hundred yards on our front were crackling and popping and the bullets were kicking up dust spots on the dry ground.

All our fighting heretofore had been in close country, so that we had not tried the advance by alternate rushes, but this was a good place for it, and although the distance was too great for us to begin firing with effect, we put into practice what we had learned on the drill ground at the Presidio. One platoon, that is half a company, would rush forward for about fifty yards and throw itself prone, while the other platoon would rise and rush past it. Of course this made an irregular and apparently wavering line, but we were getting over ground at a good rate.

Hale's brigade, not having so far to go to close with the enemy, had opened fire, as also had the First Montana, and now we were within seven hundred yards of the woods. I turned to Chief-Trumpeter Barshfield walking, or rather trotting, along beside my horse and ordered "Commence

firing" blown. The men had been anxious to reply, and went at it with a vengeance, each platoon firing while it was prone, and then rising at the word of command and dashing to the front. My horse, the same little bay that had been shot under me at Calocan, showed that he remembered something, and for the first time was skittish under fire. Nothing could be seen on our front that looked like an enemy, so that our target was the edge of the woods, where it was known that the line must be. The fire of the enemy not being of much volume, we knew that this must be merely a line of strong outposts, and that the real trouble would be farther in the depths of the woods.

During this advance by rushes a man in Company D received a most peculiar wound. He had just thrown himself prone when he felt a severe blow on his right shoulder, being completely prostrated. The Hospital Corps men who accompanied the firing line applied the first aid bandage and sent him back to the dressing station at La Loma church. Here an examination disclosed the wound of entrance in his right shoulder, and also the supposed exit of the bullet in the form of a hole in his right side just where his cartridge belt had been. Sent into the First Reserve hospital in Manila, he was treated under the very natural supposition that he was rid of his bullet, but eleven days after his admission one of the nurses in bathing the man noticed what appeared to be a swelling just above his right knee. Calling the attention of the surgeon to the matter, that individual went after the object with his instruments, and extracted a Mauser bullet. The missile, traversing his body lengthwise close to the surface, had struck the tight and unyielding belt where it would have made its exit, but being foiled, and having considerable energy left, had continued its journey through the unfortunate man's anatomy until its force was expended just above his knee. It is disturbing to be shot through the body in the orthodox manner, but it is enough to make one positively peevisish to have a hole drilled through him lengthways. Astonishing to relate, the man recovered in a short time.

We continued the advance by rushes until within about two hundred yards of the enemy, when the "Charge" sent the two battalions over the remaining ground in no time, the enemy's weak line bolting into the

woods. It was only a line of outposts behind not particularly good cover, and should not have remained as long as it did, but when we opened fire should have retired on the main line.

The men of Company G had a bull-dog that they had brought with them from Coffeyville, Kansas, and of which they were exceedingly fond. I had heard much of the antics of this animal in battle, and on this occasion had an opportunity to see him perform. He was perfectly frantic with excitement, apparently thinking that the whole show was something for his especial benefit, and ran up and down the line of his company barking furiously. At the charge he distanced everybody in the race to the enemy's position. This dog was in every engagement that the company was in, and went through it all without mishap, but after his return he indiscreetly bit Coffeyville's police force in the leg and was promptly shot, an ending for the company pet that all but started a riot.

The Filipino line having been weakly held, we naturally found but few of them on the ground. I do not know the number that were along that portion of their line carried by my regiment, but counted seven dead at the place struck by the right of our line. There were also two badly wounded that they had not been able to remove, and these we sent in with our own wounded. At the same place we picked up nine rifles.

Positive orders had been issued before the advance for the First Montana to keep its left on a road which ran at right angles with its direction while the right of my own regiment was to rest on the same road. But from the start the regiment named had inclined too much to the left, and before we reached the enemy's line nearly two companies were on our side of the road. We were being telescoped, and in order to avoid crowding the Third Artillery on our left we had to take several companies out of the firing line, but not until I had lost my temper and "cussed out" an officer of the offending regiment, who bristled up and told me he took no orders from outsiders, and that he had no instructions to keep his left on the road. Filled with wrath, righteous from my own stand-point, I determined to appeal to higher authority. The brigade commander was somewhere in the rear of the line of his command, but I did not

know just where. However, a group of mounted officers only a short distance back on the road I recognized from the distinguishing flag as General MacArthur and his staff. While the regiment was straightening itself out and getting its breath I rode back as fast as my horse could run and sputtered out my tale of woe. The general looked at me in a quizzical sort of way and said, "Well, well, Funston, is that all is the matter? Let's not get excited about little things. It is better to wait for something serious." But he sent an officer to straighten out the tangle. He evidently was considerably amused by my outburst.

Returning to the regiment, which by this time had got itself pulled together, we resumed the advance, now over somewhat rougher ground and through woods that in places were rather dense, but here and there comparatively open. We knew that somewhere on our front was the Tuliajan River, but owing to the wretched maps of the country that the Spaniards had made, the distance was uncertain. Naturally our own people had never been able to map this region, lying as it did in the insurgent lines, nor would it have been possible for patrols to have made the necessary examination.

The whole brigade was, of course, participating in this renewed advance, and we were working our way cautiously forward, examining the country on our front as well as we could under the circumstances. The ground was sloping gently downward, and it was realized that we must be near the river. An occasional rifle shot and a bullet zipping through the tree tops was the only sign of an enemy. We suddenly heard a most terrific crashing in the woods to our left as the Third Artillery engaged in a desperate close range struggle in which it lost about thirty men killed and wounded, and in an instant the woods on our own front added to the pandemonium. It was exceedingly difficult to decide what to do. To rush the men down to the river, which we could now make out about three hundred yards ahead of the line, might place the regiment in a position where it would be shot to pieces by the well-intrenched enemy on the opposite bank in case it should be too deep to wade. To retire was of course out of the question, so the only thing to do was to close as rapidly as possible and take chances on the depth of the stream.

Past experience had shown us that even with the enemy entrenched we could overcome his fire. So the companies on the firing line now rushed down to the bank, threw themselves flat, and fought desperately.

In order that I might be able to exercise some influence on the firing line as a whole, and not get mixed up in a local fight where I could see only one or two companies, I remained about two hundred yards behind the line for the time being. Here I was joined by the well-known correspondent, Mr. James Creelman. I had sent Sergeant-Major Warner and Trumpeter Barshfield away to carry orders, and was glad to have company. The noise was so overwhelming that it was difficult to think, for the whole brigade was fighting as hard as it could and the woods were filled with the roar. Creelman and I sat on our horses for awhile, and then unanimously dismounted, the idea seeming to strike both of us at the same time. Companies E and H had struck the worst of it, being opposite the most formidable trench, and Creelman and I were directly behind them. A natural tendency of the Filipino, and for that matter, most people, to shoot high made our position one of the warmest places I have ever been in. Only once, and that at Cascorra in far-away Cuba, had I seen bullets thicker. The two companies were right on the river bank, and as the stream was not more than forty feet wide, and the Filipino trenches were on the opposite bank, the two firing lines were not more than fifty feet apart. The river looked deep, but as yet our people had not overcome the enemy's fire sufficiently to allow the matter to be tested.

Captain Adna G. Clarke, now a captain in the regular army, was in command of Company H, and I could see him standing erect in order to better direct the fire of his men, who were lying down. In a short time I saw him crumple up and go down with a wound from which I believe he has not fully recovered to this day. Majors Metcalf and Whitman were close up to the river bank, their two battalions being most hotly engaged. Finally I could stand it no longer, and in the hope that I could find a place where there was a practicable crossing, rode toward the left of the regiment, which had not been so severely engaged,

but managed to get my horse stuck in a boggy ravine, and so gave that up, and dismounting, started on a run to join the two companies that were so deeply involved, in the hope that by swimming, if necessary, we could bring the thing to a finish. Passing a little clump of bamboos, I heard a groan coming from them, and saw four of our poor fellows scattered on a space no larger than an ordinary bedroom.

As soon as I reached the firing line I motioned, for no commands could be heard, for some of the men to get into the water and try to cross. Captain William J. Watson, commanding Company E, and two or three men plunged in and struggled across, the water being nearly to their shoulders, and were followed by a number of others, the men holding their rifles over their heads. As the first of these men came up the bank the Filipinos bolted, knowing it was all over, and but few of them could be brought down in flight, as the north bank was higher than the one our men were on, and the men could not see them. However, I saw Lieutenant Colin H. Ball do some good short range work with his revolver, he being one of those who had crossed.

In the meantime my horse had extricated himself from the mud, and had come trotting toward the excitement. A soldier caught him and brought him to me, and by the time I had mounted, the fighting on our front was over. A better crossing was found about a hundred yards down stream, and I had no difficulty in getting the pony through. The men of the regiment, now that the fighting had ceased, waded the stream at the same place, and were allowed to throw themselves on the ground to rest until further orders should be received.

Only a very small portion of the regiment had been seriously engaged, as the enemy's trenches were not continuous, although there had been resistance all along the line, but in many cases the fire had come from men lying down a hundred yards or so from the river bank. After our men had got close to the river they had not suffered much, as the Filipinos did not like to rise up enough to do even fairly good shooting, but Companies E and H had been pretty well shot up in getting to close quarters.

Our loss was Privates Craig, Anibal, and Plummer killed, and Captain Clarke and



As the first of these men came up the bank the Filipinos bolted.—Page 168.

twelve enlisted men wounded. Craig was the youngest of three brothers in the same company, one of them being a first-lieutenant and the other a sergeant, these last two being now officers in the regular army. In and near the trench that had given us the most trouble we found twenty-nine of the enemy's dead. As usual, the most of his wounded had succeeded in escaping, though we found seven. Scattered about on the ground were about thirty rifles, that we broke up and threw into the river.

In the meantime the Third Artillery, on our left, had fought its way across the stream, overcoming more serious difficulties than those that had confronted us, as in addition to trenches they had to take an elaborate and obstinately defended field-work.

The First Montana had had a fight about as stiff as our own, and had crossed the river to our right. Still farther away we could hear a scattering fire as Hale's brigade was making its way, overcoming great difficulties in the way of dense brush and badly cut up country. Still farther to the right Hall's brigade was having its fight, but the sounds of battle, if they reached our ears, were confused with that of other firing in the same direction. Much nearer in, on our right, at the place where the Novaliches wagon road crosses the Tuliajan, was an almost incessant small-arms fire punctuated with cannon shots and the tap, tap, tap of a Colt automatic gun. At this place a very strong field-work and flanking trenches, constructed for the purpose of protecting the crossing, were stoutly resisting a de-

tachment of the Fourth Cavalry and some artillery. A field-piece and the automatic gun were run up to the bank of the river and served in the open at a distance of a few rods, and it was not until the shells began to pierce the well-made parapet that the defenders fled. The Colt gun was under the command of Ensign Cleland Davis of the navy, he having a detachment of three marines to serve it. Ensign Davis had joined us in the Caloocan trenches, and had had occasional opportunities to try out his weapon. He accompanied us through the whole campaign to Malolos, and we often heard the rhythmical popping of the little gun, which could be distinguished through quite a heavy infantry fire. Davis always got into close quarters with his little weapon whenever there was opportunity, and made it count. The navy's detachment was very popular with the army, and they seemed to enjoy their part of the campaign immensely.

According to the plans of the battle, Wheaton's brigade, which, it will be remembered, was on the extreme left of the line, occupying the old Caloocan trenches, was to wait until the brigades of Otis and Hale had pierced the centre of the line, and then move out straight to the front, the supposition being that Hale's brigade by making a rapid left turn would cut off the retreat of the enemy. We were straightening ourselves out after the rather confused crossing of the river, and were sending out patrols to the front, when we heard toward our left rear a crackle of rifle fire, which in a moment swelled into a most appalling amount of sound, and we knew that the fiery Wheaton was going after them hammer and tongs. His brigade was more than two thousand strong, and was resisted by a somewhat larger number of the enemy occupying successive lines of trenches.

If any one thinks that more than four thousand men using breech-loaders as rapidly as they can load and fire cannot wake the echoes, I wish he could have heard the astonishing roar that smote our ears on this occasion. There was no rattle, just a roar that drowned individual shots, and through which the crashes of the field-pieces could barely be distinguished.

The brigade soon reached the south bank of the river, but did not cross, as it was now known that our turning movement was meeting with difficulties, and it was not de-

sired to push the insurgents any farther up the railroad at present. The country on the front of Hale's brigade was to us a veritable unknown land. To have explored it before the outbreak might have precipitated matters with the insurgents, and any attempt to examine it after the war began could only have resulted in the loss of the detachments sent out for the purpose. It turned out to be a dense tangle of forest and undergrowth, cut up with ravines. It was out of the question for troops in extended order to make any rapid progress through it, and the day had turned out to be very hot. The situation made it necessary for us to remain where we were until the next morning, and we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable, no difficult matter with water and firewood in abundance.

The brigade commander had joined us at this point just after the crossing of the river, and camped near us. It was in the midst of the dry season, and the men did not even use their shelter halves, commonly known as pup tents, so that all that was necessary was to stretch ourselves out under the stars and sleep as well as the hard ground would let us. It was, in fact, campaigning under almost ideal conditions.

During the night we were aroused by about a dozen shots from one of our outposts, and a man came in to report that a small band of the enemy trying to sneak up on it had been driven off. The officer of the day went out to investigate, and after some searching found a very old and innocent looking carabao bull in the last stages of dissolution, with half a dozen bullet holes in him. The men of this outpost had to stand considerable chaffing from their comrades the next day. But they were at least entitled to credit for good shooting.

The next morning, the 26th, an adjustment of the line made it necessary for us to move half a mile up the river, and a little before noon the march was resumed, this time in a westerly direction along a wagon road leading from the Novaliches ford across the Tuliajan toward the town of Malinta. We were still in rather close woods. The Third Artillery had the advance, and we followed. We could hear heavy firing toward Malinta, and knew that Wheaton's brigade was shoving the enemy out of the trenches near there. It was evident from the amount of firing that the fight-



The Colt automatic gun going into action.—Page 170.

ing was severe. As we approached open country, the great level plain that stretches northward for two or three miles from Malinta, we could hear firing on our own front, and soon saw that the Third Artillery was deploying in open country and firing into the flank of a large body of the enemy, more than two thousand strong, flying before Wheaton's brigade. One portion seemed to have kept its formation, and was replying to the Third Artillery with a brisk fire. Two field-pieces under Major Young, that were with the advance, were already in action, and it looked as if we were going to have a fine fight. General MacArthur and his staff were sitting on their horses near the guns, and I rode up in advance of my regiment and asked for instructions, being directed to deploy on the right of the Third Artillery and close in as rapidly as possible. The artillerymen were fairly skipping over the ground in an endeavor to come to close quarters, and with their Krag's were delivering an effective fire, having a splendid target, the flank of a large body of broken infantry.

I put my regiment to double time, moved to the right of the road, and crowded the men for all they were worth. It was rather a poor piece of business, for by the time they began to deploy they were so "winded" as to be almost useless. Finally we got a few companies in line and commenced firing, at the same time going forward by rushes. But the distance, nearly fifteen hundred yards, was too great for our Springfield's, and I doubt if we hit a man. The men fell out by dozens, completely exhausted. I rode among them and I am afraid did not exactly bless them, but it was no use. Soon the fleeing Filipinos were out of range of even the Krag's of the Third Artillery, and the affair was over. The Twentieth Kansas had had only one man hit, Private Fairchild, killed.

If we had only had a regiment of cavalry well in hand at the time we came into the open, there would have been a different story. A man might go through several little wars before he would again see such an opportunity for a cavalry charge. The

country was perfectly open and as level as a floor. There was no escape possible in the time that it would have taken cavalry to reach the enemy. I do not believe that a hundred of them could have escaped, possibly not one. Whatever doubt there may be as to the possibility of cavalry charging infantry in line, there is none as to what it can do if it gets in on the flank of a disordered and retreating force. But we had but little cavalry, and that not properly mounted.

We again formed column and resumed the march to Malinta, which place we found occupied by Wheaton's brigade after severe fighting. I saw General Wheaton and was informed by him that Colonel Egbert of the Twenty-second Infantry had been killed a short time before. The place where that gallant old veteran died is now marked by a monument which can be seen a few hundred yards to the east of the railroad track just south of Malinta. Our part of the fighting was over for the day, and we were allowed to take it easy.

Hale's brigade had pushed through the woods toward the town of Meycauayan, where the insurgents made a strong stand in trenches previously constructed. At a distance we watched the beautiful fight taking place in the open country, and with our field-glasses could make out quite well what was going on. In this combat General Hale was slightly wounded, and Captain Krayenbuhl of his staff was killed. Enough high bullets from the fight dropped among us to give us something of a personal interest in the matter, and a man of the Third Artillery near us was wounded by this long-range, dropping fire. There are some disadvantages about being even spectators of a fight when the modern high-power rifles are being used, as if they are given too much elevation, as the Filipinos were very prone to do, the bullets sometimes do not come to earth short of a couple of miles.

After the fight was over, and Hale's brigade had occupied the town with the fearful and wonderful name, or rather the place where it had been before the Filipinos in their retreat burned it, our brigade resumed its march for a couple of miles, and bivouacked in line in the open fields. Near the Twentieth Kansas were a number of stacks of rice straw, and everybody in the regiment had a soft bed that night. As there

were other troops ahead of us, we were not required to place outposts, so that all had a much needed rest.

The big town of Malabon had been burned as soon as Wheaton's brigade had begun its advance past it, Malinta had gone up in smoke on the morning of this day, and Meycauayan, in spite of its name, had met a like fate in the evening. It was evident that the Filipino leaders were carrying out with a vengeance an idiotic policy of destroying the property of their own people under the impression that such action would hurt our feelings or make us peevish. A few days later, a copy of the order to destroy all towns before delivering them to the Americans, signed by Luna himself, was found. This action did not even inconvenience us, as in such weather all preferred bivouacking in the open to taking chances with vermin and dirt in the native houses. But it seemed a terrible pity to see these towns, some of them well built, go up one after the other. We did all we could to save them, but usually could accomplish nothing, as they burned like kindling-wood. The enemy also destroyed as many as possible of the bridges, both on the railroad and the wagon roads, and destroyed the telegraph line, and took out considerable sections of the railroad track. These acts of destruction were, of course, justifiable from the stand-point of military necessity, and caused us no little annoyance and delay.

The morning of the 27th we arose refreshed from our beds of straw, had our bacon, hardtack and coffee, and began a rather strenuous and noisy day. The work of Hall's brigade, so far as it bore on the Malolos campaign was over, and it operated in and near the Mariquina valley. Wheaton's brigade, which really belonged to the First Division operating south of Manila, was to follow us up and act as a reserve, and guard our line of communication with Manila, while the Second Division was to resume the march on the insurgent capital. Hale's brigade was to march on the right of the railroad, while ours, Otis's, was to keep on the left. The Third Artillery was again to have the advance in our brigade, followed at a distance of five hundred yards by the Twentieth Kansas, and behind us came the First Montana, the two last-named regiments marching in column in the road.



These acts of destruction were, of course, justifiable from the stand-point of military necessity.—Page 172.

As we pushed slowly north, the advance of my regiment five hundred yards in rear of the Third Artillery, a lively popping broke out a mile up the road, and we knew that the advance guard of the brigade was again getting into touch with the enemy. For a time two or three of the companies of the Third Artillery had been in column on the road in the heart of the town. We noticed that most of the men seemed to be in little groups along the side of the road, apparently very busy about something, but had no idea what was keeping them so occupied. As the firing on the front increased Major Kobbé ordered all his men to the front to reinforce the advance guard. The men fell in and marched up the road toward the sound of firing, casting longing glances toward the place they had just left. My regiment marched up to this point, and we at once saw the cause of the tender solicitude on the part of the gallant artillerymen. All along the road were little fires, and over each one was broiling a chicken. The men had had less than an hour in which to

catch and dress them and get them started to broiling, so that they were not yet done, and as a half-cooked chicken is a little worse than none, they were compelled to leave them to the tender mercies of the Jay-hawkers. It is an ill wind that blows no good, and as we halted to await the progress of events, the men were allowed to fall out. They did so with great alacrity. Only the leading battalion got any benefit from this windfall, as every chicken had been pre-empted before the men of the other two could arrive, they having been halted a little farther down the road. One artilleryman had lingered and was tenderly watching one bird. I asked him why he did not join, suggesting that his company commander might call him to account for straggling. "No sir. He won't. It's his chicken. I'm his striker. But I'll have to let it go. It won't be done in time." I replied that it would be a shame to waste so fine a bird, and that I would see that it was well appreciated. So I took the chicken, after it had cooked, and the man de-

parted in sadness. So, I owe Lieutenant, now Captain Abernethy, one fine young chicken, which I hope to pay him for some day. After the chickens had been disposed of we sat about, listening to the firing on our front and right front.

It was evident that a stiff fight was on. In compliance with my orders to keep five hundred yards behind the Third Artillery, we now fell into column and pushed up the road through the ruined town. We had just halted, seeing some troops the required distance ahead of us, when much to our surprise we were briskly fired on from our left front. This was more than disconcerting, as it is bad business to come under fire at close range while in column. I did not know, however, that the firing line of the Third Artillery did not extend far enough to the left to cover the point from which the shots were coming. The men were at once ordered to lie down, being still in column, and Major Metcalf and I dismounted and ran out to the left into an open field to study the situation. Our appearance was the signal for an increased fire, and we could see to our front and left, not more than five hundred yards, a line of detached trenches, from which the fire was coming, and we could see the straw hats bobbing up and down. They appeared to be in the margin of a growth of woods and bamboo, and the country between us and them was perfectly level and open, being obstructed only by the low dikes of the rice fields.

That the enemy was on the opposite side of an impassable river occurred to no one. Neither of us had seen any map of the locality, and though it was known that we were approaching the Marilao River, it was thought to be a mile or more in advance. So we took the two leading companies from the advance battalion of the regiment, rushed them into the open, deployed under fire, and began the attack, advancing by rushes in the orthodox manner, until within about a hundred yards of our objective, when the charge was ordered, and we went at them with a rush. The men had raised the usual yell, and we thought that in a few seconds we would be among them, when we were brought up with a start, and the men instinctively threw themselves on the ground. We had rushed to the very brink of a river about eighty feet wide and ten

feet deep. No wonder the Filipinos had stood their ground and had continued to salt us. It was a rather bad situation, as the enemy was sheltered in good trenches and our men had no cover other than rice dikes not more than a foot high. We had already had several men hit, including two mortally wounded, and I determined to withdraw the two companies from their position until a way could be found to ascertain if the river could be crossed.

Before the beginning of the advance from the Manila lines the various regiments had been provided with Chinese litter bearers. The men that we had had already shown at Tuliajan River that they were made of pretty good stuff, and now they were sent up to the firing line, only a few rods from the enemy's trenches, to bring back the wounded. They crossed the open stoically, picked up their burdens, and fell back with the two companies. It was a hard test, as they were fired on repeatedly while coming up. The two companies fell back only a short distance to a point where there was cover, and remained in line lying down. The retirement had been made without further loss and in perfect order. In the meantime the brigade commander had come up, and I explained the situation to him. He was of the opinion that I had made a mistake in retiring, though I represented that it was in no sense a retreat, but merely for the purpose of sheltering the men until a method of crossing could be found. I expressed my willingness to go back, and he consented.

The two companies that had made the attack, H and I, were now reinforced by C, and firing with great rapidity, and fairly combing the tops of the trenches with bullets we regained the bank of the stream without further loss. The Filipinos were kept down in their trenches by the fire poured in upon them, so that they simply could not rise up to take any aim at all. As we gradually overcame them our men rose to their feet to fire, in order to do better shooting than they could lying down. If the muzzle of a rifle appeared over the trench a score of bullets would strike the spot within a couple of seconds. In the meantime a number of us were running along the river bank, trying to find some means of crossing, and while engaged in this work I became aware of the fact that a very



Drawn by F. C. John.

As soon as the raft reached our side I got on it with Lieutenant Hopkins and twenty-one men of Company C.—Page 176.

brisk fight was going on with a couple of trenches to our right. I did not at the time know just what troops were involved, but could see a field-piece in action right on the bank of the river, firing on a trench across the stream, and could hear the tap, tap, tap of the Colt automatic. There were also a number of infantrymen. These latter had been engaged in the fight for some time, but we had not known it, being engaged with our own affairs farther to the left. Our three companies farther down the stream had completely mastered the fire in the trenches opposite them, but could not cross. I went over to where the artillery and the automatic were in action, and at this time Company D of my regiment, Captain Orwig, came up to take a hand in the fracas. Still a little further up was a company of the Tenth Pennsylvania of Hale's brigade that Major Bell, who was in command at this point, had brought over from beyond the railroad. In the meantime a raft was noticed moored to the opposite bank of the stream, about eighty yards below the trench that was fighting Major Bell's detachment. It would be necessary to swim the stream to get it, and I called for volunteers to do the work. Lieutenant Hardy, Trumpeter Barshfield, Corporal Drysdale (now a second lieutenant in the Seventeenth Infantry), and Privates Huntsman and Willey stripped off their clothing and plunged over the bank into the stream. They swam across, got the raft, and towed it to our side. It was a gallant piece of work well done. During this time the field-piece, the Colt gun, and Company D were pounding the near-by trench with great vigor, while the Pennsylvania company was handling another trench a little farther up-stream.

As soon as the raft reached our side I got on it with Lieutenant Hopkins and twenty-one men of Company C, and we poled it to the other bank. After sending out patrols to the front in order to give warning of a possible counter attack from any force that might be concealed in the vicinity, we gave our attention to the trench opposite the artillery, it being the nearest. But upon reaching it we found that the men in it had already raised the white flag and had signified to those across the river their desire to surrender. This was not on account of our crossing, but because of the

fact that the gun was literally tearing their shelter to pieces, while the small-arms fire made escape from it impossible. As we came in the lower end of the trench a lieutenant and a private of the Tenth Pennsylvania, whose names are unknown to me, came in at the other end, they having crossed the stream by swimming a short distance above. We found in the trench twenty-four killed, and took thirty-four prisoners, of whom twelve were very badly wounded. We broke up and threw into the river thirty-one rifles and about four thousand pounds of ammunition. The prisoners were brought across the river on the raft and a canoe that had been found. Among the dead found here was one man who had in his chest, in a space that could be covered by one hand, five holes made by the little six millimetre bullets of the Colt automatic. Ensign Davis had served this gun in the open at a distance of about a hundred feet.

After we were all back in the United States some of the patriots of my regiment and those of the Tenth Pennsylvania tried to engage in a bloody newspaper war over the question as to who had crossed the river first, the men of one regiment or the other. I doubt if anybody could say to a certainty, as the two crossings were made from points that were not in view of each other, and probably no one man saw them both. It was a matter of absolutely no importance, as the two enterprises were independently carried on, and either would have succeeded alone.

Company D of the Twentieth Kansas had had one man killed at this point. Those of us who had crossed the river now went to the two trenches that our three companies farther to the left had overcome. The occupants had fled, taking their wounded with them, but had left a number of dead that we did not take the trouble to count.

I now hoped that I would be allowed to ferry the whole regiment across on the raft, a task that would have taken an hour or so, but was directed by the brigade commander to recross with the men that I had. For some time afterward I believed that if I could have had my way we could have rendered valuable service by marching up the stream on its north side, rolling up the insurgents in the trenches on that bank. I

have subsequently learned that there was on our front a narrow but deep lagoon that would materially have interfered with such an operation. We might easily have been involved alone in a very nasty fight, so that I have no doubt that the wisest thing was done.

We remained on the south bank for some time, awaiting orders that depended on developments on other parts of the field. In the meantime the First South Dakota, of Hale's brigade, had after a very severe fight forced the passage at another point above the bridge. This affair, carried out under the direction of the commander of that regiment, Colonel A. S. Frost, was about as stiff as anything that occurred in the Philippines, the regiment in question losing seven killed, including three officers, and having about twenty-five wounded. It was totally

independent of the crossing effected by my own regiment farther down the stream, neither operation having any effect on the other or being aided by it. About four o'clock the brigade commander directed me to cross the railroad bridge with the regiment and deploy on the left of the Third Artillery. So we formed column of fours and set out.

As one ascends the Marilao at this point the stream makes a considerable turn to the north until opposite the town of Marilao, whence its course is easterly. Therefore, though we were right on the stream, and near the railroad, we were nearly a mile from the bridge. As we drew near we were met by the adjutant-general of the division who informed me as to the situation, and stated that General MacArthur desired that I make all possible haste in ex-



The prisoners were brought across the river on the raft and a canoe that had been found.—Page 176.

tending the existing line to the left. Hale's brigade and the Third Artillery of our own brigade were already across and in line of battle, awaiting the movement of a body of some thousands of the enemy, who could be seen coming up and deploying across the fields to the north, with the evident intention of making an attack before all the division could cross the stream. From the south bank we could see the enemy's line, which appeared to be about two miles long, and quite heavy, while behind it were troops in reserve. The ties had been removed from the bridge, making crossing it a very slow operation, but we made the greatest haste possible. The orderlies of the mounted officers managed to get their horses across by swimming them.

We had just begun the crossing, the men picking their way gingerly over the stringers, when the whole Filipino line opened fire on the troops deployed on the north bank, the distance being about twelve hundred yards. As the firing line of our troops was not more than a hundred yards in advance of the bridge, those of us on the structure naturally got our share of the bullets. The men were very quiet, and apparently somewhat nervous, as they knew that a man badly hit while on the bridge would in all probability fall into the stream. One man was killed in the crossing, and a few wounded. All of our troops that were in line were replying vigorously, the men lying close to the ground. Under such a fire it would have been folly to have held the regiment in such an exposed position until it could be properly formed. I had crossed the bridge at the head of the regiment, and found that my faithful orderly, Caldwell, had my dripping horse awaiting me, and so mounted and conducted the first few men as fast as they could run along a road which ran a few yards in rear of the prostrate and silent men of the Third Artillery, working their Krags for all they were worth, and directed them to continue the line of that organization to the left. Every man as he cleared the bridge leaped down the embankment and followed suit. It was a method of deployment not laid down in any drill book, but worked beautifully.

Just after leaving the railroad embankment I had passed two gray-haired sergeants of the Third Artillery, lying within a few feet of each other, still and calm in death,

their faces as placid as if they were only asleep, and had a hurried glimpse of General MacArthur and his staff, standing near the right of the Third Artillery's line. As our right began to hook onto the left of the Third Artillery a number of the men greeted us with cheers, and cries of "Good for Kansas." It was not that they were in a pinch, but because a strong friendship had grown up between the two regiments. They were, however, naturally glad to see their exposed flank covered.

The fire of the Filipinos was of such a volume that we were pretty well satisfied that they were going to crowd the attack and come to close quarters with us. Even above the roar of firing we could hear that they were yelling. Only two battalions of my regiment were able to get on the firing line, owing to a lagoon that ran at almost right angles to the line, so that one had to be held in reserve. It was now getting dusk, and the flashes of the enemy's rifles could be made out in the gathering darkness. The field that we were in was perfectly dry, and the bullets from the Mausers striking in it flicked up innumerable little spots of dust, just like the effect of big drops of rain in a dusty road at the beginning of a shower. Much as I had to think about, there went through my mind those words of Kipling, "the bullets kicking up the dust spots on the green." How bullets could make dust spots on green turf, however, I leave for the poet to explain.

I do not know just how long the fight lasted, probably half an hour after we had got on the line. It stopped as suddenly as it had begun. What had occurred, though we did not know it at the time, was that Colonel Stotsenburg with his fine regiment, the First Nebraska, forming the extreme right of Hale's brigade, had in the gathering dusk moved forward quietly, and turned the Filipino left, rolling it up and inflicting heavy loss, thus making it necessary for the enemy's whole line to fall back. As the Filipino right rested on lagoons it could not have been turned. The troops bivouacked in line of battle, and lay down to sleep where they had fought. During the day, besides its wounded who recovered, the Twentieth Kansas had lost Cook Scherrer and Privates Carroll, Hatfield, Keeny, and Wahl, killed or mortally wounded.



Drawn by F. C. John.

Every man as he cleared the bridge leaped down the embankment and followed suit.—Page 173.

The necessity of repairing the railroad bridge and the much damaged track so that trains bringing up supplies from Manila could cross, as well as the construction of a bridge for our wheeled transportation, made it necessary for the whole division to remain on the north bank of the Marilao all the next day, and it was not until the morning of the 29th that we resumed the march. The day's rest and quiet had been a God-send to all, as the weather was becoming uncomfortably hot in the middle of the day, and in spite of the short marches the men were beginning to show signs of fatigue, this condition being partly due to the watchfulness imposed at night. But the regiment, in common with the whole division, formed line of battle, having the First and Second Battalions on the firing line and the Third in reserve, five hundred yards in rear, and we trudged across the open fields, still having our right on the railroad. On our left was the First Montana, and across the railroad, to the right, the Tenth Pennsylvania. The Third Artillery was in reserve.

As the long irregular line of blue approached the river near Bocaue we could see trenches on the opposite bank. Soon came the crackle of the Mausers and the usual whining and zipping of bullets. We quickened our pace, and when we were within eight hundred yards the two battalions on the firing line opened up. We made the attack at a fast walk, each man stopping only long enough to take aim, and reloading as he advanced. In some respects this method of attack is to be preferred to the advance by rushes, as the shooting is much more accurate. The enemy's fire was rather heavy, but after we opened very wild. Major Metcalf and six enlisted men were wounded. Metcalf, as has been told, had been shot through one ear in the trenches at Calocan, and now went to the other extreme by getting a bullet through a foot, an exceedingly painful and annoying wound. For several hours he tried to stay with the regiment, but finally gave it up and sorrowfully allowed himself to be hauled back to Manila. He recovered in time to join us at San Fernando.

The Filipinos had learned by bitter experience that it was not always best to remain too long in their trenches, especially if the ground to the rear was open, so that they could be shot down in getting away,

and now as the regiment began to yell and rush forward, they vacated. A few of us seized the railroad bridge, which they had not much injured, and several regiments crossed on it, deploying again on the other bank preparatory to continuing the advance. The loss of the enemy had been light, and we found only a few dead in their trenches and near them.

While we were forming on the north bank of this stream we could see at Bigaa station, about two miles up the track, a number of railroad trains, and could see that the enemy's troops were entraining. Our field-guns opened and created much confusion among them. As they fell back from Bigaa they burned the town, and we could see the dense clouds of smoke rolling skyward as we took up the march. Passing through Bigaa at about half past eleven, we met with no resistance on our part of the line, though we heard some firing by other organizations. We began fondly to hope that we might camp that night in Malolos, but it was not to be. At a little after four o'clock we approached the Guiguinto River, and found the trenches on the opposite bank deserted. The railroad bridge was burning, but the fire had made but very little progress, and was put out by the men of Company B of the Twentieth Kansas, the men carrying water from the river in vessels that they found in near-by houses. The stream was deep, and the banks high and steep, so that our seizure of this bridge was a most fortunate circumstance.

Across the river for about twelve hundred yards stretched a perfectly level field from which the rice had been harvested. Beyond that was what appeared to be dense woods. There was not a sign of life anywhere, but scouts were sent out up the railroad track a few hundred yards. The large force of the enemy, concealed in elaborate trenches in the margin of the woods, held their fire until they could make it count better than by giving themselves away in order to stir up a few scouts. No one had any doubt that the coast was absolutely clear, and the crossing began immediately. The ties had not been removed from the bridge, so that this was not a matter of difficulty. The Tenth Pennsylvania and the Twentieth Kansas began crossing at the same time, the former using the right-hand side of the structure and the latter the

left-hand. Two field-pieces and the Colt automatic were brought across the bridge by hand and prepared to open to the front in case the necessity should arise. For the time being all horses had to be left on the south bank.

I was standing at the north end of the bridge, talking to General MacArthur and watching my regiment cross, when we were startled by a most terrific fire opened on us. The bullets came from the north, and it was correctly surmised that the enemy's trenches were in the edge of the woods on the opposite side of the field. It was by far the best shooting that I have ever seen the Filipinos do. They were beyond the effective range of our Springfields, and knew it. They had the exact range and were using their sights, and had a good rest for their rifles over the parapet of their trench. The bullets were whipping up little dust spots all about, and actually filling the air with their various sorts of noises. Major P. B. Strong, adjutant-general of the division, standing within three feet of General MacArthur, was wounded, and dozens of bullets struck the bridge.

The two regiments crossed with great rapidity, each company, as it cleared the bridge, deploying and rushing up to the firing line. The Tenth Pennsylvania deployed to the right of the railroad and the Twentieth Kansas to the left. It was enough to warm the cockles of a soldier's heart to see the perfect coolness of these now veteran fighters under that rain of bullets to which they could make no adequate reply. Each company of the Twentieth Kansas, as it cleared the bridge, formed line at one pace interval, moved on a run by the left flank, faced to the front at a point that would make its right coincide with the left of the company that had preceded it, and then fairly flew over the ground until it came up on the firing line, when it went down flat to the earth and the men began to work their rifles with great vigor. The most of our firing was by platoon volleys, and crash succeeded crash with intervals of only a few seconds. The two field-pieces and the Colt automatic were in action, and were adding to the uproar. We soon began to advance by rushes, in order to come to close quarters. I was up on the firing line, and having occasion to look to the rear in order to see if all of the regi-

ment had cleared the bridge, was astonished at the number of writhing forms in the little part of the field that we had crossed, and at the number of men being assisted to the shelter of the few straw stacks. The cry "Hospital Corps" was coming from all sides.

Chief Trumpeter Barshfield and I were stooping down behind the prone men of Company G, and my attention was attracted to the difficulty one of the men, Private Birlew, was having in extracting a shell that had jammed in his piece. I was so close I could have touched him, and do not suppose I watched him more than three seconds, when I saw one whole side of his head torn open, and his face dropped down into the rice stubble, his hands clutched convulsively, and life's battle with him was over. The Filipinos had no mind to allow us to come to close quarters when they had no friendly stream to stop our rush, and when they saw that we were going to close with them, vacated their trenches, and the firing ceased as abruptly as it had begun.

I went at once toward the bridge to report to the division commander, and on my way passed one of the little straw stacks, and noticed behind it half a dozen wounded men being treated by the surgeons of the regiment who by the way got under fire as much as any of us. The fight had not lasted more than fifteen minutes, but the Twentieth Kansas had Privates Birlew, Dix, and Wilson killed, and Captain W. J. Watson and eighteen enlisted men wounded. Captain Watson, one of the best officers in the regiment, carries to this day, just back of his heart, the bullet received at Guiguinto. It was the last of his active service with the Twentieth Kansas, but he came back to the Philippines a year later in the Fortieth United States Volunteers, and lost a leg in an engagement in Mindanao. Having had his system sufficiently ventilated by bullets, Watson is now engaged in the peaceful pursuit of presiding over the post office at his home town of Pittsburg, Kansas.

The troops that had fought at Guiguinto bivouacked in line of battle. The next forenoon was spent in the necessary but prosaic work of distributing rations and ammunition, and it was after two o'clock in the afternoon when we resumed the march, the Twentieth Kansas having the

SAILING DAYS



FOUR PICTURES

BY

ANTON OTTO FISCHER

The artist followed the sea for eight years as an able seaman and the pictures are based upon actual experience



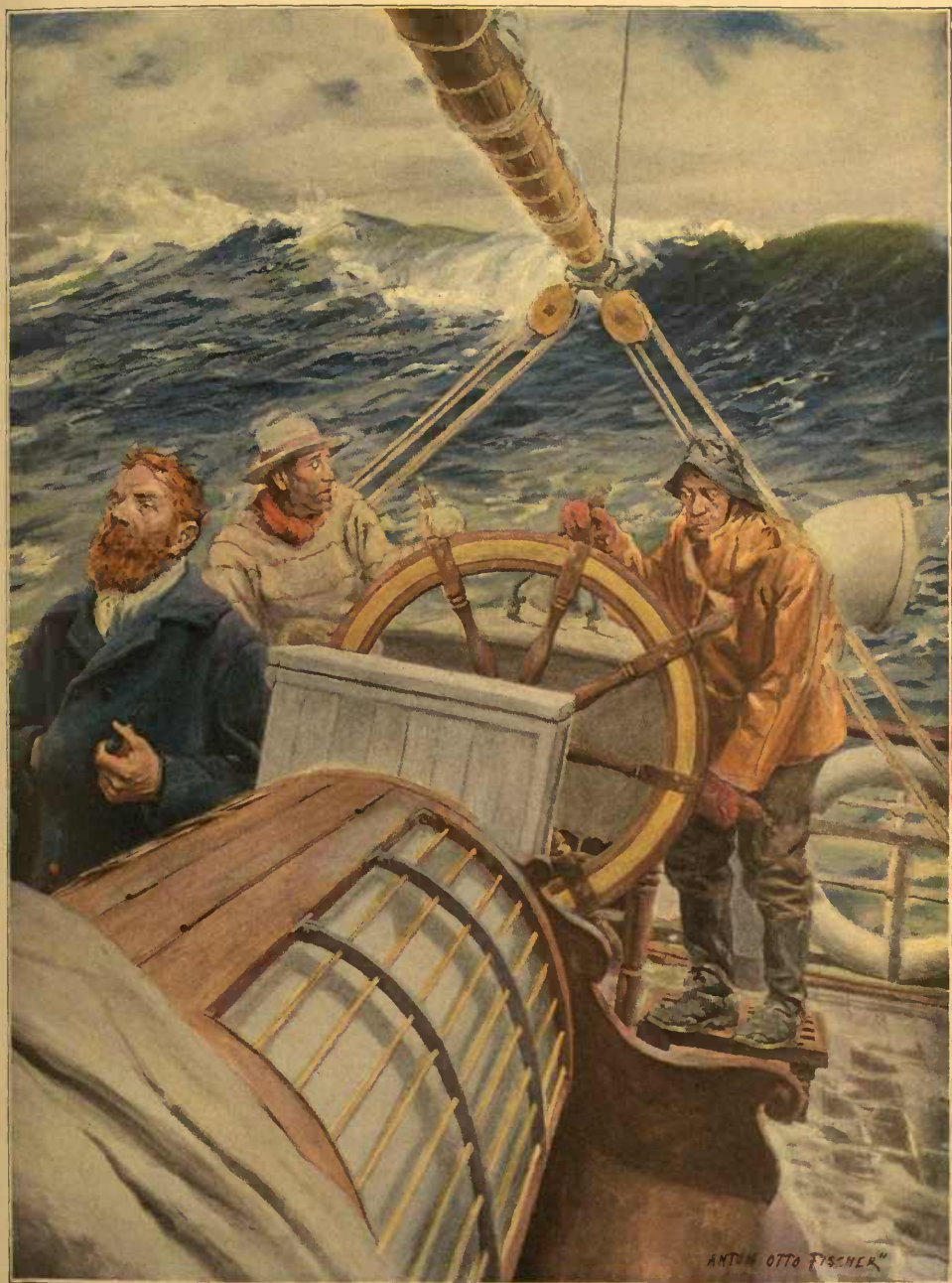
On the Yard-Arm—Furling the Mainsail.





Man Overboard.





Running the East'ard Down—Homeward Bound off Cape Horn.





Making Port in the Tropics—Taking on a Native Pilot.



Drawn by Anton Otto Fischer.

"We were pulling toward her when it happened. . . ."—Page 198.

OLD GOONEY

By John H. Walsh

ILLUSTRATION BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



WE were lying in Dutch Harbor on the night that the *Northerner* brought the crew of the *Pitcairn* into port. Our wardroom, over its coffee, was still talking of the wreck, vague word of which had come to us two hours before.

"Old Gooney, too, Old Gooney gone!" said some one, and I think there was a shade of annoyance in the voice that spoke. It was an annoyance which we all felt a little, yet which no one of us could have accounted for. That Gooney was gone, even to death, should not have been expected to annoy people, for Gooney had as perfect a reputation as a "sun-downer"—which is to say for meanness—as has any man who in a ship has ever gone down to the sea. I think it quite possible that we were ashamed of this unmanly feeling of annoyance. Certainly we were surprised at it, for we hated "Old Gooney"—at least we all said we did, and believed we were telling the truth. I suppose he had at one time or another had a fling at each of us. Me he put under hatches—for no matter what trivial thing—and I had hated him in my time very fervently, and had actually fancied that I should like to have my fingers on his flabby old throat.

"Old Gooney!" said I in a wondering, contemptuous tone, and I think I was going to tell of my experiences under him, when the steamer that brought old Doctor Stacy aboard came alongside. I was glad afterward that I omitted telling that experience. I never tell it now, for I feel differently about it.

We heard the reversing propeller churn the water at the gangway, and then Stacy came down into our midst. Good old Stacy! A man of all ages; a man who knew every one and whom no one knew in return; a lonesome, high-principled, Quixotic old bachelor. His face was red with the wind as he came into the wardroom, but the ashy pallor of weariness showed through

the red, and there was something tragic in his appearance. He was just in, you see, from a wreck, followed by three days in a boat in a Bering Sea gale. He was tired through and through, one could easily see that, but he wanted to talk—almost had to talk, before he could rest—so we waited, for we all wanted to hear. Some one encouraged him by a random question, I remember, and that seemed to start him. He had sunk into a chair at the head of the table, and had lighted a little black pipe, one with a long stem. The ship was rolling rhythmically on a long swell that backed into the harbor from the sea. Stacy's face was in the shadow—he had turned out the lights near to him—and it was a detached voice that we heard, when he began to speak, a commonplace, matter-of-fact, business-like voice, loaded up a good deal with weariness and emotion.

"It all happened very simply," he said. "The fog cleared away, or, rather, opened up in a rift, for the wind was blowing pretty hard at the time. You know how the fog and rain swirl down and open up. Well, we were right on the reef, even when the fog moved aside. It was an uncharted reef, I believe; though how it has so long remained uncharted I don't see. Must every reef be discovered by the wrecking of ships? We couldn't do anything, of course. It was too late. Old Gooney was on the bridge himself, and he did everything possible, but it was no use. We went on pretty hard and we could hear plates tearing and rivets pulling their heads off—ominous sounds. The wind and the sea were pretty strong, as I've said, and they twisted us around through ninety degrees, and that made the hole larger. I thought it was like pushing a knife into a man's belly and twisting it up amongst his insides, and I fancy now that it was about as salubrious a thing as that would be. Old Gooney never winced, and yet you know how it must have hurt: it must have felt as though it were his own flesh and blood.

The tide let us go off after a time, and that was kicking a wounded man into the street, knowing he'd bleed to death soon. Gooney said nothing, and we started to the southward, and as we drifted we were sinking. The feeling isn't good.

"You fellows didn't know Gooney as I did. No one did. I've known him a long time, ever since he was a midshipman, which seems like only since yesterday, when I think; but it has, nevertheless, been thirty years, no less, since we were together in Rio. Gooney!"—and he mused in silence for a moment, passing his hand wearily over his face. "Gooney!"

"Gooney!" he went on musingly. "His character was really pretty well marked out by that name. The way the name came to him indicates that. It wasn't one of those names that are suddenly saddled onto a man and by which he must live ever after. It came gradually and it was as though it were tried and fitted on him as a tailor fits a coat. Some one tried it tentatively; some one, I should say, who had watched the antics of the tropical gooney bird; you've all seen them. Well, it seemed to suit, so its vogue grew, and for ten years no one has called him anything else to his back than 'Old Gooney.' Oh, it was fair enough to call him any hard name; I don't controvert that. He was stupid, stubborn, malignant, in his way; and when it came to a wordy fight he fought, as it were, with beak and talons instead of with fists. I'm talking in metaphors; it makes speech easy.

"I've been near Gooney off and on a good deal, and I was with him and knew the circumstances of three of the crises of his life—two besides his death, if you choose to put it that way.

"Captain Irpit! One forgets his real name almost, he was so much better known as 'Old Gooney.' You never could have thought of calling Midshipman Irpit a 'Gooney.' You never could have fancied that he would be known afterward as the meanest man in the navy. He was a good-natured, good-looking, laughing, rather happy-go-lucky chap. He liked the girls pretty well, he had friends, and he liked to have fun. Yet of course all his future was in embryo within him—I must remember that—and I saw it start its growth; the planting was, of course, done by nature. The remarkable thing is that I saw it really

start growth. I shall tell you about it to straighten out my own ideas in the matter. Oh, the force of an idea on human nature—at least on human nature as it was compounded in him! I wonder if the thing will appear to others as it appears to me.

"You see, we were lying in Rio; he was a midshipman then, and he and I used to go ashore a great deal together. We went to see a girl, of course. She interested him and she interested me, but I, nevertheless, always talked to the father while Irpit talked to the girl. I always have done that; I do it to this day: that's why I still am a bachelor, which is a good enough condition, too—but I wander.

"We came ashore one afternoon late to make our usual call. Irpit was melancholy, you know how we are in our youth, and as we strolled up to the house on the bluff we talked very little—at least he talked very little, and he listened to me with ill grace. At dinner the father and I—the father was a common-sense English chap, the English consul in Rio—made what talk there was, and Irpit and the girl kept very silent. He was moody and melancholy, you see. Perhaps there had been a disagreement between them—but I think not. At any rate, she ought to have rallied him and to have laughed at him. Instead of that she fell into step with him. She ought not to have done it, I say, for—well, it sounds queer, but the whole remainder of his life was on the anvil that night. He didn't know it, neither did she: no one could have known. There had been a violent flirtation, and the sympathy between them was very intense, very unusually intense; I myself felt the emotional strain of it. One could see the story in their faces, and the feeling of it came into your insides, somehow, just by its intensity.

"After dinner the father and I sipped coffee while Irpit and the girl talked to each other out on the porch. I sat next the window and I couldn't help hearing murmurs of conversation from outside. At first their voices were indistinct to me, but afterward I began unconsciously to hear whole sentences, whole thoughts, even. Once it fell preternaturally silent. The girl was talking. It was all very silly, I dare say, but I didn't think of it in that way then, and now it seems tragic. Her voice was tragic, too. 'I'm afraid of you,' she said

in a low voice. 'I am afraid of you when you are fallen into melancholy like this. There is something sinister in it, something awful, something dark. I shall be afraid to close my eyes to-night. I wish I knew what you think at such times, what it all means.' Her voice was trembling as she finished, and I knew that she was shrinking into her chair. Oh, she meant what she said. It was pathetic. I wanted to go out and stand between them, to raise her out of her chair and to hearten her up. He made no answer that I heard, but I knew that he was sitting looking broodingly out over the sea, and I knew that his imagination must be touched; but I couldn't know that in a way it had taken fire. How did I know any of this? Oh, it was in the air; one couldn't help knowing. We know so much in life that we never are told that I think we must have twenty or a hundred subconscious senses which we can't name, can't locate, can't define, even after they have brought messages to us.

"Of course I moved away from the window—one would not wish to hear people talk of such things—and then the wind came up somewhat, too, blowing their further conversation out over the bay, and I heard no more. But I was thinking about it. The father and I, in consequence, could not seem to talk well to each other, and I was glad when Irpit desired to go home early.

"Oh, I know," went on the doctor wearily, "that this was the extravagance of youth. It wouldn't affect you or me now, perhaps it wouldn't have affected us then; but it affected him. It touched his imagination then, just as another very different thing did years later. His imagination wasn't particularly lively, but oh, the intensity of it! How it enlarged itself—a regular Gooney of an imagination! Who can say what will startle it or when it will stop?

"It sounds as though I, now, were in the extravagant period of youth or as though I were insane, but I could see changes in him from that night. We left Rio soon afterward, went round the Horn. I saw the thing. You are about to say he was only in love—no, that isn't true, although he was a little in love, I suppose. However, he was much more than that. He was lost in his imagination. At first he lived in a pro-

found and distressful state of melancholy. Later he became morbid, bitter, satirical, malevolent. It was as though he breathed poisonous air. His presence had something morally pestilential in it. He used after a while to say things to me that made me aware that he considered himself a misanthrope and a scoundrel; and one could not help fancying that he took a morbid pride in certain of his least admirable characteristics. The men forward grew to hate him and of course his messmates avoided him. It seemed as though there were something unclean about him—and so there was in a way. I was greatly distressed by it all for a long time, and I used to talk to him about it. I used even to point out his sins to him sometimes; but I learned the futility of that. Such verbal belaborings as I gave him were taken, I thought, by his distorted mind as real compliments, as real evidence of the intensity of his wickedness. Oh, it was a horrible thing. I could not always bear to be near him. I felt as though I owed it to humanity to kill him—so I used to avoid him. And yet I ought not to have blamed him; such things are for God.

"I left the ship after we got to this coast, and I never was shipmates with him until about a year ago. But I had seen him from year to year, here and there, out in China, in Washington, in New York. I knew well what he had grown to be, and I suppose I was about the only man in the service who, in spite of what he was, remained on friendly terms with him. I, like every man else that knew him, despised him in those days, but I couldn't break with him; and he couldn't break with me, though I think he would have liked well to do so, for his fondness for me was about all that stood between him and the achievement of perfect, complete hatred of mankind. Properly speaking, I see now that he made a great sacrifice for me. What a fantastic mind he had!

"You all know what a rabid creature he became as the years went along. What a devilish ingenuity he developed in mentally torturing his officers and men. You know he drove Wheeligan to suicide, you know how Huick went insane. I suppose you all knew better than I did; for I was never shipmates with him again, you see, until last year. The worst of all was the matter

of his wife. I suppose every decent man that knew her wanted to kill him when he heard about it. Most people never knew what became of her, but I happened to find out. Hank Teller and I met her one night in New York, earning a living from men on the street. We talked with her a little—and before she died she wrote me a letter. She died in jail—old Admiral Borget's daughter—!

"Oh, I suppose one should call it insanity, although, indeed, it matters little what name you apply to it. How it changed his appearance, too! You know what he grew to look like, the yellow teeth floating vaguely in his huge mouth, the fetid, rotten look of his flesh, his huge jowl, his vague, watery eyes—and I tell you it all began in Rio and I saw it start. I heard the seed words spoken and I have seen the development of this extraordinary and morbid growth. I read you no moral. It could have happened to no one but Gooney. It could not have failed happening to him. But the monstrosity of it appalls me, all coming from the words of a sweet, pure, simple girl, whom he hadn't seen since, whom he never wrote to. It sounds improbable but I know it is true. I know it better than I know anything.

"It was about a year ago that I became shipmates with him again. You know what he was then. To me he was a singularly pitiable object, just as he was singularly despicable. I felt that I knew where his misfortunes began—they were many times more his misfortunes than they were other people's. He was, I think, even more unfortunate than his wife, for sin is the greatest of all misfortunes, and he had sinned against every one and everything. I felt—I think it was because I had seen the thing start—that I was in a measure an accomplice and that I was a blameworthy person. Thus, even when I despised him, I never could judge him. As I commenced again being shipmates with him I remember wondering if he could never go back in his development of criminal tendencies—they were criminal in the highest sense. Might it not, as it were, be possible to administer an antidote or an alternative; which is to say, could not one capture the fortifications of his insanity some way, could not one either flank or assault them?

"This matter was very much in my mind as I went my bachelor rounds in San Francisco, but I don't know what I concluded. Indeed, I think I concluded nothing. I waited, and the event made my conclusion for me. Do you remember a play that was running there about a year ago, 'The Deification'? It had its points, you remember, both good and bad ones. There was, however, a real actress in that show. Nora Rezanian, a new star, was the one I mean. Do you remember her? I suppose it was having Gooney much in my mind that reminded me when I first saw her of the girl that Gooney and I had seen thirty years before in fever-stricken Rio. As the evening went on the likeness of Rezanian to Nell Furlley seemed to grow—at least I thought it did, and I watched her more closely than any one, for it was like setting the clock back, like growing young again. Besides, I had a queer feeling about her. I somehow felt that through this strange resemblance something might be done for Gooney. You see, I had my theory that Gooney had a diseased imagination, and I thought I knew the blow that had started the horrible abscess in his fancy. I suppose my interest was mostly scientific, for I despised Old Gooney and hardly desired to be useful to him. But if something could help Gooney, I wanted to find out what it was and to apply it. To do so seemed a piece of work worthy of being done. And then the romance of it—do you see it all? Why, it would be like finding the pole or leading a cavalry charge or dying in a forlorn hope. It came to me as an inspiration what the treatment might be. I remember the lines yet. That was it! He should hear Rezanian recite certain lines of her part; they were sublime, pathetic, convincing. Your playwright takes a woman down near the fag end of life. She has suffered shame, contumely, abuse, injustice; and, behold, her spirit still is unconquered. She is pale, worn, emaciated, but her eyes, emblems of her spirit, are filled with soft, lambent flames. It was wonderful to see. Undaunted, that is the word. Her face was like sunrise, though death was upon her. You remember her voice, Jim," and he addressed one of us. "You remember the manner of her speaking these words, a very even, quiet, impressive manner: 'How strong I am! It is not possible to injure

me. I am noble; I am generous; I am unconquerable; difficulty is opportunity to me. You see then, do you not, that I am virtuous, that I can do no evil, that I am incorruptible, true to my trust?—and hence I die: it is my privilege to die!’ And she stabs herself in the heart—a great-hearted woman.

“Once I had thought of it I felt sure that here was the thing. I at once laid my plans with infinite care. I prepared Gooney’s mind for what was to come. I talked of Rio, mentioned that to me Rezanía looked like little Nell Furley, and then one night I got him ashore to the theatre. He heard, actually heard with his mind, as well as with his ears, what Rezanía had to say—I saw that at once—and I think that properly speaking her words were the first to which he had really listened for thirty years. Thirty years, that is a long time to live in the dark—and that is what he had mentally done. Thirty years, think of it! His lips trembled as he heard Rezanía’s final tragic words. His flabby old lips trembled and worked convulsively and pathetically, and I knew that he had heard. It was strange how the passage affected him. And the effect was not passing, for his imagination, as I’ve said, had inertia. As we walked down to the water-front he was totally silent. Afterward in the launch he repeated that last passage in a halting sort of way. It was interesting and it was affecting. It seemed to me that his imagination was locked in a stout room, and that only two persons in the world, and they both women, carried the keys to it. One couldn’t help seeing that unusual things were a-movē again, one couldn’t help predicting great changes—and the changes came rapidly. I could see them after that, day by day. They were in a measure the reverse of the changes I had seen thirty years before. He changed in appearance, in manner, in thoughts, in every way possible. He even seemed to grow younger and stronger. But oh, in a way he was the same Gooney still, a man with an imagination that had inertia. Now, however, his imagination was sweeping him in the opposite direction. In the same degree that he had actually desired to become despicable and to earn the hatred of people, he now desired to become admirable, and I think he desired

people to like him. Oh, the power of an idea on such a man! It is without limit, beyond comprehension, infinite.

“‘I can do nothing unworthy; such deeds are not possible to me,’ said he to me quietly one evening on the quarter-deck under the stars, when we were talking of evil. And it was so. You knew it was so when you looked at him; no unworthy thoughts could lurk even in the darkest recesses of the mind behind that now clear, luminous eye. Strangely, he seemed to forget that he had ever been otherwise, and used to speak as though he had spent a lifetime in the practise of virtue.

“And the measure of it all was shown us when the wreck came. He was equal to the thing. He stood on the bridge when we struck. He stood there calm, strong, fearless, tireless, patient, yet sudden to act, masterful. The rest of us were somewhat confused, but not he. There must have been a tremendous egoism in him; he showed it in both parts of his life. I see him yet as he stood there that morning, the sea making clear breaches across deck, the ship settling low and lower in the water, the life-boats ready to lower, the wind stringing spray and foam in ribbons to leeward, the crew hanging in the wake of deck erections here and there, every one waiting on him and carrying out his orders with extraordinary promptness and order. And his orders were wise.

“He sent us all off in the boats, lowering the boats one by one, almost lowering them with his own hands. I had an idea that he was coming off himself in the last boat, although before I left he pressed my hand warmly and bade me good-by. But he had no mind to leave his ship at such a time. When the crew of the last boat saw that, they moved as if to take him by force, but it was impossible. You couldn’t deny the calm, God-like commands that came from him. You couldn’t do it, I say. He was too sure of himself, too certain of his ground, too certain of what was his duty, and his imagination carried too much inertia. He was utterly disregarding of importunity, he was above fear, above the love of life even. Jenkins was in charge of that last boat, and he told me that he was helpless before Gooney in this matter, that Gooney was like God, unapproachably and superhumanly virtuous, calm, unafraid.

And Jenkins is a square-jawed, stiff-backed man, a true man. The men in the boat besought him to come, and wept as they did so. Can you fancy any one unmoved by tears of grown men? I think he never even faltered. Jenkins said he almost seemed not to hear as he motioned them with a beneficent smile into their boat. 'No,' said he sadly aloud, 'a captain should go with his ship—such a thing as leaving is not possible to me; I am too steadfast, too honorable, and I have too much regard for the traditions of duty.' And it was true; these things were his masters now just as his faculties of hatred had formerly been.

"After the last boat left the ship's side I saw through my glasses that Gooney was still on the bridge. I ought to have known that this was what he would do, but I did not. The shock of seeing him there, the thought of the uselessness of his sacrifice—if sacrifice it were—moved me profoundly, and I rather excitedly directed the crew to pull to the ship. But it would have done no good. Jenkins would have brought him, I think, if it were possible to bring him—I could have done no more. He had made up his mind; or, if you like to call it differently, he had lost himself in the foliage of his own exuberant fancy. Nevertheless, we did pull back toward the ship, but the wind was against us and when we arrived it was too late.

"A striking part of that long, exhausting pull was the emotion we all felt, not I alone, but the whole crew, sailormen, coal-passers, cooks, every one of us. It was as though we were all mad. We shouted inanely, and cursed, and our faces were wetted constantly with tears. In that patch of visible ocean I think Gooney was the only calm human being, the only person with collected faculties. The other boat crews were like ours.

"We got rather close to the old ship toward the end, and I could see that she was dangerously far down in the water. I urged the crew to more violent efforts, but it was no use, they were doing their best. Other boats were pulling toward the ship

also, but they were all pulling against a half gale of wind, and it was slow work. Occasionally a boat's crew would raise their voices in unison in an attempt to attract their captain's attention, and afterward they would wave their hands persuasively and commandingly toward our boat. But Gooney had made up his mind, I say, and so had the sea. If Gooney heard them he made no sound, and made no change in his rhythmic swing across the bridge, back and forth, a man on watch. Oh, it was pathetic and inspiring to see him.

"The old ship went down very quietly, but she went suddenly. We were pulling toward her when it happened and we may have been a quarter-mile distant. I could see Old Gooney very plainly through my glasses. I could even almost see the expression of his face and I could almost read his glances. He never changed his calm pacing of the bridge; he seemed calm, unterrified, unintimidated. He even seemed cheerful, and there somehow was an atmosphere of generosity and beneficence about him. How much of all this came from my imagination who shall say? But it is certain that he continued almost until the end to pace the bridge very coolly and quietly. Thus much all of us saw. It happened very suddenly, as I have said, for he disappeared while we were obscured from him in the trough of a sea. Strangely enough, no man in any of the boats saw him actually go under water. He was there—he was not there. It was divine legerdemain, nature's hocus pocus, gravity's sleight of hand. We searched for him for hours, but finally the wind scattered us, and it would now be impossible to find the place.

"It was a very wonderful thing that he did—to watch the water creep up toward him, to die undismayed, hopeful, cheerful, with the measure of his years far from full.

"And oh, the power of an idea! One should remember that—we are all Gooneys a little bit."

And the doctor stumbled off down the alleyway of state-rooms, and we all sat still and smoked.

THE CHESS PLAYERS

By Olive M. Briggs

ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. IVANOWSKI



HERE were three of us dining together that night in my Paris studio, Count Nicot, Tony DeJong, and myself.

The Count was slim and small and dark, very foreign looking, with a short mustache which he twirled incessantly. DeJong was big and blonde, with a hearty laugh and honest blue eyes. His skin was ruddy and bronzed like a sailor.

Dinner was over. We were lingering over our wine and smoke, enjoying the quiet of the dimly lit studio, and DeJong had just finished a yarn of the sea—a weird tale of shipwreck, revenge and a woman, which had left us all shivering—when Nicot's voice broke the lull suddenly. It was a low voice, magnetic, with a carrying quality.

"That's a queer thing, DeJong; one of the queerest I ever heard. You experienced that really yourself, did you?"

The Count and I both looked up with interest.

DeJong was engaged in filling his pipe. He wedged the tobacco well in with his thumb, and held the match to the bowl before answering.

"Experienced it myself?" he said, "what? Why of course I experienced it. There's nothing so queer in this world as the truth. Don't you know that, gentlemen?"

"Sacré!" exclaimed Nicot. "Monsieur, you are right! To some, such an outcome would seem unlikely, but I've seen strange things in the course of my life. Where women are concerned everything is possible. Black skins or white, Asiatics or Europeans, it makes no difference. When their love, their passion, their jealousy is aroused, it is like the spark at the end of the gunpowder fuse. The strongest man—he takes fire—whiff, bang, gone, goodbye!"

The Count laughed as he spoke.

"Take the Russian case of Klafsky, for example—the most extraordinary affair that

was. All the European papers were full of it a few years ago. You remember? In Paris the feeling ran very high, in Zurich and Geneva they held mass meetings, and in Milan there was a riot. But no one knew the real facts of the case; no one ever will know. The Russian police force were as mystified as the Central Revolutionists. Both were equally in the dark, and both equally swore vengeance. It was a curious situation."

"Klafsky!" cried DeJong, "Klafsky! . . . Wait a moment, Monsieur. Where have I heard that name before? It sounds familiar."

"My dear sir," said the Count—he began to twirl the ends of his mustache impatiently—"of course you have heard it. Am I not telling you? At the time the thing happened, for a fortnight there, the press, the people, the whole world was interested."

"What!" I exclaimed, "You don't mean that Marx affair in Switzerland? The Russian police spy who—"

"The same," said Nicot. "No wonder you stammer. Who? What? Where? Why? Exactly—was he Marx or was he Klafsky? Was he a police spy, or was he a Revolutionist? . . . Those are the questions that two great counter organizations have been asking themselves many times over, and are still asking themselves to-day. So far as I know, they have found no answer, and they never will."

"I suppose there's a reason for that," said Tony.

The Count gave a quick glance over his shoulder. "Dites, mon ami—are the walls thick?"

"So-so!"

"No one beyond?"

"No one." I laughed.

"Or upstairs there?" He pointed to the staircase.

"Oh, that's all right." I said.

"Mais——" The Count gave a protesting shrug with his shoulders, pointing

to the back of the valet as he cleared the table.

"That's all right, Nicot. He doesn't know English. But still, if you like—shall I send him away?"

This by-play was in gestures, under our breath.

"Eh bien, if you please, mon ami—yes."

DeJong and the Count both waited in silence, smoking abstractedly, while I beckoned to the servant, whispering to him in French some order or other. Then the valet vanished, leaving the dishes.

"Thank you," said Nicot, "it is always wiser to take precautions." He glanced again behind him as if still undecided, hesitated a moment, and then went on. "You will give me your word of honor, gentlemen? I count on that. Otherwise I shouldn't dare to speak. Not a breath, not a syllable of what I am going to tell you will ever be repeated, not even to your wives?"

DeJong interrupted him with a roar of laughter.

"Good heavens, man!" he exclaimed, throwing his pipe down, "All this Russian secretiveness is enough to develop nerves in a cow! In America we shout everything on the housetops, and don't care a continental! . . . There are no police spies in Paris, are there?"

"Aren't there?" said Nicot—"My dear fellow, if ever you have occasion to speak of Russian affairs on this side of the water, take my advice—whether it be Paris or Basle, Cologne, the Riviera or Constantinople, look over your shoulder first, and drop the tone of your voice low. Not for your own sake, you understand, but for those whose names you happen to mention. Many a tragedy has come from careless talk in a train or a restaurant, a story told lightly, or an opinion repeated. Even with the utmost caution sometimes, a stray word let fall may prove a matter of life or death."

"You smile, sir?" he turned to DeJong gravely, "but unless you have personal acquaintance with these matters; unless the tragedies, their cause and effect, are brought home to you closely, specially, you cannot understand. For my part, my father was a Frenchman, my mother was a Pole, so I am three-quarter socialist and one quar-

ter—" He looked from one face to the other slowly. "If the case had been reversed, I should have been three-quarter revolutionist probably instead. As it is, I sympathize and I comprehend. I do not approve! No!"

The Count's eyes flashed.

"I approve of no system, no society, no cause that puts a man in the position of Klafsky. Whatever his motives were, whatever his real character and purpose, it was a terrible problem he had to face. Whatever you may say of him, he faced it squarely. He did what he thought was right as he saw it. Can any man do more? There is no question of political sympathies in this case, gentlemen, because both sides abused and reviled him alike. He had lived between two fires for a dozen years or more—it takes a fairly brave man to do that—and the first time his foot slipped, they both let loose on him.

"If Klafsky were alive now—pray heaven he is not—he is either lying at the bottom of some dungeon in Russia, or the Tribunal of Terror have him fast in their clutches. They vowed they'd get him sooner or later, that there wasn't a prison in all the Tsar's dominions strong enough or deep enough to hide him from their vengeance, so they may have succeeded. Either fate is unspeakable."

We all shuddered, and again the Count glanced over his shoulder, swiftly, fleetingly, behind and about him.

"You give your word, gentlemen?"

As he said this, he stretched out his right hand solemnly, and DeJong and I each shook it in turn, one after the other, across the table. Then the Count sat back and folded his arms.

"You probably think," he said, "most people do, that all Russian tragedies are enacted in Russia; but some of the most pitiful dramas I know have taken place right here in Paris; and in Switzerland, where the exiles congregate, the terrible stories I could tell you are countless. You remember when Bazileffi was extradited? . . . He was tracked to Bern by a Russian spy, and then disappeared; lay low for a while like a fox under cover. It wasn't until nearly a year later, the poor fellow tried to get marriage papers for the sake of his child that had just been born—to legalize the Nihilistic ceremony which had

been interrupted. In a second he was pounced on. All those months some one had been watching, listening, waiting for just that very thing. They knew he would try it sooner or later.

I was in Bern at the time; and his young wife—the girl who had escaped with him from Warsaw—she was at the station with the baby in her arms to see him taken back. Bazilieff, when his case was tried, only made one request. "Extradite me, if you must," he said, "but marry us first." The Russian Church refused. So the boy—he was just twenty-two they told me—he was rushed back to Petersburg under strong police guard, and heaven only knows what became of him there! . . . The one little slip, you see; the mistake they made for love of one another. Their very honesty and morality killed them. Some one had talked.

The reason I mention this case to you, gentlemen, is because of Klafsky's connection with it. Nobody guessed it of course at the time, nobody imagines now outside of official circles; but from this you can see the double nature of the man, and the blacker side of the life he was leading. Condemn him if you please. All Europe condemned him a few years ago, even the side he had been serving, even the side he was driven to serve—even Nadine. But before you judge, let me tell you what happened."

Nicot took up his glass of wine, emptied it, and set it down again on the table. Both DeJong and I were listening intently. Again came that quick, instinctive glance around, searching the shadows. The Count then resumed.

"Yes—well, it happened one August. I had a friend with me, a man by the name of Reuss, from Bavaria, and we were travelling together through the Bernese Oberland; lounging in the valleys or climbing to the heights; doing a peak or two here or there, according to our fancies and the weather conditions. Reuss was a painter. You know his work, perhaps, *mon ami*?"

"Oh, very well," I said, "of the Munich set I think, was he not?"

"Just so; a rank impressionist but a good fellow. He was making little magenta daubs of the Alps as we went along—regular blotches, with the paint stuck on all at sixes and sevens. His sense of beauty

was a trifle distorted, to my mind at least; but for all that, it was he who first saw Nadine. This is how it occurred."

We were on our way to Interlaken; and the boat from Thun was just out of the river, at the point where they turn, you know, into the lake. We had come on at Scherzligen with a big crowd, for those boats are always packed in the season, and were threading our way in and out through the benches, trying to find places. Suddenly I felt Reuss give a jog to my elbow.

"Sacrement! . . . Look over there, will you?"

"Where?" said I, staring about me. The confusion of tourists was anything but inviting.

"Straight ahead, at the bow! The chess-players—see! Push along, Nicot, I want to get a nearer view of her profile."

"Bon Dieu!" I exclaimed.

We elbowed our way to the end of the boat.

Beyond the benches, at the extreme bow, was a little group of people, unmistakably Russians, three men and two women. Two were seated on the capstans close together, with their backs against the rail; the others clustered about them. The couple on the capstans held a chess-board between them, on which the eyes of all five were riveted. What struck me in a flash was the extraordinary absorption of the whole party. Evidently the tourists, with their crowding and chatter, did not exist for them. They were as unconscious of their surroundings as though alone by themselves on a desert island; the curious glances passed by them unheeded. Either the panorama of snow mountains was an old story, or they were indifferent to Alpine scenery, for not one of the group paid the slightest attention.

The afternoon was unusually beautiful. One of those clear, crisp days after a storm, and the horns of the Blümli glistened like silver. Off in the distance rose the Bernese range, Jungfrau, Mönch and Eiger, all three, silhouetted in white against the blue of the summer sky; the clouds drifting off from their summits like smoke, delicate, fleecy, hardly to be distinguished from the snow-fields themselves. There were white-caps on the lake; and the wind came whistling under the awnings, sharp, bracing, straight from the glaciers.

"Get nearer, can't you?" said Reuss softly, "Push ahead to the rail. There's a woman ahead with a veil a yard broad, I can't see a thing! . . . Sacré, but that's odd! Nicot, I say—it can't be a tournament?"

"They are Russian students, that's clear," I whispered back, "and they must be chess fiends to play in the midst of a crowd like this. I'd give something to be able to watch their moves! . . . Let me pass please, madame."

We edged still closer, beyond the last bench, and stood against the rail, holding on to our hats. The Russians were now within close range. Reuss began to gaze fixedly across at the Blümlí, and I followed suit, lifting my field glasses.

"Colossal, isn't it?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm.

"Superb!"

"Couldn't have had a better day for the view!"

"No! Ma foi—we're in luck!"

But all this finesse was lost on our neighbors; they never turned an eyelash. From where we stood now, we could make out the board. From the look of it, and the increasing absorption of the circle, the game seemed to be a close one.

"Hiss-st, Reuss!" I whispered, "is that your profile there?"

"Yes," he whispered back, "the girl at the board. That's a rare head, isn't it? Look at the brow, and the curves of the cheek and the chin—they're exquisite. She's winning, too, if I'm not mistaken. What wouldn't I give to get her on canvas like that, with the hood of her cape drawn over her hair, and her curls blown in the wind! . . . How old would you make her?"

"About twenty or thereabouts; not more. Sacrement, she is winning!"

The girl suddenly lifted her eyes and looked around. She held her opponent's black knight in her hand, and her gaze sought that of the Russian who was nearest us. He was so near that, as their eyes met, we caught her expression, almost as if it were meant for ourselves. It was a curious one, and instinctively we wondered what the man was like, what his look could have been to call forth the other. The girl's hand trembled as she put the knight down; and she lifted her hand to her hood for a moment, as if to draw the folds closer. The

other slowly advanced a rook; then she castled to the left and the game went on.

Her opponent was a black-eyed, anæmic young fellow, poorly dressed, roughly shaven, unhealthy looking. He also seemed nervous. Another man of the same type stood directly behind him. At his elbow, watching closely, was the other woman, heavily built, very Slavic in feature. She might have been his sister, and her eyes never wavered from the board for a second. When the black knight vanished, she gave a quick sigh of relief, or disappointment—it was hard to tell which.

The Russian who was standing beside the girl, was a man of a different stamp, much older. He was a tall, athletic looking fellow, with a loden cape slung over his shoulders, a cap on his head pulled down over his eyes, and something about him that was distinguished, apart, irresistible, compelling. One of those strong personalities that make themselves felt by their presence alone, without the necessity for speech or action. His back was turned to us, so all we could see was his thick black hair slightly tinged with gray, and the freedom and picturesqueness of his poise as he stood there. He was smoking, and his face was bent over the chess players.

"What do you take him to be, Reuss—the tall one? He seems a sort of leader."

"I don't know," he whispered, "but I've run across that fellow before somewhere. Where, for the life of me, I can't recall; perhaps it will come to me later! . . . Ha—Nicot!"

"Sh-h-h!"

"There's something up between him and the girl."

"Looks like it."

"There's something up between the whole lot of them, something more than we think."

I nodded.

"There's more at stake than a mere game of chess. From the absorption of them all and the way they take it, you'd suppose it was a matter of life or death. Sacré! . . . That's queer!"

"What?"

"Pretend to be admiring the Blümlí, Nicot; don't attract attention. Mon Dieu, did you see that?"

The young man had made a move with his queen; the girl brought hers forward.

He advanced a black bishop; the girl moved her knight. Just as pretty a play as you ever saw. "Check king!" she said.

At this exclamation, the tall man behind her threw away his cigar and made a motion as if to protest. His manner was strange, half startled, like one who is fighting for self-control. The girl glanced up again. She was smiling faintly, and he laid his hand on her shoulder, coming nearer. When she felt his touch—it was plain to see—a little shiver seemed to run through her, and the blood rushed away from her cheeks and lips, leaving her pale almost as he was. Several more moves were made in silence.

With each play the intensity of the atmosphere seemed to increase. The waits were interminable, the manœuvres intricate, the outcome still uncertain. The two were well matched and were evidently playing a very strong game. But why such emotion? Why such extraordinary interest? It was out of all proportion. Reuss shrugged his shoulders.

"These Russians must be an excitable set," he muttered, "Either that, or——"

"Or what?"

"They are playing for a purpose, and to win or lose means more than we think it does."

Scarcely had he whispered these words in my ear than the tall Russian turned, and we caught his face full. The agony expressed in it I shall never forget. It was as if you saw a man in the midst of a death struggle. Fear, even terror, were written large in every feature, in every line, but the fear and the terror were not for himself. The struggle was not for his own life. Although we were only a few feet away, and his gaze was straight toward us, it was clear enough that he saw nothing, he felt nothing, he heard nothing. His mind was absorbed in something apart.

Whether the touch on her shoulder communicated his thought to the girl or not, she began shivering again; and all of a sudden she dashed her queen forward.

"Check king! . . . Check king!"

The tone of her voice was indescribable. It was triumphant like a battle cry; and then in the midst her breath seemed to fail her. Her opponent gave a quick exclamation, which the man and the woman behind him echoed. It seemed one almost of

satisfaction. Instantly, as if stunned, the tall Russian passed his hand over his eyes, hiding them from the light. It was the gesture of one who is drawing on a mask. Then his hand dropped, in a flash he was changed. The expression was gone, and his manner careless.

"She's winning," said Reuss, "and for some reason that tall fellow there, the leader—parbleu, now where have I seen him before? . . . Look, Nicot."

The girl had thrown back her head with a laugh, an odd little laugh, like a child half pleased with itself, half frightened.

"Boje moi!" she cried, "my God—it's checkmate!"

For a moment all five of them seemed transfixed. Nobody moved, nobody spoke; they all stood staring down at the chess-board.

"That's a funny thing," said Reuss softly. "She's won sure enough, but she's pale as death! I don't understand this exalté strain. Why don't they congratulate her? What's the matter with them?"

Before I could answer, the spell broke.

The Russians began to talk excitedly together, gesticulating freely. One of the young men folded the chess-board up, slipping the chessmen into his pocket. The boat had just left Beatenbucht. As we watched, the girl rose slowly, unsteadily, to her feet, and drew aside a little, back toward the rail where the tall man was leaning. The two put their heads close and they spoke in a whisper, but Reuss and I were very near. As we understood Russian we could not help hearing. This is what they said, word for word, as I remember it. The girl's voice first, soft as a breath.

"Well—it's settled now, Marx."

The man murmured something.

"Don't worry. It shall all be carried out just as you planned, to the very letter. Can I not do it as well as he? . . . Why are you sad?"

"You are too young, Nadine, for this sort of business. You ought not to have drawn for the game at all. If I had dreamed—but Mieke is one of our best players, and he told me, he swore to me——"

"I know," the girl interrupted contemptuously, "he wanted to do it himself. It was she!" A little backward thrust of her

elbow indicated the other woman, who was still talking, gesticulating behind them. "She was frightened for him." The fool! Bah—they're poor stuff for patriots! I'm not afraid, Marx! I'm not that sort."

The man gave her a sudden strange look, half proud, half tender, inscrutable; and his fist clenched as it rested on the rail.

"No," he said, "you're not—you're not, Nadine. You've got more courage in that little finger of yours than ten of Mieke put together. And you'll need it all to-night, all the nerve you have, child! . . . Are you sure of yourself?"

"Yes."

"You won't flinch?"

She threw back her head and her eyes flashed up at him. He studied them for a moment, staring down into their depths.

"Regardless of consequences—remember."

"I remember."

The girl laughed out, but her lip we saw was quivering. The man made a sudden movement as if to put his arm around her, a movement checked half-way as he realized the crowd. That the two understood one another was evident. The absolute trust in her face was beautiful.

"We're nearly there," he said, "we'll be in Interlaken directly. You know where to meet me to-night—and when?"

"The pavilion—eight o'clock—on the Harder path. You will bring the——"

"Sh-h-h!" he whispered, looking over his shoulder, "Yes, I'll have it all ready. You're to go to the Kursaal, you know, straight from there."

"Mélíkoff is certain, is he?"

"Chut! . . . He has ordered a table reserved, and you're to have the next, number twenty-four."

As the Russian said this the girl blanched, shrinking back with instinctive recoil as from a blow. And then to our amazement we saw that she was trembling. There could be no doubt of the fact this time. In every limb, in every muscle she was trembling like a leaf.

Whether the man noticed or not, we could not tell. If he did, he made no comment. There was silence between them. The two stood side by side against the rail, staring down into the water.

By this time the boat was approaching the pier, and the passengers began to move

toward the gangway. Reuss and I went off to attend to our traps. It was all confusion. When we landed finally, hurrying along to escape the line of porters, we scanned the throngs in vain. The Russians had vanished.

Nicot stopped for a moment, filled his glass with wine, and took up another cigar. He glanced around the studio.

"This tale doesn't bore you I hope, gentlemen."

DeJong leaned forward, pushing the matches toward the Count. He looked preoccupied I thought, but his tone was full of warmth.

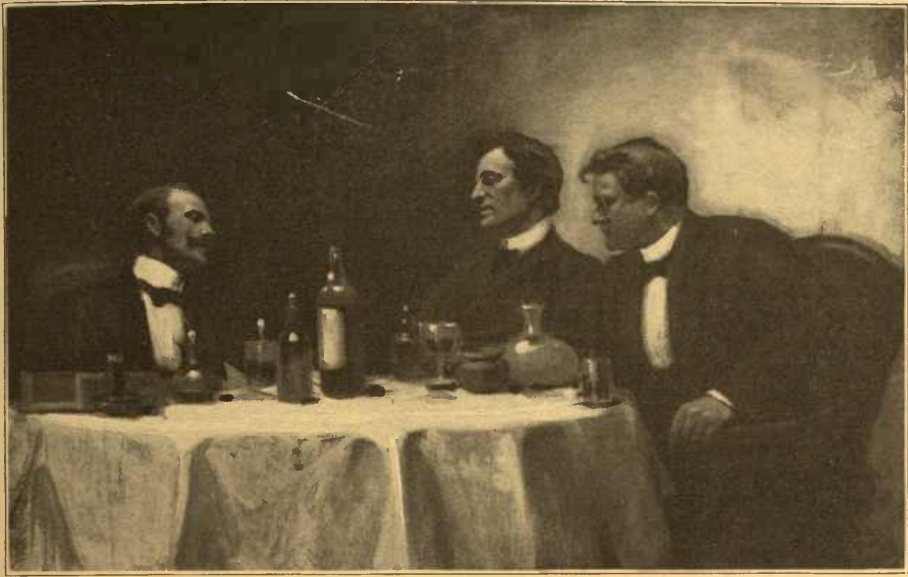
"Go on, Nicot, go on! . . . But stop, man, light your cigar first."

"Presently," said Nicot, "thanks! . . . The servant may be back."

"That's so," I exclaimed, "We're both on pins and needles, Count! By George, I remember distinctly when the picture of Marx first came out in the papers. Cosack type—wasn't he? Strong-featured, dark-browed, striking-looking fellow? And Nadine, a pretty little wistful-eyed thing? . . . Not much of the criminal about either one of them. He didn't look a traitor, and as for that child—well, you can't tell much from a newspaper print."

The Count shook his head.

"Nor from the human countenance either, study it as you may. You're a portrait painter, my friend, so you'll bear me out in this! Far from understanding others, we shall probably be puzzled by ourselves some day. As far as I can make it—in any very strongly developed individuality, there are a number of different characters involved. Which of them finally wins out is determined by what—influence, circumstances, training—who can say? With Marx, they had all combined to make him what he was—up to a certain period. He didn't choose his career. Nature gave him certain talents; his country recognized and used them. To earn his bread he started—was forced you might say—along a certain road, just as most of us are. The line of least resistance or the line of most, according to our cravings. With him, it was the latter case. Struggle, danger, excitement—they were the very breath of life to him. His nerves were strong, his wits were keen, and he tried to



Dinner was over. We were lingering over our wine and smoke, enjoying the quiet of the dimly lit studio.—Page 199.

serve his country—did it, too, for twelve years. There's no doubt about that. Spy, agent as he was, he did his country good service. And then came the cross-roads; then came Nadine.

That I should have happened to be present in his life at that critical moment was curious enough. Still more curious, perhaps, that I witnessed the struggle. And the way it happened, gentlemen—that was the most curious part of all; the reason why, personally, no matter what the world says, I could never judge him harshly. Hearing, seeing what I did that awful night in Interlaken, watching a man's soul bared as it were, writhing, agonizing, on the rack, in torture—who am I to fling a stone? Who are you? Who are any of us? We can only be thankful to have escaped the test ourselves.

Well, that evening Reuss and I, of course, were ignorant of all this. We proceeded to our hotel, a small one, not far from the East station, and dined quietly under the plantain trees, looking over toward the Jungfrau. We were too tired and hungry to talk much, and it wasn't until the coffee that Reuss suddenly gave an exclamation and clapped me on the shoulder.

"Sacrement, Nicot!"

"What?"

"I know now where I've seen him!"

"Who?"

"The Russian—that tall fellow."

"Mon Dieu! . . . Where?"

Reuss gave me a queer look. "You heard that conversation, yes? . . . Odd, wasn't it? Did you understand the trend?"

"Not particularly. They seemed to be mixed up in something, and the chess figured as a blind. What did you make out of it, Reuss?"

"Why, they're Nihilists," he said, "They belong to that Central Revolutionary set. Those two were drawing lots there on the boat over the chess-board, and the little girl won. She'll be up to some devilry to-night. I shouldn't be at all surprised if she meant to kill Mélikoff. He's here in Interlaken. I looked it up in the Fremden list before I came down. A regular old Tartar too, with a list of crimes at his door. The only wonder is that they've let him live so long! There's her chance—the Kursaal, the table next reserved! . . . Parbleu, Nicot, what shall we do? We'll have to put a spoke in their wheel somehow."

"Call in the police," I said.

"Not enough to go on, man."

"Then—" All of a sudden a thought struck me. "Here, I have it! You go to the Kursaal, Reuss; and I'll try the pa-

vilion. If you keep an eye on table 24, I'll do the same with that couple up yonder. Eight o'clock was it—the Harder Promenade?"

"Yes. There's time enough still."

"All right. When that interview takes place I'll be present. I know that pavilion. We'll find out, Reuss, between us, and save the old Tartar from his fate a while longer. Fancy that sort of thing in peaceful little Interlaken!"

Reuss drew his brows together.

"It isn't the plot that puzzles me," he said, "I've run up against these people before and I recognize their ways. The girl's a tool of course; an excitable child, full of visions and fancies. You could see for yourself she was wax in his hands. Why, she'd walk into hell at a glance from that man! . . . No, it's the chief himself that disturbs me, their leader! What was it the girl called him, Nicot?"

"She spoke to him as Marx."

"Exactly—Marx! Well," Reuss gave a strange laugh, "the last time I saw him—I remember it now perfectly. It was six months or so ago, and I was painting the portrait of Glazov—ex-Governor of Elisabethpol, and a man of high position. He had something to do with the secret police, just what I don't know, but one day—it was in his private salon in the hotel at Nauheim—he was sitting to me. *Sacré*, how it all comes back! Suddenly there came a light tap at the door.

"Come in," said Glazov, "Is that you, Klafsky?"

"And in walked this fellow with a portfolio under his arm. The very same man, that I'd swear to. The same build, the same swing to his shoulders, the same deep-set, piercing eyes, the same strong, vibrating personality.

"Glazov excused himself for a moment, and the two proceeded to go over the portfolio right there before me. You know, Nicot, it's my business to study faces. Once I've studied them I never forget. That Klafsky was an agent, a Russian police spy reporting to his chief. They went over a long list of names together; and after some they put a cross, and after some they put a question. Whatever the report was, Glazov looked pleased as Punch.

"You'll get an order for this some day, Klafsky; you're the best man we have.

Why during the last years, since you've been on the force, every one of their schemes has miscarried. Thanks to you we've foiled them all, one after the other. If it hadn't been for you—the Minister of Education, the Minister of the Interior, the Vice-Governor of Ufa, Prince Androkof, the Chief of Police of Vladikavkaz, the Grand-Duke Boris himself, and hosts of others—they were all doomed men, and they owe their lives to you."

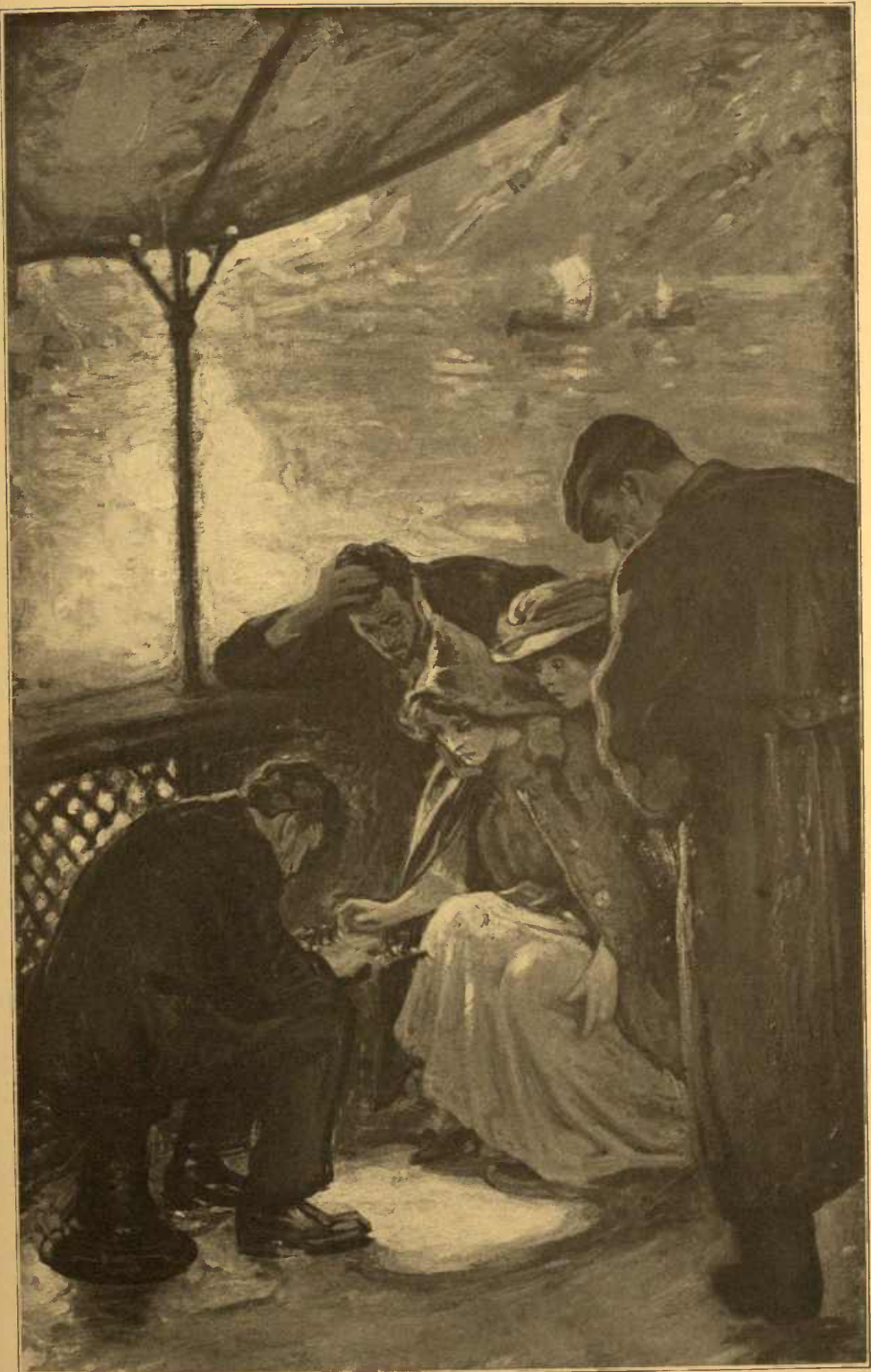
With that Klafsky made a low bow and went out.

But that expression on the General's face, you can see it in the portrait now—the look that Klafsky brought there, the look of the cat when the bird is in its claws. It was Klafsky put the bird there. And now—ha-ha! His name is Marx, is it? A revolutionist—a leader? . . . Do you follow all this, Nicot?"

"No," said I, "I don't! It's a damned queer business. But if he's luring that Russian girl on to her death—these provocative agents, I've heard of them before—they are perfect devils! . . . Good-by, Reuss, I'm off. That Harder path will be a dark meeting place to-night. Don't forget the Kursaal!"

"Bah, Nicot! It's not Mélikoff I'm worried about—it's the girl! If that fellow really is Klafsky, why he'll head her off himself. The moment she's in deep enough, caught in his trap, he'll hand the proofs over secretly to the Russian police. She'll be in prison for life, just as quick as that—and she'll never know what struck her! Mélikoff! Parbleu, he's safe enough! They'll never let her touch him! . . . Well, good-by, Nicot, good luck!"

"Gentlemen"—the Count paused—"when Reuss and I parted that night—he sipping his coffee on the hotel terrace, I striding down the Höhweg off into the darkness—we both little dreamed what we had ahead of us. The moon, which had come up earlier in the evening, had gone under a cloud, so once out of the village it was black as pitch. The trees along the path loomed up like gaunt spectres. The forest stretched out mysterious and vast, silent as the grave. Below were the lights in the valley twinkling. Above were the stars. Beyond were the snow peaks. So I groped my way upward. The walk is twenty minutes, but it seemed hours.



Drawn by S. Ivanowski.

What struck me in a flash was the extraordinary absorption of the whole party.—Page 201.

You know that pavilion, don't you? It stands on a ledge overlooking the valley, and is charming in the sunshine; but at that time of night, you can imagine, the place was lonely as a cave. I stole in on tiptoe and hid myself in a shadowy corner, and waited and listened. It was nervous work. The waiting was even worse than the walk. It was too dark to see my watch face, and I dared not strike a match. Was it eight o'clock—was it past? Were they coming? Was it the wrong pavilion perhaps? Was there another beyond? Had I misunderstood, or had something kept them?

Just as I was asking myself these questions, standing first on one foot then on the other, peering out into the open space at the head of the path, all of a sudden a shadow crossed it. It passed so quickly, I could not be sure—and then came another. The shadows flitted across the entrance of the pavilion. A large one, a small one, and then—I could see nothing, but I heard breathing. The smaller shadow seemed to be panting.

"Sh-h-h!"

The hiss was so close that I started back.

"Did you hear anything, Marx?"

"Chut!"

"It must have been the leaves crackling."

"No—it was a movement."

"Perhaps it was your own!"

"Perhaps! . . . Come nearer, Nadine, come nearer! Tell me, you would go anywhere, you would do anything that I told you—would you?"

"Yes, Marx."

"No matter what the risk, no matter what the consequences—life imprisonment, even death?"

"Yes—Marx."

"Why would you, Nadine?"

"For the cause's sake," said the girl faintly. I could tell from the tone that her breath was still fluttering, but the words were unmistakable. "Are you not our chief? You have suffered everything, you have braved everything. You are our leader, and there is no one in all the revolutionary party who has done what you have done, who has been what you have been. Have you not planned the attacks for years now? And have we not always followed your call, blindly unfalteringly—at a demi-mot?"

"You have, Nadine! God help me—you have!"

The man's voice came suddenly hoarse, full of passion.

"You trust me so much then? . . . Ha!" he laughed aloud roughly, "You trust me as much as that, do you? . . . Speak! Why don't you speak?"

"Yes, yes—I trust you."

"Come then, douscha moja,* sit down beside me. Put your hand in mine, and let us look at the stars together. The night is too beautiful for the Kursaal, for vengeance! Forget it, little one. I love you. I love you as I never loved a woman before! . . . Come nearer, put your head on my shoulder. I love you!"

The girl gave a low cry. Whether she resisted him in the darkness, I could not tell. The man went on talking, pleading, in rough, passionate Russian phrases. "If you trust me as much as that, douschka,† then you love me too! You are so dear to me—so dear to me! God! Come closer. Let me look at your face, let me read your eyes, let me kiss you on your lips!"

For a moment or two there was silence in the pavilion, and all I could hear was their hurried breathing. Then the girl seemed to rouse.

"Is it time to go? Look! The music has just begun in the Kursaal. Don't you hear it from here? . . . Let me go, Marx, don't hold me. You are trying to test me, dearest. You think I'm afraid?"

"Stay with me," said the man.

"Let me go—Marx!"

"Is the murder of Mélikoff more than my love?"

"Murder!" The girl started so that I felt it from where I stood. "Murder! Why, hasn't the Tribunal tried him fairly and condemned him? Wasn't it you who planned it all, who signed the paper? Didn't you give out the orders yourself? What do you mean?"

"Nothing," said the man, "I've changed my mind, that's all. The orders are revoked."

"But the vow, Marx—you forget I am bound!"

"No matter."

"But it's too late now! You have telegraphed my name to head-quarters as the winner of the tournament. The commit-

* My little soul.

† Soul.

tee will expect the second wire to-night. To back out at the last moment like this—you know what that means, Marx? You remember what happened to Tatiana?"

"Up to that time, the affair had turned out very much as I had supposed. Whether Klafsky loved the girl or not, he was holding her back, just as Reuss said he would.



The man, with his arms stretched out to the girl, his face white and haggard, full of despair.

"I do," said the man, "God help me! God help me!"

Just as he said this, the moon broke from behind the clouds; the rays fell across the path, illuminating it as with a search-light. At the door of the pavilion stood the two close together. The man, with his arms stretched out to the girl, his face white and haggard, full of despair—and she, gazing up at him like a startled bird. A strange scene, gentlemen!

The Count hesitated.

Mélikoff's life was as safe as yours or mine; so at least I thought then. But what were the fellow's intentions toward Nadine? That he meant to hand her over—I never doubted it a moment. And then, my friends, the unexpected happened. Klafsky broke down.

Whether it was the look of adoration and loyalty in the girl's eyes, or whether it was his conscience awakened at last—heaven only knows! Suddenly he buried his head in his hands. It was the most intimate, the

most searching, the most terrible confession. He told her everything, he bared his life to her, he never spared himself for a single second; and the girl stood there stock still and gasping. It was as if he were thrusting a knife into her heart.

Those two figures in the moonlight I shall never forget. The shadowy path, the black outline of the mountains beyond, the pallor of their faces standing out against the darkness—and that voice, tense, low, broken, like a cry through the night. The tragedy of the situation, the hopelessness, seemed to catch him by the throat. From the first syllable to the last the girl scarcely breathed; but her face spoke for her. He looked into it, read and accepted the verdict. For a moment or two the silence was ghastly.

"Gentlemen," said Nicot, "what you would have done in my place I don't know, but crouching there hidden, watching those two, listening to what was never meant for any ears but hers, I felt like a thief. For any third person to be present unknown at such a scene as that—it seemed abominable, like desecration. You may blame me, perhaps, in the light of what followed. I turned my back on them and stole away without a sound.

What happened afterward up there in the night—no one knows, no one ever will know. Whether she forgave him, whether she won him over, whether he paid it as the price of her love, or whether he tried to prevent her and couldn't! I have puzzled over that question for years, and am no nearer the solution. One hour exactly after I reached the hotel, Reuss came rushing in pale as a ghost, with his eyes almost starting out of his head.

"Great heaven, Nicot—have you heard what's happened?"

"Mon Dieu! . . . What?"

"Mélíkoff has just been shot!"

"Shot?"

"At the Kursaal, right in the midst of the music! Every one was very gay, drinking their beer and listening to the jodlers. I had been watching the General all the evening. He was with a large party, very near me; and the table behind, number twenty-four was empty; the only unoccupied table in the place! All of a sudden came the crack of a revolver, from somewhere right out of space it seemed—so sharp,

so sudden, so near! Everybody sprang to his feet in horror! And there lay Mélíkoff with his arms across the table!"

"Well—" For a moment or two the Count was silent. "That was Reuss' report, word for word, and the rest of the story you know, gentlemen. It was all in the papers. Nadine was arrested, Klafsky disappeared. Mélíkoff, poor fellow—he deserved it, but then——"

"Dead?" exclaimed DeJong.

"No, no!" said the Count impatiently, "Didn't you read the account, my friend? No more dead than you are! As a matter of fact it was fright that knocked him over. Any military man will tell you, in battle sometimes it happens that way. Mélíkoff, the old sinner—his life had been threatened a score of times; and when he heard the crack, of course he thought he was gone, and fainted away out of sheer terror. That ball—" the Count laughed, "why didn't it kill him? . . . My friends, that ball was a blank cartridge."

"What?"

"No, you don't say!"

DeJong and I both gave exclamations.

"Exactly. That part of it wasn't mentioned in print. The fact never got out, but it's true for all that. The whole affair was hushed up by the authorities there in Interlaken. Nadine was whisked away. And then, forty-eight hours later, all Europe was ringing with the news. You remember? The news, the secret, gentlemen, that only her ears and mine had heard—Klafsky's confession.

"You read all about it, didn't you? The Russian government was furious. They had lost one of their best agents. Their trump card was taken, their hand forced, their trick exposed. Naturally they vowed vengeance. As for the Revolutionists, they were roused to a man! The entire party, especially those who had followed Klafsky's leading, when they realized—imagine! Twelve years they'd been his dupe, they'd been playing his chess games. Imagine what they must have felt! Heavy tragedians in spirit, and all their dramas, thanks to Klafsky, one after the other, turned into a farce! They were mad, they were crazy! If they could have gotten their fingers on him—sacrement, they'd have torn him to pieces!"



Drawn by S. Ivanowski.

"Everybody sprang to his feet in horror! And there lay Melikoff with his arms across the table!"—Page 210.

We all instinctively gave a shudder. The Count glanced behind him.

"Yes, between you and me, we don't know of course, but with Nadine in prison—I may be wrong!"

"You mean," said DeJong thoughtfully, "if Klafsky were alive, he wouldn't have deserted her?"

"Just that," said the Count, "and yet the extraordinary part of it is, the part that bothers me the most—I can't believe it of her, and I won't—and still it's the only thing to believe. Who was it told the secret? It wasn't Klafsky, it wasn't I, so it must have been——"

"No," said Tony, "not necessarily."

"How then, my dear sir?" The Count leaned forward and his face was flushed. "You don't suppose for a moment that Klafsky himself——"

"No, no, I don't!"

"Or that I—parbleu, man!"

"Of course not!" DeJong laughed, "Not you, Count—not you. But that night, you and Reuss talked it over, I daresay?"

"We did—yes," said Nicot.

"Great Scott, Tony!" I broke in with an exclamation, "I believe you're right, man! Why that would explain then—think for a moment, Nicot! The news came out in the German papers first. You must recall that? I wondered at the time why an incident in Switzerland——"

The Count gave a gasp.

"Reuss?" he cried, "Reuss? . . . I never dreamed of such a thing."

"Most likely thing in the world," I returned. "From the mere fact that the girl carried out her programme, I knew directly that *she* had never spoken. And what you say about the blank cartridge— Jove, that's a very pretty point! Klafsky must have hit on that loop-hole in desperation, as a final resort, and yet it didn't save her. What a tragic story! She in prison, and he—dead, you think, Nicot?"

"Dead or worse."

There was silence for a moment around the table, and then DeJong lifted his glass suddenly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "in August, three years ago, two Russians were found hidden in the hold of a merchant ship. They were stowaways, a man and a woman; and how they got there has always been a mystery. I was captain at the time, and the ship was on its way to America. They were brought before me, and they told me their story. The choice was mine to make. They were utterly at my mercy, and they both knew it.

"Two roads stretched before them. The one led to Siberia, a life of torture, a death of misery. The other to America, freedom—with the chance to start afresh.

"Here's to the Chess Players! . . . A better life beyond the sea!"

THE YOUNG SINGER

By Tertius van Dyke

O how many songs will you make, my lad,
And when will your task be done?
*I have dreamed me a dream of the long, brave years,
And my task is just begun.*

And where will you find a theme, my lad,
Since the world is no more young?
*While the man and the woman hope and seek
There's always a song unsung.*

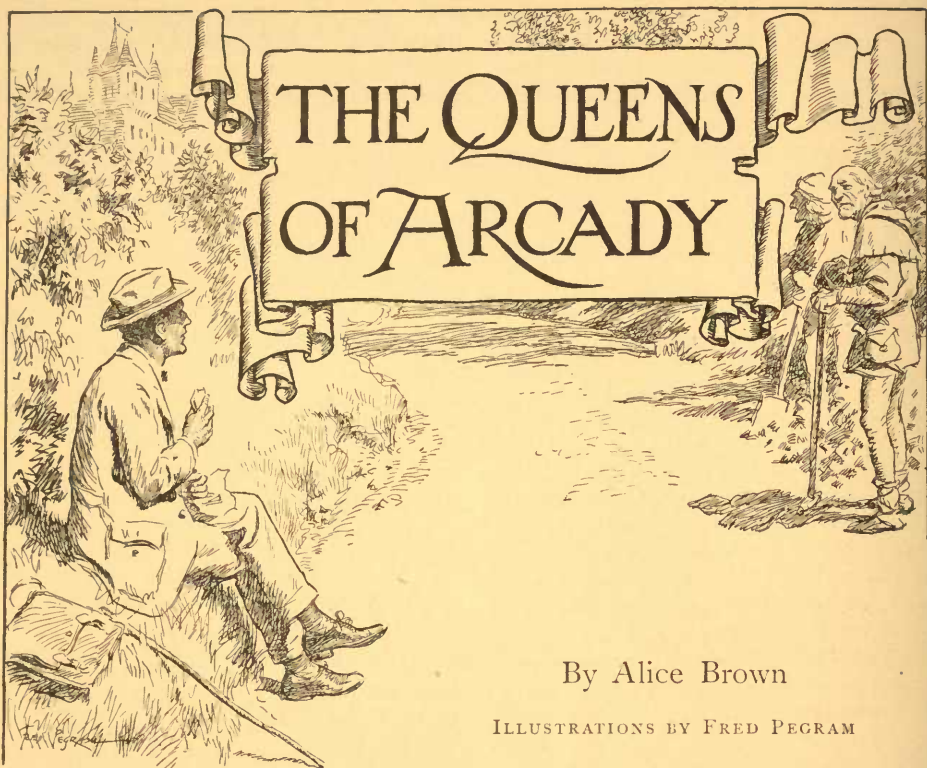
THE CALL OF BROTHERHOOD

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

HAVE you heard it, the dominant call
Of the City's great cry, and the Thrall
And the Throb and the Pulse of its Life
And the Touch and the Stir of its Strife,
As amid the dread Dust and the Din
It wages its battle of Sin?

Have you felt in the crowds of the street
The echo of mutinous feet
As they march to their final release,
As they struggle and strive without Peace?
Marching how, marching where, and to what?
Oh! by all that there is, or is not,
We must march too, and shoulder to shoulder!
If a frail sister slip, we must hold her,
If a brother be lost in the strain
Of the infinite pitfalls of pain,
We must love him, and lift him again.
For we are the Guarded, the Shielded,
And yet we have wavered and yielded
To the sins that we could not resist.
By the right of the joys we have missed,
By the right of the deeds left undone,
By the right of our victories won,
Perchance we their burdens may bear,
As brothers with right to our share.
The baby who pulls at the breast
In its pitiful purpose to wrest
The milk that has dried in the vein,
That is sapped by Life's fever and drain;
The turbulent prisoners of toil,
Whose faces are black with the soil
And scarred with the sins of the Soul,
Who are paying the terrible toll
Of the way they have chosen to tread,
As they march on in truculent dread—
And the Old, and the Weary, who fall—
Oh! let us be one with them all!

By the infinite fear of our fears,
By the passionate pain of our tears,
Let us hold out our impotent hands,
Made strong by Jehovah's commands,
The God of the militant Poor
Who are stronger than we to endure,
Let us march in the front of the Van
Of the Brotherhood Valiant of Man!



By Alice Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED PEGRAM

HE was one of the most intrepid of our war correspondents, and his name was Mitchell. Something was being said about the creation of little imaginary kingdoms since the Prisoner of Zenda showed the way. One of us had smiled at the poverty of imagination visible in the efflorescence of multiple kingdoms, but it was somebody who had no more conception of the richness of cerebral life involved in even daring to infringe the Zenda copyright than he had of the force that goes to the bursting of buds in the spring.

"But you know," said Mitchell, "there really are those little kingdoms, rafts of 'em, if you're clever enough to hunt 'em down."

"You don't mean to tell me," said I, "that any inch of Europe lies there uncharted, waiting for your swashbuckling pen? That you can put out a careless finger, to the east presumably, somewhere round Bulgaria or Roumania, and hit a kingdom made to your hand?"

"Oh, but they exist," said he, with the irritating dogmatism of the man who has in his pocket the very fact that will floor

you, meaning to conclude later whether to bring it out.

"Where?"

"Oh, lots of places: men's minds, if you like."

My triumph this,—but I was not allowed to score.

"I could tell you what happened in one of those same kingdoms."

"Same latitude, I dare say, round the corner from Roumania?"

"Not so far away. We'll call it the kingdom of Arcady. Good old name. Stands for illogical content, makes you lubricated and expectant at the start. I dropped in there because for five years there'd been the most eccentric goings on. King Solon—I'm making up names—he'd died, and his wife, Queen Ismia, in the minority of the young prince, Belphebus, had been acting regent. The things that woman had done! To begin with, the king, some time before his death, had got up a report that a few of his former subjects living in the little province of Flos, nominally under the protection of the King of Altaria, were unjustly

treated there. They were allowed to naturalize only after a residence of seven years. During that seven years they were ineligible for public office, and he called it a sin and a shame to leave them unchampioned. So he proposed to annex Flos—for purely philanthropic reasons, mind you,—and he did it. The Florians didn't make any resistance. They'd been indifferently miserable under the Altarians, and couldn't do much worse here."

"What did the King of Altaria say to it?"

"Oh, he did what a pig does at crucial points of pig history. He squealed. Because, you see, he knew the true inwardness."

"Paternal feeling?"

"Not for a minute. That was the second reason, made to wear outside. There's always a serviceable reason hidden by the other, like a flannel petticoat under mother's black silk. The real reason was that the Florians had discovered quicksilver to an astounding extent. It was a good time to annex 'em. Also because Altaria was busy with a boundary war on her other border, with the Tellurians. I never felt sure Arcady and old Telluria hadn't hatched up the whole thing between themselves and shared the loot. Briefly, then, Flos became Arcadian."

"Wasn't there any row?" said I. "Didn't it stir up the tribunal at The Hague? I never heard—"

"You make me tired," said Mitchell. "When I tell you these things happened, if you're a polite person you wont pin me down and ask me fool questions. It hurts my professional feelings. Well, the first thing Queen Ismia did was to ask the Florians if they wanted to be given back. They deliberated. They'd developed a caution bump after untold experiences of frying-pan and fire, and they implied they'd wait and see how the regent behaved herself, and whether the prince was a good provider and the old ship of state didn't seem likely to careen too far. The queen was all there from the start. She shortened the hours of work for the silk spinners, and she built up the national theatre. And on Lady Day the girls from the silk mill would come to the palace, bales in hand, and present them toward the support of the theatre. They came crowned with garlands and sang national songs, old ones dug out of the past

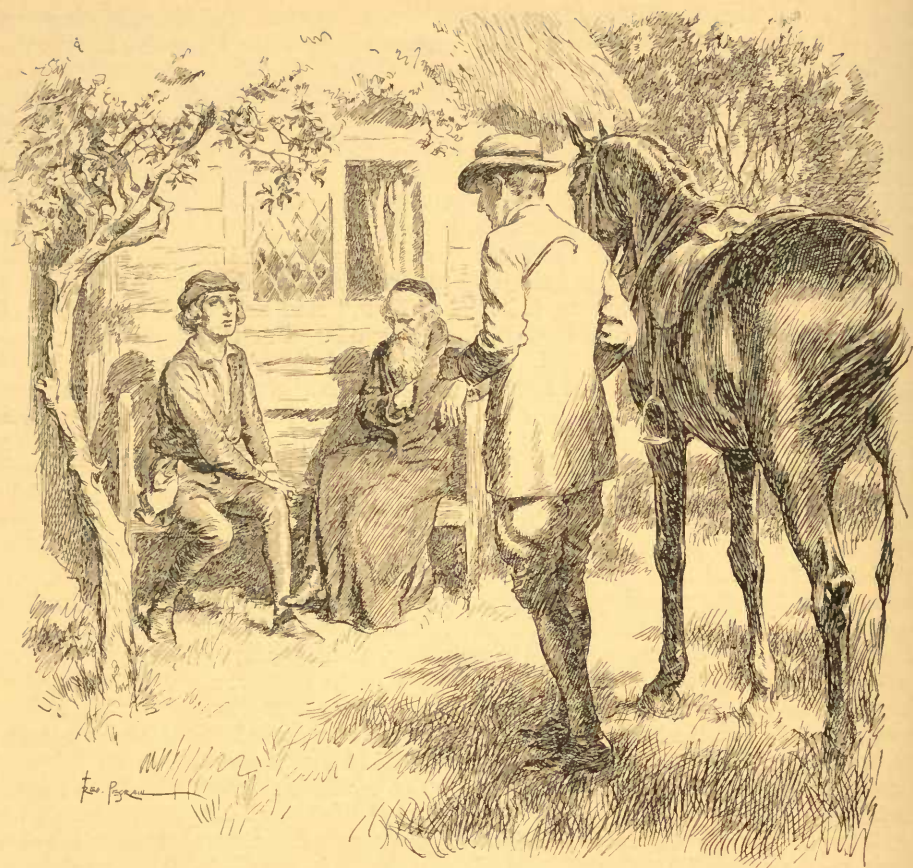
by a poet they had, and altogether it was a proud little festival. It brought tears to the eyes, if you'll permit the banality. And so it was with all trades. If workers wanted to give a little bit of extra time, they were furnished with raw material, and they threw in the finished product toward the national theatre. So it was their theatre. See?"

I was irritating enough to ask here if he were a socialist, and he brought his complex capable hand down on the table.

"Now," said he, "don't accuse me of propaganda. I'm telling you what happened, that's all. And it happened. You'd better believe it. It was always my impression that the queen had shown all a woman's guile—a woman's in addition to a queen's, and you know a queen must have some instinct of statecraft even if she's only expected to bear princes. She's neighbor to it, so to speak, and snuffed it in with her breath. She had used her arsenal of persuasive weapons to convince the kingdom it wasn't she that brought about the kind, pretty, sanitary ways of government, but the prince. All through his minority she was weaving a magic carpet for him to ride straight into the affections of his people. And he had done that very thing. He was a fine upstanding fellow with honest eyes, but not tried at all as yet, not forced up against circumstance and made to take his leap or die in the ditch. My first sight of him was the day I potted into the kingdom. I was in no particular hurry, and I wanted to go in just that way, walking, Rucksack for luggage, to test the democratic feel of the place. I'd heard a lot about it, and if there was plenty of material lying round loose, I was going to write a book. Just as I was sitting down by the roadside—there was an oleander hedge at my back—to eat my cheese sandwich, to give me heart to storm the castle, a young man went by, clattery-bing, on a big gray horse. Two old road-menders saluted, and he returned it in a kind of gayety I liked; and then the road-menders, as if they couldn't contain their pride in him, turned to me and clacked, 'That's our prince.'"

"Oh," said I, blowing my sandwich (for microbes are no respecters of the dust of princes), "where's his retinue?"

"One of the old men was bent like a sickle, but he straightened up to something rather magnificent.



“‘Am I to tell her majesty,’ I said, ‘that her poet declines to come?’”—Page 223.

“‘That’s our prince,’ said he. ‘Our prince has no call for guards. We’re Arcadians. He’s Prince of Arcady.’

“But I turned, by the chance that is the inner direction of the mind, and saw in the field a running figure. It leaped ditches. It ran like a scarecrow made of sticks, and I even fancied scarecrow’s rags were fluttering from its thin, swift legs.

“‘Look at that,’ said I. ‘Is that going to head off your prince?’

“But the gaffer had gone back to his chronic apathy, and looked, open-mouthed, for a minute, and then fell to work at his stones. And I finished my sandwich, and tramped on into the town and up to the open castle gates. I had understood that in Arcady you might have free access to the prince and Queen Ismia, and indeed might claim shelter there so long as the bedrooms held out. There was a soldier at the gate,

a sympathetic sort of fellow, and finding by my own word that I was an American on my travels, with a great desire to pay my respects, he passed me on, and another official did the same; and I was actually, toil-stained as I was from my tramp and the prince’s passing, led into the morning-room where the prince and his mother were at table like any simple folk. The signs of grandeur were in the hall itself, the wonderful lancet-windows, the cedars outside with centuries since Lebanon in their bones,—and, too, in the prince and his mother, the very cut of them. They looked mighty nice to me, that mother and son. She was a slim, small woman—yes, really little; there wasn’t much to her except her royal manners—with lots of white hair, and he was the big lad I told you about. They wore the ancient costume of the country, and it fitted the lancet-windows like a glove.

I was prepared for that. It had been one of her astounding clevernesses, though ascribed, of course, to the prince. They had thought it encouraging to national feeling, national industries, to return to the national dress. No head waiter's swallow-tail in his. No Parisian latest agony for the lady. The clothes were ready for a picture gallery, for grand opera. And they looked indestructible. I could believe they'd been laid away in cedar chests for longer than the prince had lived.

"The queen had my card beside her plate. She smiled at me and she looked very charming. I could see at once she was the sort of woman you want to pick a nose-gay for, or lay down your cloak in the mud.

"You have come on a gala day," said she. "We are going on pilgrimage. Will you join us?"

"The man had brought another plate—there was very informal service—and the prince motioned me to his right hand. And I sat down as I was, and wished I had not eaten the cheese sandwich."

"What language do they speak?" I asked.

"Oh, any language. There's an Arcadian patois something like German, but often they speak French."

"They knew who you were," said I. "They had your card. They wouldn't admit any obscure man to breakfast. You know that, Mitchell."

"Oh, go 'way," said Mitchell. "Go 'way wid yer blarney. Anyhow, I was there, and the queen was good to me. Well, I asked lots about Arcady, hinted at my book, and they were as right down cosey and sensible as you please. She, the queen, came to business at once, straight as a string. She told me what the prince had done to touch up the government and trim it with gimp and fancy lace, and how they'd gone a long way on the road before anybody got wind of it. They're such an inconsiderable kingdom, you see, in point of territory. Even you never heard of 'em."

"Mrs. Prig never did either," said I. "We 'don't believe there's no sich a person."

"Well, you pack your grip next summer, and I'll buy you a ticket and give you an elementary phrase-book and you see. But when the outlying continents did hear of the changes in Arcady, first they got gay.

They said, 'Arcady's looking up.' Then they said it was comic opera. Then when they began to run over the tax list it made 'em sit up. But I'm giving you only the retail side of it. When breakfast was over, we three, the prince and the queen and me, plain American, we went out to walk on the terrace, and there was a sunken garden and a peacock strutting back and forth through a pleached alley, and there were flags on the towers. And the queen began to tell me what a festival it was to-day: for you see, by luck, it was the day for the silk-weavers to come and bring their bales; and by George they did come, and a mighty pretty sight it was, girls walking two and two, holding up their bales as if they were shields with heroes on 'em, and everybody garlanded. And the girls sang: and the songs were all gentle, simple songs of sowing seed and reaping grain and blessing the apple-trees and thanking the good God. And then the queen asked me if I had ever heard of Erdreich, the poet, and I said I had, and knew a lot of his stuff by heart. You see Erdreich was one of those destined chaps that aren't perhaps discovered when the curtain goes up, but have an entrance that determines the course of the play. With all this revival of the ancient humble life, here was Erdreich, by God's luck, ready to snatch the old ballads out of time forgot, and put them in modern dress, just as simple, just as pure; and there were those, scholars and such, that said the revival of the ancient spirit of Arcady was just because Erdreich had taught the populace to sing peace and kindness into themselves, and there was great bandying about of the old saw about caring not who made the history of the nation so somebody might make the songs. And this day, said the queen, she and the prince and certain of the royal household were going to ride to the home of Erdreich, perhaps ten miles out in the valley of the Arca, and pay their respects. His crowning would come later, and that would be official and the kingdom would take part. But this was only to show in what love they held him. The prince—always the prince!—had judged it best.

"While we were talking about Erdreich, a man came out: I hesitate to say lackey. You see everybody had the same look of intentness on the business in hand and, if I may make a very subtle thing so definite,

of love for Arcady. This man came out and gave the queen a written message, and she read it, and without changing a shade of expression, except that the red came into her cheeks, she gave it to the prince.

"The King of Telluria!" said he, speaking out as impulsively as you might if you'd got a wire to say Aunt Sophy was imminent and you knew there was no custard pie. "Coming here. Coming to-day, with a small retinue. What does it mean?"

"They were both troubled. I could see royalty wasn't in the habit of bearing down on 'em, even neighboring royalty. But the queen said quite sweetly, like a housekeeper caught making jam and putting a good face on her stained fingers, that the visit to Erdreich should be given up. And then, if you will believe me, I was offered a room at the palace, and they would send for my luggage."

"Because you were the distinguished Mitchell."

"Distinguished nothing. Because I was going to write a book about Arcady, and they wanted most tremendously to have it done. Already I thought I'd discovered something: that the queen prized Arcady almost as much as she prized the prince. As for him, I didn't know. He hadn't had his test.

"Now the rest of this story I am going to tell you as I had it afterward when I could braid the strands together. If you ask me why I knew this or that, or how I could have been in the room or in three places at once, I can't and sha'n't tell you. Ask a weaver how he got that little thread of blue, when his blue had given out. Maybe he walked forty miles for it. Maybe he wrenched a flower off its stem and made a dye. My weaving is life, and you've got to accept the web as I toss it to you done."

"That's a bargain," said I. "Give us the web. All I ask is to see and handle."

"Good for you! Some things you've always got to take on trust, as that the doctor won't poison you, though he knows how, and that there isn't a bull in the pasture mixed up with the huckleberries. Well, the King of Telluria came, he and all his knights riding on fierce horses as if they'd been statues come to life. They'd taken train to the border and ridden the rest. I give you my word I could see just how they'd look if I'd had the formula for stiff-

ening 'em into equestrian statues to be sold for public squares. The king was the regular old sort. If you'd painted him up, you could have tucked him into a pack of cards and nobody'd have known the difference. Now, I am an attentive student of modern affairs, and I knew what that quick breath of the prince meant when he heard they were coming. There had been newspaper nods and whispers about a match between the prince and the Princess Eda of Telluria, and if the prince had been a common Johnnie like you or me, he would have said, 'Mother, do you s'pose she's coming, too?' But, living under the freeze of royal etiquette, all he could do was simply to say nothing and kick his princely self for a fool for hoping even for a minute that princesses could go round calling with their fathers unannounced.

"And the next entrance was the incredible one of the Princess Eda herself. The king and his suite had been taken off to their rooms, and the prince had gone after them, and while the queen stood in the great hall thinking hard—perhaps about how she should guide the ship of state with these buccaneers bearing down on it—a slim young girl, with her yellow hair tied up tight under a veil, and her eyes obscured behind goggles, ran in and up to her, as if she knew just where she meant to go. And the queen started, and being a queen, though in Arcady, perhaps wondered whose head had got to come off for allowing even this butterfly invasion; but the princess held up a hand and said, 'Hush! hush!' and kissed her. And the queen started and said, 'Eda, Eda! Why, Eda!' then, just like any other mother, 'How glad he'll be!' But Eda made her understand at once that there was no man in it at all. She had come as wildly as the storm comes out of the north. She had to come. Why? She didn't know. All a girl's vague, wistful wonder under driving impulse shone out in her here. At least she wanted to set foot in Arcady. And she could never run away from home save when her father, too, was absent; and how often could you hope to find a king out of his kingdom? And she had impressed, kidnapped, terrorized old Bertelius, the librarian and her friend, and he and she had motored by the mountain road in terror of their lives, by cliff and chasm; because, you see (here her mouth

smiled enchantingly), Bertelius was all afire about the young poet Erdreich. He had never hoped to see him; and now, if he was game, here was the chance.

"'You shall see Erdreich, both of you,' said the queen. 'It will be safest. If you stayed here you would have to lie in hiding, and that's not—' She stopped and smiled, but the princess knew she meant not royal nor possible, and blushed a little because her adventure had perhaps proven her too bold. 'You shall go at once to Erdreich' said the queen. 'His grandmother will be good to you.'

"'But—' said the princess. She looked most imploring. Queen Ismia understood. What the princess had really come for was not any wholesale adventure, not to let Bertelius meet the young poet, but to see the prince. Adventure, indeed, the adventure of meeting the prince, from the wings as you might say, while he was neither throwing over her the irised glamour of the spring pigeon nor carolling serenades. At this the queen kissed her. She smiled, too, and the princess blushed. 'Listen to me,' said the queen. 'We are going to-morrow at latest to pay our respects to Erdreich and his grandmother. You can be the little maid about the cottage. You can see and not be looked at, not be spoken to. Will that please you?'

"'But my father!' said the princess. Her eyes now were full of light and courage.

"'Would our good King of Telluria be likely to concern himself with kitchen wenches in cottages?' said the queen. 'No, child, he won't look at you.'

"So they kissed fervently like women in the armed truce of conspiracy, and the princess and old Bertelius set off, something to his disgust, on foot and the lady in borrowed clothes, for the poet's valley.

"Now that night it was apparent that something was happening in Arcady, a thing that never happened before. The king had come as his own envoy. He wanted to talk it over, this business of privilege and land jobbings and the like, and he and the prince and Queen Ismia sat together on the terrace and looked at the moon. Enough to set you crazy, the moon of Arcady is. There are a great many lovers there. And the prince fixed his eyes on the black line of the Tellurian mountains over in the east, and remembered they were

snow-covered and so a symbol of Eda and her cold virginity, and he sighed. But something waked him up like a bomb that scatters and doesn't strike.

"'You're ridiculous, if you will permit me to say so,' old Telluria was remarking. 'You've got no army.'

"'Oh, yes, pardon me,' said the queen, precisely and biting. 'Every man in Arcady is prepared to defend her to the death.'

"'What with?—pitchforks, spades, and rakes?'

"'Pitchforks, if that's what they happen to have in their hands at the minute. Spades and rakes? Yes. They keep her men well fed.'

"'You've made no appropriation for the army since the late king died.'

"There was an implication here, and the queen heard it and broke two sticks of her fan in the good old way, and the prince, very wide awake now, felt his face grow hot. The implication was that this had been a sort of hand-to-mouth housekeeping woman's work, and not the old slam-bang immemorial style at all.

"'We have made appropriations,' said the queen. She sounded icier than the snow on the Tellurian mountains. 'But not for war. Do you know what we have done with our money?'

"He did know, but he grunted out a wholesale repudiation of anything she could or might have done.

"'We've brought down the water from the mountains. It's in every man's doorway. It flows through every man's vineyard, if he wants it. There are no droughts any more in Arcady; none that hurt us. Piping from the mountains costs a good bit, cousin Telluria. Piping *on* the mountains used to be the fashion; but now we can do that with a good heart, because we've done the other piping, too.'

"She was rather a gay little queen, you see, and she'd got her blood up. She could afford to jolly him. After all, he was only old Telluria out of a pack of cards. But he was a man, too, and he knew the secret springs of man's vanity and cowardice better even than she, though she was wiser than women are. All through this talk he had the air of setting her aside because she was a woman and calling on the prince to support him in man's tradition. You know

the recipe. When a woman cuts straight to the heart of things, you say to her in a fagged way, as if you'd been on deck since Adam, 'My dear, it isn't done that gait.' If she's bright and saucy she says, 'But it could be, and save the cost of miles of tape.' The queen knew her son was being inducted into the axioms of kingship, and her heart swelled and her throat choked and she could say nothing.

" 'Did you know,' said the king,—he was addressing the prince openly now—'did you know those damned Florians had discovered gold?'

" 'Now there is no reason why the Florians should be damned except that they live in a rocky, ungrateful spot where they are likely to come on metals that make them work very hard, sometimes underground, and rouse ill passions in the folks that don't have to work, but live in the light,—necessarily, you see, so it can set off the Florian diamonds. That's what the sun is for. The prince said No, he hadn't known it. His port was beginning to swell perceptibly and he, too, left his mother out of the talk. He'd begun to wonder whether he'd been breeched sufficiently early.

" 'I knew it,' said the queen. But nobody listened.

" 'I have a few fellows stationed there,' said the king, 'workmen ostensibly. They keep me informed, in cipher.'

" 'I have some very good friends among the Florian workmen,' said the queen. 'They tell me what has happened without reserve.'

" 'They're very close-mouthed,' said the king to the prince.

" 'They talk to me very freely,' said the queen, 'because they know I shall keep their confidence.'

" 'I don't care for those fellows,' said the king. 'They've given us all a good deal of trouble, first and last. Of course,' he went on, still to the prince, 'if it should happen that we formed any sort of alliance—' Here he stopped, and it was evident what alliance he meant. He meant *Eda*.

" 'The prince got very hot and choked a little, but he answered straight off, with a becoming dignity, 'As to that, sir, it is in your hands and in hers.'

" 'In that case,' said the king, 'I should feel that we might work together in our ideas of *Flos*. But if you hand it back to

Altaria—' Here he broke out and wasn't kingly for a minute—'By the Lord, I never heard of such a thing. Passing a province over to—to—' He was so mad he sputtered.

" 'To the power you filched it from,' said the queen. 'The chances are it will never happen, sir. We have left it to their option, and they are very loyal to us, very grateful.'

" 'But in case it did go back to *Altaria*,' said the king, 'I might feel obliged to put out a restraining hand. You see, my subjects there don't have all the privileges I could wish—'

" 'Years ago,' said the queen, 'when the late king annexed *Flos*, he used those very arguments. Yet, as everybody remembers to our shame, that was the year the quicksilver was discovered.'

" 'Ah!' said the king suavely. He was stroking his kingly beard, and if it had been daylight it could probably have been seen that he looked greedy and very ugly. 'Ah, so it was.'

" 'And this year,' said the queen, 'they have discovered gold. And this year you think of annexing *Flos*.'

" 'They're troublesome neighbors,' said the king.

" 'They're rich neighbors,' said the queen.

" 'Well,' said the king to *Belphebus*, as if this was a bargain between two. 'Think it over.'

" 'So they all went to their royal couches, the king scornful of Arcady and its house-keeping, the prince in a state of aggrieved dignity toward his mother because she had been such a thriftless regent, and Queen *Ismia* holding her head so high you'd have thought she'd hardly see over her nose.

" 'Now the real part of my story is to come, so I'll scamp a little here and tell how the queen, in spite of this complication of her royal guest, pouring innuendo into the prince's ear about the good old ways of government, kept pressing the question of going to pay *Erdreich*, the poet, the royal respects. She had to, you see, it being a pact she'd made with *Eda*, who was probably at the cottage *Erdreich*, sweeping and dusting with strange implements, when she'd only been accustomed to riding-whips and golf-sticks. And perhaps, too, *Eda* was falling in love with the poet; for a poet

in the hand is worth twoscore princes in the bush. So they set out on horseback, the queen very sweet and smiling because she'd got her way, and the king quite grumpy because this trailing of poets seemed to him a waste of time, and the prince also grumpy now he was making a point of doing everything the king did: just as a little boy at school copies the big boy, or even swaggers and smokes like father. It was a pretty ride down a cliff road into a green valley with the sound of water all the way."

"Did you go, too?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. On a very good nag the queen had ordered out for me. There wasn't much talk, and that of an incidental sort. But once I thought I caught a glimpse, in a path alongside ours, of the scarecrow I'd seen running that morning to head off the prince. And the old king saw him too, and reined up and called to everybody indiscriminately:

"Secure that fellow!"

"But here the prince suddenly took a stand and was very princely.

"I beg your pardon," said he. 'I think I'd let him go. He's only a poor fellow just out of prison. He runs extraordinarily. He ran me down the other day—I was on horseback, too—to tell me how glad he was to get back to Arcady.'

"Where'd he been?" fumed the king. I can see his old walrus mustaches bristling now. 'Where'd the fellow been?'

"The prince looked at him modestly, as if he'd really rather not say. Then he did answer in a very low tone.

"He was a Florian, sir, imprisoned for his attempt on the life of—my father.'

"And he's out!" The old walrus needed an ice-floe to cool him now. 'You've let him out!'

"The prince was three-quarters turning to his mother. But she wouldn't help him. She wouldn't even hear.

"We judged it best," said the prince. He didn't stutter. He was clear and cool. I fancied he was thinking what mother would wish him to say. 'What he did, he did from his sense of awful injustice. We'd treated the Florians like the deuce, you know. And so—well, mother and I just let those prisoners out.'

"Very well," said the king. It was the way a Mauser would have spoken, if it could. 'If you and your mother are not

blown up for your pains, it isn't because you don't deserve to be. And if I'm in it with you, sir, I'll never forgive you, by God, never.'

"But now the figure wasn't to be seen any more among the trees. I rather debated with myself whether I'd seen it at all.

"After we had ridden some nine miles, the valley opened out into a place that smiled, a circle of green a good many acres wide, a place to be happy in, and there on the edge of the forest was a thatched cottage, all roses and pinks, and on the doorstep, in a brown frock, and looking as if she had caught an enchanted dream by the tail-feather and couldn't believe in it yet, sat the Princess Eda, her hair braided in a pigtail down her back. We had been going softly on the green, but when she saw us she looked up frightened and stood there, held by the royal instinct not to fly, and yet with the fear of her father written all over her face. But he'd no thought of her, and the queen gave her a careless cold glance and said to her:

"Go in, my good girl, and tell Erdreich and his mother their friends have come to visit them.'

"With that we dismounted, and the grooms that rode with us led the horses away to the shade; and out of the cottage came a beautiful old woman in the peasant dress of Arcady. Her hair was snow white, but thick and fine, as if it wasn't old at all, but some special kind of beautiful hair a young person as well might be glad to have. And she had pink cheeks and eyes bluer than anything, even blue flowers; for they've a surface, if it's only velvet, and here was liquid of a depth not to be plumbed. The old woman's eyes met the eyes of the queen. It was a strange look for a peasant and a queen to blend and take again. It seemed to ask and answer a question. 'Is all well?' asked the eyes of each, and the answer was, 'Not so very well.' But the queen did her part with a royal courtesy. They had come, she said, to see Erdreich. Was he at home? No, the old dame answered, with a careful deference, Erdreich was away on one of his stays in the forest. The queen knew how he withdrew himself, from time to time, and sought out the foresters and old men too feeble now to do anything but tend cattle on the mountain-side, and took down from their lips the

stories and ballads of ancient Arcady. But the grandmother had heard his horn from the glade a mile farther on, by the brookside, and this was where he often lingered to make his poems to the sound of falling water. Now, before anybody else could get a chance, I very humbly and, I hope, not discourteously bowed before the queen—she was queen and woman, too, as well as regent; she liked the old customs of the bent knee and beseeching eyes—and asked permission to ride over to the glade and tell the poet he had guests at home. You see, I was dying to be in it, and I knew pretty well what the royal crowd here was likely to do: the queen to talk nicely to the old woman, the king to yawn his head off, because he didn't care a hoot for poetry, and the prince to hit his leg with his riding-crop and wish he was at home trying on the crown. The queen gave me a smile. I have that smile now. I keep it by me.

"'By all means, go,' said she. 'We shall be indebted to you.'

"And I got my horse and rode away, and if I'd heard a jingle of any sort, even a couple of nickels in my pocket, I should have known I was a knight off on a quest to be remembered 'way through the twentieth century. The road roughened to a cart path, and the cart path ran impetuously into the forest, and got timid and narrowed until now the undergrowth brushed my horse's nose and closed against his flanks. And then it opened again, and there was daylight before me, green between trunks of trees. And I rode on at a trot and came out on a clearing, all blue-bells, and there was a woodman's hut, and Erdreich and Bertelius sat on a bench by the door, deep in talk. How did I know them? By their mugs, man. Bertelius is one of the most celebrated Dryasdusts in the world. His nose for a first edition is longer than Cyrano's, and more sensitive than Rover's. And don't you s'pose I'd seen a photograph of Erdreich, the poet, in the translated volume of Miss de Smith, of Phoenix, Arizona? I halted, and tied my horse to a little beech-tree, and made myself known in rather more mediæval language than I use every day, as a messenger from the queen. Would Erdreich be pleased to come home and let royalty show him how inferior royalty thought itself, at this stage of the world's progress? I ex-

pected him to jump up, beg me to mount my horse, and let him, hand on flank, trot after me back again and so go tailing into notoriety. Nothing of the sort. He was very courteous, this young poet, very grave and unaffected, but he'd got some other bee in his bonnet besides the plaudits of royalty. It buzzed most horribly and scared the other one away. Bertelius took no manner of notice of me. In his eyes I was probably an outlander speaking indifferent Arcadian and not likely to understand a tithe of what he began to pour out in a rush, all of it adjurations to Erdreich to 'remember, remember.'

"How did he look? Was he really an old man?"

"Is he, you mean. He's not dead yet. Bertelius—well, he looks absolutely and entirely as if you had made up a recipe for a librarian and had the finishing touches put on by a costumer: long beard, eyes permanently in hiding, little cap, and a sort of monkish habit. And Erdreich was a very spectacular young person, handsomer than the prince, oh, far handsomer. I was glad Eda hadn't seen him first. He was all yellow hair and blue eyes, and strong as a forester: which he was, indeed, before he dropped into poetry. Now I took the cue old Bertelius thrust on me, and I stood there by my horse dull and dumb as a groom, and listening. (Do you ever think how much listening is done by the chaps that are hanging round to do things, the ones the novelists give 'impassive faces' to? You'd think their ears would grow by cocking.) And it's my long suit that I can understand any language you'll mention better than I speak it. So there you are. Bertelius and I might have been hobnobbing at a coffee *Klatsch*, and he giving me his entire confidence and attention for all I lost.

"'You are a young man, Erdreich,' said he. 'Heed an old one.'

"Erdreich looked at him much as the prince had been looking at the King of Telluria, with the worship of the ignorant for the seasoned, the wistful gleam in the eye that says, 'If I knew what you do, how much better I could use it. I don't hanker after being you; but oh, how I want to know!' It's precisely like the puppy trotting round after the old sheep-killer. 'I won't kill sheep,' says the puppy's eye.

'Oh, no! but just let me come into the pasture and see you nab 'em.'

"'Your genius is buried here,' said Bertelius, and I could see he was Bertelius the tempter. 'All the best years of your life when you should have been writing your splendid dramas, you have been wandering round the forest reviving old ballads.'

"'You know why,' said the poet. He looked, in spite of his fresh color, worn and worried, as if his day's excursion with Bertelius had been a sort of debauch. 'I wanted to write my dramas, but my grandmother told me—begged me—to collect the folk-songs first, because in a little time all the people that know them will be dead.'

"'Your grandmother!' said the man of books. It was pity in his tone; it was implication. 'Think,' it seemed to say, 'think, young poet, what you are telling me. You are saying that you allow the mammal who brought your mother and incidentally you into the world and provided you with food for a few years after, to settle the status of your most admirable and unusual brain. Think what you are saying. It is absurd.' Bertelius spoke significantly. 'This is a country,' said he, 'governed by women. Telluria is governed by a man.'

"The poet had flushed up a deep girlish pink. He began to justify his grandmother, justify himself.

"'She knew the way my genius—my tastes—went. My dramas were all for war.'

"'War,' said Bertelius gravely, 'is a necessity, an ill necessity.'

"The poet's eyes began to glow.

"'But she says,' he began, and then apologized. 'Grandmother is very wise.' Bertelius bowed benignantly. 'She says the mind of the people inflames so easily. They can't bear dramas of war, she says. Give them the old legends of honor, of reaping and sowing, of hunger and thirst that the children may be fed. Give them those, she says, and teach them to look on war as an insane fury.'

"Bertelius bowed again. His delicate mouth curled up a little at the corners.

"'Very amiable,' said he, 'very feminine and sweet. Ladies are temperamentally timid. We won't discuss that. But let me urge you again to come to Telluria and revive our ballads for us.'

"'You said it was wasted time,' the poet fished up out of their talk.

"'Not if other things go with it. But in Telluria you would have time for the other things, your dramas, your glorious dramas.'

"I saw the game. Dryasdust wanted the ballads of his own country dug out of oblivion, and this boy had the antiquary nose. The drama business was lagnappe, thrown in. It was time for me to fling a stone and make a ripple. I stepped forward. I spoke with the deepest respect.

"'Am I to tell her majesty,' I said, 'that her poet declines to come?'

"Erdreich was on his feet. He was pale now, white as Bertelius's beard. It was not the custom in Arcady, I could see, for Queen Ismia to be told it wasn't convenient.

"'I'll come,' said he, 'I'll come at once.' He turned to Bertelius. 'Shall I leave you, sir? Or will you come?'

"Old Bertelius had got out a black book and a pair of horn spectacles. The fire had died down in him, and he was fractious and hungry for the seclusion of the printed page.

"'Ay, ay,' said he. 'Go. Think it over. I'll come by and by.'

"So we left him there, and I, leading my horse—for the poet had refused to take it and let me follow—we made short work of the distance, and quite silent and rather hot, came out on the cottage again. And there I could read at once the history of the time since I'd been gone, and read it from the two pictures there before me. The king and the prince were together pacing up and down before the door, the king soliloquizing and the prince giving ear. Just inside, by a window of plants, were the queen and the peasant grandmother, standing face to face, eye to eye, and very grave. The two groups were like hostile armies during truce. When we came up, the tension broke, and the prince spoke to Erdreich very prettily as if he were a brother, and telling him the queen was within. Would he go in and greet her. Erdreich, all a timid propriety, went in, and the other two followed, but I stood outside by the little window. I began to feel I was out of the picture, and I'd better be content with listening. Well, there were fine speeches, and the queen told Erdreich what a loyal subject he was, and told the king how valuable Erdreich was, and talked with her eyelids and brows to the prince to the effect that he was to say so too. But the old grandmother, if you please, without a look at anybody, got out a wheel and

pulled it into the middle of the room and began to spin. Erdreich looked at her for a minute as if she had committed treason. The King of Telluria frowned; he seemed to challenge everybody to tell him why he should have the impression that a peasant woman, almost invisible from her insignificance, should be presuming to go on with sordid occupations under his royal eyes. Only Queen Ismia wasn't upset. She kept on talking to Erdreich and he looked flattered and dazed, and in a minute or two, as if they were going to play stage-coach, everybody sat down in a circle about the grandmother, and I saw Queen Ismia touch the old woman's glittering head-dress. It was the ancient headgear of the Arcadian women, handed down from generation to generation, and worn on gala days. I could have sworn she didn't have it on when we came. Now the queen touched it and said in a kind of lulling, soothing cradle tone, 'It's very bright.'

"Well, I saw it was bright. And I grew abnormally conscious of the hum of the wheel, and something inside my ears kept saying, 'It's very bright. It's very bright.' But then something else further inside me said, 'You fool, you're a war correspondent, and you were at the explosion in Spain, and you've been 'most destroyed by a destroyer, and you didn't turn a hair. And you're outside the window, and what has got them hasn't got you. So keep your eye peeled, my boy, and you'll begin to understand something about the ins and outs of sovereignty!'

"For something had got 'em all, all but the two women. I began to think of them as the two queens now: for though Queen Ismia had on the plainest of black habits, she looked most awfully regal. And when I glanced at the old peasant woman and saw how inscrutable she was, as if she'd got some sort of power under her hand and was turning it on, bit by bit, bit by bit, but not too fast for fear the sheathing would split, I could think only of her crown and how she, too, must be a kind of queen."

"What were the others doing, the three men?"

"They were asleep, and the old king was making horrible faces. It was the prince I watched most. I had an idea from the way the two queens looked at him that he was the centre of the play. He began to writhe

and then to talk, wonderingly sometimes as if he spelled a lesson from a book too hard for him, and sometimes violently.

"'We're not prepared.' That's what he called out first. 'We're not prepared.' Then he stopped a minute, as if he saw things and they told their story. 'But we couldn't be prepared,' said he. 'Nobody could be prepared for that. They're dropping on us from the clouds. They're dropping bombs. My God! my God! there's the theatre gone. There's the silk factory. The girls in there! Why, mother, they were girls, nothing but girls. And that's their blood.'

"The poet sat stark on a little stool, staring at the whirring wheel.

"'Do you think,' said he—it was the Lady Macbeth tone—'do you think roses would grow out of such blood as that?'

"The old king was seeing things. I've never made up my mind whether they all saw the same things, or different ones adapted to their grade and text-book. The old king gave a groan.

"'She need not have died,' said he. 'Eda needn't have died, she and her little son!'

"The peasant woman spoke.

"'It will happen,' said she, in a kind of monotonous voice, as if she'd set it to the tune of the wheel. 'It will happen if you open the door. Your hand is on the latch. Shall you open the door?'

"And now it was Erdreich talking. He, too, sat under the same paralysis of horror, but his horror was at himself.

"'I called it doughty deeds,' said he, 'but it was blood. This war? This is the butcher's trade. Oh, horrible! blood! blood!'

"But after all it was the prince that told us most.

"'What do you see, Prince?' said the old peasant woman, in a steady tone, as if she was afraid to speak too loud. He might have been the watcher on the tower and she the soldier down below. The prince was trembling. I got uneasy as I looked at him. He behaved like a horse I'd seen shuddering with sunstroke.

"'It's all destroyed,' said he. 'The palace is destroyed. That wouldn't matter, though we did like the windows—mother, didn't we like the windows looking toward the west?—But the little houses down by the river, where the workmen went every night and played on their fiddles and dug



Drawn by Fred Pegram.

"For something had got 'em all, all but the two women."—Page 224.

in their gardens, they're all gone. They dropped explosives on them, and then the fire——'

"The old king roared out, 'Who's that?' and whether he meant he saw the same

been caught in a net and couldn't help it. And then the wheel stopped and the old woman got quietly up and set it aside and lifted off her head-dress and laid it on a shelf behind a curtain, and Queen Ismia



"Those two young things all afire with love and youth, holding each other's hands and forgetting they weren't invisible."—Page 227.

thing or not, I shall never know, but the prince answered him:

"The prisoner! the prisoner that runs fast with something in his hand. That's an automatic rifle in his hand. He's coming to us—us—us—he'll blow us into powder.'

"I began to have a sensation in my head as if everybody was a fool, and yet we'd

was saying in an even, unhurried way, as if she'd been talking for the last half-hour, 'And so, Erdreich, we came to tell you how dear you are to the kingdom and to us.'

"And Erdreich opened his eyes and blinked them like a baby, and found at the same minute the queen was talking to him and he was sitting while she stood; and he got on his feet like lightning, stumbling a

little, and stood there all afire with devotion and ready to get her the moon and seven stars if she wanted 'em. And the prince, too, opened his eyes, and he cried out in a wild voice:

"'Mother, mother! God save Arcady!' And then he looked straight to where Eda stood in the doorway in her borrowed dress. And he got up and made three steps across the room and said her name, 'Eda! Eda!' twice, with a kind of sob. And she sobbed, too. It was the prettiest sight I ever saw, those two young things all afire with love and youth, holding each other's hands and forgetting they weren't invisible.

"'How did you know me?' said Eda.

"'Of course I knew you, Eda,' said he. 'How did you know me?'

"'Oh, I've been peeping through the crack.'

"And they both laughed, and the king came awake, and gave a roaring 'Haw! haw!' Nobody seemed to wonder how anybody had got anywhere. They were just there, that's all.

"'Cousin,' said the old king. He was speaking to Queen Ismia. 'I like your way of doing things. You're a mighty fine housekeeper. You're a mighty fine mother. Why, a kingdom's only a bigger sort of household, after all. I believe if you and Altaria and I agreed on a sort of iron-clad treaty, we could all turn our war tax into something practical, as you've done. Roads we need, roads and schools. What say, cousin?'

"'We must consult the prince,' said she, as if statecraft wasn't a stitch she knew. 'And now shall we ride home again? There's a horse and a habit for Eda. I had them brought along.' And even then, if you'll believe me, nobody thought to say, 'How did Eda come here? And where's Bertelius? And is he going to sit a thousand years, like Merlin in the forest, with horn spectacles and a black book?' You see, when you're happy because you've found

the road to happiness, you're in a dream, and in a dream you don't need to know how anything is. It is, that's all.

"Oh, there's one other thing. I almost forgot it. When we were all on our horses, out between the trees comes the scarecrow man, like a slanting bamboo pole shot from a sling. And he'd something in his hand. It was a little thing: a flower, a blue flower, the *Canpanula Arcadinensis*. Do you know where it grows in Arcady? It's at the feet of inaccessible cliffs in gorges it makes you dizzy to look into. And now it's Arcady's national flower. He pressed himself close to us, and held it up to the queen. She put out her hand to take it. I wish you could have seen her face. That was a queen.

"'For you, madam,' said he. His eyes were sad, wild, lonesome eyes—the eyes of a prisoner—but they were full of light. 'All the gems are yours, and all the flowers.'

"And she not only took the flower, that queen, she laid her hand on his ragged shoulder, and her eyes were full of tears."

He stopped.

"Well," said I, "what happened?"

"That's all."

"Did the prince marry Eda?"

"Oh, yes."

"Did the powers go to war?"

"Oh, dear me, no! Nobody went to war ever, after what they'd seen."

"Is Arcady in actual existence now?"

"Course it is, much as ever it was."

"What's the use, Mitchell," said I, "what *is* the use? You know this whole story is a part of your bluff."

"No, 'tisin't either. It's a part of my busy past. Didn't I tell you I saw it myself, *pars-magna-fuied* it? Well, if I didn't somebody told me. Who was it, now? Who was it told me? Come to think of it, was it the German Emperor, that day he said he'd written a comic opera and didn't know how to get his third act? You ask him, some time when it comes in just right."



MUMBLETY-PEG AND MIDDLE AGE

By Walter Prichard Eaton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WORTH BREHM



OLD HUNDRED and I were taking our Saturday afternoon walk in the country—that is, in such suburbanized country as we could achieve in the neighborhood of New York. We had passed innumerable small boys and not a few small girls, but save for an occasional noisy group on a base-ball diamond none of them seemed to be playing any definite games.

"Did we use to wander aimlessly round that way?" asked Old Hundred.

"We did not," said I. "If it wasn't marbles in spring or tops in autumn it was duck-on-the-rock or stick-knife or——"

"Only we didn't call it stick-knife," said Old Hundred, "we called it mumblety-peg."

"We called it stick-knife," said I.

"Your memory is curiously bad," said Old Hundred. "You are always forgetting about these important matters. It was mumblety-peg."

"My memory bad!" I sniffed. "I suppose you think I've forgotten how I always licked you at stick-knife?"

Old Hundred grinned. Old Hundred's grin, to-day as much as thirty years ago, is a mask for some coming trouble. He always grinned before he sailed into the other fellow, which was an effective way to catch the other fellow off his guard. I presume he grins now before he cross-questions a witness. "I'll play you a game right now," he said softly.

"You're on," said I.

We selected a spot of clean, thin turf behind a roadside fence. It was in reality a part of somebody's yard, but it was the best we could do. I still carry a pocket knife of generous proportions, to whittle with when we go for a walk, and this I produced and opened, handing it to Old Hundred. "Now, begin," said I, as we squatted down.

He held the knife somewhat gingerly, first by the blade, then by the handle. "Wha—what do you do first?" he finally asked.

"Do?" said I. "Don't you remember?"

"No," he replied, "and neither do you."

"Give me the knife," I cried. I relied on the feel of it in my hand to awaken a dormant muscular memory to help me out. But no muscular memory was stirred. Old Hundred watched me with a smile. "Begin, begin!" he urged.

"Let's see," said I, "I think you took it first by the tip of the blade, this way, and made it stick up." I threw the knife. It stuck, but almost lay upon the ground.

"You've got to get two fingers under it," said Old Hundred. He tried, but there wasn't room. "You fail," he cried. "There's a point for me."

"Not till you've made it stick," said I.

We grew interested in our game. We threw the knife from our nose and chin, we dropped it from our forehead, we jumped it over our hand, we half-closed the blade and tossed it that way, and finally, when the tally was reckoned up in my favor, I began to look about for a stick to whittle into the peg.

Old Hundred rose and dusted his clothes. "Here," I cried. "You're not done yet!"

"Oh, yes I am!" he answered.

"Quitter, quitter, quitter!" I taunted.

"That may be," said he, "but a learned lawyer of forty-five with a dirty mug is rather more self-conscious than a boy of ten. I'll buy you a dinner when we get to town."

"Oh, very well," said I, peevishly, "but I didn't think you'd so degenerated. I'll let you off if you'll admit it was stick-knife."

"I'll admit it," said Old Hundred. "I suppose in a minute you'll ask me to admit that prisoners'-base was relievo."

"What *was* relievo, by the way?" I asked.

"Relievo—relievo?" said Old Hundred. "Why that was a game we played mostly on the ice, up on Birch Meadow, don't you remember? When we got tired of hockey, we all put our coats and hockey sticks in a pile, one man was It, and the rest tried to skate from a distant line around the pile and back. If the chap who was It tagged anybody before he got around, that chap had to be It with him, and so on till everybody was caught. Then the first one tagged had to be It for a new start."

"I remember that game," said I. "I remember how Frank White, who could skate

like a fiend, used to be the last one caught. Sometimes he'd get around a hundred boys, ducking and dodging and taking half a mile of ice to do it in, but escaping untouched. Sometimes, if there weren't many playing, he'd go around backwards, just to taunt us. But I don't think that game was relievo. That doesn't sound like the name to me."

"What was it, then?" said Old Hundred.

"I don't know," I answered. "It's funny how you forget things."

By this time we were strolling along the road again. "Speaking of Birch Meadow," said Old Hundred, "what glorious skating we kids used to have there! I never go by Central Park in winter without pitying the poor New York youngsters, just hobbling round and round on a half-acre pond where the surface is cut up into powder an inch thick, and the crowd is so dense you can scarcely see the ice. Shall you ever forget that mile-long pond in the woods, not deep enough to drown in anywhere, and frozen over with smooth black ice as early as Thanksgiving Day? How we used to rush to it, up Love Lane, as soon as school was out!"

"Do you remember," said I, "how we passed it last year, and found the woods all cut and the water drained off?"

"Don't be a wet blanket," said Old Hundred, crossly. "The country has to grow."

I looked at him out of the corner of my eye. The mood of memory was on him. I repented of my speech. "Yes," I answered. "No doubt the country has to grow. The colleges now play hockey on ponds made by the fire department. But there isn't that thrilling ring to your runners nor that long-drawn echo from the wooded shores when a crack crosses the ice."

"I can see it all this minute," said Old Hundred. "I can see my little self like a different person [which, indeed, he was!] as one of the crowd. We had chosen up sides—ten, twenty, thirty on a side. Stones, dragged from the shores, were put down for goals. Most of us had hockey sticks we had cut ourselves in the woods, hickory, with a bit of the curved root for the blade. You were one of the few boys who could afford a store stick. We had a hard rubber ball. Bobbie Pratt was always one goal because he had big feet. And over the black ice, against the sombre background of those cathedral aisles of white

pine, we chased that ball, charging in solid ranks so that the ice sagged and protested under the rush of our runners, wheeling suddenly, darting in pursuit of one boy who had snaked the ball out from the maze of feet and was flying with it toward the goal, all rapid action, panting breath, superb life. It really must have been a beautiful sight, one of those hockey games. I can still hear the ring and roar of the runners as the crowd swept down in a charge!"

I smiled. "And I can still feel the ice when somebody's stick got caught between my legs. 'Hi, fellers, come look at the star Willie made!' I can hear you shouting, as you examined the spot where my anatomy had been violently superimposed on the skating surface."

Old Hundred smiled too. "Fine little animals we were!" he said. "I suppose one reason why we don't see more games nowadays is because we live in the city. Even this suburbanized region is really city, dirtied all over with its spawn. Lord, Bill, think if we'd been cramped up in an East Side street, or reduced to Central Park for a skating pond! A precious lot of reminiscences we'd have to-day, wouldn't we? They build the kids what they call public play grounds, and then they have to hire teachers to teach 'em how to play. Poor beggars, think of having to be taught by a grown-up how to play a game! They all have a rudimentary idea of base-ball; the American spirit and the sporting extras see to that. But I never see 'em playing anything else much, not even out here where the suburbs smut an otherwise attractive landscape."

"Perhaps," I ventured, "not only the lack of space and free open in the city has something to do with it, but the fact that the seasons there grow and change so unperceived. Games, you remember, go by a kind of immutable rotation—as much a law of childhood as gravitation of the universe. Marbles belong to spring, to the first weeks after the frost is out of the ground. They are a kind of celebration of the season, of the return to bare earth. Tops belong to autumn, hockey to the ice, base-ball to the spring and summer, football to the cold, snappy fall, and I seem to remember that even such games as hide-and-seek or puss-in-the-corner were played constantly at one period, not at all at an-

other. If you played 'em out of time, they didn't seem right; there was no zest to them. Now, most of these game periods were determined long ago by physical conditions of ground and climate. They stem us back to nature. Cramp the youngsters in the artificial life of a city, and you snap this stem. My theory may be wild, all wrong. Yet I can't help feeling that our games, which we accepted and absorbed as a part of the universe, as much as our parents or the woods and fields, *were* a part of that nature which surrounded us, linking us with the beginnings of the race. Most kids' games are centuries upon centuries old, they say. I can't help believing that for every skyscraper we erect we end the life, for thousands of children, of one more game."

Old Hundred had listened attentively to my long discourse, nodding his head approvingly. "No doubt, no doubt," he said. "I shall hereafter regard the Metropolitan Tower as a memorial shaft, which ought to bear an inscription, 'Hic jacet, Puss-in-the-corner.' Yet I saw some poor little duffers on the East Side the other day trying to play soak with a tattered old ball, which kept getting lost under the push carts."

"They die hard," said I.

We had by this time come on our walk into a group of houses, the outskirts of a town. Several small boys were, apparently, aimlessly walking about.

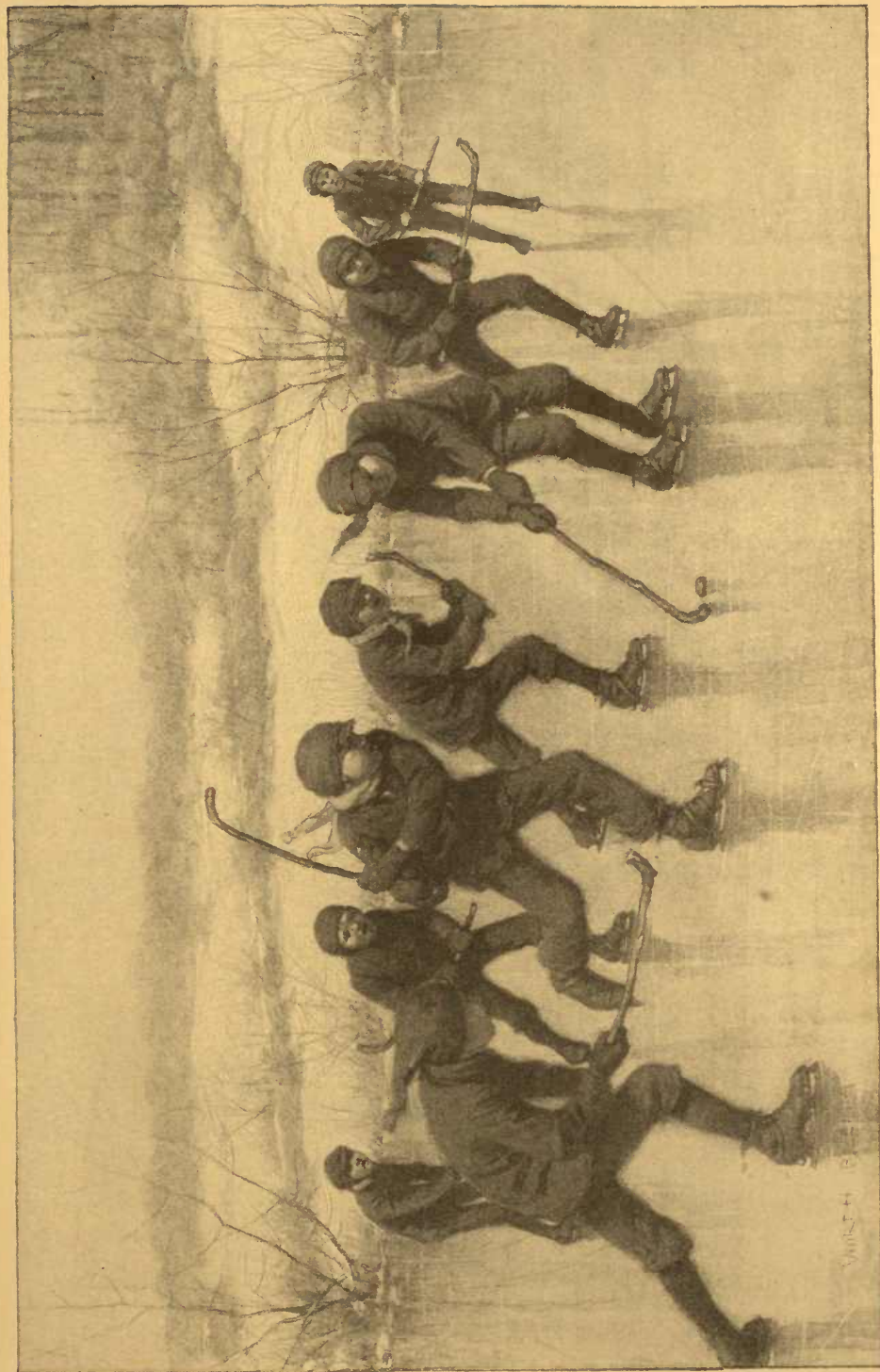
"Why don't they *do* something," Old Hundred exclaimed, half to himself. "Don't they know how, even out here?"

"Suppose you teach 'em," I suggested.

Again Old Hundred grinned. He walked over among the small boys, who stopped their talk and regarded him silently. "Ever play duck-on-the-rock?" he asked, with that curiously embarrassed friendliness of the middle-aged man trying to make up to boyhood. After a certain period, most of us unconsciously regard a small boy as a kind of buzz saw, to be handled with extreme care.

The boys looked at one another, as if picking a spokesman. Finally one of them, a freckle-faced, stocky youngster who looked more like a country lad than the rest, replied: "They dunno how," he said. "They're afraid the stones'll hurt 'em. We used to play it up State all the time."

"There's your theory," said Old Hundred in an aside to me.



Drawn by Worth Brehm.

“Most of us had hockey sticks we had cut ourselves in the woods.”—Page 229.

"You're a liar," said one of the other boys. "We ain't afraid, are we, Bill?"

"Naw," said Bill.

"Who's a liar?" said the first speaker, doubling his fists. "I'll knock your block off in about a minute."

"Ah, come on an' do it, Rube!" taunted the other.

Old Hundred hereupon interfered. "Let's not fight, let's play," he said. "If they don't know how, we'll teach 'em, eh Rube? Want to learn, boys?"

They looked at him for a moment with the instinctive suspicion of their class, decided in his favor, and assented. Like all men, Old Hundred was flattered by this mark of confidence from the severest critics in the world. He and Rube hunted out a large rock, and placed it on the curb. Each boy found his individual duck, Old Hundred tried to count out for It, couldn't remember the rhyme, and had to turn the job over to Rube, who delivered himself of the following:

"As I went up to Salt Lake
I met a little rattlesnake,
He'd e't so much of jelly cake,
It made his little belly ache."

When It was thus selected, automatically and poetically, Old Hundred drew a line in the road, parallel to the curb, It put his duck on the rock, and the rest started to pitch. Suddenly one demon spotted me, a smiling by-stander. "Hi," he called, "Old Coattails ain't playin'."

"Quitter, quitter, quitter!" taunted Old Hundred.

I started to make some remark about the self-consciousness of a learned litterateur of forty-five, but my speech was drowned in a derisive howl from the buzz saws. I meekly accepted the inevitable, and hunted myself out a duck.

After ten minutes of madly dashing back to the line pursued by those supernaturally active young cubs, after stooping again and again to pick up my duck, after dodging flying stones and sometimes not succeeding, I was quite ready to quit. Old Hundred, flushed and perspiring, was playing as if his life depended on it. When he was tagged, he took his turn as It without a murmur. He was one of the kids, and they knew it. But finally he, too, felt the pace in his bones. We left the boys still playing, quite careless

of whether we went or stayed. We were dusty and hot; our hands were scratched and grimed. "Ah!" said Old Hundred, looking back, "I've accomplished something to-day, and had a good time doing it! The ungrateful little savages; they might have said good-by."

"Yet you wouldn't pull up the mumblety-peg for me," I said.

"My dear fellow," he replied, "that is quite different. To take a dare from a man is childish. Not to take a dare from a child is unmanly."

"You talk like G. K. Chesterton," said I.

"Which shows that occasionally Chesterton is right," said he. "Speaking of dares, I'd like to see a gang of kids playing dares or follow-your-leader right now. Remember how we used to play follow-your-leader by the hour? You had to do just what he did, like a row of sheep. When there were girls in the game, you always ended up by turning a somersault, which was a subtle jest never to be too much enjoyed."

"And Alice Perkins used to take that dare, too, I remember," said I.

"Alice never could bear to be stumped," he mused. "She's either become a mighty fine woman or a bad one. She was the only girl we ever allowed to perform in the circuses up in your backyard. Often we wouldn't even admit girls as spectators. Remember the sign you painted to that effect? She was the lady trapeze artist and bareback rider. You were the bareback, as I recall it—or was it Fatty Newell? Anyhow, one of her stunts was to hang by her legs and drink a tumbler of water."

"I felt my muscles. 'I wonder,' said I, 'if I could still skin the cat?'"

"I'll bet I can chin myself ten times," said Old Hundred.

We cast about for a convenient limb. There was an apple-tree beside the road, with a horizontal limb some eight feet above the ground. I tried first. I got myself over all right, till I hung inverted, my fountain pen, pencil, and eyeglass case falling out of my pocket. But there I stuck. There was no strength in my arms to pull me up. So I curled clean over and dropped to the ground, very red in the face, my clothes covered with powdered apple-tree bark. Old Hundred grasped the limb to chin himself. He got up once easily, he got up a second time with difficulty, he got up a



Drawn by Worth Brehm.

"Marbles belong to spring."—Page 230.

third time by an heroic effort, the veins standing out on his forehead. The fourth time he stuck two inches off the ground.

"You are old, Father William," I quoted.

He rubbed his biceps sadly. "I'm out of practice!" he said with some asperity. But we tried no more stunts on the apple-tree.

Beyond the orchard was a piece of split rail fence, gray and old, with brambles growing at the intersections—one of the relics of an elder day in Westchester County. Old Hundred looked at it as he put on his coat.

"There ought to be a bumblebees' nest in that fence," he said. "If we should poke the bees out we'd find honey, nice gritty honey, all over rotted wood from our fingers."

"Are you looking for trouble?" I asked. "However, if you hold your breath, a bee can't sting you."

"I recall that ancient superstition—with pain," he smiled. "Why does a bee have such a fascination for a boy? Is it because he makes honey?"

"Not at all; that's a secondary issue. It's because he's a bee," I answered. "Don't you remember the fun of stoning those gray hornets' nests which used to be built under the school-house eaves in summer? We waited till the first recess to plug a stone through 'em, and nobody could get back in the door without being stung. It was against the unwritten law to stone the school-house nests in vacation time!"

"Recess!" mused Old Hundred. "Do you know, sometimes in court when the judge announces a recess (which he pronounces with the accent on the second syllable, a manifest error), those old school-days come back to me, and my case drops clean out of my head for the moment."

"I should think that would be embarrassing," said I.

"It isn't," he said, "it's restful. Besides, it often restores my mislaid sense of humor. I picture the judge out in a school-yard playing leap-frog with the learned counsel for the prosecution and the foreman of the jury. It makes 'em more human to see 'em so."

"A Gilbertian idea, to say the least," I smiled. "Why not set the whole court to playing squat-tag?"

"There was step-tag, too," said Old Hundred. "Remember that? The boy or

girl who was It shut his eyes and counted ten. Then he opened his eyes suddenly, and if he saw any part of you moving you became It. On 'ten' you tried to freeze into stiffness. We must have struck some funny attitudes."

"Attitudes," said I, "that was another game. Somebody said 'fear' or 'cat' or 'geography,' and you had to assume an attitude expressive of the word. The girls liked that game."

"Oh, the girls always liked games where they could show off or get personal attention," replied Old Hundred. "They liked hide-and-seek because you came after them, or because you took one of 'em and went off with her alone to hide behind the wood shed. They liked kissing games best, though—drop-the-handkerchief and post-office."

"Those weren't recess games," I amended. "Those were party games. You played them when you had your best clothes on, which entirely changed your mental attitude, anyhow. When a girl dropped the handkerchief behind you you had to chase her and kiss her if you could, and when you got a letter in post-office you had to go into the next room and be kissed. Everybody tittered at you when you came back."

"Well, soak and scrub were recess games, anyhow. I can hear that glad yell, 'Scrub one!' rising from the first boy who burst out of the school-house door. Then there were dare-base, and foot-ball, which we used to play with an old bladder, or at best a round, black rubber ball, not one of these modern leather lemons. We used to kick it, too. I don't remember tackling and rushing, till we got older and went to prep school—or you and I went to prep school."

"I'd hate to have been tackled on the old school playground," said I. "It was hard as rocks."

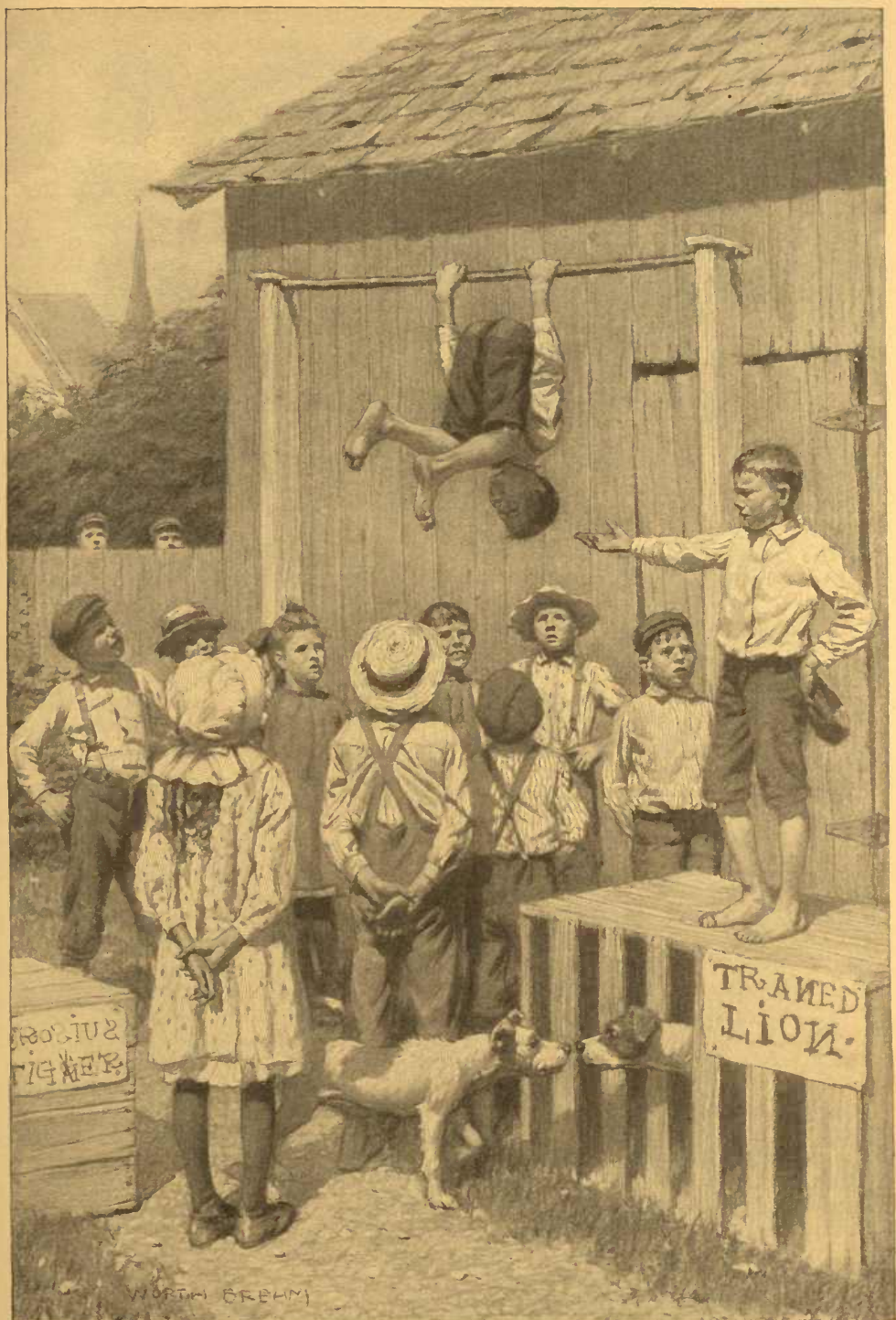
"It *was* rocks," said Old Hundred. "You could spin a top on it anywhere."

"Could you spin a top now?" I asked.

"Sure!" said Old Hundred. "And pop at a snapper, too."

"It's wicked to play marbles for keeps," said I impressively. "Only the bad boys do that."

"Poor mother!" said Old Hundred. "Remember the marble rakes we used to make? We cut a series of little arches in a board, numbered 'em one, two, three, and



Drawn by Worth Brehm.



"Tops belong to autumn."—Page 236.

so on, and stood the board up across the concrete sidewalk down by Lyceum Hall. The other kids rolled their marbles from the curb. If a marble went through an arch, the owner of the rake had to give the boy as many marbles as the number over the arch. If the boy missed, the owner took his marble. It was very profitable for the owner. And my mother found out I had a rake. That night it went into the kitchen fire, while I was lectured on the awful consequences of gambling."

"I know," said I. "It was almost as terrible as sending 'comic valentines.' Remember the 'comics'? They were horribly colored lithographs of teachers, old maids, dudes, and the like, with equally horrible verses under them. They cost a penny apiece, and you bought 'em at Damon's drug store. They were so wicked that Emily Ruggles wouldn't sell 'em."

"Emily Ruggles's!" exclaimed Old Hundred. "Shall you ever forget Emily Ruggles's? It was in Lyceum Hall building, a little dark store up a flight of steps—

a notion store, I guess they called it. To us kids it was just Emily Ruggles's. It was full of marbles, tops, 'scholars' companions,' air-guns, sheets of paper soldiers, valentines, fire-crackers before the Fourth, elastic for sling-shots, spools, needles and yards of blue calico with white dots, which hung over strings above the counters. Emily was a dark, heavy-browed spinster with a booming bass voice and a stern manner, and when you crept, awed and timid, into the store she glared at you and boomed out, 'Which side, young man?' Yet her store was a kid's paradise. I have often wondered since whether she didn't, in her heart, really love us youngsters, for all her forbidding manner."

"Of course she loved us," said I. "She loved her country, too. Don't you remember the story of how she paid for a substitute in the Civil War, because she couldn't go to the front and fight herself? Poor woman, she took the only way she knew to show her affection for us. She stocked her little shop with a delectable ar-

ray which kept a procession of children pushing open the door and timidly yet joyfully entering its dark recesses, where bags of marbles and bundles of pencils gleamed beneath the canopies of calico. Nowadays I never see such shops any more. I don't know whether there are any tops and marbles on the market. One never sees them. Certainly one never sees nice little shops devoted to their sale. Children are not important any longer."

Old Hundred sighed. We walked on in silence, toward the brow of a hill, and presently the Hudson gleamed below us, while across its misty expanse the hills of New Jersey huddled into the sinking sun. Old Hundred sat down on a stone.

"I'm weary," he said, "and my muscles ache, and I'm stiff and sore and forty-five. Bill, you're getting bald. Wipe your shiny high-brow. You look ridiculous."

"Shut up," said I, "and don't get maudlin just because you can't chin yourself ten times. Remember, it's because you're out of practice!"

"Out of practice, out of practice!" he said viciously. "A year at Muldoon's wouldn't bring me back the thoughtless joy of a hockey game, would it? No, nor the delight of playing puss-in-the-corner, or following a paper trail through the October woods, or yelling 'Daddy on the castle, Daddy on the castle!' while we jumped on Frank Swain's veranda and off again into his mother's flower bed!"

"I trust not," said I. "Just what are you getting at?"

"This," answered Old Hundred: "that I, you, none of us, go into things now for the sheer exuberance of our bodies and the sheer delight of playing a game. We must have some ulterior motive—usually a sordid one, getting money or downing the other fellow; and most of the time we have to drive our poor, old rackety bodies with a whip. About the time a man begins to vote, he begins to disintegrate. The rest of life is a gradual running down, or breaking up. The Hindoos were right."

"Old Hundred," said I, "you are something of an idiot. Those games of ours were nature's school; nature takes that way to teach us how to behave ourselves socially, how to conquer others, but mostly how to conquer ourselves. We were men-pups, that's all. For Heaven's sake, can't you have a pleasant afternoon thinking of your boyhood without becoming maudlin?"

"You talk like a book by G. Stanley Hall," retorted Old Hundred. "No doubt our games were nature's way of teaching us how to be men, but that doesn't alter the fact that the process of being taught was better than the process of putting the knowledge into practice. I hate these folks who rhapsodize sentimentally over children as 'potential little men.' Potential fiddlesticks! Their charm is because they *ain't* men yet, because they are still trailing clouds of glory, because they are nice, mysterious, imaginative, sensitive, nasty little beasts. You! All you are thinking of is that dinner I owe you! Well, come on, then, we'll go back into that monstrous heap of mortar down there to the south, where there are no children who know how to play, no tops, no marbles, no woods and ponds and bees' nests in the fences, no Emily Ruggleses; where every building is, as you say, the gravestone of a game, and the only sport left is the playing of the market for keeps!"

He got up painfully. I got up painfully. We both limped. Down the hill in silence we went. On the train Old Hundred lighted a cigar. "What do you say to the club for dinner?" he asked. "I ought to go across to the Bar Association afterward and look up some cases on that rebate suit. By Jove, but it's going to be a pretty trial!"

"That pleases me all right," I answered. "I've got to meet Ainsley after the theatre and go over our new third act. I think you are going to like it better than the old."

At the next station Old Hundred went out on the platform and hailed a newsboy. "I want to see how the market closed," he explained, as he buried himself in his paper.

KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

XXVII



HE sudden halting of two vehicles close to the horse-block of the Temple Mansion—one an aristocratic carry-all driven by a man in livery, and the other a dilapidated city hack in charge of a negro in patched overcoat and whitey-brown hat, the discharge of their inmates, one of whom was Colonel Talbot Rutter of Moorlands carrying two pillows, and another a strange young man loaded down with blankets—the slow disembarking of a gentleman in so wretched a state of health that he was practically carried up the front steps by his body-servant, and the subsequent arrival of Dr. Teackle on the double quick—was a sight so unusual in and around peaceful Kennedy Square, that it is not surprising that all sorts of reports—most of them alarming—reached the club long before St. George had been comfortably tucked away in bed.

Various versions were afloat: “St. George was back from Wesley with a touch of chills and fever—” “St. George was back from Wesley with a load of buckshot in his right arm—” “St. George had broken his collar-bone riding to hounds—” etc.

Richard Horn was the first to spring to his feet—it was the afternoon hour and the club was full—and cross the Square on the run, followed by Clayton, Bowman, and two or three others. These, with one accord, banged away on the knocker, only to be met by Dr. Teackle, who explained that there was nothing seriously the matter with Mr. Temple, except an attack of foolhardiness in coming up the bay when he should have stayed in bed—but even that should cause his friends no uneasiness, as he was still as tough as a lightwood knot, and bubbling over with good humor; all he needed was rest, and that he must have—so please everybody come to-morrow.

By the next morning the widening of ripples caused by the dropping of a high-

grade invalid into the still pool of Kennedy Square, spread with such force and persistency that one wavelet overflowed Kate’s dressing-room. Indeed, it came in with Mammy Henny and her coffee.

“Marse George back, honey—Ben done see Todd. Got a mis’ry in his back dat bad it tuk two gemmens to tote him up de steps.”

“Uncle George home, and ill!”

That was enough for Kate. She didn’t want any coffee—she didn’t want any toast or muffins, or hominy—she wanted her shoes and stockings and— Yes! everything, and quick!—and would Mammy Henny call Ben and send him right away to Mr. Temple’s and find out how her dear Uncle George had passed the night, and give him her dearest love and tell him she would come right over to see him the moment she could get into her clothes; and could she send him anything to eat; and did the doctor think it was dangerous—? Yes—and Ben must keep on to Dr. Teackle’s and find out if it was dangerous—and say to him that Miss Seymour wanted to know *immediately*, and—” (Here the poor child lost her breath, she was dressing all the time, Mammy Henny’s fingers and ears doing their best) “and tell Mr. Temple, too,” she rushed on, “that he must send word by Ben for *anything* and *everything* he needed” (strong accent on the two words) . . . all of which was repeated through the crack of the door to patient Ben when he presented himself, with the additional assurance that he must tell Mr. Temple it wouldn’t be many minutes before she would be with him—as she was nearly dressed; all but her hair.

She was right about her good intentions, but she was wrong about the number of minutes necessary to carry them out. There was her morning gown to button up, and the gaiters to lace up the sides of the smoothly turned ankles, and her hair was to be braided and caught up in her neck (she always wore it that way in the morning) and the dearest of snug bonnets—a “*cabriolet*”

from Paris—a sort of hood, stiffened with wires, out of which peeped pink rosebuds quite as they do from a trellis—had to be put on, and the white strings had to be tied “just so”—the bows flared out and the long ends smoothed flat; and then the lace cape and scarf and her parasol—all these and a dozen other little niceties had to be adjusted before she could trip down her father’s stairs and out of her father’s swinging gate and on through the park to her dear Uncle George.

But when she did—and it took her all of an hour—nothing that the morning sun shone on was quite as lovely, and no waft of air so refreshing or so welcome as our beloved Kate when she burst in upon him.

“Oh!—you dear, *dear* thing!” she cried, tossing her parasol on Pawson’s table and stretching out her arms toward him sitting in his chair. “Oh, I am so sorry! Why didn’t you let me know you were ill? I would have gone down to Wesley. Oh!—I *knew* something was the matter with you or you would have answered my letters.”

He had struggled to his feet at the first sound of her footsteps in the hall, and had her in his arms long before she had finished her greeting;—indeed her last sentence was addressed to the collar of his coat against which her cheek was cushioned.

“Who said I was ill?” he asked with one of his bubbling laughs when he got his breath.

“Todd told Ben—and you *are*!—and it breaks my heart.” She was holding herself off now, scanning his pale face and shrunken frame—“Oh, I am so sorry you did not let me know!”

“Todd is a chatterer, and Ben no better; I’ve only had a bad cold—and you couldn’t have done me a bit of good if you had come—and now I am entirely well, never felt better in my life. Oh—but it’s good to get hold of you, Kate—and you are still the same bunch of roses. Sit down now and tell me all about it. I wish I had a better chair for you, my dear, but the place is quite dismantled, as you see. I expected to stay the winter when I left.”

She had not given a thought to the chair or to the changes—had not even noticed them. That the room was stripped of its furniture prior to a long stay was what invariably occurred in her own house every summer: it was her dear uncle’s pale, shrunken face

and the blue veins that showed in the backs of his dear transparent hands which she held between her own, and the thin, emaciated wrists that absorbed her.

“You poor, dear Uncle George!” she purred—“and nobody to look after you”—He had drawn up Pawson’s chair and had placed her in it beside the one he sat in, and had then dropped slowly into his own, the better to hide from her his weakness—but it did not deceive her. “I’m going to have you put back to bed this very minute; you are not strong enough to sit up. Let me call Aunt Jemima.”

St. George shook his head good-naturedly in denial and smoothed her hands with his fingers.

“Call nobody and do nothing but sit beside me and let me look into your face and listen to your voice. I have been pretty badly shaken up;—had two weeks of it that couldn’t have been much worse—but since then I have been on the mend and am getting stronger every minute. I haven’t had any medicine and I don’t want any now—I just want you and—” he hesitated, and seeing nothing in her eyes of hope for Harry, finished the sentence, “and one or two others to sit by me and cheer me up; that’s better than all the doctors in the world. And now, first about your father and then about yourself.”

“He’s very well—he’s off somewhere, went away two days ago. He’ll be back in a week,” she rejoined absently. “But you must have something to eat—*good* things!”—her mind still occupied with his condition. “I’m going to have some chicken broth made the moment I get home and it will be sent fresh every day: and you must eat every bit of it!”

Again St. George’s laugh rang out. He had let her run on—it was music to his ears—that he might later on find some clue on which he could frame a question he had been revolving in his mind ever since he heard her voice in the hall. He would not tell her about Harry yet—better wait until he could read her thoughts the clearer. If he could discover by some roundabout way that she would still refuse to see him it would be best not to embarrass her with any such request; especially on this her first visit.

“Yes—I’ll eat anything and everything you send me, you dear Kate—and many

thanks to you, provided you'll come with it—you are the best broth for me. But you haven't answered my question—not all of it. What have *you* been doing since I left?"

"Wondering whether you would forgive me for the rude way in which I left you the last time I saw you,—the night of Mr. Horn's reading, for one thing. I went off with Mr. Willits and never said a word to you. I wrote you a letter telling you how sorry I was, but you never answered it, and that made me more anxious than ever."

"What foolishness, Kate! I never got it, of course, or you would have heard from me right away. A number of my letters have gone astray of late. But I don't remember a thing about it, except that you walked off with your—" again he hesitated—"with Mr. Willits, which, of course, was the most natural thing for you to do in the world. How is he, by the way?"

Kate drew back her shoulders with that quick movement common to her when some antagonism in her mind preceded her spoken word.

"I don't know—I haven't seen him for some weeks."

St. George started in his chair: "You haven't! He isn't ill, is he?"

"No, I think not," she rejoined calmly.

"Oh, then he has gone down to his father's. Yes, I remember he goes quite often," he ventured.

"No, I think he is still here." Her gaze was on the window as she spoke, through which could be seen the tops of the trees glistening in the sunlight.

"And you haven't seen him? Why?" asked St. George wonderingly—he was not sure he had heard her aright.

"I told him not to come," she replied in a positive tone.

St. George settled back in his chair. Had there been a clock in the room its faintest tick would have rung out like a trip-hammer.

"Then you have had a quarrel: he has broken his promise to you and got drunk again."

"No, he has never broken it; he has kept it as faithfully as Harry kept his."

"You don't mean, Kate, that you have broken off your engagement?"

She reached over and picked up her parasol: "There never was any engagement. I have always felt sorry for Mr. Willits and

tried my best to love him and couldn't—that is all. He understands it perfectly; we both do. It was one of the things that couldn't be."

All sorts of possibilities stumbled one over the other in his mind. A dim light increasing in intensity began to shine about him. What it meant he dared not hope. "What does your father say?" he asked slowly, after a pause in which he had not taken his eyes from her face.

"Nothing—and it wouldn't alter the case if he did. I am the best judge of what is good for me." There was a certain finality in her cadences that repelled all further discussion. He remembered having heard the same ring before.

"When did all this happen?—this telling him not to come?" he persisted, determined to widen the inquiry. His mind was still unable to fully grasp the situation.

"About five weeks ago. Do you want to know the very night?" She turned her head as she spoke and looked at him with her full, deep eyes.

"Yes, if you wish me to."

"The night Mr. Horn read the 'Cricket on the Hearth,'" she answered in a tone of relief—as if some great crisis had marked the hour, the passing of which had brought her infinite peace. "I told him when I got home, and I have never seen him since."

For some seconds St. George did not move. He had turned from her and sat with his head resting on his hand, his eyes fixed on the smouldering fire: he dare not trust himself to speak; wide ranges opened before him. The light had strengthened until it was blinding. Kate sat motionless, her hands in her lap, her eyes searching St. George's face for some indication of the effect of her news. Then finding him still silent and absorbed in his thoughts, she went on:

"There was nothing else to do, Uncle George. I had done all I could to please my father and one or two of my friends. There was nothing against him—he is very kind and very considerate—but somehow I—" She paused and drew a long breath.

"Somehow what?" demanded St. George raising his head and fixing his eyes upon her. The situation was becoming vital now—too vital for any further delay.

"Oh, I don't know—I couldn't love him—that's all. He has many excellent quali-

ties—too many maybe,” and she smiled faintly. “You know I never liked people who were too good—that is, too willing to do everything you wanted them to do—especially men who ought really to be masters and—” She stopped and played with the top of her parasol, smoothing the knob with her palm as if the better to straighten out the tangle in her mind. “I expect you will think me queer, Uncle George, but I have come to the conclusion that I will never love anybody again—I am through with all that. It’s very hard, you know, to mend a thing when it’s broken. I used to say to myself that when I grew to be a woman I supposed I would love as any other woman seemed content to love; that no romance of a young girl was ever realized and that they could only be found in love stories. But my theories all went to pieces when I heard Mr. Horn that night. Dot’s love for John the Carrier—I have read it so often since that I know the whole story by heart—Dot’s love for John was the real thing, but May Fielding’s love for Tackleton wasn’t. And it seemed so wonderful when her lover came home and—it’s foolish, I know—very silly—that I should have been so moved by just the reading of a story—but it’s true. It takes only a very little to push you over when you are on the edge, and I had been on the edge a long time. But don’t let us talk about it, dear Uncle George,” she added with a forced smile. “I’m going to take care of you now and be a charming old maid with side curls and spectacles and make flannel things for the poor—you just wait and see what a comfort I will be.” Her lips were trembling, the tears crowding over the edges of her lids.

St. George stretched out his hand and in his kindest voice said:

“Was it the carrier and his wife, or was it the sailor boy who came back so fine and strong, that affected you, Kate—and made you give up Mr. Willits?” He would go to the bottom now.

“It was everything, Uncle George—the sweetness of it all—her pride in her husband—his doubts of her—her repentance; and yet she did what she thought was for the best; and then his forgiveness and the way he wanted to take her in his arms at last and she would not until she explained. And there was nothing really to explain—only love, and trust, and truth—all the

time believing in him—loving him. Oh, it is cruel to part people—it’s so mean and despicable! There are so many Tackletons—and the May Fieldings go to the altar and so on to their graves—and there is often such a very little difference between the two. I never gave my promise to Mr. Willits. I would not!—I could not! He kept hoping and waiting. He was very gentle and patient—he never coaxed nor pleaded, but just— Oh, Uncle George!—let me talk it all out—I have nobody else. I missed you so, and there was no one who could understand, and you wouldn’t answer my letters.” She was crying softly to herself, her beautiful head resting on her elbow pillowed on the back of his chair.

He leaned forward the closer: he loved this girl next best to Harry. Her sorrows were his own. Was it all coming out as he had hoped and prayed for? He could hardly restrain himself in his eagerness.

“Did you miss anybody else, Kate?” There was a peculiar tenderness in his voice.

She did not raise her head nor did she answer. St. George waited and repeated the question, slipping his hand over hers, as he spoke.

“It was the loneliness, Uncle George,” she replied, evading his inference. “I tried to forget it all, and I threw open our house and gave parties and dances—hardly a week but there has been something going on—but nothing did any good. I have been—yes—wretchedly unhappy and—No, it will only distress you to hear it—don’t let’s talk any more about it. I won’t let you go away again. I’ll go away with you if you don’t get better soon, anywhere you say. We’ll go down to the White Sulphur— Yes—we’ll go there. The air is so bracing—it wouldn’t be a week before all the color would come back to your cheeks and you be as strong as ever.”

He was not listening. His mind was framing a question—one he must ask without committing himself, or her. He was running a parallel, really—reading her heart by a flank movement.

“Kate dear?” He had regained his position although he still kept hold of her hand.

“Yes, Uncle George.”

“Did you write to Harry, as I asked you?”

"No, it wouldn't have done any good. I have had troubles enough of my own without adding any to his."

"Were you afraid he would not answer it?"

She lifted her head and tightened her fingers about his own, her wet eyes looking into his.

"I was afraid of myself. I have never known my own mind and I don't know it now. I have played fast and loose with everybody—I can't bind up a broken arm and then break it again."

"Wouldn't it be better to try?" he said softly.

"No, I don't think so."

St. George released her hand and settled back in his chair; his face grew grave. What manner of woman was this, and how could he reach the inner kernel of her heart? Again he raised his head and leaning forward took both her hands between his own.

"I am going to tell you a story, Kate—one you have never heard—not all of it. When I was about your age—a little older perhaps, I gave my heart to a woman who had known me from a boy; with whom I had played when she was a child. I'm not going into the whole story, such things are always sad; nor will I tell you anything of the beginning of the three happy months of our betrothal nor of what caused our separation. I shall only tell you of the cruelty of the end. There was a misunderstanding—a quarrel—I pleaded with her on my knees and then it ended. All the time her heart was breaking. One little word would have healed everything. Some years after that she married and her life still goes on. I am what you see."

Kate looked at him with swimming eyes. She dimly remembered that she had heard that her uncle had had a love affair in his youth and that his sweetheart had jilted him for a richer man, but she had never known that he had suffered so bitterly over it. Her heart went out to him all the more.

"Will you tell me who it was?" She had no right to ask; but she might comfort him the better if she knew.

"Harry's mother."

Kate dropped his hands and drew back in her seat.

"You—loved—Mrs.—Rutter—and she—refused you for— Oh!—what a cruel

thing to do! And what a fool she was. Now I know why you have been so good to Harry. Oh, you poor, dear Uncle George. Oh, to think that you of all men! Is there anybody whose hearts are not bruised and broken?" she added in a helpless tone.

"Plenty of them, Kate—especially those who have been willing to stoop a little and so triumph. Harry has waited three years for some word from you; he has not asked for it, for he believes you have forgotten him; and then he was too much of a man to encroach upon another's rights. Does your breaking off with Mr. Willits alter the case in any way?—does it make any difference? Is this sailor boy always to be a wanderer—never to come home to his people and the woman he loves?"

"He'll never come back for me, Uncle George." She shuddered, dropping her eyes. "I found that out the day we talked together in the park, just before he left. And he's not coming home. Father got a letter from one of his agents who had seen him. He was looking very well and was going up into the mountains—I wrote you about it. I am sorry you didn't get the letter—but of course he has written you too."

"Suppose I should tell you that he would come back if he thought you would be glad to see him—glad in the old way?"

Kate shook her head: "He would never come. He hates me, and I don't blame him. I hate myself when I think of it all."

"But if he should walk in now?"—he was very much afraid he would, and he was not quite ready for him yet. What he was trying to find out was not whether Kate would be glad to see Harry as a relief to her loneliness, but whether she really *loved* him.

Some tone in his voice caught her ear. She turned her head quickly and looked at him with wondering gaze, as if she would read his inmost thoughts.

"You mean that he is coming, Uncle George—that Harry *is* coming home!" she exclaimed excitedly, the color ebbing from her cheeks.

"He is already here, Kate. He slept upstairs in his old room last night. I expect him in any minute."

"Here!—in this room!" She had risen to her feet now, her face deathly pale, her whole frame shaking, her mind intent on instant flight. Which way should she turn to escape? To meet him face to face

would bring only excruciating pain. "Oh, why didn't you tell me, Uncle George!" she burst out. "I won't see him! I can't!—not now—not here! Let me go home—let me think! No—don't stop me!" and catching up her cape and parasol she was out the door and down the steps before he could call her back or even realize that she had gone.

Once on the pavement she looked nervously up and down the street, gathered her pretty skirts about her dainty ankles, and with the fluttered flight of a scared bird sped across the park, dashed through her swinging gate, and so on up to her bedroom.

There she buried her face in Mammy Henny's lap and burst into an agony of tears.

While all this had been going on upstairs another and equally important conference was taking place in Pawson's office below, where Harry at Pawson's request had gone to meet Gadgem and talk over certain plans for his uncle's future welfare. He had missed Kate by one of those trifling accidents which often determine the destiny of nations and of men. Had he, after attending to the business of the morning—(he had been down to Marsh Market with Todd for supplies)—mounted the steps to see his uncle instead of yielding to a sudden impulse to interview Pawson first and his uncle afterward, he would have come upon Kate at the very moment she was pouring out her heart to St. George.

But no such fatality or stroke of good fortune—whatever the gods had in store for him—took place. On the contrary he proceeded calmly to carry out the details of a matter of the utmost importance to all concerned—one in which both Pawson and Gadgem were interested—(indeed he had come at Pawson's suggestion to discuss its details with the collector and himself); all of which the Scribe promises in all honor to lay before his readers ere the whole of this story is told.

Harry walked straight up to Gadgem:

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Gadgem," he said in his manly, friendly way. "You have been very good to my uncle, and I want to thank you both for him and for myself," and he shook the little man's hand heartily.

Gadgem blushed. St. George's democracy he could understand; but why this aristocrat—outcast as he had once been, but now again in favor—why this young prince, the heir to Moorlands and the first young blood of his time, should treat him as an equal, puzzled him; and yet, somehow, his heart warmed to him as he read his sincerity in his eyes and voice.

"Thank you, sir—thank you very much, sir," rejoined Gadgem, with a folding camp stool movement, his back bent at right angles with his legs. "I really don't deserve it, sir. Mr. Temple is an extraordinary man, sir; the most extraordinary man I have ever met. Give you the shirt off his back, sir, and go naked himself."

"Yes, he gave it to me," laughed Harry, greatly amused at the collector's effusive manner. He had never seen this side of Gadgem. "That, of course, you know all about—you paid the bills, I believe."

"Precisely so, sir." He had lengthened out now with a spiral-spring, cork-screw twist in his body, his index finger serving as point. "Paid every one of them—he never cared, sir—he *gloried* in it—*gloried* in being a pauper. Unaccountable, Mr. Rutter—enormously unaccountable. Never heard of such a case; never will hear of such a case. So what was to be done, sir? Just what I may state is being done this minute over our heads *upstairs*:" out went the index finger again. "Rest and recuperation, sir—a slow—a very slow use of *available* assets until new and *further available* assets could become visible. And they are here, sir—have arrived. You may have heard, of course, of the Patapsco where Mr. Temple kept the *largest* part of his fortune."

"No, except that it about ruined everybody who had anything to do with it."

"Then you have heard nothing of the *resuscitation*!" cried Gadgem, all his fingers fanned out, his eyebrows arched to the roots of his hair. "You *surprise* me, sir! And you are really ignorant of the *phoenix*-like way in which it has *risen* from its ashes? I said *risen*, sir, because it is now but a dim speck in the financial sky. The appointment of Mr. John Gorsuch as manager, ably backed by your *distinguished* father—the setting of the bird upon its legs—I'm speaking of the burnt bird, sir—the *phoenix*. I'm quite sure it was a bird—The payment on the first of the ensuing

month of some eighty per cent of the amounts due the *original* depositors and another twenty per cent in one year thereafter—the cancelling of the mortgage which your most *benevolent* and *honorble* father bought, and the sly trick of Gorsuch—letting Fogbin, who never turned up, become the sham tenant—and the joy——”

“Stop, Mr. Gadgem—I’m not good at figures. Give me that over again and speak slower. Am I to understand that the bank will pay back to my uncle, within a day or so, three-quarters of the money they stole from him?”

“*Stole*, sir!” exclaimed Gadgem his outstretched forefinger wig-wagging a Fie! Fie! gesture of disapproval—“*Stole* is not a pretty word—actionable, sir—*dangerously* actionable—a question of the calaboose, and, if I might be permitted to say—a bit of *cold lead*— Perhaps you will allow me to suggest the word ‘*manipulated*,’ sir—the money the bank *manipulated* from your confiding and inexperienced uncle—that is safer and it is equally *expressive*. He! He!”

“Well, will he get the money?” cried Harry, his face lighting up, his interest in the outcome outweighing his amusement over Gadgem’s antics and expressions.

“He *will*, sir,” rejoined Gadgem decisively.

“And you are so sure of it that you would be willing to advance one-half the amount if the account was turned over to you this minute?” cried Harry eagerly.

“No sir—not one-half—*all* of it—less a *trifling* commission for my services of say one per cent. When you say ‘this minute,’ sir, I must reply that the brevity of the area of action becomes a trifle *acute*, yes, *alarmingly* acute. I have not got the money myself, sir—that is not about my person—but I can get it in an hour, sir—in less time, if Mr. Temple is willing. That was my purpose in coming here, sir—that was why Mr. Pawson sent for me, sir; and it is but fair to say that you can thank your *distinguished* father for it all, sir—he has worked night and day to do it. Colonel Rutter has taken over—so I am *informed*—I’m not sure, but I am *informed*—taken over a lot of the securities himself so that he *could* do it. Another *extraordinary* combination, if you will permit me to say so—I refer to your father—a man who will show

you his door one minute and open his pocketbook and his best bottle of wine for you the next,” and he plumped himself down in his seat with so determined a gesture that it left no doubt on any one’s mind that he intended sitting it out if it took until daylight.

Harry walked to the window and gazed out on the trees. There was no doubt now that Mr. Temple was once more on his feet. “Uncle George will go now to Moorlands,” he said, decisively, in a low tone, speaking to himself, his heart swelling with pride at this fresh evidence of his father’s high sense of honor—then he wheeled and addressed Pawson:

“Shall I tell Mr. Temple this news, about the Patapsco Bank?”

“Yes, if you think best, Mr. Rutter. And I have another piece of good news. This please do not tell Mr. Temple, not yet—not until it is definitely settled. That old suit in Chancery has been decided, or will be, so I learned this morning—decided in favor of the heir. You may not have heard of it before, Gadgem,” and he turned to the collector, “but it is one of old General Dorsey Temple’s left-overs. It has been in the courts now some forty years. When this decision is made binding,” here he again faced Harry—“Mr. Temple comes in for a considerable share.”

Gadgem jumped to his feet and snapped his fingers rapidly. Had he sat on a tack his rebound could not have been more sudden. He had not heard and this last was indeed news to him. In his joy he seemed a new being.

“*Shorn* lamb, sir!” he cried gleefully, rubbing his palms together, his body tied into a double bow-knot. “Gentle breezes; bread upon the waters! By jiminy, Mr. Rutter, if Mr. Temple could be born again figuratively, sir—and I could walk in upon him as I once did, and find him at breakfast surrounded by all his comforts with Todd waiting upon him—a very good nigger is Todd, sir—an *exceptionally* good nigger—I’d—I’d—damn me, Mr. Rutter, I’d—well, sir, there’s no word—but John Gadgem, sir—well, I’ll be damned if he wouldn’t—” and he began skipping about the room both feet in the air as if he was a boy of twenty instead of a thin, shambling, badly put together bill collector in an ill-fitting brown coat, a hat much the worse for

wear, and a red cotton handkerchief addicted to weekly ablutions.

As for Harry the glad news had cleared out wide spaces before him, such as he had not looked over for years; leafy vistas, with glimpses of sunlit meadows; shadow-flecked paths leading to manor-houses with summer skies beyond. He too was on his feet, walking restlessly up and down.

Pawson and Gadgem again put their heads together, Harry bending over them. Such expressions as "Certainly," "I think I can"; "Yes, of course it was there when I was last in his place," "Better see him first," caught his ear.

At last he could stand it no longer. Dr. Teackle or no Dr. Teackle, he would go upstairs, open the door softly, and if his uncle was awake whisper the good news in his ear. If anybody had whispered any such similar good news in his ear on any one of the weary nights he had lain awake waiting for the dawn, or at any time of the day when he sat his horse, his rifle across the pommel, it would have made another man of him.

If St. George was awake!

He was not only awake, but he was very much alive.

"I've got a great piece of news for you, Uncle George!" Harry exclaimed joyfully, reading his uncle's renewed strength and vitality in his manner and face.

"So have I got a great piece of news for you!" he shouted back. "Come in you

young rascal and shut that door behind you. She isn't going to marry Willits—Thrown him over; don't love him—can't love him—never did love him! She's just told me so. Whoop—hurrah!! Dance, you dog, before I throw this chair at you!!"

There are some moments in a man's life when all language fails. Pantomime moments, when one stares and tries to speak and stares again. They were both at it—St. George waiting until Harry should explode, and Harry trying to get his breath, the earth opening under him, the skies falling all about his head.

"Told you so! When!" he gasped.

"Two minutes ago—you just missed her! Where the devil have you been? Why didn't you come in before?"

"Gone—Kate—two minutes—what will I do?" If he had found himself at sea in an open boat with both oars gone he could not have been more helpless.

"Do! Catch her before she gets home! Quick!—just as you are—sailor clothes and all!"

"But how will I know if——?"

"You don't have to know! You don't have to do anything—away with you I tell you!"

And out he went—and if you will believe it, dear reader—without even a whisper in his uncle's ears of the good news he had come to tell.

(To be concluded.)

AN IDEAL

By Rosina Hübley Emmet

WHEN I see you waiting there
Not a smile, not a tear,
Not a tremor, not a fear,
Calm to judge, bold to dare,
With those eyes that pierce the gloom
Like a silent Northern doom,

When I see you, then my heart
Leaps to live, falls to break,
Yearns to give, pleads to take,
In its anguish dwells apart—
Touch me with those silent eyes!
Lift me into Paradise!

BROKEN GLASS

Georgia Wood Pangborn



CAN'T stay but a minute," said Mrs. Waring, spreading her long hands above the wood blaze. "I was taking my evening constitutional over the moors. Did you see the sunset? And the firelight dancing in your open windows was so dear and sweet and homy I had to come. Babies in bed?"

"Oh, yes. Such perfectly good six-o'clock babies! I can tuck them up myself and still have time to dress safe from sticky fingers. Delia is such a blessing. So big and soft and without any nerves, and really and truly fond of them. When she leaves me for a day I am perfectly wild and lost."

"What is the matter with us women," said Mrs. Waring frowningly, "that we can't take care of our own children and run our own houses, to say nothing of spinning and weaving as our grandmothers did? My grandmother was a Western pioneer and brought up six without help, and—buried three. Think of it! To *lose* a child—" A strong shudder went through her delicate body. "How can a woman live after that? We can gasp through the bearing—you and I know that—but to lose—" She covered her face with her ringed hands.

"But, my dear," said the sleek woman by the fire, "your babies are such little Samsons! That nightmare ought not to bother you now."

"No. It oughtn't. That it does so only shows the more our modern unfitness."

"I suppose our grandmothers must have been more of the Delia type."

"And yet we think the Delia type inferior. It's solid and quiet and stupid—not always honest, but it succeeds with children. You and I are reckoned among the cultured. We read—in three languages—and write magazine verse. Your nocturne is to be given in concert next week—yet I think that Delia and her type rather despise us because we are wrecks after spending an afternoon trying to keep a creeping baby from choking and bumping and burning

and taking cold, or reading Peter Rabbit the fiftieth time to Miss Going-on-Three."

"The question is," said Mrs. Waring coiling bonelessly in the Morris chair, "what will our children be? You and I may be inferior, but," she caught her lower lip in her teeth, "my babies came to me after I was thirty, and I know their value, as your Delia type or your grandmother type doesn't for all her motherliness. When women are mothers in the early twenties they don't know. They can't. My music filled in those years. Filled them! It served to express the despair of a barren woman—that was all. Since they came fools have condoled with me because I have had to give up my 'career' for their sake. Career!" She threw back her head with a savage laugh, and stood up with her hands in her coat pocket. "Here," her voice growing very gentle and humorous as she took out the tatters of a little book gay with red and green, "give me some paste. I promised to mend it. She has read it to pieces at last. I thought I could rhyme about sunsets and love and death, but nobody ever loved my rhymes as she loves this. Let's write some children's verses, you and I——"

"Goldilocks was naughty, she began to sulk and pout;
She threw aside her playthings—"

That's the way, you see, not——

"When from the sessions of sweet silent thought,"

She had seated herself at the big flat-topped desk as she spoke and was deftly pasting and mending.

"I've written one; or Tommy has. We were sitting up with his first double tooth. We had taken a go-cart ride in the early moonlight and I was taking cows as an example of people who chew properly. So we got up a song—(past one o'clock it was and a dark and stormy morning)——"

"The moon goes sailing through the sky
The cows are chewing—chewing——"

"He liked that but when he'd had it fifty times he changed it——

"The cows go sailing through the sky
The moon is chewing—chewing—"

"And it is better that way; I can recommend it as a lullaby."

"Thanks, but I've some of my own pretty nearly as good. A Norwegian maid left me a legacy——

"Go away du Fisker mand
Catch a pretty fish fish—sh—sh
Bring it home to baby boy
Quicker than a wish—wish—shsh."

"That's not bad; I'll remember it when the moon's chewing palls. . . .

"As I was saying, you and I know the value of our children even if our type is inferior to the Delia type; and if we were bereft of our Delias and didn't have to dress for dinner and had no time to read we should show up quite as well as the Delias.

"We use the Delias for them because we want them to have everything of the best. Delias *are* best when they're little. We enter later on. We couldn't nurse our babies. All that part of us was metamorphosed into brain—thanks to a mistaken education. Very well; we must nourish them with our brains. We can. And we go and get the best service we can, maids and nurses; we bring them home to our nests like cats bringing mice—for the babies. . . .

"But I'm afraid I've got to let Aileen go. She told Martha a story about Indians carrying off children and nearly scared the child to death. And when I went to find them yesterday afternoon over by the empty Taylor cottage, they were playing where a window had been broken and there was broken glass everywhere. It was like dancing on knives. My spine shivers with it still. And there sat Aileen—so lost in a dream that I had to put my hand on her shoulder to rouse her. 'Oh,' said she, when I showed her the glass, 'I thought it was ice!' She cried when I told her what a terribly dangerous thing she had done. Her tears come easily enough. A pretty little thing, but so stupid. I must do better for Martha."

"I thought," said Mrs. Blake hesitatingly, "that she didn't seem very warmly dressed the other day."

"I don't know why she shouldn't be. I gave her a very good coat. Come to think of it, she hasn't worn it. I wonder why?"

"My Delia told me she had a sister. Perhaps——"

"Sponging on her. Poor child! I like her—but, Martha dancing on broken glass. . . . There, that's done. Now, Martha can read it a hundred times more—'Goldilocks was naughty.'"

"Now I must go—and dress. Symbol of degeneracy, as women; but of all that raises us above the Delias, if we *are* above them."

The road was icy and ill kept. Some half-dozen cottages with boarded windows showed silent and black against the red band of sunset and the gray, waving line of moors. The pound of winter surf was like distant hoof-beats over the frozen land. The only cottages that were open had children in them. Air is what we give them now. Air and careful food for the rearing of the best of the next generation. And for that purpose the half-dozen cottages on that island kept their warmth and life all winter, just for the sake of properly reddening the cheeks of a dozen little children for whom city streets and parks are not supposed to furnish enough of air.

"Lovely—lovely," thought Mrs. Waring as she walked crisply toward her own fair window. "The moors and the winter storms shall make up to them for having a middle-aged mother. They shall have all the youth and vigor that I had not—that I had not."

Suddenly she faced about. It was not a footfall or a sigh or a spoken word, though it gave the impression of all three. Something behind her had betrayed its presence. . . .

No. There was nothing.

"The wind in the grass," she thought, but was not satisfied. A caretaker had been murdered on the other side of the island the winter before. Being the mother of a Martha makes one a coward. If there were no Martha one would go striding anywhere disregarding fantastic dangers, but *when* there is a Martha, who waits at home for a mother to read the story of Goldilocks one hundred times more, why, a mother must not let the least shadow of danger come near her. Because there are so many ways besides reading Goldilocks in which a mother may be useful.

Therefore she thought sharply about the dead care-taker and vowed that on her next constitutional she would carry a pistol in her pocket—for Martha's sake. The black hedges with their white spots of snow gave no sign; the road behind and in front showed empty but for the gleam of frozen puddles. The wind rattled lightly in the frozen grass. . . .

"I hope ye'll excuse me, mum—" The voice was deprecatory and, thank Heaven, a woman's; though where she had come from out of all that emptiness—

"Ah!" gasped Martha's mother.

"I didn't want to scare ye, mum."

"I can't stop," said Mrs. Waring. "If you want to talk to me come to the house. I must get home to—to—"

"Yes, mum; I know, mum, to your little girl. But I can keep pace with you, by your leave, mum, for I was wishin' to speak to you about Aileen—"

"My nurse maid?"

"The same. I was hearin' she was not givin' ye satisfaction, mum, and would like to speak a word for her—widout offence."

"I have not complained of Aileen. It is true she is sometimes thoughtless. May I ask—"

The woman's figure was so shrouded and huddled that Mrs. Waring, looking all she could, might not distinguish the features. She fancied a resemblance to Mrs. Magillicuddy who came every week to help with the washing. No doubt it was Mrs. Magillicuddy. That would account for her knowledge of Aileen.

Mrs. Waring felt a twinge of annoyance at the thought of Aileen's complaining to Mrs. Magillicuddy. She walked on rapidly, but the other kept as close as her shadow.

"You mean, I suppose, about the broken glass."

"It was very bad, mum; so bad that . . . yet there's worse than broken glass in the world. There's other things that seems no more than the glitter of harmless ice and is really daggers for your heart's blood . . . an' so I was wishin' to speak to ye a word about Aileen. As to the glass, mum, there was no real harm done, an' could ye have seen the lass cryin' her eyes out in her little room that night. . . . Not because ye'd scolded her, but because she'd been that careless. And she could not sleep the night, that tender heart, for seein' the baby

welterin' in gore that never was shed at all. Och—those eyes wid tears in them! Surely, mum—surely, ye must have noticed the eyes of her when she looks up at ye wid the hope in them that maybe she has pleased ye? Remember this is her first place and that she was reared gently among the sisters, orphanage as it was, and knows as little of the world as a fine lady-girl when she comes out from *her* convent school. She is not yet used to the rough ways of servants. . . .

"But she will be soon. Ah, wirra, wirra, she will be soon. . . .

"I would like her to stay wid ye. . . . I little thought, ten years ago, that she would be eatin' the bitter bread of service, for bitter it must be, however soft the life; bitter and dangerous for a young girl that is all alone and knows nothin' at all of the world's wickedness. . . . Do ye blame her for not seein' the broken glass? Can ye not guess that the eyes of her were blind with tears for a harsh word ye had given her about mixin' up the big baby's stockings with the little ones? Do ye mind that each of your children has two dozen little rolled up balls of stockings to be looked after and that they are very near of a size—very near? My Aileen—she never had but two pairs at a time and she washes out the wan pair at night so she can change to the other. And do ye mind that hers are thin cotton—twelve cints the pair they are—and her feet are cold to break yer heart as she sits in the cold wind watchin' your little girl at play, so warm in her English woollen stockings and leggins. And have ye ever been into Aileen's room? Do ye know that the fine gilt radiator in it is never warm and that she has but one thin blanket and a comforter so ragged your dog would scorn it? And when she had a bit of a cough ye were afraid it might be consumption, ye said, and if so ye couldn't have her with the children—"

"You seem to know my house and my servants remarkably well, Mrs. Magillicuddy. I will see to Aileen's room at once. I have been very busy, but—really—"

"Ah, save yer anger, mum, for one that deserves it. He's not far away. I am not angry with you, mum, though well I might be. I know with what love ye love yer own. But the world is so large and in such need of the kind and wise that, when one is truly kind and wise like you, mum, it is accounted a sin to let your kindness and wisdom go no

further than the soft small heads that are your own. . . . There are so many children without any mothers at all . . . as yours might be had I been what you feared but now. . . .

"Broken glass! Is it not worse than broken glass for a young thing like that, as white-souled as that bit of snow on the hedge—have ye ever heard the talk of house servants? And the only place she can go to get away from it when ye do not want her for your children is her own little room that is so cold.

"She does not understand as yet, the whiteness in her is so white and the servants' hall is warm and pleasant and full of the laughter that ye sometimes hear and frown about. She knows no more than you do of the black heart beneath the white coat of the rascal that is so soft stepping and pleasant and keeps your silver so clean and bright an' says 'Very good, sir,' to everything the boss says to him——"

"Impossible!"

"Does it not happen every day? Do men and women leave off bein' men and women because they do your housework for you? Hearts as well as platters can break in the kitchen, and what do ye care what goes on among the help so long as your house is clean and quiet?"

"Broken glass. . . ." Her voice rose with the rising wind, thinly. . . . "Wirra, wirra—an' a colleen as innocent of the danger of it as your baby that danced upon it unharmed—praise the saints!—unharmed. . . ."

Between anger and fright, Mrs. Waring leaned forward to pluck at the shawl which the other held about her head. At the moment a shaft of light, probably the searchlight from some vessel close inshore—or was it something else?—fell upon the woman's face. It was gone so quickly that Mrs. Waring could not afterward swear to what

she had seen. No. Not Mrs. Magillcuddy's face, but similar. Lined and worn, singularly noble.

"Who are you?"

"Do ye ask me *that*?" said the Voice.

The flash of light having passed, it seemed so dark that now Mrs. Waring could not even distinguish the film of shadow that had showed where the woman stood.

"Do ye ask me that, mother that loves her children? What would ye do, then, if ye were dead, and your children's tears fell upon ye in purgatory? What would ye do if the feet of yer own colleen were standing among broken glass that is broken glass indeed?"

"Who are you?" whimpered Mrs. Waring. But the little moon had risen now and showed the moor empty except for the silent lights of the cottages where little children were.

As she stumbled at her own doorstep her butler opened the door with obsequious concern, and obvious amazement when she cried out—"Aileen—where is she?"

"In her room, I think, m'm; the children being asleep. Shall I call her, m'm?"

"No!"

She hurried to the attic room and knocked. The door was locked. Something stirred softly and opened. Aileen's frightened eyes sought her mistress's face. Mrs. Waring read dread of something having been stolen, of some terrible oversight in the nursery, of instant dismissal.

The girl coughed and shivered. She was wearing her coat but her little cap and apron were ready for instant duty. Mrs. Waring remembered with a shock of contrition that Martha had cried because Aileen's hands were cold as she dressed her.

"Aileen—" sobbed Mrs. Waring. . . . "Oh, you poor *little* thing—Come down, child, where it is warm!"



· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

The Folly of
Going to See

FOREIGNERS sometimes speak with wonder of the strange vein of idealism in us, the most materialistic of modern nations, which keeps us forever on the trail, throughout Europe, of vanished genius. It is odd, they say, that a people so full of passion for dollars and cents should show such desire to tread the very ground that Shakespeare trod, to step upon the Auld Brig at Ayr, and they think the better of us for the discovery of this unsuspected idealism. I sometimes wonder if it is idealism at all; if, rather, the passion which draws us in such crowds to the literary and other shrines of the past is not the very flower, the subtle, ultimate manifestation of our overwhelming materialism. Does it not contain an element akin to that souvenir-hunting instinct that makes us feel a thrill as of acquiring real nobility when we steal the toilet articles of a duke? We chip off bits from St. Peter's, get splinters of oak from Westminster Abbey, and hide in our pockets sprigs of green from Ann Hathaway's garden, but are we thereby one whit nearer the grandeur that was Rome, or was England, or was Shakespeare? Is not our glory-stalking instinct rather another proof of our lack of ideality and of imaginative power? We mistake the sign for the thing signified, mix up the philosopher's snuff-box with his ideas, and confuse his old hat with the subtle lightning of his brain.

Who and what are we, after all, that we should expect to see in any given spot immortalized by poet or seer that which he saw? The folly, the conceived folly of it! For it is precisely that which the poet did to it which makes the difference between him, and you, and me; if he had seen but that which you and I see when we take the train and go there, he would not have been a poet. We puzzle our brains and our eyes trying to discern in the low-lying Eildon Hills the magic charm they wore for Scott, and the worst of it is, we pretend to see it whether we do or not! We prevaricate, even as the guide-book; we play-act at being the "Wizard of the North." Well-meaning folk alight from motor or aeroplane at Burns's cottage and look amiably about for the mouse and the daisy. Good heavens! what would they do with them if they found them! We loiter in

the paths of Wordsworth through Grasmere, searching for Leech Gatherer and Old Cumberland Beggar, that we may try to invest them with the "visionary gleam" of which we have read. One might as well try to borrow the pupil of William Wordsworth's eye; or request the loan of his soul for a few minutes; or ask him if, being in rather straightened circumstances, he would not like to rent out his imagination for a little time. The difference between his Grasmere and ours is just that which made him Wordsworth, and you and me John Jones or Mary Smith; why should we expect that fine, intangible something, whose existence is the result of god-like intuition, to be granted us? We can apprehend it, if at all, only through the soul; it flies the touch of the finger, and the farther we stay away the better. To follow Browning to Asolo, gleaming white against the far blue of the mountains across the Lombard plain, is surely the height of folly, for Asolo is the one spot in the world where one could least well see Browning's Asolo. Ah, no, our travel, our sightseeing are not a proof of idealism, but of the lack of it, the stupid subterfuge of a dull and literal world; the logical result of folly in thinking that the sight of the eyes means vision; the habit of a blind, scientific generation that puts pins through dragon-flies, and imagines that it has caught and classified them. What a dragon-fly is, whence it cometh and whither it goeth, such a generation will never know. Was not one good lady who thought she cherished a deep devotion to Charles Lamb detected trying to discover in the time-table "Mackery End in Hertfordshire"? She must have been quite capable of bringing over in her trunk painted toys for Lamb's "Dream Children." I have no doubt that some enterprising American will yet be found inquiring when the boat leaves for Avalon.

The species of disillusionment that comes from stepping in earth-made shoes into the kingdom of the imagination are many and deserved. Most poignant is the sense of loss in seeing the beauty of which you have read and dreamed vanish. How many places have you ruined by taking the train to them? How many have you robbed of their immemorial

charm by your coming? Was Athens there when you got there? Was Rome? As for me, I have parted with my last illusions; I have rubbed the bloom off antiquity; I have peered, at Mycene, into tombs that were meant to be closed through earth's forever; I have pried into secrets that were meant to be kept, and I have had my reward. Instead of that glory-lighted land of heroes, with buildings of unimaginable beauty standing against the bluest sky, I have a mind full of dust, of broken stones, and of modern streets where petty officers go strutting about twirling their mustaches. A flood of undesirable light from whose glare I shall never escape has been thrown upon ancient Greece, whose beauty was so real and so true as I watched from my own far-away doorstep. I have journeyed out to Colonus to meet Antigone, at the sacred spot "thick-set with laurel, olive, vine, a feathered choir of nightingales making music at its heart," and what have I found? A pitiless, unshaded, sun-dried plain, made awful by the empty beds of dead streams, and there for me in memory, in place of the blind, majestic king and the noblest woman of antiquity, one large, lean, black and white goat winds and unwinds himself about the scarred trunk of a single pepper tree. And as I watch it, with my mind's eye, forgetting the griefs of Ædipus in simple human wonder as to when the goat last had a drink, I reflect that my punishment is just. So may all fare who give up their birthright of dreams for a mess of hard facts; who transform the glory of vision into three dimensions; who buy six-months' tickets to the kingdom of the spirit.

OLD, as well as reprehensible, is the habit of inserting into a comedy of manners the lay figure of a clergyman for the single bald purpose of poking fun at him. This stock company clergyman is over two hundred years old. Macaulay says that he figures largely in the comedy of the seventeenth century. Did Shadwell or Congreve invent him, or was he caricatured from contemporary life?—to wit, from the unhappy chaplain of that once so common Squire, who "thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals"? The position of such a "Levite," as he was called, was by no means a sinecure. "Sometimes," continues the historian, "the reverend man nailed up the apri-

cots, and sometimes . . . he walked ten miles with a letter or a parcel." He was expected to be "always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovelboard." At dinner "he might fill himself with the corned-beef and carrots, but as soon as the tarts and cheese-cakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat and stood apart until he was summoned *to return thanks for a repast from a great part of which he had been excluded.*"

This unfortunate chaplain must have been, I think, the ancestor of all that race of creatures neither brute nor human, the clergymen of English fiction. Poor Tom Tusher in "Esmond" "creaking on his great square toes," or Mr. Collins in "Pride and Prejudice," listening obsequiously to the advice of his patroness; Mr. Honeyman, Mr. Slope, and even young Tozer, Paul Dombey's school-mate at Dr. Blimber's, who "prepared for the Church by wearing a starched white cambric neckerchief"—all are the descendants, for his sins, of this seventeenth century chaplain.

Very characteristic of these fictitious clergy is their appetite for dainty fare and strong waters. Mr. Chadband, in "Bleak House," nourished his quadruple adjectives on an unwholesomely rich diet. The favorite "shepherd," too, of the second Mrs. Weller was generally found seated beside "a reeking hot glass of pineapple rum and water." "I was agoing to say," the elder Weller cautiously confides to Sam, "he always brings now a flat bottle as holds about a pint and a half, and fills it with the pineapple rum afore he goes away." Dr. Middleton in "The Egoist" follows the same tradition, and readily sacrifices his lovely daughter for Sir Willoughby's centenarian Port. And who can forget the three curates in "Shirley" rejoicing at their supper?

A favorite mark of the novelist clergyman is his ladylike manner and fastidious dress. Unrivalled in this regard is Clive Newcome's reverend uncle.

"An odor of millefleurs rustled by them as Charles Honeyman passed the pew. . . . His hair was parted down the middle, short in front, and curling delicately round his ears. . . . When the music began, he stood with head on one side, and two slim fingers in the book."

Honeyman's bills at the tailor's and boot-maker's, it will be remembered, were fabulous, and took a great slice out of Colonel Newcome's savings to pay. The ever-beloved and

delightful "F. B." thus disposes of Honeyman:

"Saving your presence, Clive Newcome, and with every respect for the youthful bloom of your young heart's affections, your uncle, Charles Honeyman, sir, is a bad lot."

In "Shirley" the effeminate Mr. Donne flees fainting from the onset of Tartar, and bolts himself into a bedroom from which he calls aloud to be rescued.

But the *sine qua non* of the fictitious clergyman is his total inability to make love. Mr. Smirke in "Pendennis" declares his passion for Helen to his landlady, and even to young Pen, but gets no further. When a curate, in a novel, attempts to offer himself in marriage, he is merely being butchered to make a Roman holiday. His ponderous and didactic vocabulary trips, tangles, and finally overthrows him. Witness the language of Mr. Gibson in "He Knew He Was Right":

"I thought that perhaps I might take this opportunity of expressing— But after all, the levity of the moment is hardly in accordance with the sentiments which I should wish to express. . . . Do you not think it a duty that people should marry?"

Mr. Collins thus declares himself to Elizabeth Bennet:

"I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances to set the example of matrimony in his parish. . . . And you should take it into consideration that in spite of your manifold attractions it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you."

(Fie, fie, Miss Austen!)

Mr. Trollope, too, is the object of an especial grievance on my part. In "Barchester Towers," that apotheosis of the clergyman, what unmanly rancor he pours out upon the head of Mr. Slope! Is it not enough to give that wretched man a glistening forehead, "lumpy" hair, and "thin and bloodless lips"?—not enough to say, with concentrated malice, that men didn't like him, though women often did? This is barely endurable. But the

cruel pen that wrote him down, over and above all this, as having "damp hands"! It requires a long reperusal of Dr. Primrose to wash away the memory of Mr. Slope.

George Eliot, who might have been expected to deride the priestly character, gave us instead the pleasant portraits of Mr. Farebrother in "Middlemarch" and Dr. Kenn in "The Mill on the Floss." The latter is affectionately described as having "a plain middle-aged face, with a grave penetrating kindness in it." Thus the freethinker; while Miss Austen, in her own father's rectory in Hampshire, was plotting the absurdities of Mr. Collins!

The immortal Vicar has, to my mind, but one rival, and that is Dominic Sampson. That gaunt and shuffling form, in its ill-fitting rusty suit, bears a kind of dim resemblance to our great Emancipator. At his self-forgetting fidelity, though somewhat learnedly expressed, who can smile? or who can think young Bertram, or young Hazeldean (both well enough in their way), fit to inhabit the same novel with such a Greatheart as the Dominic?

In Americans a sort of Plymouth Rock reverence for the cloth has long survived; nor, I think, does it show any sign of weakening. "The Sky Pilot" and "Black Rock" make amends, I trow, for many a "curate with pink eyes." Mr. Owen Wister has celebrated another type of cleric, in his Bishop of the plains, who wins the confidence of the Virginian, and speaks the word in season to Lin McLean. Better known than either Mr. Wister's Bishop or Mr. Connor's Sky Pilot, is the endeared Dr. Lavendar of Mrs. Deland's "Old Chester Tales." Reader! hast thou met that wise old minister?—Not at his best unless thou hast seen him about his shrewd, humorous, patient, Christian task in that great story of "The Note"—the wisest piece of philosophy (I think) yet issued from Old Chester.

By the bye, will not Mr. Cable, Mr. Wister, or the author of "Nathan Burke" sometime portray for us the fox-hunting parson of old Virginia?

THE FIELD OF ART.

ART INSTITUTIONS IN THE UNITED STATES

IN the "Field of Art" for November, 1896, was given a brief account of the origin and subsequent development of some of the more important institutions, museums, societies, schools, etc., in this country, but in the course of fifteen years the further growth of that interest in the fine arts, in nearly all their branches, which was then noted as promising has become phenomenal, if we may believe present-day records. As the start was made *ab nihilo*—an Eastern portrait painter of the last generation has recorded the statement of one of his sitters, from a thriving Western community, that none of his fellow-citizens had a work of art "worth more than five dollars, and if he has anything in color, it's a chromo"—this growth is encouraging. Art museums, societies and schools, galleries for exhibitions, have multiplied greatly under the spur of this laudable civic pride, and the relapses have been few and, generally, temporary. An overconfidence in the future and an underestimate of the financial drain have sometimes led to periods of suspension; in the desire to secure the best examples, without duly considering the taste of the local purchasers, an agent has been despatched to make the tour of the more important art centres and solicit the loan of pictures and small works of sculpture, and the cost of packing, shipping and insuring, exhibiting and returning, has demanded a larger number of purchases and subscriptions than were always forthcoming. It is only to the largest and most important exhibitions, as those of Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, and Chicago, that the painters and sculptors are willing to pay their own freight if their works have not been selected by a jury, and to this expense is to be added the risk, or rather the certainty, of damage in transit.

An important feature in this establishment of a healthy circulation has been the sending out of "rotary" collections, frequently selected from an annual exhibition in an Eastern city. These are usually limited to small pictures, at moderate prices, or small bronzes for the sculptures, and the sales have been, generally, sufficiently numerous to justify the enterprise, about one-fifth of the whole. The

American Water Color Society of New York reported that its fifth rotary collection, that of 1909-10, was shown in the following cities: St. Louis, Buffalo, Columbia, Mo.; Pittsburg, Grand Rapids, Toledo, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Detroit, Chicago, and Jackson, Mich.; and that applications from the following had to be declined because dates could not be arranged: Kansas City, Utica, Erie, Pa.; Minneapolis, Youngstown, O.; Louisville, Nashville, Baltimore, Omaha, Saginaw, Palo Alto, and Long Beach, Cal. In theory, each local institution receiving one of these collections for exhibition in its gallery sends a catalogue and a report to the parent society and a catalogue to each exhibitor, but it has been known to happen that these measures were neglected and that neither the officers of the home society nor the individual exhibitors knew for some time where the "rotary" was.

The American Art Annual for 1910-11 enumerates 944 art museums, art societies, and art schools as against 403 in 1907. This volume gives a brief account of 280 museums and art societies in the United States, a list of 102 art schools with a total registration of 31,700 and a list tabulating the answers received from 170 colleges and universities maintaining courses in the history of art and giving 5,877 as the number of students receiving instructions in this course and 7,751 as the number who had worked in the studios. Of the art schools, the records show 57 as strictly professional, giving instruction in drawing, modelling, and painting from the antique and from life. Instruction in design is given in 56 schools, 39 of which report also classes in the various crafts, such as bookbinding, pottery, and metal work. While the United States lack "the well-organized industrial schools that are such a strong factor in Germany, France, and England," the teaching of manual training and of aesthetics in the elementary and secondary and public schools has, nevertheless, "grown very rapidly." This, naturally, has led to the establishment of normal art schools for the training of teachers in this work, and of these the records show 39 art schools with normal courses, the registration of which in 28 was 1,928. The summer schools play an important part in the training of teachers, and the evening schools of students.

The number of architectural federations in the country has doubled, since 1907, from two to four, and there are 31 professional schools of architecture, most of them connected with universities, the number of pupils enrolled being given as 3,043. An estimate of the annual expenditures for art education in the United States, compiled by Henry Turner Bailey in 1908, is given in this volume as a total of \$11,565,241, "divided between the Federal Government, the States, the municipalities, and private sources. The Federal Government, however, makes no direct appropriation for art instruction, the item of \$95,000 used for instruction in drawing in the public schools of the District of Columbia, the Military Academy at West Point, and the Naval Academy being included in the general school funds."

While the oft-proposed establishment of a national, official, art, with head-quarters at the national capital, is still probably, happily, far in the distant future, a commendable official body has been established by Congress, May 17, 1910, a "Commission of Fine Arts for the Federal Government." This commission, defined in the bill as "permanent," is composed of "seven well-qualified judges of the fine arts," appointed by the President and to serve four years each and until their successors are appointed and qualified; its general duties are to "advise generally upon questions of art when required to do so by the President, or by any committee of either House of Congress," and its special functions are to act as an art commission for the District of Columbia and advise upon the selection and location of statues, fountains, monuments, and other public works of art erected under the authority of the United States. "It shall be the duty of the officers charged by law to determine such questions in each case to call for such advice." An expenditure of not more than \$10,000 a year was authorized for this purpose. The present members of the commission are Daniel H. Burnham, chairman; Francis D. Millet, vice-chairman; Frederick Law Olmstead, Thomas Hastings, Daniel C. French, Cass Gilbert, and Charles Moore; Col. Spencer Cosby, secretary. As may be remembered, this commission, duly established by act of Congress, succeeded the short-lived one appointed by President Roosevelt in the last days of his administration without such authority.

Next in line to this Federal commission comes probably the American Federation of Arts, the head-quarters of which are also in

Washington, D. C., and which is practically the "clearing-house" and "exchange" of all the art organizations in the country, a general bureau of information charged with the general furtherance of the art interests. It was formed at a convention held in Washington in May, 1909, at which over eighty art societies and institutions were represented by delegates, and this step is considered to be "the most important event in the art life of the United States" within the last three years. The extent of its jurisdiction may be inferred from the list of its standing committees: an executive committee, one each on exhibitions, paintings, membership, landscape, sculpture, craftsmanship, conventions, museums, architecture, government art, civil theatres, publications, finance, exhibitions and lectures in universities, art in the public schools, and teaching the history of art in universities and colleges. Its officers are Charles L. Hutchinson, of Chicago, president; Marvin F. Schaife, of Pittsburg, treasurer; Frank D. Millet, secretary, and Leila Mechlin, assistant secretary. The government is administered by a board of directors elected by the vote of accredited delegates at the annual convention in May, and at present it numbers 126 chapters, societies representing all the arts and numbering in the aggregate about 63,000 persons, and over 1,100 individual associate members. A monthly illustrated magazine is published; exhibitions of paintings and other works of art are organized and sent out (9 in the last year were sent to 33 different cities), and lectures, type-written and illustrated by fifty or more stereopticon slides, are lent to small cities and towns remote from art centres.

The largest and most important annual exhibitions of painting and sculpture are still those of Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Chicago, Buffalo, St. Louis, the National Academy of Design in New York, and the biennial exhibition of the Corcoran Gallery of Art. Mr. Carnegie's great Institute in Pittsburg, which opened its first exhibition in November, 1896, still retains its pre-eminence, being the only one international in scope. The reports of its annual exhibition show a curious fluctuation in the attendance and the number of catalogues sold—for the first, over 351,000 in 1908, over 48,000 in 1909, and over 101,000 in 1910; and for the second, for the same period, over 11,000, over 3,000, and over 5,000 respectively. The number of acquisitions to the museum and galleries has, however, increased from 5,993 in

1908 and 6,435 in 1909 to 14,591 in 1910. One feature of the Institute's educational activities has been that introduction into the public schools of works of art and reproductions which, in connection with the decoration of the buildings, originated in France and Germany some thirty years ago—in this case, of large photographs representing the Institute's permanent collection of paintings, the number being increased each year.

Buffalo dates the origin of its art academy from the first exhibition held in 1861, and since July 1, 1909, it has been enjoying an annual appropriation from the city toward the maintenance of its exhibitions in the Albright Art Gallery. The total attendance for 1909, the latest given, was 113,676, with twenty-two exhibitions and six lectures on art. The late director, Mr. Charles M. Kurtz, has been succeeded by his assistant, Miss Cornelia B. Sage. The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, dating from 1805, estimates the value of its permanent collections of paintings as, probably, \$2,000,000; the attendance during 1909 was 182,228; and its schools are among the first in the country. The Boston Museum of the Fine Arts formally opened its new building with a reception on November 9, 1909, the school of the museum being located in a separate building. The structural separation of the main building into departments representing peoples instead of arts has modified the historical arrangement, the result being "that objects in any one room, often most different in the materials employed, are essentially homogeneous from the point of view of art." It is admitted that this course would probably not be possible for art museums with very large collections. Another feature, introduced by the museum in 1907, has been followed with some variations elsewhere, as in the Metropolitan Museum of New York—the providing of a guide who will explain to the visitors such portions of the collections as they may wish. In the Boston Museum this guide is an officer of the institution, known as the docent, and his instruction is furnished gratuitously, upon previous application.

Aiming to supplement the numerous local art institutions scattered throughout the country with a wider view and a more general jurisdiction, the National Institute of Arts and Letters was organized in 1898 with a view to the advancement of art, music, and literature. The officers are John W. Alexander, president;

Samuel Isham, treasurer; Jesse Lynch Williams, secretary, and a distinguished list of vice-presidents; the membership is limited to 250, and in the Department of Art there are 79 members. A gold medal is awarded every year in the various sections of artistic, literary and musical activity; that of 1909 was given to the work of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and presented to Mrs. Saint-Gaudens on November 20 of that year at a meeting held in the American Fine Arts Building, New York. The medal for 1910 was presented in December of that year to James Ford Rhodes, historian. By a resolution adopted April 23, 1904, a section of the institute to be known as the Academy of Arts and Letters was created, the membership at first limited to thirty, with power to elect its own officers and prescribe its own rules. Public meetings of the institute and the academy were held in Washington in December, 1909, and in New York in December, 1910.

The practical tendencies of this general recognition of the necessity of a finer culture in our daily affairs cannot be better illustrated than by the movement in some of the Western communities to include it in the tax list. The State Legislature of Missouri passed an act to give all cities in the State with a population of over 100,000 the right to submit the question of an art tax at any general election held in the city, and the city of St. Louis accordingly voted, by a large majority, that such tax be levied on the assessed valuation of the property of the city to the extent of one-fifth of a mill per dollar. At present this brings to the support of the City Art Museum about \$120,000 a year, with a prospect of further and constant increase. St. Louis claims the credit of being the first city to establish a municipal art gallery. In Indianapolis an agreement was reached in 1908 between the art association of the city and the public schools whereby the board of school commissioners pays to the association a sum equal to one-half cent on each hundred dollars of the city's taxables, the association in return admitting free to its museum the teachers and pupils of the schools, providing weekly illustrated lectures, free instruction in design, etc. The sum thus advanced amounted in 1910 to \$8,953.

The American Academy in Rome for painters, sculptors, and architects, dating from 1897, awards its *Prix de Rome* to students from the various art schools throughout the country and the privileges of the academy in Rome to the

holders of the Rinehart and Lazarus Scholarships, the first for sculptors and the second for painters. At this date the total number of students it has received is 43 architects, 10 painters, and 8 sculptors, whose terms in the academy have ranged from one to three years; the sculptors of the Rinehart Scholarship take the term for four years. For the competitions for this prize for 1911, 65 architects have entered, 22 painters, and 6 sculptors.

In New York city, a well-organized movement has at length been set on foot "for the erection of a building for the exhibition of all the Arts of Design," and for the use of the ten art societies which have been invited to join, and "for such others as they may hereafter invite." These ten are the National Academy of Design, the two Water Color Societies, the New York Chapter American Institute of Architects, the Architectural League, the National Sculpture Society, the Municipal Art Society, that of the Beaux-Arts Architects, that of the Mural Painters and that of the Illustrators. The National Academy, which has taken the lead in this movement and gives its name to the proposed association, being entitled to a strong representation on the board of directors, undertakes to set apart on its books, on completion of the building, the sum of \$200,000 as a Maintenance Endowment Fund, the interest of which shall be applied toward defraying the annual running expenses of the building. Ample provision is to be made for spacious galleries, lecture-rooms, offices, etc., and in the coming autumn it is planned to invite the co-operation of the general public and push the movement vigorously.

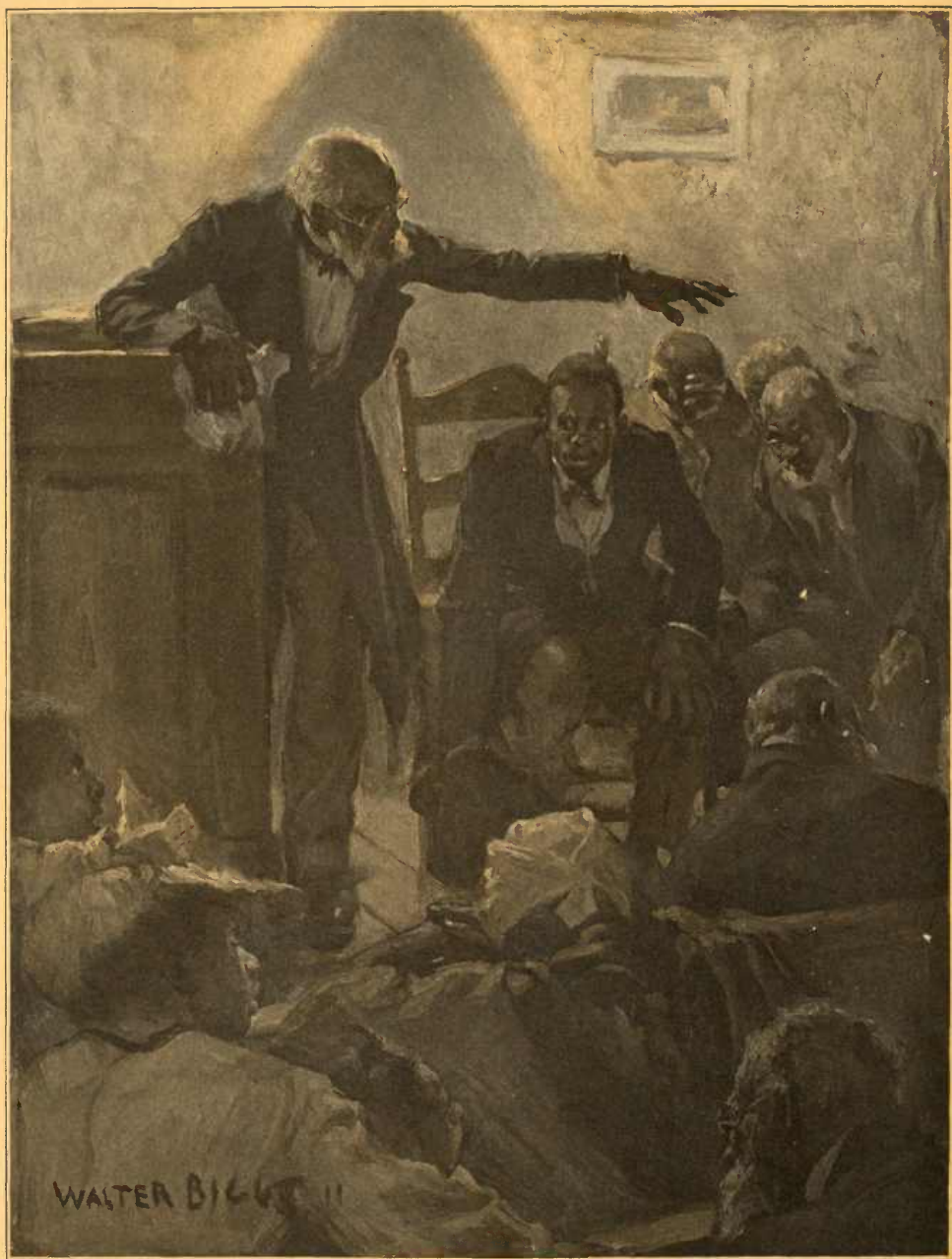
The list below is given only as a partial one of the more representative examples of these institutions.

1. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.
2. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, Pa.
3. Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, N. Y.
4. Fine Arts Federation, New York. The council consists of representatives and alternates chosen by the thirteen art societies of the city.
5. Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia.
6. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, Brooklyn, N. Y. Founded in 1824; reincorporated in 1890.
7. Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.
8. Chicago Art Institute, Chicago, Ill. The Hutchinson Gallery of Old Masters and the Munger Gallery opened with a reception October 22, 1908; new galleries of the east wing opened October 19, 1909.
9. National Academy of Design, New York.
10. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
11. National Gallery of Art, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

12. National Sculpture Society, New York.
13. National Society of Mural Painters, New York.
14. American Water Color Society, New York.
15. New York Water Color Club, New York.
16. Art Museum, Worcester, Mass.
17. Walters Gallery, Baltimore, Md. The new gallery, housing the private collection of Henry Walters, was opened with a reception on February 3, 1909.
18. Wadsworth Athenæum, Hartford, Conn. Opened to the public in 1842; said to be the first building erected in the United States devoted entirely to the purposes of art. The Morgan Memorial Art Annex, founded by J. Pierpont Morgan in honor of his father, was dedicated January 19, 1910.
19. Yale School of Fine Arts, New Haven, Conn. Founded in 1864; the art museum includes the Jarvis and Trumbull collections.
20. Institute of Art, San Francisco, Cal.
21. Art Museum, Cincinnati, O.
22. City Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo. A city ordinance approved February 23, 1909, established a public museum of fine arts to be located in the building erected by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company in Forest Park, and presented to the city at the close of the exposition.
23. John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis, Ind.
24. Museum, Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, R. I.
25. Municipal Art Gallery, Chicago, Ill. Established in 1902 to contain works by Chicago artists.
26. Art Association, Museum, New Orleans, La.
27. Washington State Art Association, Seattle, Wash. Incorporated in March, 1906, "for the purpose of erecting and maintaining an art gallery and museum and establishing an art school."
28. Gibbes Memorial Art Gallery, Carolina Art Association, Charleston, S. C.
29. Telfair Academy, Savannah, Ga.
30. Fort Worth Art Association, Fort Worth, Tex. Organized February 13, 1910, to take over the management of the Fort Worth Museum of Art.
31. State Art Commission of Illinois. Created by the act of the General Assembly, June 4, 1909.
32. Isaac Delgado Museum of Art, New Orleans, La. Sum of \$150,000 given by the donor in 1910. Building now in process of erection.
33. St. Paul Institute of Arts and Sciences, St. Paul, Minn. Modelled on the plan of the Brooklyn Institute; incorporated April 28, 1908.
34. State Art Society, the Capitol, St. Paul, Minn.
35. Art Society and Museum, Minneapolis, Minn. Founded in January, 1910.
36. Detroit Museum of Art, Detroit, Mich. Two blocks purchased in centre of city in 1910 for the erection of a new museum.
37. Toledo Museum of Art, Toledo, O. New art gallery now being erected.
38. Portland Society of Art, Portland, Me. Museum building now being erected.
39. Art Association, Art Gallery, Portland, Ore. Reorganized 1909-10.
40. Art Association, University of Kansas, Art Gallery, Lawrence, Kan.
41. Art Association, Travelling Exhibitions, Richmond, Ind.
42. Cleveland Museum of Art, Cleveland, O. Plans have been drawn for an art gallery to be erected in Wade Park at a cost of about \$1,000,000.
43. State Art Society, Utah. Founded in 1898; the first of its kind. Annual exhibitions held in different parts of the State. Provision has been made for the erection of an art gallery in the new Capitol, where all the paintings purchased by the State will be gathered.

WILLIAM WALTON.





Drawn by Walter Biggs.

SIMON SHIFTED UNEASILY IN HIS SEAT.

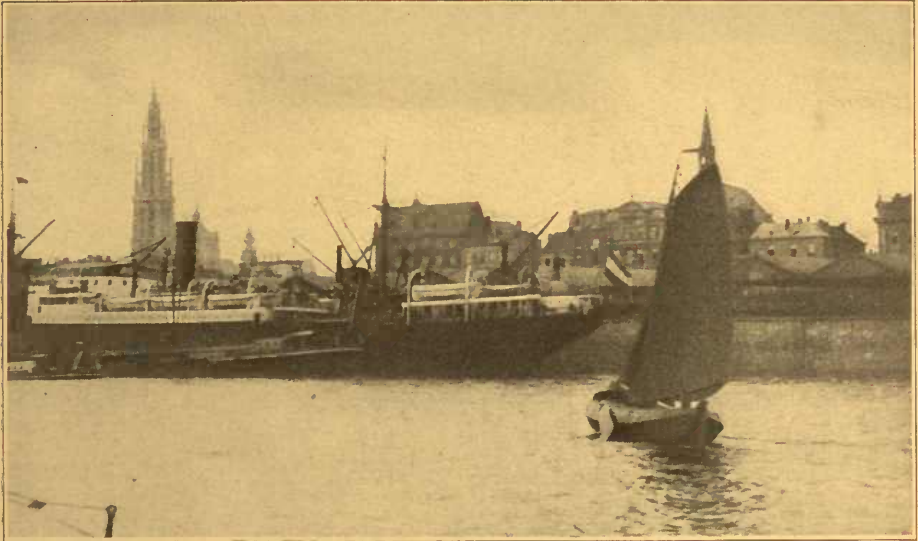
—"The Trick-Doctor," page 282.

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NO. 3



The dominating spire of the cathedral, rising as from a broken plain, is certainly the noblest landmark to greet the mariner's eye in any port.

THE WATER-SIDE OF ANTWERP

By Ralph D. Paine

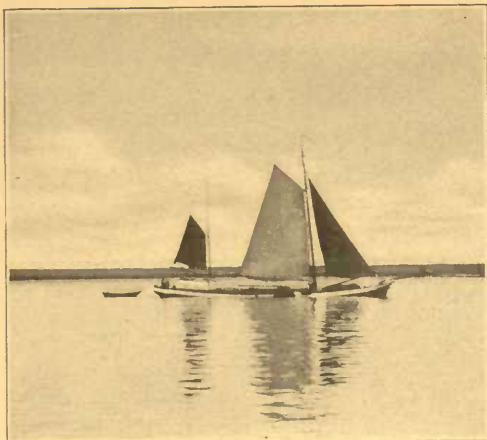
THE white-winged ship and the tarry breed of sailor-men are fast vanishing from the Seven Seas and with them pass forever much of the romance and mystery of blue water. Commerce hurries its cargoes from clime to clime in engine-driven steel troughs manned by sooty mechanics. The mellowed antiquity of the harbor front is swept away to make room for modern quays and machinery and the whole business of seafaring takes on a prosaic aspect. A few great ports there are, however, in which the immensely varied charm of the days that were pervades the present, where the spars of stately square-

riggers soar beside the squat funnels of tramp freighters, the electric hoisting crane purrs within sight of timbered warehouses that were crammed with spicy bales of merchandise before the *Mayflower* voyaged westward, and the landsman hears loudly singing in his ears the immemorial call of the ocean.

The tourist goes to Antwerp to see the cathedral, the paintings, and other storied attractions duly recommended in his red guide-book. It may reveal shockingly crude taste, but I, for one, would rather loaf at my leisure among the crowded docks and basins and along the swarming quays. There

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A deep-laden coaster steering down the river.

are other majestic cathedrals in Europe, and no lack of old masters, forsooth, but there is no water-side like that of the mighty port on the Scheldt, its atmosphere so mediæval, its equipment so amazingly modern. Up the broad estuary that leads from the North Sea, into the river held between the ramparts of the dykes, the shipping rolls home from all the world and Antwerp empties the holds to put the cargoes afloat again in vast flotillas of canal boats and barges which traverse the myriad waterways of Holland, Germany, and France.

It is this far-flung inland traffic by river and canal that has given Antwerp her rank among the greatest seaports, a prestige won almost four hundred years ago when her commerce was waxing more splendid than that of Genoa or Venice and the house-flags of her merchant princes floated over vessels in every known sea. There followed two centuries of such misery and stagnation as would have obliterated a

port less advantageously situated and broken the spirit of a people less tenacious. Battered and gutted, swept by the Spanish Fury, Antwerp was given no chance to rally and one generation after another of her burghers beheld the blockading fleets of the Dutch closing the Scheldt at Flushing to commerce in order that Amsterdam should have no rival. As recently as 1803 Napoleon found this melancholy city "little better than a heap of ruins," as he expressed it. The canals were choked with debris, the streets grass-grown, the wharves empty of shipping.

The greatness of Antwerp is therefore not a matter of slow growth but a renaissance, swift and brilliant. The

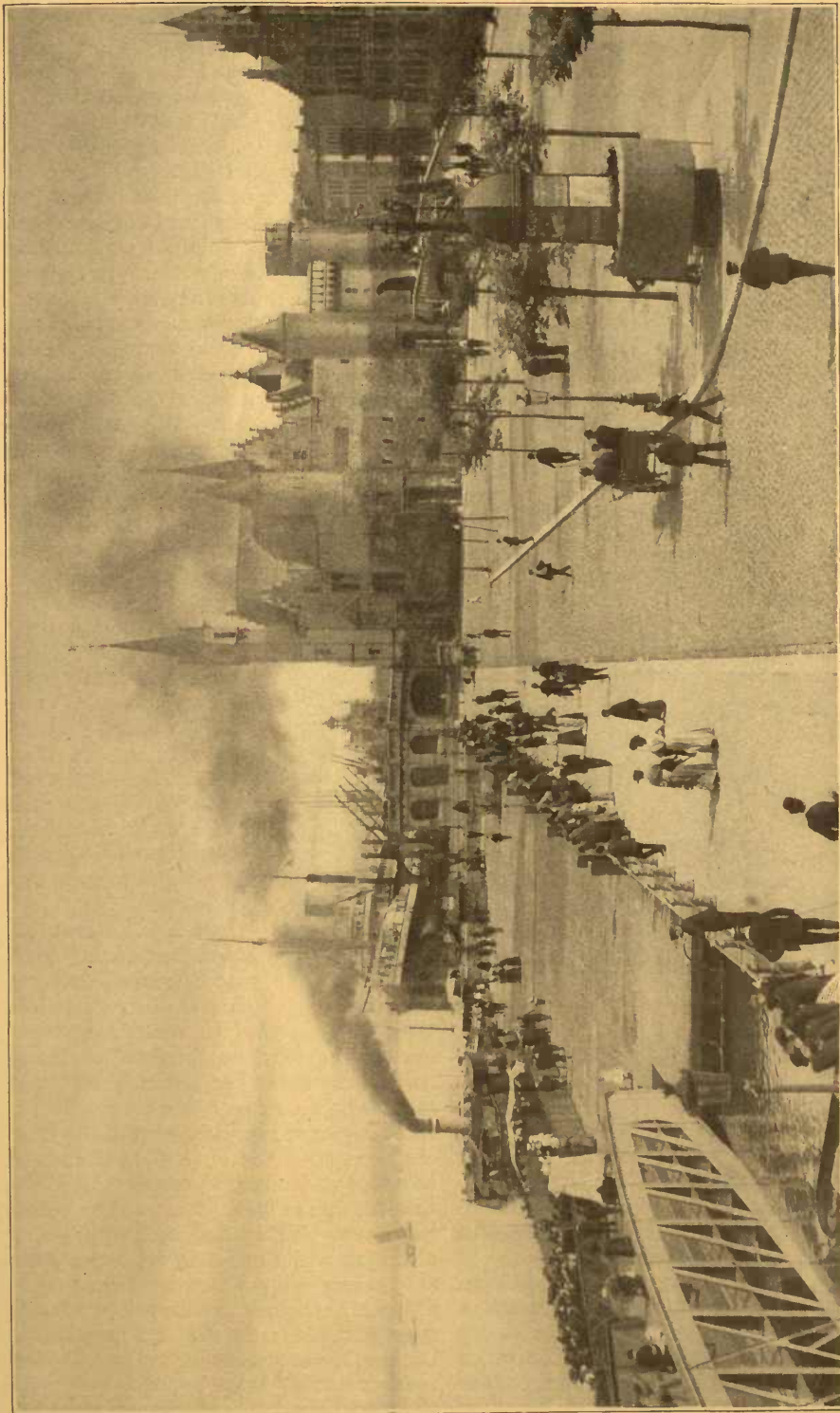
awakened Hamburg, giant of the north, is its only Continental rival, and the gaze of Germany is hostile and envious as she surveys the streams of traffic which flow in and out of the Rhine country through the gateway of the Scheldt. This river is the life blood of Belgium and of many thickly peopled regions beyond her bor-



Their models more like the lines of a wooden shoe than anything else.



The Dutch barges go dropping down the river to Hanswerth.



A German liner is berthed alongside the quay and the smoke from her funnels drifts across the gray towers of the Steen, which was the castle of the lords of Brabant.



The drowsy quiet of one of the ancient pools in the heart of the town.

ders. Held and lost by Spain, Holland, France, and Germany, it is one of the golden prizes of European dominion.

As one nears the entrance of the Scheldt from the North Sea, the surf foams on crumbling yellow beaches whose monotony is unbroken by rock or cliff or summit. To the northward, along the coast of Zeeland, stretches a watery landscape of shifting islands almost awash, wind-blown dunes, and eriant channels. As much of it as was worth fighting to reclaim as dry land, the sturdy courage of the Dutch has saved from the submersion which Nature obviously intended. Although the river and its commerce are no longer theirs, they

still hold the mouth of the Scheldt, the gateway to Antwerp, with Flushing as the key.

A few miles inland and the checkered patchwork of tilled fields fenced by tiny canals and the cheerful red-brick villages begin to drop below the surface of the river, a topsy-turvy phenomenon in which the keels of the shipping are level with steeple, roof and windmill. Along this elevated highway moves a singular variety of traffic under steam and sail. A deep-laden freighter from the Congo whistles for the right of way. Black seamen are chattering at her hatch-covers, and under the deck awning is a group of colonial officials bound home on leave, gaunt, sombre men dressed in tropical duck, who have been marooned for years in fever-stricken ports that the rubber, oil, and ivory might be fetched to Antwerp warehouses.

In her wake crawls a Norwegian steamer almost hidden under a deck-load of lumber which rises higher than

her bridge. Bad weather and a shift of cargo have listed her so far to port that the landsman expects her to capsize before his eyes. The skipper and his crew are used to living on a fearsome slant, however, and display practised agility in climbing up a deck that slopes like a house-top. If they find nothing to worry about, then the men of yonder sea-worn old sailing ship were not born to be drowned. Once a fine Scotch clipper in the Australian trade, she, too, brings lumber from Norway, and so rotten and strained are her timbers that the hull is wrapped about with four stout chains to hold it together.

Grimy colliers from Hull and Cardiff surge past French and Italian craft from the Mediterranean, whose disorderly decks are bright with the flash of red neckerchiefs and the glint of ear-rings. Ore boats from Spain, rusty tramps from Hong-kong and Manila with blue-clad Chinese crews, tall barks from the nitrate coast, cotton-laden steamers from Savannah and New Orleans, dodge the small fry leisurely steering for the canal route to Holland and the reaches of the Zuyder Zee. Dutch fishermen and coasters are working clumsily to windward with leeboards down, their models more like the lines of a wooden shoe than anything else, and long strings of barges blunder across the fairway.

At a bight of the broad river, fifty miles from the North Sea, Antwerp reveals itself behind an immense expanse of quays and docks and ships. Built on the low marshlands and surrounded by fat meadows which the Scheldt would overflow but for the dykes, the city has an inconspicuous sky-line beyond the water-front, and the dominating spire of the cathedral, rising as from a broken plain, is certainly the noblest landmark to greet the mariner's eye in any port.

The old world welcomes sea-borne commerce as a bulwark of the common welfare and provides every facility for shipping as a public duty and a profitable investment. It is only in the United States that improvements of this kind are begrudged or actively opposed. Antwerp is still tearing down, building, excavating, to find more room for the craft that swarm up the Scheldt to make her richer. All the



A fishing sloop in the William Dock.

rotting, picturesque wharves that belted the water-front in the Middle Ages were long ago obliterated and in their stead there stretches for three and a half miles a massive wall fashioned of cut stone. It rises sheer from deep water and along its length, moored stern and bow, ride the squadrons of ocean steamers flying the flags of a dozen nations. Often they must swing at anchor in the stream waiting for vacant berths at these spacious quays.

This extended parade of shipping makes an unusual appeal to one fond of things maritime. It is an exhilarating pageant. Other ports lack this *ensemble*. You see the vessels in glimpses, a dock here, a



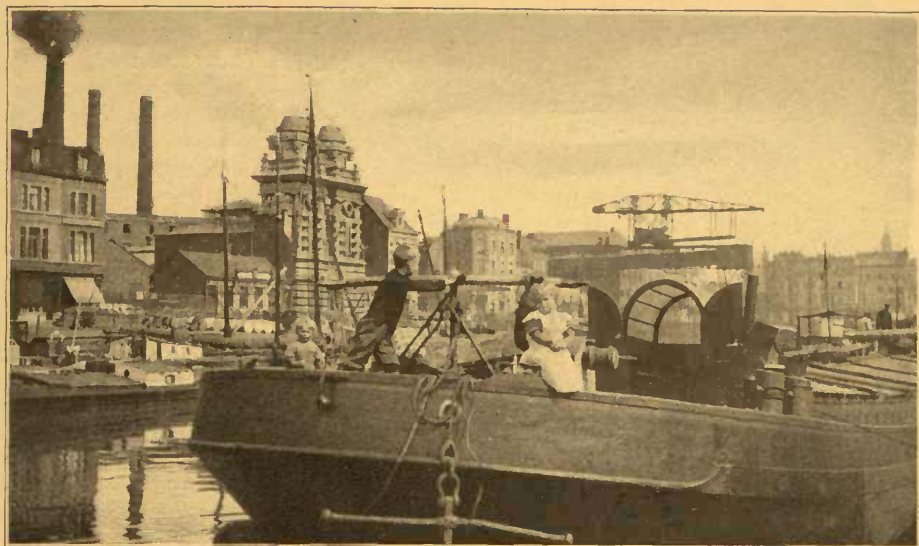
In the Bassin aux Briques.

group of wharves there. Antwerp proclaims herself for what she is. These miles of spray-stained funnels, canvas-screened bridges, the forest of derrick masts and stays, the towering hulls, fill the eye and make a picture that has the sweep and bigness of an epic. One steamer, by itself, may be commonplace. A hundred of them ranged in such a perspective as this thrill the imagination. They suggest the sights and sounds of so many distant seas through which their throbbing screws have driven them, so many exotic ports and peoples that have heard their anchors splash.

This great wall is something more than a resting-place for ships. They must make haste to finish their business and turn seaward again, to the River Plate, or the Straits Settlements, the shining harbors of the Caribbean, or the nearer havens of the Baltic and the Black Sea. Above their open hatches swing the huge arms of the hydraulic cranes marshalled along the wide floor of the quays, and always a legion of these quiet, powerful machines is lifting and lowering cases, bales, barrels, between the sheds and the vessels. No timbered, odorous old warehouses are these structures that roof the quays, but airy shelters of stone and metal, severely practical, astonishingly convenient for their uses. On the one side are the ships, on the other the railroad tracks to

make the transfer of merchandise as speedy and economical as possible. The activities of these imposing granite quays are so well-ordered and intelligent, their whole aspect so aggressively up-to-date, that the Yankee voyager, having his first sight of Antwerp from the Scheldt, forgets to boast of the enterprise of his native land and may, perchance, blush for the backwardness of New York and Boston.

With a certain gracious consideration for the pleasure and comfort of its people, the government of Antwerp was unwilling that the demands of commerce should deny them the fair prospect of the river and the ships. Accordingly a large extent of the Quay Van Dyck and the Quay Jordaens was covered over with terraces of stone to form the *Promenoirs*, reached by wide and easy stairways. Here is one of the most attractive sauntering places of Europe and on any pleasant afternoon it is thronged with men, women, and children. The salt wind gushes cool across the low lands, the stream is always populous with moving craft, and the dust and noise of the street traffic are made remote by intervening park-like spaces handsomely adorned. And this noble recreation area has been created at great cost in the heart of the shipping district of one of the busiest seaports of Europe.



Tow-headed children romp on the decks of their floating homes.

The *Promenoirs* link the mediæval and the modern Antwerp by means of notably contrasting scenes. A German liner is berthed alongside the quay and the smoke from her funnels drifts across the gray towers of the Steen, which was the castle of the lords of Brabant almost a thousand years ago. When Alva scourged the Netherlands the Steen was made the seat of the Inquisition, and a great number of Protestant heretics, doubtless many stout Flemish sailors among them, died of the torture in the dungeons into which the idler on the *Promenoirs* peers with an agreeable shudder. At the other end of these terraces rises the sculptured gateway, or *Waterpoort*, for which Rubens himself drew the designs. It holds a seated figure of the river god to signify that ancient Antwerp cherished worthy pride in her commerce and recognized the source of her strength.

Beyond the Steen beckon the tall façades of ornate buildings which housed the merchants of the Middle Ages, but before quitting the delightful *Promenoirs* and the spick-and-span quays, it seems a pity not to quote from a quaint little booklet easily worth its price of one shilling which conducts an extraordinary wrestling match with the English tongue and calls itself "The New Guide." Unsuspecting ship-masters from London and Liverpool some-

times buy it in the little shops of the seafaring quarter, and after blinking at its pages wag their heads with a solemn air and forthwith become total abstainers. It jars their simple intellects to read that "when her stock of tools shall be completed and improved, she, Antwerp, shall victoriously sustain the pacifical struggle for the economical predomination of the hemispheres," or that "the quais are daily visited by walkers interesting themselves in the light running of passing vessels, the gracious curve made by the meandering ferry boat and a picturesque enumeration of other sights."

It is well, however, to harken to the author's suggestion "if you will have a complete idea of the Antwerp agglomeration, please to visit some excentrical quarters and view a great deal of particularities which we have uselessly omitted." To find the oldest basins, such as had space to hold the small vessels of the mediæval Antwerp when the great shipping families of the Fuggers, the Stettens, and Spinolas were in their glory, one must seek, not the region of the great modern dock system down the river, but the part of town which lies just back from the quays.

These little pools, rimmed by decaying bulkheads and hidden among quaint, low-roofed Flemish dwellings, no longer float the argosies that once brought sugar and



The wooden canal boat . . . is making way for the steel barge. . . . Many of these steel barges are as long as ocean-going vessels.

the long inland voyages to Germany and France. They tow lazily among the green fields of Belgium, to the brick-yards of Boom, perhaps to bustling, prosperous Ghent or mouldering Bruges and the wide plains of Flanders, among the rows of pollards, embowered country houses, lush fields and woodland patches. They are no longer gay with bright paint, tar, and brass-work, but theirs is a self-respecting old age. Dirt or disorder can be found nowhere above or below decks.

The robust Flemish folk who man these boats are a placid race of mariners. There may be stir and noise along the quays, great ships coming and going, and sailors of many nations roaring songs among the cafés and dance halls, but a stone's throw away the old basins sleep in the sunshine. Nothing is ever hurried, no one excited. Tow-headed children romp on the decks of their floating homes or sprawl across the huge tillers, and now and then one of them falls over-

board to be fished out by a deliberate, matter-of-fact parent who counts such mishaps as in the day's work. spices from Portugal and Spain, silks from the East Indies, and silver from the New World. They have fallen to baser uses and are become the *Bassin aux Briques* or the *Bassin aux Charbons*. Even the new canal boats and barges carry much greater tonnage of merchandise than did those high-pooed arks of sailing craft in which the Dutch seamen of the sixteenth century ventured past the Cape of Good Hope.

These oldest basins, into which the tide flows gently through dark, narrow passages, are frequented by the shabby antiques of the canal flotillas. Not for these stubby sloops and weather-darkened barges are

board to be fished out by a deliberate, matter-of-fact parent who counts such mishaps as in the day's work.

The white caps of the women bob in and out of the tiny boxes of cabins. They somehow find room to stow their flocks and achieve other miracles of housekeeping. In summer the stove is set up on deck, and when dinner is cooking under the stern awnings of a dozen canal boats in a row, and the skippers, the deck-hands, and the children are wistfully grouped to watch mother deftly juggle her pots and pans, the old basin wears a picnic air and the impression that the life of these mar-

iners is one long holiday becomes more vivid than ever.

Alas, once in a great while a quarrel arises between two of these worthy skippers. The *Twee Gebrøeders* may have been moored to a piling which the *Marie Marthe* had reserved to tie up to, or there was the matter of that trifling collision when the tow ropes fouled during the last voyage. The principals jam their fists deep in their baggy breeches, stand very stiff in their wooden shoes, and face each other on the cobble pavement beside the basin to argue in slow, stubborn fashion. The laborers piling bricks forsake their tasks. The brawny women unloading bags of lime wipe the dust from their eyes and become interested spectators. The old gentleman nodding over a fishing-pole carefully coils his line and ambles within earshot. The business of the old basin moves at so leisurely a gait that little is needed to make it stand stock-still.

The hostile skippers continue to growl at each other, somewhat red of countenance but otherwise unheated. The respectful audience weighs and discusses the arguments in subdued chorus. Thus the quarrel drags its dignified length along until a compromise is threshed out. The observers appear pleased, whereas there are countries in which the tame conclusion would provoke disappointment. The skippers grin awkwardly and a pretty ceremony ensues. Each strikes his own hands sharply together and they exclaim in a guttural duet the mystic word "*Tap*" which signifies that the dissension is dead and done for. Then arm in arm they move toward the nearest



The traffic of the Kattendyck Dock. Here the barges are so thickly crowded that it is an easy matter to cross by stepping from one deck to another.

estaminet to sit at a table on the pavement and soberly sip a mug or two of beer in token of the amicable understanding. They do these things very well among the Antwerp basins of the old town, but it is a different matter when Spanish firemen and Greek coal-trimmers draw knives among the docks. Then the gendarmes are summoned.

This row of small antiquated harbors dug among the houses of the town is tucked away from the sight of the casual visitor. It is recommended as a refuge for tired nerves. The quiet boats, the slow, untroubled people, the surrounding and over-



A corner of the Quay Van Dyck

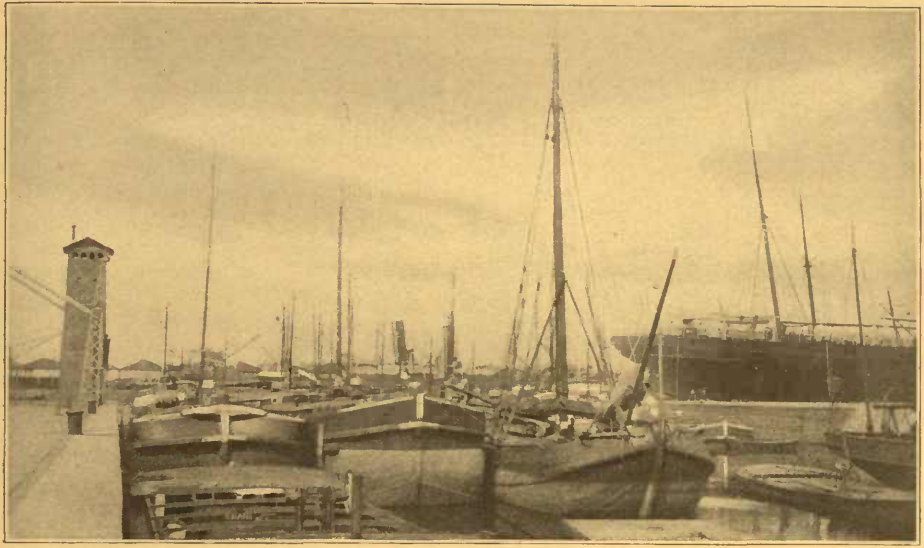
hanging edifices mirrored in the still water would have pleased Rip Van Winkle himself. It is to be presumed that this quarter of the town has not been thoroughly awakened since a prodigious explosion of dynamite shook Antwerp to its very foundations a generation ago.

Elsewhere in the city traffic moves at a brisker pace but without jostling or uproar. When one deep-water steamer is to be loaded in New York, Front Street is a little inferno of blockaded trucks, straining horses, and blasphemous drivers. The pedestrian is appalled and takes his life in his hands as he dodges through the tangle of vehicles. Twenty ships are laden and depart from Antwerp with less commotion. The great Flemish dray horses plod with a kind of majesty. Their coats shine like satin, the harness is effulgent with brass plates, bells, and dingle-dangles. The Belgians are proud of these mighty horses which pull the ponderous carts and low-wheeled trucks without urging. Their sedate, unhurried pace is that of the port, immensely efficient, yet wasting no effort.

The laborers of the docks and quays, and there is an army of twenty-five thousand of them, maintain this same plodding gait, but the day's business of Antwerp is done and well done. The wisdom of the world has not been cornered in the fevered

land of Uncle Sam. The thorough, painstaking Flemish and Dutch have solved the problem of transacting a vast amount of commerce with the least possible wear and tear. It is characteristic of the people and their traditions that when this multitude of longshoremen went on strike several years ago they made such a thorough, stubborn job of it that a civil war raged. Inflamed to violence by the rampant faction of Belgian socialists, they burned millions of dollars' worth of warehouses and merchandise and fought the regular troops. The Spanish aforetime had some experience with this native spirit of resistance in the Low Countries.

During a century of maritime expansion the system of docks has been extending further and further from the heart of the city. The earliest of these were constructed by order of Napoleon whose farsighted purpose was to create a powerful and menacing seaport, opposite the mouth of the Thames, as his chief naval station. "Antwerp must avail itself of the immense advantages of its central position between the North and South," he declared, "and of its magnificent and deep river." Had Waterloo and St. Helena not intervened he would have made it the foremost port and fortress of Europe a century ago.



The clustered barges that float away to France and Holland.

These two docks of his, called *Bonaparte* and *William*, were designed to hold the ships of the French navy. Their walls of solid masonry were built to endure, and within these spacious shelters and their broad connecting canal five hundred vessels of moderate tonnage can be moored without crowding. Sluice gates shut out the booming tide of the Scheldt with its rise and fall of from twelve to twenty feet. Daily at flood-tide these barriers are opened and the basins display an animated movement to and fro, of picturesque small craft, archaic hulls and rigging, colored sails, bright costumes.

Even here, however, utilitarian modernity is changing time-honored sights and customs. The wooden canal boat, gay with red flower-pots, green-and-white paint work and other adornments, is making way for the steel barge. This modern inland carrier has naught to charm the artistic eye but it is transforming the methods of transportation in northern Europe. Many of these steel barges are as long as ocean-going vessels. They suggest more than anything else the steamers of the Great Lakes stripped of funnels and forward deck-houses. Some of them are propelled by gasolene engines. They are a product of the commercial Germany of to-day and their trade is largely in the valley of the

Rhine. Their cargoes are transferred at trifling expense from the steamers alongside, and with perhaps a thousand tons of grain and merchandise aboard they swim away on voyages of weeks and months.

These uncouth giants of the canals are commonplace to behold, but as one of them floats out past the sluice gate bound for her distant port, the heart of the beholder is mildly stirred by the spirit of adventure. It was from an Antwerp basin that Stevenson embarked on his own "Inland Voyage" by canoe, and was moved to exclaim:

"Of all the creatures of commercial enterprise, a canal barge is by far the most delightful to consider. There should be many contented spirits on board, for such a life is both to travel and to stay at home. The chimney smokes for dinner as you go along; the banks of the canal slowly unroll their scenery to the contemplative eye; the barge floats by great forests and through great cities with their public buildings and their lamps at night; and for the bargee in his floating home, 'travelling abed,' it is merely as if he were listening to another man's story or turning the leaves of a picture book in which he had no concern."

The Dutch barges go dropping down the river to Hanswerth and steer north behind the outlying barrier of islands, through canal and estuary, to find their way to Am-

sterdam, Rotterdam, Schiedam, and Haarlem. Others are loading to fare slowly from the easterly arm of the Scheldt across Belgium and into the Rhine for Cologne, Mannheim, Duisburg, and Strasburg. Here also are the skippers who have re-

Meuse, past the rugged steeps and dark forests of Ardennes.

The gossip of the basins runs on in a medley of tongues, Flemish, Dutch, Walloon, French, and German. Time was when the *Bonaparte* and *William* docks heard much

of the speech of the down-east Yankee and the Novia Scotia "blue-nose." Then the stately clippers drove a mighty trade in cased and barrelled petroleum and their main-yards brushed the roofs of warehouse and tavern. They warp into dock no more to the stirring chorus of deep-sea chanties, and the Yankee seaman in Antwerp deserves a place among the collections of marine curiosities in the halls of the Steen.

I know a red-bearded viking of a ship-master who is wont to survey this part of Antwerp with a kind of reminiscent wistfulness. Recalling the days of his youth he grumbles:

"It was different when the schooners used to fill the south side of the dock yonder. Ah, there was a fleet that made sailing something like fun. We used to go to Tienen Major, to the southward of Santander, to fetch back iron and copper ore. Sometimes there would be thirty or forty sail of us, waiting for weeks to get over the bar. The men lay on the sand and played



The great Flemish dray horses plod with a kind of majesty.

turned with cargoes picked up among the carpet factories of Charleroi, the flax mills of Courtrai, and the coal mines of the Borinage which blacken the landscape for miles around Mons. Or pleasanter still is it to sprawl on the edge of the dock and hear the rambling talk of voyages to France, through the Oise and along the vale of the

cards, and the cigars and wine were cheap and good, while the Spanish women brought the ore off in little baskets on their backs. Tell me, my friend, wasn't that better than jamming along in a cargo steamer on a time charter and the owner damning the skipper's eyes if he is two days overdue?"



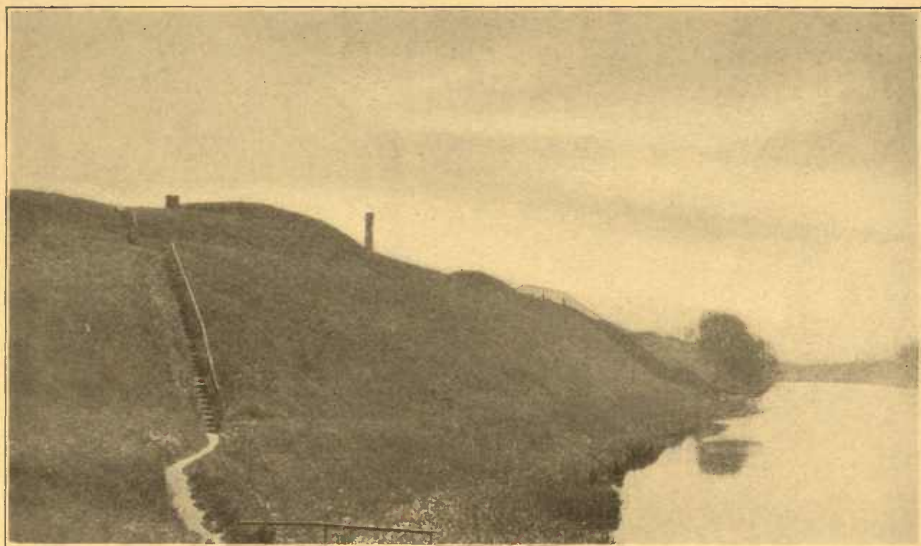
Flemish women sweeping hides on the quay.

The sailor ashore in Antwerp finds no such slums as disgrace the harbor-side of London, Liverpool, or, worst of all, New York. The water-front has been so swept and garnished and adorned that one misses the characteristic haunts of Jack in mad haste to fling away the hard-earned wages that blister his pockets. One must explore

the narrow, crooked streets that lie just back of the William Dock in the old town where Skipper Straat dips underneath the old church, and the crews of all nations come footing it from the ships to enjoy the lively diversions of the *Swarte Kaat*. Here the hurdy-gurdy makes a joyful noise from dark till dawn and tireless elbows ply



When the high-sided cargo steamers moor in one of the modern docks.



A bit of the fortifications which are being removed to make room for more docks.

the fiddle bow. Much music, good beer, and buxom Flemish girls to dance with,—what more can a sailor ask? He does very well without the bad whiskey that curses most seaports, and his life ashore in Antwerp has a pleasanter flavor, is less sordidly vicious than in an Anglo-Saxon environment.

Dutch, Portuguese, Flemish, Italian, Congo blacks, Japanese and what not, they good-naturedly drift from dance hall to sidewalk café or crowd the famous Punchinello Kelder hard by the *Blood Barg* and shout polyglot approval of the mimic actors whose pantomime needs no explanation. When the performance is not up to par, however, custom ordains that bad eggs should be hurled with a reckless ardor that causes a casual visit to be classed as extra hazardous. When it so happens that a stalwart seaman or stoker has to wipe his own eyes clear of a passé omelet, trouble is apt to start without further notice.

"I don't know why it is," said my ship-master friend aforesaid, "but ever since I was a younker before the mast the sailors have liked to go to the Punchinello Kelder and amuse themselves by throwing rotten eggs at the show and one another, if they happen to feel like it."

The life and backgrounds of these little streets, the vistas of gilded gateways, now tarnished and forlorn, of fretted gables

overlooking court-yards given over to decay, of brick mansions faced with marble that have become the noisy haunts of sailors, recall, as can no other quarter of the town, that Antwerp portrayed in the painting which hangs in the Hotel de Ville, of the burgomaster welcoming the first sugar ships to arrive from the Canary Isles in the faraway year of 1508, only two years after the death of Christopher Columbus.

North of this quarter and beyond the old basins of Napoleon, extends the series of great modern docks, like so many lakes framed in stone and concrete, joined by a network of sluices and canals. There is the *Bassin Kattendyck*, the *Bassin Asia*, the *Bassin America*, and half a dozen more, hundreds of acres of them, costing many millions of dollars. Merely to walk among them is to discover that the magnificent quays reveal only a part of the port's activities. Here the barges are so thickly crowded that it is an easy matter to cross by stepping from one deck to another. Their crews and families are like village communities. These humble navies are servants to the ranks of high-sided cargo steamers moored along the walls.

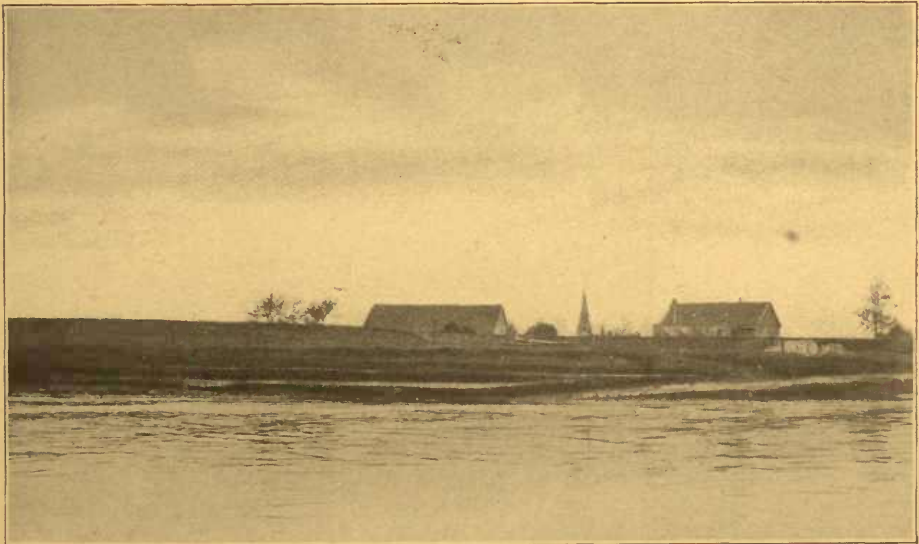
The scenes are like those along the city water-front except for the clustered square-rigged ships. As they come home one by one from beyond the Horn, the few survivors of the American sailing ship era of

glorious memory are towed to the graveyard of Erie Basin to be dismantled and end their days as melancholy coal hulks. In such a port as Antwerp, however, it is still possible to find many four-masted ships and handsome barks in active service in the deep-water trade. Without them a seaport is a picture incomplete, inadequate. They satisfy the love of salty romance and adventure as nothing else can. It is something deeper than sentimental fancy that mourns the obliteration of this, one of the loveliest and most inspiring fabrics of man's handiwork.

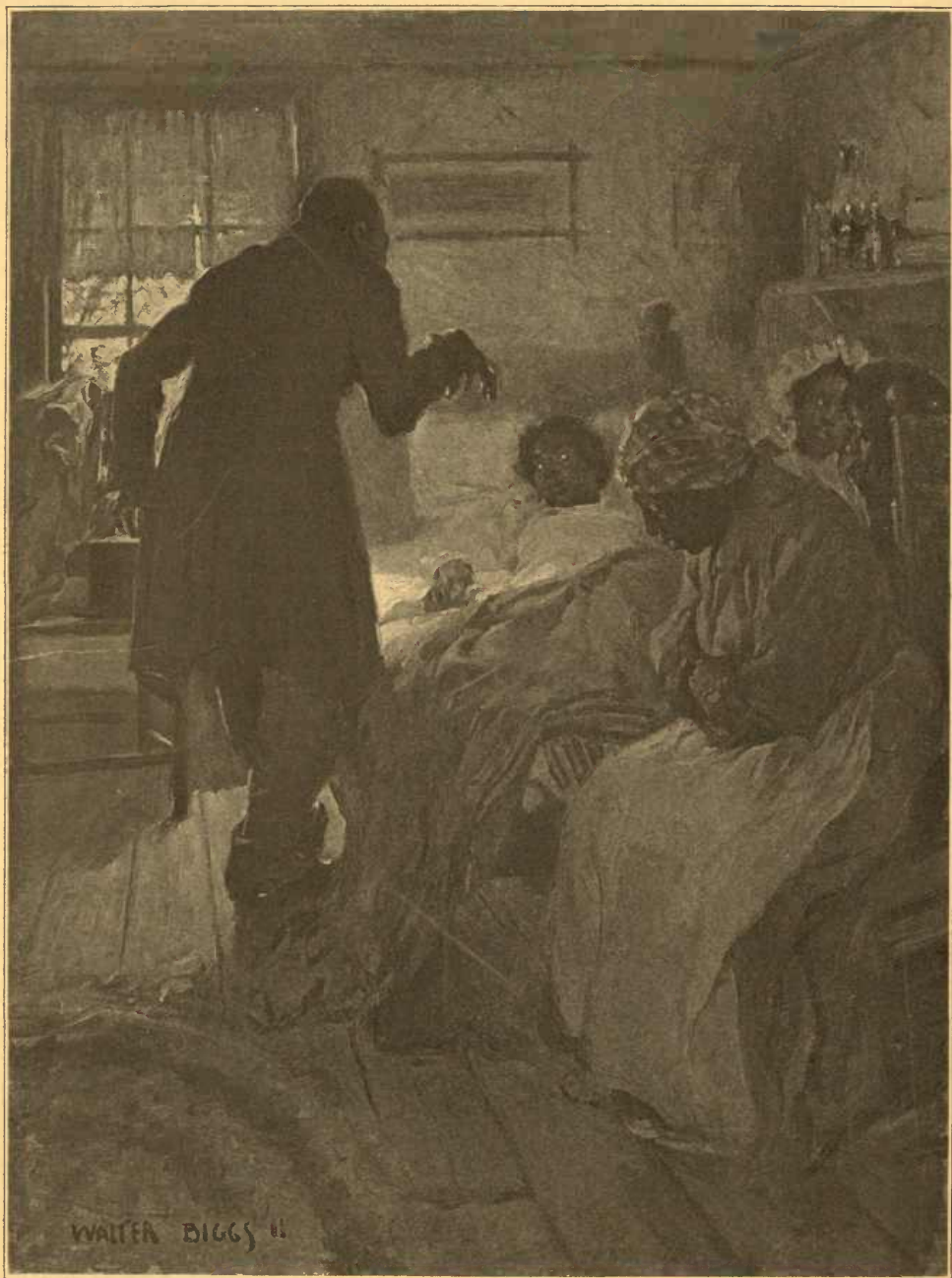
There is no jumbled background of warehouses and grain elevators, coal-hoists and derricks, to detract from the romantic prospect of the sailing ships in the docks of Antwerp. Behind them unfold the flat green meadows, the sweeping curve of the river, the swelling mounds of the grass-grown fortifications, and the silver ribbon of moat. The barges huddled alongside may float in drowsy safety and contentment along the sluggish streams of the back countries, but

these splendid ships have a braver destiny, to battle close-reefed with the gales of the Western Ocean and lift gleaming spires of canvas to the breath of the Pacific trades. Their captains courageous, English, German, and French, belong to a species almost extinct, tanned, resolute men who walk the quays with a deep-sea roll.

The Antwerp boulevards are pleasant places for a leisurely stroll at the twilight hour, but there is a better place to be, down where the great docks and dykes march beside the gleaming river. Against the violet sky the slender spars and mazes of rigging of the sailing ships are etched in confused, delicate tracery. The clank and clatter of commerce are stilled. The long-shoremen have trooped homeward and sailors are singing upon the forecastle-heads. Cabin windows begin to show cheery little patches of light among the shadows. The sound of the cathedral chimes comes clear and sweet across the lowlands and the tinkling music of ships' bells proclaims the hour from a hundred decks.



A village behind the dykes of the Scheldt, between Antwerp and the sea.



Drawn by Walter Biggs.

At the moment he was making slow passes with his hands.—Page 277.

THE TRICK-DOCTOR

By Thomas Nelson Page

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER BIGGS

I



T was some years ago, before the old relation between the "white folks" and their old "servants" in Virginia had so changed as it has of late, and yet when the change

had already begun.

In the late afternoon of a spring day, Doctor Hunter had just come in from his rounds about the neighborhood, and had laid his hat and gloves on the old piano in the sitting-room, and placed his worn riding-whip beside them in a wilderness of books, flowers, and nondescript articles, when the door opened and his wife entered. She appeared always to know by some instinct when her husband arrived.

"I did not see you ride up," she said, as if she had failed in some duty. "You didn't get to see Jane?"

"No," said her husband, "I did not get down in the direction of The Bend—I was detained—that child was so sick. I will go there the first chance I have—I don't suppose there is much the matter with her—except malaria."

Mrs. Hunter looked sympathetic. Jane had been a favorite servant, and now she was ill. "I am afraid she is in rather a bad way. Old Moses was here to-day and he reports her as very badly off. He seems to be in great trouble about her. He was very anxious to see you. He says there is a man up here from the city—a sort of preacher who is turning the people against him—wants to be the preacher at Mt. Hagar, himself."

The Doctor grunted—"I heard down the road that there was a young city negro up here stirring them up. I must look into it."

"He was very much disturbed about Jane," said Mrs. Hunter, "I will see if he has gone." She left the room.

"Hysteria, probably—" mused the old physician. "She may be mad."

A few moments later there was a knock on the door, and a tall, elderly negro man, very black and with bushy white hair, entered. His white collar gleamed high against his black skin. In his hand he carried an old and much battered beaver hat, which he deposited carefully on the floor.

"Good-evenin', master."

"Howdy do, Moses? How is everything with you?" inquired the Doctor.

"Tollerble, master—tollerble, suh—ev'y-thing is tollerble, thankee, suh—Yes, suh—. How is you, master?" It was the old form of salutation.

"I'm pretty well, thank you. How is Jane? Your mistress tells me that she has been ailing?"

The Doctor spoke as if the old man had not replied at all.

"Yes, suh—Jane—she's tollerble po'ly. I'se right smart troubled about her, suh—yes, suh."

"What is the matter with her?"

"Well, suh, I don't rightly know. Some folks thinks she's been—" He shambled and hesitated, and glanced around the room—"some folks thinks as how she mus' 'a been tricked," he added with conviction.

"Ah! Tricked? I thought, Moses, you had more sense."

"Well, suh, I don't edzactly say as I thinks so; but some folks thinks so—her mammy thinks so—and she certainly do act mighty irresponsible—yes, suh, she certainly do."

The Doctor reflected. "Who says she's been tricked? How long has this been going on?"

The old man laid one long, black forefinger in the horny palm of the other hand and began to count—"Dthat young man have been here five Sundays—or, maybe, hit's six—I disremembers which it is rightly—and she was tooken just about de second week after he come."

"What young man?" The Doctor was interested.

"I am trying to save your daughter, and this will do it if you do as I tell you."

The old man took it, trembling, holding it much as if it were a coal of fire.

"Yes, suh. Yes, suh, I'm gwine do jest like you say—on'y I'se sort o' skeered o' dem things——"

"Your daughter will be one of them soon if you don't follow my instructions," said the Doctor.

"Yes, suh, I'm gwine to foller 'em, sho," faltered the old negro.

"Well, don't let that young man know anything about it——"

"Nor, suh, he ain' gwine know nuttin' 'tall about it. I ain' gwine to say a word to nobody——"

"And if you can keep that rascal away from there, so much the better—in fact, you must keep him away——"

"Yes, suh, I am gwine to do dat too—ef I kin," he added with a touch of pathos——

"Well, if you can't, I can," said the Doctor, "and, maybe, it would be just as well to let him be there when I come; but don't let him know I am coming, you hear——"

"Nor suh—I won't do dat," said Moses.

II

THE road which the Doctor took next day lay through a low-lying district of swamps and "mashes" in the bend of the river from which it took its name, "The Bend." Here the negroes in the first flush of freedom had established a settlement, where they lived to themselves.

When the Doctor arrived at the old preacher's house, he was impressed by the fact that it was the best of the score or more of homes that composed the colored settlement. Most of them were ordinary cabins with little clearings of an acre or two about them and a rickety out-building or two near by. But Moses' home was a two-story, frame structure with a little porch, and the out-buildings were in good shape, while the fields about the place showed the care of a good and industrious farmer.

"Naboth's Vineyard," reflected the Doctor, as he cast his eye over the signs of thrift. His gaze rested on a buggy, with a scrawny horse hitched to it, standing near the door, and an expression of speculation came into his mild eyes.

As, having tied his horse, he approached the door the sound of a woman's moaning, accompanied now and then by a man's voice in a high nasal tone, caught his ear. He paused and listened. The woman appeared to be in much pain or distress; and the man was explaining it; for fragments of the colloquy reached the Doctor.

"Yes—you are worse than you were—You feel worse, don't you?"

"Yes, sir——"

"As I told you— Your enemy is after you again——"

The woman groaned and there was a buzz within from some one else. "I felt sure of it—all the signs related it— As I told you, you must put yourself in my hands before I can help you. Do that and I can cure you—otherwise you have not long to live."

"Yes, suh."

"If your father will sign the paper I can cure you—if not, I am powerless— The malign influence is too strong— The power of evil that keeps him from helping me to take away the spell on you, keeps you in misery and will sink you in torment——"

There was a moan of fear attended by the low expostulation of some one.

"Now, I will show you— Although I removed two days ago the conjure-bag that your enemy put in your bed, I will show you that another one has been placed there since— You will all see——"

The buzz within grew louder—and at that moment the Doctor walked up, and pushing the door wide open, stepped inside.

The apparition brought the proceedings within to a sudden halt.

In the little room which was partly darkened by a thin red curtain hung over the single window were a half-dozen persons, most of them seated around the fire. In a corner the patient, a young woman, very black, but now ashy with terror, lay in bed, her eyes now drooping, now fastened on the man who stood above her. At the foot of the bed sat an old woman with arms folded, rocking backward and forward in mingled fear and grief, two or three young slatterns sat a little further away, their expression divided between apprehension and curiosity, while over the bed of the terrified patient bent a young, slim mulatto dressed in a long, loose, black coat.

At the moment he was making slow passes with his hands. On his fingers were a number of rings, and about his neck were hung two or three chains and strings of beads to which were attached a number of charms.

At the apparition of the Doctor there was a sudden cessation of the incantation. The young man straightened up and fell back from the bed with an exclamation of surprise—the women rose from their chairs.

"Hello! What is going on here?" demanded the Doctor. He addressed the conjurer. "What are you doing to that woman?"

"I am her physician— She is very sick and I am endeavoring to cure her." He had recovered himself and was trying to impress the spectators.

"You look like a physician— You are endeavoring to kill her—and appear to be in a fair way of doing it." He turned to her mother. "Where is Moses?"

"He has to go to see the Justice—" began the woman—

"He was unexpectedly called away this morning," interrupted the young mulatto—

"And you are taking advantage of his absence to kill his daughter—"

"No, sir, I am employing the means of Psychotheripee to relieve her pains."

"Psycho—what?" demanded the Doctor, taking a paper from his pocket, and holding it out to him. "Write that down."

"Psychotheripee— You have surely heard of that?"

"Oh, yes— I have heard of it. Go ahead and write it down."

"Well, you see," began the young man, "I don't happen to have a pen and ink."

"I have a pencil," said the Doctor inexorably, handing him one.

He walked to the door and, glancing out, said, "Come in Moses, I want you to see 'the doctor' work." The old negro came in somewhat reluctantly and took a seat near the Doctor which the latter had indicated. His expression was one of great gravity.

The mulatto took the pencil and turned to the window. He knew that the eyes of all the negroes were on him and he was on trial. He wrote slowly and handed it to the Doctor, who read the word, "Sychertheripee."

"Ah, yes," he said, and put the paper back in his pocket. Now go ahead and let me see how you proceed."

The negro looked at him keenly and then swept the room with a swift glance. All eyes were fastened on him. It appeared to decide him.

"Well, you see," he began, in a voice intended to impress the audience, "I cannot guarantee that the supernatural powers will testify their presence in the company of—er—strangers— They require a sympathetic audience—"

"Oh! nonsense!" said the Doctor, rousing up a little. "Go ahead, and let us see, or else confess yourself an imposter."

"No, sir, I am not that," declared Simon. "I will give you the proof—if I can get the proper—er—atmosphere."

"Humph!" grunted the Doctor. "Open the door, Moses."

"No, I don't mean that— I have light enough—"

The Doctor's grunt this time was one of contempt.

"Don't open it," he said to the old negro, who was proceeding to carry out his order, and now stood near it. Turning his back to the window the Doctor settled himself as if for a nap, only his feet were drawn up close to his chair. The mulatto continued to talk on monotonously, addressing the others, but evidently to impress the Doctor. He moved about quietly, ostentatiously pulling up his sleeves and he "discoursed" of the wonderful dealings of the spirits, using a curious jargon of mingled lingo and scientific terms.

As the negro with much talk and many movements of the hands and arms proceeded to perform his acts of legerdemain—so wonderful to the ignorant, so natural to the initiated—his dusky audience were wrought up gradually to the highest pitch of wonderment and alarm—and exclamations half religious, half terror constantly broke from them, which gradually appeared to act on the trick-doctor and excite him to renewed acts. Now and then he cut his eye at the Doctor, who appeared to have lost interest in him and was now on the border-land of a doze. At length, the trick-doctor appeared satisfied. He gave a last shrewd glance at the Doctor whose eyes were almost closed.

"I feel sure that the evil spirits have been at work. You all see that I have nothing in my hands—" He waved them in the dusk, palms down—"I will now show you that I was right. The trick has been worked again. I feel sure that I shall find in the mattress the same bag which I discovered there the other day. Watch the chimney—one of you—" All eyes turned toward the fireplace. He leaned over the bed.

At this moment there was a slight noise behind him—an arm shot by him and his right hand was seized with a grip of iron. "Open the door, Moses," said the Doctor—"Ah! I thought so— Look there." He had given the trick-doctor's arm a wrench which brought the palm into view, and there held fast in the palm by the Doctor's firm clutch was a little black bag. The Doctor caught it as it dropped on the bed. "Get out," he said, as he turned the mulatto loose and moved to the door where with his pocket knife he cut the bag open. It contained the usual assortment of charms: hair, tacks, a dried frog, a beetle or two, etc., etc. The other occupants crowded about him with wide eyes while he inspected them, but now and then turned their gaze timidly on the sorcerer who stood glowering in the rear, and one or two of them after a moment at a sign from him moved back nearer to him, where he began to whisper to them the explanation that that was a trick which the person who laid the spell sometimes performed. "You all saw that I didn't have anything in my hand," he whispered sullenly.

The Doctor caught his meaning if not his words. He turned on him sharply. "Get out," he waved toward the door. "There'll be an officer here for you soon." He stood pointing to the door and the mulatto passed out with an angry look in his eye.

The Doctor watched him climb in the buggy with the lean horse and drive slowly down the road into the woods.

Then he turned to the patient. When he finished his examination, he said, "I'll cure her if you keep that rascal away from here—if not, he will kill her."

"Yes, suh, I'll keep him away," said Moses.

"And if you can't keep him away, I can—"

"Yes, suh, I'll keep him away from heah now," said Moses firmly. He had been overawed, hitherto, by his belief in the supernatural; but now that this terror was disposed of he was on ground that he knew, and was gaining courage every second, as he showed next moment. A whisper and nervous giggle among the women at his back caught his ear. He turned on them—"Aint you got no better manners 'n dthat?" he demanded sternly. "Don't le' me have to speak to you agin—and don't any of you try to git dthat man back heah agin—I don' want to have to lay meh han' 'pon none o' you—cause it's heavy."

As the women shrank back abashed, he turned again to the Doctor.

"Yes, suh, I'll keep him away from heah," he said, with the dignity of an old chief. "He may git meh chutch; but he won't git dis place—not ef evy woman whar wyahs a shif on dthis river perishes."

"Now, come with me home," said the Doctor, "and I will give you something that will cure her. If there is any more tricking tried, I will take a hand in it myself."

"Yes, suh," said Moses with conviction—"I been see you." He had in mind the Doctor's conversation with the skeleton.

When Moses returned home from the Doctor's he bore with him certain compounded drugs in which that experienced practitioner placed much reliance in cases of malaria and all its attendant troubles. But he had also that in which he himself placed more reliance. He had got the Doctor to find and mark for him in his Bible every reference to the miracles of Moses and to the sorcerer, Simon. For Moses had still one more battle to fight.

The young mulatto, with his college education and his wonderful performances, had made too deep an impression on the sable element of the community to be disposed of by a single encounter. It was indeed generally given out that he had won the contest and established his power. He had circulated the story that he had found the charm, and the Doctor had proved it. The fact that he had had it in his hand all the time was denied by a half-dozen witnesses.

The Doctor had advised Moses to unmask the rascal and prove to his neighbors and flock how his tricks were performed; but Moses knew a trick worth two of that.

He also knew his flock better than the Doctor did. He proposed to unmask his rival, but in a way that would relieve him of future peril. Accordingly, he took his own course. For the remainder of that week he plunged in study of the Bible, and only emerged to discourse of the learning and power of his former master, to drop dark hints of his interviews with the dead in the secret sanctum of his office, and to prophesy as to the wonders that would be shown the following Sunday.

Meantime the Doctor had some correspondence with the authorities back in the region from which Dr. Simon Jambers had, according to his own account, come. The result was reassuring—and before the end of a week a stranger with a quiet, unemotional face and cold eyes came from the city with a letter to the Doctor from his correspondent there.

"That is not his name," said the detective. "His real name is Simon Jones, but he has a number of aliases. If he is the man we want, he is a keen one. He is a great hand at legerdemain and has got piles of money out of the fools that trust him."

"He is the man," said the Doctor.

"But how can we catch him? He is as sly as a rat."

"We will find him at church Sunday evening," said the Doctor. "He is to preach there——"

The detective rarely smiled; but he did now. "He must be the one," he said.

III

THE following Sunday night the large colored church in the woods which the negroes had first called Mt. Zion, but which had come to be known as "Mt. Hagar," because the Doctor had, with some humor, dubbed it "Mt. Hagar in the Wilderness," was packed to more than its capacity. Both within and without its whitewashed walls the sable congregation teemed and steamed. For it was known that that night the old preacher, Brother Moses Johnson, was to preach his farewell sermon. His rival, "Preacher Simon Jambers," whose wonderful powers as a trick-doctor were by report only equalled by his gifts as a preacher, had according to rumor supplanted him, and Moses had to go. The younger man was, it is true, a new-comer, and no one

knew much about him; but he had education and he had made a deep impression on the newly freed congregation. He could read fluently at sight anything shown him, and it was even asserted by some, mainly on his own testimony, that he could read a "dead language," which only the most learned white people could read. Besides this, he had, according to all reports, shown powers which no other "colored white-gent'man had" ever been known to possess, at least in equal degree. He not only could lay spells—which others could do—though they were mainly old persons; but he could divine, and he could exorcise—in the language of the negroes he could tell if anybody had "put a trick upon you," and "ef you'd jest trus' him," he could take it off—and it was more than half believed that he could "put a trick" or spell on a person himself.

Had the big preaching at Mt. Hagar, at which Moses was to preach his last sermon, taken place a week earlier, there is no telling what the effect would have been. In the preceding weeks Doctor Simon had as good as ousted Brother Moses from his cure and had so wrought on his flock that there was great danger that the old man would be driven out of the community, if indeed he did not suffer bodily harm at the hands of his excited flock. The new-comer had begun to regard the old man's place as his own, for at that time it was known throughout the neighborhood that the young negro was working in this direction, and with his power to cast spells, few negroes cared to resist him. The last week, however, had brought a certain change in the case. It became known that the Doctor—the "sho'-nough Doctor" as they called him—had been down to see the chief object of the new-comer's ministrations and had openly scouted with derision the idea that he possessed any occult powers. "He is just a plain, every-day charlatan and rascal," declared the Doctor to every one he came across. Certainly, something had occurred which had given Moses the power to "stand up against him" and, furthermore, Moses, who had been in abject terror of him but a week or two before, now appeared not only to fear him no longer, but actually to have the courage to withstand him. Still, there were many adherents of the new man who stuck to him and con-

tended that he not only had the powers he claimed, but would display them signally that night at Mt. Hagar. "Jes' wait," they said, and shook their heads ominously at the dire possibilities at which they hinted so mysteriously.

Thus, long before the hour when the preaching usually began, the grove about the building was filled with vehicles of every description, from old single-stick gigs and rickety, high-pitched carriages, which had somehow survived the war and come into possession of their sable owners, to new buggies, shiny with oil-cloth, and farm wagons bristling with chairs. The church itself bulged with the congregation and the sound of intermittent chanting began to arise and float out at the windows with the pungent odor of the "musky, oiled skin of the Kaffir." The platform was filled with chairs for the inordinately solemn and important-looking elders, mostly with gray hair, and two larger chairs were placed well to the fore on either side near the pulpit for the rivals. The building could not hold the congregation that had assembled.

The afternoon had been peculiarly close and sultry with heat-lightning and the distant rumble of thunder to the westward, and as the dusk fell the clouds began to deepen along the western horizon and the grumble of thunder took on a deeper and more ominous sound. The young preacher was on the field early in the impressiveness of a black coat and shiny beaver, and with a dazzling watch chain. His smug air of assurance encouraged his followers and cast a corresponding gloom over the older part of the congregation.

Moses, however, was later than usual in reaching the church—so late, indeed, that before his appearance there was considerable discussion going on as to whether he would appear at all, many declaring that he did not dare to meet the test. He had been seen that afternoon going in the direction of the old Doctor's and had not been heard of since. This report was beginning to take on the form of his having been seen in flight from the neighborhood when, just after a long rumble of thunder, the old man appeared, with his old high hat and long flowing coat, coming down a woodland path, his old Bible under his arm and his heavy stick clutched in his hand. As he passed across the rough church-yard,

though he acknowledged with a silent bow the half suppressed greetings of the groups near him, he looked neither to the right nor left. He kept his eyes on the ground as if in deep meditation. Only when he reached the door he turned and scanned the sky up which the dark blue cloud was steadily mounting, then, as if satisfied, he took out his large watch and consulted it thoughtfully, turned and entered the church, and made his way to the platform.

It was arranged that the new-comer should read and pray first, and then that Moses should preach. It was Doctor Simon's own suggestion, and at the appointed time he rose with a flourish and, advancing to the desk, opened the Bible which lay thereon, and began to flourish the leaves backward and forward till he found the "portion of Scripture" which he proposed to read. His assurance and ease made a marked impression and when in his high nasal tone he proceeded to read fluently in a staccato manner the chapter he had selected, the entire audience were undoubtedly much impressed. Then he prayed a somewhat discursive and protracted prayer. It was, indeed, possibly too protracted; for the evening was sultry, and there was toward the end a decided shuffling of feet and restlessness on the part of his auditors, while another portion were too quiet and gradually fell into the placidity of slumber. Something had evidently disturbed him. His chief card in particular failed. He expressed his gratitude for having been given power to show signs and wonders and to overcome the wiles and evil designs of one who had been deceiving his hearers and whose ignorance he had been able to make manifest. But the same words which on the last Sunday had excited the congregation to frenzy, now unexpectedly fell almost flat. It manifestly disconcerted him and he began to ramble and repeat himself. He changed his tone and became more threatening. At this moment, as he was about to begin his attack which was to thrill his audience and sweep them away—in the doorway appeared two white men—the old Doctor and another. The young man had just got well under way when the tall form that he knew so well emerged from the throng in the aisle near the door, followed by a stranger. They were brought up by the elders and were seated on the

platform. It was a staggering blow to the young preacher—for his prayer dealt largely with a matter which he could not well discuss with freedom before so influential a white man as the Doctor, not to mention the stranger, who now sat on the other side, a little behind him. He was a spare, vigorous-looking man with a strong, immovable face and a cold eye, and as he sat in his chair he was as detached as fate. He brought a vague association to the new apostle and though Simon could not quite place him, it made him wander and circle in his discourse and, finally, he closed almost abruptly and sat down. As he took his seat and mopped his face, the congregation rustled with expectancy. One of the elders crossed over to old Moses and spoke to him in a low tone. The old preacher took no visible notice of him. He was apparently as oblivious of his presence as though he had been in a wilderness. He sat as still as if he were in a trance and the elder had to lean over and take him by the arm before he moved. Then he apparently awoke. He rose with grave deliberation, and without looking at the audience advanced slowly to the desk. Here he paused and began a slow and solemn search through his raiment until from some deep and apparently almost inaccessible recess he extracted a large iron spectacle-case. From this he slowly took a pair of large silver-rimmed spectacles, which he solemnly and laboriously adjusted on his nose. It was the Thummim and the Urim of his profession and their adjustment partook of a rite. His deliberation and confidence appeared to affect at least a portion of his audience, for first one, then another of the elderly sisters broke forth into exclamations of emotional rapture: "Um-mh! Yes, Lord!"

To the casual witness the old man might have appeared to take not the least notice of it, as, with profound solemnity, he proceeded to turn the leaves of the Bible back and forth, apparently hunting for his text. But a keen observer might have noticed the firmer setting of his strong jaw and the dilation of his nostrils. Still he took no more notice of the expressive outburst than he did of Simon's sudden shifting in his seat. He appeared wholly detached from them.

Having marked a number of places to his satisfaction, he turned back toward the

beginning of the Bible and began to speak. "The tenth chapter of the first book of Moses," he announced slowly, and began to read with portentous solemnity the names of the generation of the sons of Noah. He had an abysmal voice and he read the long record of strange names with deep intonation and with an ease which impressed mightily his less literate flock. Having performed this amazing task, to the manifest wonderment of his hearers, he turned the leaves and found another place.

"I will now read to you the miracles by which de Lord by de hand of Moses led the children of Israel out of Egypt to de land of Canyan." He read slowly the story of Moses' call and the miracle of Aaron's rod swallowing the transformed rods of the magicians. For the first time he lifted his eyes from the book and addressed his audience. "De names of dem magicians is not set down hyah in dthis chapter," he said solemnly. "But Gord had 'em writ down in his everlastin' record and when de time comes he will tell 'em to you." Once more he turned the leaves and read a few verses about Simon the Sorcerer. Again turning a little further on he read of the seven sons of Sceva, who attempted to exorcise, and of the man jumping on them. He closed the book. "And now," he said, "let us pray."

He was noted as a "clamorer at de throne," no less than as a preacher, and, indeed, at times, except that he shut his eyes while engaged in the former exercise, one might have been at some trouble to distinguish the one from the other. To-night he was in full power and he had hardly begun before the effect on his hearers was profound. Beginning slowly and calmly at first, his sonorous voice soon rose to its full compass, and his utterances became more and more rapid, till the words poured forth in a volume too great for him to catch his breath, and he drew it in as if his throat had been a great suction pipe. Picturing the terrors of torment in lurid terms, he prayed for all before him—and he described them all as wicked and condemned and perishing sinners and he called on the God of Moses to come and save them from eternal torment and fetch them to the promised land.

He followed the story of Moses through the journeyings and troubles in the wil-

derness; dwelt on the rebellion of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, and pictured the death of all who clave to them and went down quick into the pit. He recalled the fact that only two of all the men that left Egypt as God's chosen people had crossed the Jordan; and he pleaded for greater mercy now—praying that though God should "shake the rebellious sinners over hell till it singed their eyebrows and blistered their soles," he would not drop them into eternal torment.

The effect on his congregation was immediate. He was unconsciously using the language of the psalms and the prophets, and as he intoned his sonorous sentences they began to sway and rock and respond with fervid groans and shouts.

Then suddenly, as a rumble of thunder rolled into a crash, Moses ceased. Rising, he once more went through the rite of adjusting his glasses, opened his Bible and read his text: "And the Lord said unto Moses, 'Now shalt thou see what I will do to Pharaoh'" —one more turn of the leaf—"And the Lord said unto Moses, 'Stretch forth thine hand toward heaven that there may be hail in all the land of Egypt—upon man and upon beast, and upon every herb of the field throughout the land of Egypt.'"

He closed the book and facing slightly toward the west, after a moment, stretched his arm solemnly over Simon's head to where the sound of the thunder was growing louder. It manifestly made a deep impression, for the congregation gasped and gazed toward the western windows, where the sky was growing black with the swiftly coming storm. Simon shifted uneasily in his seat and glanced nervously toward the windows like the others. Moses, however, was as calm as the Sphinx. He turned and began to speak in a deep voice. With a simple directness he pictured the recent happiness and content of the people in their new freedom and their reliance on God, who had set them free, and their confidence in his word that had plucked them from the eternal torments of hell-fire and given them the hope of heaven with its golden streets and its rest beside the waters of comfort. He described himself as the poor and stammering Moses who had been taken from the wilderness and sent to Pharaoh to bring them out of Egypt and lead them to the

promised land— But Pharaoh had hardened his heart and had sent and brought his magicians to deceive them and keep them in bondage.

"And who was this deceiver?" he demanded. "Who was the magician?" He would tell them. He turned to one of the marks in his Bible and read slowly and impressively the account of Simon the Sorcerer. Closing the book he addressed them again: "Simon—not Simon Peter—but Simon the Sorcerer, who had thought that for money he could buy Jehovah—Simon who had deceived the people and led them away from Moses—led them back toward Egypt—back to the place where they were enslaved—back to the company of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, to be swallowed up quick in everlasting fire." His long, rhythmic sentences, in the very words of the prophecies of Isaiah and Ezekiel, as he denounced curses upon them told more and more. He rang the changes on Simon—repeating the name at the end of sentence after sentence—Simon—who envied the Apostles—Simon—who worked his charms and enchantment and called them miracles which only the apostles could perform—Simon, who said there was no hell, and so he could do all his wicked deeds and not be punished—"Simon—Simon—Simon—" he repeated, with ever-changing and ringing intonation till the congregation, thrilled by his resounding voice, rocked and swayed and shouted in unison, while the object of his attack shifted and shrank deep into his chair and tried in vain to appear unmoved.

"But there were several Simons— It would not do to make any mistake about the Sorcerer— There was Simon Peter and Simon Zelotes—and Simon the Cyrenian——"

At this moment the young man could stand it no longer— He rose suddenly.

"I hate to interrupt Brother Moses," he said, "but my name is neither Simon Peter nor Simon Zelotes—my name is Simon Jambers." A murmur of approval from some younger members greeted his interruption—but it was hushed instantly as Moses with uplifted hand turned to him.

"Simon—what did you say?" he demanded in a solemn voice—"Simon Jones?" His glance took in the detective (who suddenly appeared to awaken to life) and then rested on Simon.

"Simon Jambers," said the other in a weakened voice, as the knowledge that he was known came to him.

"Simon Jambers!" repeated Moses in a deep voice. He turned to the congregation and catching up the big Bible opened it at a mark as if by accident and read slowly: "When Janes and Jambers withstood Moses—" He held the book out till it almost touched Simon's face. "Here it is," he thundered, "set down in de book—de very name!" He faced the congregation. "Didn't I tell you Gord had it set down in his everlastin' record! Jambers—Simon Jambers!" The stillness could be felt. At this moment, after the dead calm, came the racing wind over the trees, whirling their leaves before it, and shaking the house as if it would tear it from its foundations.

He turned back to the luckless Simon—"Thou spawn of Satan—thou offspring of hell and damnation—thou hast come back, hast thou, to withstand old Moses and try with thy serpent's guile to deceive this people jes' set free and lead 'em back to bondage to de flames of de fiery furnace! De hell thou hast derided is yawnin' for thee even now—de torment thou hast been sent from to work dthy evil spells is waitin' and blazin' and heated seven times seven to scorch and shrivel dthy po' yaller body and dthy miserable sin-blackened soul! Thou snake-bearer of Pharaoh and of sin—go get thee hence and let my people go!" He suddenly turned and stretched forth his arm with out-pointing, long, lean finger—"Behold de pillar of de cloud has come and de pillar of fire is approachin'!"

At this moment the storm broke and a peal of thunder, beginning with a terrific crash, rolled across the sky, shaking the building and startling the shouting and swaying people. Many of them, with nerves already wrung and senses deluged with emotion, cried out in an agony of terror and began to pray aloud. But Moses was in his

element. The more blinding the lightning and the louder the crashing of the thunder, the louder he proclaimed the judgment of Omnipotence against the sin of the sorcerer and all who sided with him. "Don't you hear 'em comin' for him!" he thundered. "Ain't dat de hail dat's rattlin' and de lightenin' a-runnin' along de ground?" And as the flashes merged into each other—so close were they: "Ain't death a-followin' in de track, and ain't dat de fo'-runner o' de fire of hell a-gleamin' and a-comin' nigher an' nigher for sinners ev'y minute?" And with each successive gust of the tempest and successive crash which rocked the building he called on his people to fall on their knees and repent—lest they be swept away, and swallowed up quick like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. He set the example and prayed fervently for pardon for the ignorant. Was there a Jonah in de Ark? Let 'em arise and fling him out and save themselves from the wrath to come—even dtho' the great leviathan of hell was awaitin' to swallow him up.

Whether it was the apt allusion or for some other cause, with a sudden impulse from the overwrought multitude, the cry arose, "Fling him out! Fling him out!" And to the crashing of thunder and the glare of lightning those nearest the pulpit, with a shout, made a rush for the magician. But Simon Jambers did not wait. His nerve had already given way, and, as the wild rush was made for him, with a sudden leap of terror, he dashed for the low window at the side of the platform, sprang through it, and disappeared in the darkness of the storm.

A moment later the storm appeared to have passed, rolling on in the direction the sorcerer had taken. Moses, who had risen as the rush was made, held up his arm, and the tumult hushed down.

"De gates of hell was opened wide jes' now. Let us pray."

FROM MALOLOS TO SAN FERNANDO

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON

Brigadier-General, United States Army

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN



VARIOUS considerations made it necessary for the Second Division to remain at Malolos for more than three weeks before resuming the advance along the railroad. A short delay would have been welcome, as the men had been much exhausted by the week of marching and fighting that had placed them in possession of the enemy's capital. The marches, it is true, had as a rule been short, but we were in the midst of the hot season, and the troops were not properly clothed for service in the tropics. With the exception of the Third Artillery, that had been designated as provost guard, the various regiments constituting the division were not sheltered in the buildings of the town, but were bivouacked on its outskirts, each covered by its own outposts, this arrangement being necessary in order to avoid surprise and disaster in case of a sudden attack.

Our brigade commander, Brigadier-General H. G. Otis, believing that the war was about over, resigned his commission and returned to the United States in order to attend to important private interests that he had been compelled to neglect while in service, and was succeeded by Brigadier-General Lloyd Wheaton, who had heretofore been in the command of a separate brigade acting as a reserve and as line of communication troops in the advance up the railroad.

General Wheaton, who is still living as a major-general on the retired list of the army, was without doubt the most striking individual and the most interesting character among those who served in our army in the Philippines. He had served in an Illinois regiment throughout the entire Civil War, rising from sergeant to lieutenant-

colonel commanding his regiment, was desperately wounded at Shiloh, and had received the Medal of Honor for gallantry at the storming of Fort Blakely, on which occasion he was the first man to enter the enemy's works, leaping sword in hand through a gun embrasure. The passage of half a life-time since that great struggle had not abated to the slightest degree his military ardor nor his fiery valor, or caused any diminution in his restless energy. Hewas of slender build and quick in movement, and had a voice that could be heard above the roar of the stiffest fight. He seemed to enjoy fighting for its own sake, and had a positive contempt for danger. The only sort of man he despised was a coward, and woe unto him who in his sight showed the slightest yellow streak, for he would hear something that he would remember for many a year. General Wheaton, on the other hand, was most generous in his recognition of every gallant action by members of his command, and was very much inclined to stretch a point to give to others the credit for successes that were largely due to himself. It is needless to say that he inspired all the members of his command with a feeling of personal devotion.

The delay at Malolos was not without stirring incidents. The insurgent forces, still under the able and energetic Luna, were in heavy force on our front and right, and, despite the numerous drubbings they had received, were full of fight. Our line of communication with our base, Manila, was guarded by the Second Oregon and the Thirteenth Minnesota, there being, as a rule, one or two companies stationed at bridges and other important points. But a line of railroad is especially vulnerable, on account of the ease with which it can be damaged in a very few moments, and on

the night of April 10 the attempt was made by some thousands of the enemy who had swung around our right flank for the purpose. It was a little after midnight when those of us at Malolos who happened to be awake heard the indistinct rattle of rifle fire far to our rear. Then came a few brief and alarming messages from Marilao, Bocaue, Bigaa, and Guguinto, and nothing more, for the telegraph wires had been severed. The sound of firing became more distinct as the attacks on the various posts progressed, and as those nearer Malolos became involved. With an escort of only a few dismounted cavalymen, General Wheaton hurried on foot down the track, picking up here and there detachments from the companies on guard at various places, and with his small force struck the enemy like a cyclone, routing him in four stiff fights. Near Guguinto we had an armored car with several machine guns. This was pushed into the various fights by hand, and those of us listening at Malolos could distinguish the drumming of the Gatlings above the heavy and incessant rifle fire. The insurgents had gained some minor successes before being driven off, but practically all the damage done had been repaired by daylight.

During this period our outposts were occasionally attacked at night, and we had some lively scrimmages in the darkness. On one of these occasions a very profane captain of the Twentieth, Kansas caused no little merriment by falling into a shallow but unguarded well. The sulphurous remarks that reached the ears of those in the vicinity were the theme of many a subsequent camp-fire story and are still dwelt on fondly at reunions.

In the meantime, all preparations were made for continuing the advance up the railroad. Our old comrades of the Third Artillery were to be left behind to garrison Malolos, so that the First Brigade was reduced to the Montana and Kansas regiments. In the Second Brigade the Tenth Pennsylvania was relieved by the Fifty-first Iowa, a regiment that had not yet had opportunity for field service. As one of the preliminaries of the resumption of the campaign, Major J. F. Bell with Troop K, Fourth Cavalry, was sent on April 23 on a reconnaissance toward the town of Quingua, on the river of that name, and became so

deeply involved in an engagement with a greatly superior force of the enemy under Pablo Tecson that portions of the Nebraska and Iowa regiments were sent to the scene. The ensuing combat was one of unusual severity, the Nebraska regiment alone losing four killed and thirty-one wounded, among the former its able and gallant commander, Colonel John M. Stotsenberg, an officer who during the campaign had won an enviable reputation for dash and courage.

The division resumed operations on the next day, Hale's brigade moving out from our right flank, crossing the Quingua near the scene of the fight of the previous day, and sweeping down its right bank, carrying one line of trenches after another. The distance to be covered by this brigade was much greater than the march required to bring our own in such a position that the whole division would be in line at the Bag-Bag, the first stream up the railroad from Malolos, so that we were merely formed in column and marched out of the town to await developments. The men were allowed to fall out of ranks and lie down or make themselves as comfortable as possible, but were all held well in hand so that the march could be resumed at a moment's notice. The day was one of the hottest I have seen in the Philippines, and as there was but little shade where we were along the railroad track, we lay about fairly sweltering and listening intently to the heavy firing some miles to our right.

To me the sounds of battle have always had an absorbing interest. We were so far from the scene that the general effect was not destroyed by any uproar in our immediate vicinity. Individual shots could not be heard, and had it not been for the cloudless sky and the pitiless blazing sun one could have imagined it the rumblings of a distant thunder-storm, now rising and now falling, but always drifting toward the Bag-Bag. All day we were held in position, and bivouacked there for the night, but on the morning of the 25th Hale's brigade, having reached the desired position, resumed the march, following a cart road to the left of the railway track. General MacArthur accompanied our brigade, and the armored train was pushed along the track by a number of Chinamen. This train was in command of Lieutenant C. H. Bridges, Twenty-second Infantry, and consisted of

four cars, the first and last being flat cars, while the other two were box cars. The first car was to do all the fighting, and was armed with a naval six-pounder rifle and three machine guns, the others being merely to carry the impedimenta and serve as a living quarters for the personnel.

A few miles brought us to a field of young corn about a foot high, and half a mile across it we could see the railway bridge over the Bag-Bag, and the brown earth-works of the enemy on the other side of the stream. Under cover of several lines of bamboo a few companies each from the First Montana and the Twentieth Kansas were deployed, those belonging to the former regiment to the right of the track, while we were on the left. A few hundred yards above the bridge the Quingua and a lagoon known locally as the Rio Chico unite to form the Bag-Bag. Hale's brigade was separated from us by the former, while the latter lay between it and the enemy, whose trenches lay along the Bag-Bag and the Rio Chico.

So far not a shot had been fired, and as we peered through the screen of bamboo across the light green of the cornfield to other fields of corn and lines of bamboo across the river it was hard to realize that in a few short moments this placid landscape would be marred by lines of madly rushing men, yelling and firing, while the air would quiver with the rattle of rifle fire, the crash of artillery, and the demoniacal drumming of machine guns. But the transformation came like a whirlwind. I was standing near Generals MacArthur and Wheaton and their staffs, just to the left of the armored train which was slowly being pushed into view. There was a spurt of flame from the long, slender muzzle of the naval gun, and a sharper and more vicious crash than we were used to from our field-pieces, for this was a high-power gun, and a shower of earth flew from the top of the trench across the river as the shell struck and exploded. Shell after shell from the quick-firer followed in rapid succession, while the machine guns opened from the sides of the car on such portions of the trenches as they could be brought to bear on. Two field-pieces with our brigade, and the guns with the Second Brigade across the Quingua, as well as all the infantry of both brigades that had been deployed, added to the uproar.

With the first shot from the naval gun the apparently empty trenches had come to life, straw hats bobbed up and down, once more we heard the peculiar "pow" "pow" of the Mausers, and bullets zipped through the bamboos or flicked up dust spots in the dry cornfield. A private of the Hospital Corps, waiting with his pouch for the call to others in need, leaped from one of the box cars, grasped wildly at his throat, deluged with blood those who were trying to assist him, and fell dead at our feet. A normal man can hardly become so used to the tragedies of war as not to be shaken by such a spectacle.

For half an hour the uproar continued, when I received orders from General Wheaton to seize the bridge. The attack on the structure could not be made to advantage by more than one company, so that I directed Captain Boltwood to advance his company rapidly across the cornfield, the movement being covered by the fire of several other companies and the armored train. The company selected went at its work with a vim, and closed in quickly, making the advance by rushes. Accompanied by Sergeant-Major Warner and Chief-Trumpeter Barshfield, I kept abreast of its right flank, running along the margin of the cornfield about thirty yards from the railway track. As we came to close quarters the troops supporting us had to cease their fire, and for about ten minutes the situation was interesting, to express it mildly. The men of Company K lay close to the ground just to the left of the north end of the bridge, and fought silently and hard. They had no breath left for yelling, and it was a poor time for it. Absolutely in the open, at seventy yards' range, they were at a disadvantage against the men in the loop-holed trench on the other bank. But the enemy's nerve had been shaken by the severe fire he had been under for more than half an hour.

Hale's brigade was already about to force the passage of the Rio Chico, and the men of the First Montana were closing in. We could see that the farthest span of the fine steel bridge had been let down into the water, so that an attempt to rush the structure and get directly into the trenches on the other bank was not practicable. I thought it might be done by swimming around the broken span, and called on the men near-

est me to come along. Most of these were from a small detachment of Company E, under Lieutenant Colin H. Ball, that had just reported from a reconnaissance down the stream, but I was also accompanied by Barshfield and Warner and by First-Sergeant Enslow of Company K. About ten of us ran up the embankment to the end of the bridge, and then discovered that the ties and rails had been removed, so that we had to work ourselves along the sides, a slow and tedious operation. But very few shots were fired at us, none at all after we had got half-way across, as the enemy had already begun to vacate the works. I thought it advisable to get into them at once, nevertheless, for fear that they might be reoccupied.

The bridge, including the sixty-foot span that had been dropped into the water, was a little more than two hundred feet long, but in time we reached the gap. It developed now that some of us could not swim, but it would at any rate be a good idea for some men to remain on the bridge and cover us with their fire in case the enemy should be "playing possum" or should make a counter attack on those of us who succeeded in crossing. Taking off our shoes and leaving behind our arms and ammunition, Lieutenant Ball, Sergeant Enslow, Chief Trumpeter Barshfield, Corporal A. M. Ferguson of Company E, and myself swung ourselves down until we could grasp a steel rod that ran diagonally from the top of one pier to a point on the opposite one a few feet above the water, slid down this, and were soon in. As soon as I got in I reached for bottom, but could not find it, subsequent examination showing the stream to be ten feet deep at that point so that we had to swim for it, no great task, as the distance was about forty-five feet. Although I had got into the water first, Ball beat me to the bank, being a faster swimmer, and the four of us, barefooted, unarmed, and dripping, rushed into the trench, to find in it only the dead and disabled.

The firing at this point had ceased before we entered the water, but we hastily gathered up a few rifles and cartridges to use in case of emergency, and awaited developments. At about the same time troops belonging to Hale's brigade had forced the passage of the Rio Chico above us, and as this stream in conjunction with the Quin-

gua forms the Bag-Bag they were on the same side with us. The sharp little fight of the Bag-Bag was over in less than an hour after the naval gun on the armored train had opened the ball, and one more of the elaborately built lines of the Filipino defences had been given up to the invader.

The infantry of Hale's brigade, having crossed the Rio Chico by wading, pursued the enemy to the town of Calumpit, about two miles, and was there brought to a stand by the broad and deep Rio Grande. The engineers, having succeeded in constructing a foot-bridge over the broken-out span of the Bag-Bag bridge, our infantry crossed the next day, the artillery of the whole division having been brought across by fording the Quingua and the Rio Chico at their junction. As the position at Calumpit was so contracted, there was not room for the whole division to operate, the task of forcing the passage was entrusted to General Wheaton, the division commander remaining with his brigade and exercising general supervision.

Reconnoitring parties crept cautiously forward to the river bank and seized advantageous positions, from which they opened fire on the enemy. The position was by all means the strongest that we had yet been brought against, the river being about four hundred feet wide, deep and swift, while the opposite bank was defended by fully four thousand men occupying elaborate trenches. These were so constructed as to afford excellent head cover, long slits being left for firing through, the earth being held in place by strong revetments of bamboo. The works for some distance above and below the bridge were roofed with steel rails taken from the railway. There were bomb proofs, traverses and flanking trenches, and, in fact, nothing that the cunning ingenuity of General Alejandrino, chief engineer of the insurgent forces, could conceive of had been overlooked. In addition to their infantry the insurgents had three pieces of artillery and a Maxim gun.

In an old trench we found fair shelter for the main body of the Twentieth Kansas, a few hundred yards from the river bank. The railway freight-house, a brick building, stood a hundred yards from our end of the big steel bridge spanning the river, and Company I under Captain Flanders suc-

ceeded in occupying it. We loop-holed the building and opened a blistering fire on the trenches across the river, but could make no impression, merely succeeding in drawing a hot return fire that continually peppered the building and swept the ground all about it. A piece of artillery in one of the enemy's works at the end of the bridge fired twenty shells at the building, but failed to hit it. When we captured the gun the next day it was found that the sight had been lost, which undoubtedly accounted for such bad shooting at only a little more than two hundred yards. One of these shells landed among the men back in the main position of the Twentieth Kansas, but did not get any one, and after I had gone back of the track to explain the situation to General Wheaton and was talking with him, one of them struck and exploded within a few yards of us, whereat the general merely sniffed contemptuously. Major Young, the chief of artillery, and Lieutenant Ball of my regiment had been with us, and had just started away, when the shell struck, and threw earth all over them. Ball was badly wounded in the face by a bullet a few moments after.

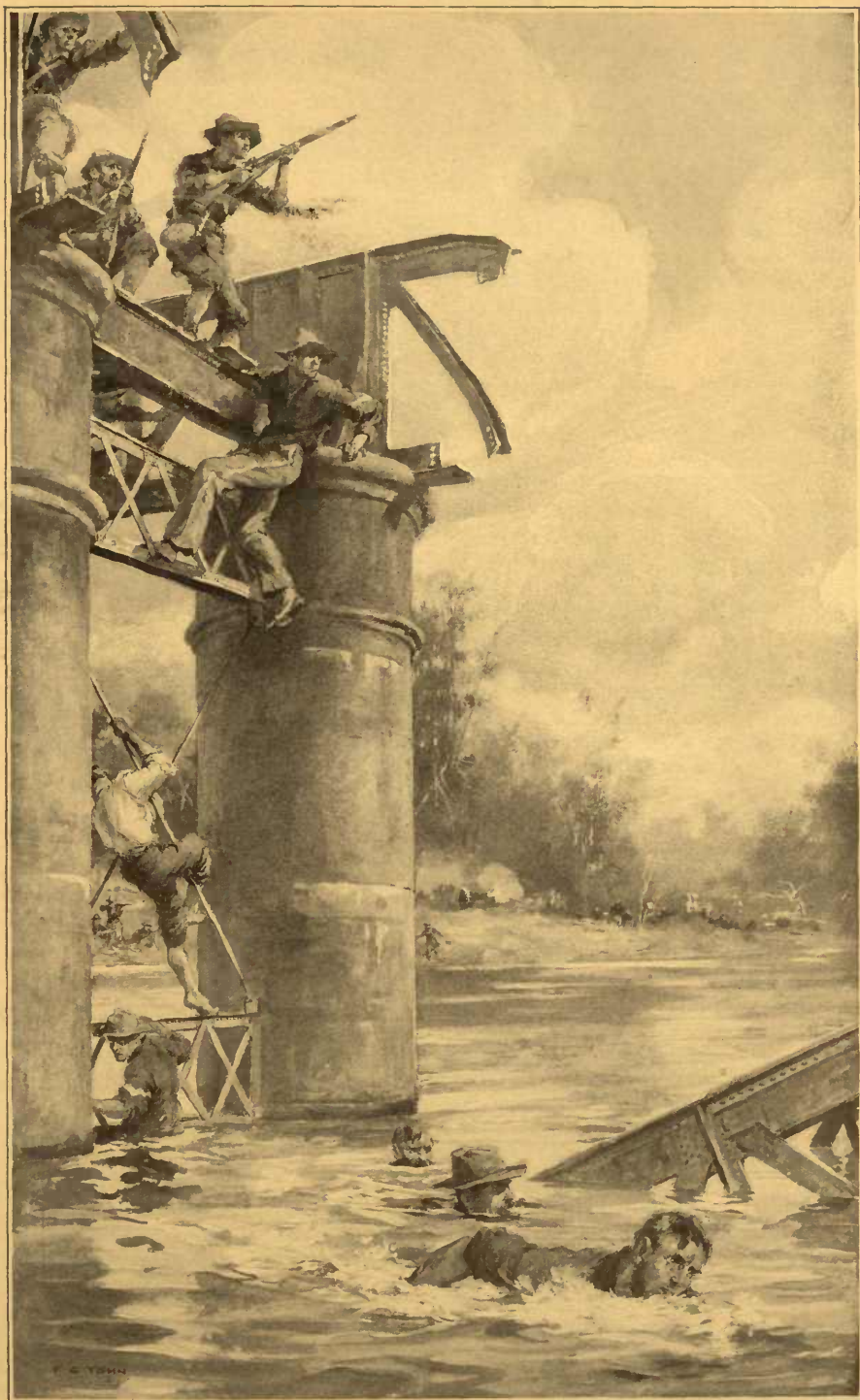
Returning to the freight-house, half an hour later, a few of us rushed the ruins of a burned rice mill right on the river bank, and a detachment from the cover of its walls continued to keep up a fire on the enemy. The First Montana, on the other side of the railroad track, was doing its share, and some of our guns, having found suitable positions, opened fire. And so wore away all of a fiercely hot day, with the popping of rifles, the occasional boom of a cannon and swish of a shell, and no end of stirring incident, but when night came to the exhausted men with its cooling breezes but little had been accomplished. I talked with both the division and the brigade commander, and saw that they were deeply concerned over the situation, and thought it was up to some one to do something, and so volunteered to attempt to carry the bridge by assault with about a dozen picked men. General MacArthur at first seemed appalled by the proposition, but after a moment's hesitation gave his permission. I knew that if a dozen of us with plenty of ammunition ever got into the trenches on the other side all the Filipinos this side of Kingdom Come could not get us out before

daylight, when we could cover the crossing of other troops.

It had already been ascertained that the rails and ties had been removed from the bridge, and that there was nothing left but the stringers, these being about eight feet apart. The plan was for each man to carry a strong plank and use it to bridge his way from stringer to stringer. The attack was to be covered by the fire of both regiments and all of our artillery, which were to advance to the river bank and sweep the trenches above and below the bridge. There was a suspicion, however, that even the stringers had been removed from a part of the bridge, in which case the enterprise must surely meet with disaster.

Corporal A. M. Ferguson, now an officer of the regular army, who had on several occasions shown himself equal to any emergency, volunteered for the hazardous enterprise of ascertaining the condition of the bridge throughout its length, and accompanied by Captain Flanders and myself crawled carefully to the end of the structure, where he removed his shoes and nearly all his clothing, and crawled hand over hand through the angle irons underneath the stringers. It was a perilous and exhausting task. A single slip would have meant a drop in the dark waters, forty feet below. For two long hours Flanders and I crouched at the south end of the bridge, but finally Ferguson came back with the information that at the far end of the bridge the stringers had been removed for several yards. Our cherished enterprise was shown to be absolutely hopeless, but in the meantime the requisite number of men had volunteered to assist in the assault.

I sent word to my superiors that the plan was hopeless, and with one hundred and twenty men from my regiment sneaked down the river for a mile, thinking that we might find a raft or improvise one, and by effecting a surprise get across enough men in the darkness to hold on until others could cross. Just as we were scouting for a good crossing a dog barked, there was a flash of a score of rifles on the other bank, and we were again beaten. At the same time a cannon boomed through the night to warn the insurgents to be on their guard, and a number of rockets ascended. At one o'clock in the morning, tired, disgusted, and disheartened, we dragged ourselves back to the regiment's



Drawn by F. C. Young.

Although I had got into the water first, Ball beat me to the bank.—Page 287.

position and threw ourselves on the ground for a little sleep. Both sides were worn out, and there was no firing until daylight.

The sun rose blazing hot on the morning of the 27th of April and the "sniping" back and forth across the river recommenced, being varied by an occasional cannon shot. Some of our men engaged in this sharp-shooting discovered close in to the bank, six hundred yards below the bridge, a small raft which the enemy had unsuccessfully attempted to burn. This find suggested a way out of the difficulty of crossing the stream. A light rope of the necessary length was obtained, but in order to be able to make a ferry it was necessary to get one end of this fastened on the enemy's side of the river. Several men volunteered for the perilous feat of swimming the stream with the rope, though they would necessarily have to land within a few feet of trenches occupied by the enemy, and from these were selected Privates W. B. Trembley and Edward White of Company B. Before leaving Malolos twenty-five Krag-Jorgensen rifles had been distributed to each company of the volunteer regiments, and now one hundred picked men armed with these weapons were selected from the whole regiment, rushed down to the river bank, and given the necessary instructions as to covering the crossing. General MacArthur had placed at the disposal of General Wheaton all the artillery and machine guns of the division, and by his orders all these were placed in readiness to assist in the enterprise.

White and Trembley stripped stark naked behind the cover of a clump of bamboos, took the end of the rope between them and plunged into the river. They were powerful swimmers, but their progress was slow, owing to the strength required to drag the rope, which was being paid out to them by their comrades on the bank. As soon as they struck the water the music began. The hundred men crouching on the bank with their Krag-Jorgensens began to sweep with bullets the top of the trench where the two were to attempt to land; just to their right Lieutenant Fleming with several machine guns, including a Hotchkiss revolving cannon, was pounding the same work. Still farther to the right, that is, toward the bridge, several field-pieces under Major Young were battering the heavier trenches near the enemy's end of the bridge

in order to keep down their fire, while one field-piece in the freight-house was firing diagonally across our front and partially enfilading the trench where the two men were to make their landing.

As a melodrama the whole scene was a howling, or rather a roaring, success. The greatest lover of the sensational could not have wished for anything more thrilling. The two men battling slowly across the current, with the snake-like rope dragging after them, the grim and silent men firing with top speed over their heads into the trenches on the other bank; the continuous popping of the revolving cannon, a gun of the pom-pom type, the steady drumming of Gatlings and the constant succession of crashes from the big field-pieces, their shells flying harmlessly from the armored trenches on the other bank, or hurling steel rails and wagon loads of earth into the air, the thin film of smoke rising along both banks of the river, and the air filled with dust thrown up by striking shells and bullets made a scene that could not fade from one's memory in many a lifetime. There was now being carried out one of the most difficult of military operations, forcing the passage of an unfordable river in the face of an entrenched enemy. The Rio Grande was, in fact, a vast moat for the defences on the north bank.

Finally, the two swimmers, panting and all but exhausted, dragged themselves out on the other bank at the base of the work that had been so mercilessly battered. The fire of the artillery and the machine guns on that particular trench had, of course, now ceased for fear of hitting the two men, and only a few of the detail of infantrymen were allowed to fire, and they under strict supervision, as their bullets must clear White and Trembley by only a few feet if the latter stood up. There was, however, no cessation of the fire on the works between them and the north end of the bridge.

The situation of the two naked and unarmed men was, of course, precarious, as they were separated from all the rest of the division by a deep and swift river that had taken all their strength to cross, while all around them were hundreds of the enemy, who, however, were prevented from molesting them by the fire still sweeping the adjacent trenches. We could see the two men groping about on all-fours trying to find



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

As each raft load arrived, the men were ordered to crouch low.—Page 292.

something to which they could tie the end of the rope. In order to see whether there were any of the enemy still alive in the trench nearest them they made mud balls and pitched them over the parapet. Several men dashed out and toward the rear, but the most of them were brought down by our men on the south bank. Finally, White and Trembley made a noose in the end of the rope, gathered in several feet of slack, and, astonishing to relate, made a dash for the trench and slipped it over one of the bamboo uprights of the work, returning then to the river bank, while we opened fire again directly over them to prevent the occupants of the trench from cutting the rope.

The ferry was now established and we were ready for the next move. It was highly desirable to take the arms, ammunition, and clothing of the two men to them at once. After White and Trembley had taken to the water some one had found concealed under a house a very small and cranky dug-out canoe. Corporal B. H. Kerfoot, now a captain in the regular army, and Private O. E. Tyler launched this craft and started across, but upset in the middle of the stream, and had to swim out, having lost not only their own arms, but the arms and clothing of the two men on the other side, their very laudable enterprise having failed through no fault of their own.

In the meantime the raft was floated down the few yards to where the rope was tied on our side of the stream, and preparations made to ferry across enough men to drive the enemy from the end of the bridge. I realized perfectly well that according to the rules of the game a colonel should not leave the bulk of his regiment on one side of a stream and accompany a detachment smaller than a company in size, but I had initiated this enterprise and felt that I must see it through. I could not but consider the outcome as doubtful, and knew mighty well that if I should send a small force across and sacrifice it I would be damned in my home State all the rest of my life, and held up to scorn by all the corner grocery tacticians in the country.

It was found that the raft would support eight men; so I got on board with seven others, and by pulling along the rope we had in a few moments joined White and Trembley on the other bank. In the meantime the artillery and infantry fire against the trenches near the bridge had decreased in

volume, but had by no means ceased. Two men took the raft back for another load, and as two were always required for this purpose, the net gain for each trip was usually about six men. As soon as the six of us had landed we dashed into the trench near us, finding it simply full of dead and wounded men. The few who were uninjured surrendered at once. As each raft load arrived, the men were ordered to crouch low under the cover of the river bank. Finally, I had with me Captain Orwig, Lieutenants Whisner and Hopkins, and forty-one enlisted men, every man of whom carried two hundred cartridges for his Krag.

Leaving orders for the raft to continue its trips, and for all subsequent arrivals to form in order to beat off any attack on our left flank and rear, I formed the little detachment in a single line with its right near the river and we began moving up the stream. About half-way between the spot where we had landed and the bridge a small but deep stream called the Rio Francis empties into the Rio Grande. Until we reached this we found the trenches of the enemy deserted, but the works between this and the bridge were fairly swarming with men. We opened fire straight down the trenches across the Rio Francis, enfilading them from end to end, but the occupants were well protected by traverses and the roofs of steel rails. However, they saw that if we succeeded in crossing the Rio Francis we would be among them, and having been terribly shaken by the fire poured into them from across the Rio Grande, they began to vacate, not across the fire-swept open, but along trenches leading to the rear. For a moment it looked as if the fight was won, and we tried to cross the Rio Francis, but found that it was beyond depth, though not more than sixty feet wide. Accordingly, we moved rapidly up it, marching by our left flank, and soon were in a veritable hornet's nest. We had come out from the shelter of the bamboos along the bank of the Rio Grande and were in the margin of a field of young corn about two feet high. The whole farther bank of the Rio Francis was a maze of trenches, and as the stream curved around our left flank we were getting it from two sides. The nearest trenches of the enemy were within a stone's throw, but we could not rush them because of the intervening stream.

As soon as we had broken into the open, the men had been ordered to lie flat and fire from that position, as otherwise we would have lasted about as long as the proverbial snowball in a blast furnace. We officers went down on one knee, as it was necessary to have something of a lookout, once in a while jumping to our feet for a few seconds to survey the situation. The men, though having the hardest fight of their lives, were under perfect control. We changed the front of the left flank of the detachment in order to bring a fire to bear on the trenches that were enfilading us, and as all of the trenches that we were now engaged with were of the open, standing variety, we were able to accomplish considerable in the way of keeping their occupants down.

But the situation would have been hopeless had it not been for the splendid support rendered by the artillery, machine guns, and infantry on the south bank of the Rio Grande, the fire from these troops enfilading some of the trenches that we were fighting. The shrapnel from our own guns, sweeping across our front at a distance of sometimes less than a hundred feet, caused us no little uneasiness, as a defective fuse might cause a burst short of us with disastrous results. We were not sure, either, that our own people could exactly make out our position, as the air was laden with smoke from bursting shells and with dust thrown up by striking projectiles. Had it not been for the fact that all the troops engaged on both sides were using powder that was at least nearly smokeless, our position would have been impossible. Although there were four thousand insurgent troops on the north side of the Rio Grande, the portion that we were engaged with did not probably number more than six hundred men.

The fire of the enemy had begun to lessen somewhat when a startled exclamation began to run along the line of prostrate men, as we heard directly on our front the unmistakable whirring of a machine gun, and at the same time, just past our right flank, at a distance of not more than thirty feet, the dust was being whipped up along a space four or five feet wide and sixty feet long. A dozen men cried out, "It's the Maxim," and one added the cheerful prediction, "We're goners," being immediately afterward affectionately kicked by his colonel, with an injunction to keep his views to him-

self. I had stood up as soon as the Maxim opened, and, by following back the direction indicated by the stream of dust kicked up, had no difficulty in locating the gun and the men serving it. It was under a stone culvert of the railway, about two hundred yards north of the bridge, and three hundred yards from our front, being completely protected from the fire of our troops on the south side of the river.

"Cease firing" was blown, and as soon as one could make himself heard the men were ordered to load their magazines, then to rise to their feet, and then the command, "Under that culvert, rapid fire." The Maxim stopped business, then and there, every man in the detachment serving it being killed or disabled. It is my firm belief that, if the weapon had been played laterally instead of being held on the same spot, not a handful of us would have survived, as they had our range perfectly.

It was now plain that the enemy was rapidly vacating the trenches on our front, the most of them taking advantage of numerous trenches and "get aways" to retire under cover. I had heard firing in our rear, and looking around saw that the men who had followed us on the raft and who had been deployed to protect us from rear attack were having a lively little affair of their own.

The time had come to cross the Rio Francis, and we swarmed down the steep bank, where for a moment we were out of sight of the enemy as well as of our own people on the other side of the Rio Grande. A number of the men waded out, but found the sluggish stream too deep. But there were several small "dugouts," and we piled into them and began scrambling up the opposite bank, one man taking back each one of the boats. The first one, containing Captain Orwig and several enlisted men, being overloaded, sank. The strain was now over, and at the spectacle of that gallant officer spouting muddy water like a small whale as he swam for shore, I sat down and had a good laugh. As soon as half a dozen of us were across we dashed for the end of the railway bridge, but not a shot was fired at us, the trenches being empty except for the dead and dying, and what a shambles they were in some places!

During all this time Generals MacArthur and Wheaton had been standing in the open

near the freight-house, closely watching the progress of events, and directing the work of the troops that had given us such invaluable support. As soon as General Wheaton saw us dash down the steep bank of the Rio Francis he had called on the nearest organizations to follow him, and had started for the bridge. They worked along the wrecked structure, holding onto the sides, and were nearly across when Orwig and I with a few men reached the north end. The place where the girders had been entirely removed was bridged over with planks and timbers. The general and his staff were the first to reach us, and there was some vigorous hand-shaking and mutual congratulations. Companies of the First Montana and the Twentieth Kansas followed as rapidly as they could work their way over the bridge, and by order of General Wheaton took up the pursuit of the enemy retiring toward Apalit. The open plain was fairly covered with them, the whole four thousand of them, minus those left dead or wounded in our hands, being in sight. They were beyond rifle range, but the pursuing troops had a lively brush with their rear guard, in which Captain W. H. Bishop, one of the most capable and courageous officers of the Twentieth Kansas was severely wounded.

In a redoubt just above the end of the bridge we found the cannon that had made such poor practice on the freight-house. It was a bronze muzzle-loading, rifled howitzer, of about three-inch calibre. A visit was at once made to the culvert under which had been stationed the Maxim that had come so near to being our undoing, but it had been removed, the wheel marks being plainly visible. On the ground under the culvert were about twenty dead and wounded men, seven of them being Spanish prisoners of war in the hands of the insurgents, they being still in the uniform of their service. One of the wounded, a corporal, told me that he and his six comrades had been compelled, under threats of death, to handle the Maxim, as the insurgents did not understand the weapon. When we had risen to our feet and opened fire four of the seven had gone down killed, and three of them wounded. The corporal assured me that the gun had jammed just as we opened on them, so that after all our fire had not silenced it, though it had wiped out the per-

sonnel. The three surviving Spaniards had been hit in several places, and all died that night.

The battle of Calumpit was over, and the passage of the Rio Grande had been forced. Our dead and our own wounded, as well as the enemy's, were sent to Manila at once, while the enemy's dead were buried in the trenches they had so bravely defended. I do not think anybody took the trouble to count them. Hundreds of rifles and many thousands of rounds of ammunition had been captured. In his official report General MacArthur, a man not given to gushing even to the slightest degree stated, "The successful passage of the river must be regarded as a remarkable military achievement, well calculated to fix the attention of the most careless observer and to stimulate the fancy of the most indifferent." Based upon the recommendations of Generals MacArthur and Wheaton, both of them eye-witnesses of the whole affair, White, Trembley, and myself were, by direction of the President, awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Several days were required to ferry across the river the artillery and trains of the division, and it was not until the morning of the 4th of May that we were ready to resume the advance. Our brigade had been in bivouac near the town of Apalit, and early in the morning we had formed in columns of fours, and were pushing up the railroad track. Hale's brigade had the wagon road to the right, and a number of lagoons necessitated a considerable gap between the two brigades. Our friends of the Second Brigade got into it first, and, as the country was perfectly open and flat, we were interested spectators of the fine fight that they were having. But in a short time our advance guard, consisting of Company H of the Twentieth Kansas, came under fire.

The country was so cut up by water-courses that effective work was very difficult. A deep and sluggish lagoon, crossed by the railway bridge, was defended on its farther bank by several hundred of the enemy in open trenches. We had with us on a hand-car one of our Gatling guns, and this weapon was placed in position and opened fire, sweeping the enemy's defences from right to left. General Wheaton, who, as usual, was on the firing line, became somewhat impatient at the volume of fire deliv-

ered by this weapon, and called out to the sergeant in charge, "Turn that damned thing faster. Are you trying to take a nap?" whereat the thing was made to fairly hum for a few moments, until the sergeant, a grizzled old regular with an Irish brogue that could not have been cut with an axe, turned about, saluted very correctly, and said, "Sir, we are out of ammunition." The return blast from the brigade commander was in every way worthy of the occasion.

In the meantime Company H had deployed and advanced under a very hot fire to the bank of the lagoon and had tried to rush the bridge, but found it dismantled as usual. The men under command of Lieutenant A. H. Krause lay down and engaged in a hard short-range fight with the enemy entrenched on the opposite bank, and finally drove him out, losing Private Wilcox killed and three other enlisted men wounded.

While this affair was going on I had sent for Captain W. S. Albright, commanding Company C of my regiment, and was giving him instructions as to what to do with his company when a bullet struck one of the steel rails of the railway track on which we were standing, missing General Wheaton less than a foot, and then buried itself in the thigh of the unfortunate Albright. It was this officer's birthday, and as he dropped to the ground an embarrassed grin overspread his features as he said, "Well this is certainly one hell of a birthday present."

As the enemy vacated the trenches on the opposite bank of the lagoon our men pushed out on the bridge and were able to cross a few at a time, their progress being very slow, owing to its wrecked condition. I had got across with two complete companies and was examining the trenches abandoned by the enemy, when General Wheaton sent me orders to push up the railway track toward the Santo Tomas station and ascertain what was going on in that vicinity. We hurried forward, reached the station, which was some distance from the buildings of the town, and mighty soon found out what was doing. The insurgent commander-in-chief, Antonio Luna, had just deployed a force to make a counter attack on those of us who had crossed the bridge, and was advancing with it in person, apparently not knowing that our small detachment had pushed up toward the railroad station. The two forces, having been screened from

each other by a line of bamboo, came into contact in the open at four hundred yards' range. The enemy outnumbered us about three to one, and for a few moments there took place one of the finest stand up and knock down fights that one would care to see. The gallant Luna himself was hit, shot in the abdomen, and we could see the riderless and terrified horses of himself and staff tearing across the fields. It was a wild five minutes. Fortunately, the scouts a short distance out on our front had given us sufficient warning, so that we had formed line before being struck.

Lieutenant W. A. McTaggart, a most capable officer, sank to the ground with both eyes shot out, but happily died before regaining consciousness. This horrible spectacle for a moment sickened me, and then I saw a corporal, shot through the brain, from one temple to the other, fall almost across McTaggart's feet. It should be of interest to know that this man entirely recovered from his wound, and died of disease a year after his muster out of the service.

Our fire soon mastered that of the enemy and the greater portion of them fled in disorder, but their left, consisting of about eighty men, had reached the shelter of a roadway, and lay down it, keeping up a lively fire at a distance of about two hundred yards. I saw that Company G, commanded by Captain Howard A. Scott, was coming up at double time, and resolved to have him turn the enemy out of his cover by a flank attack, in the meantime ordering the two companies with me to lie down behind the railway track, which here was on a level with the general surface of the ground, there being neither cut nor fill. Captain Scott arrived in advance of his company, and I was giving him instructions as to what to do when I felt a most terrific blow on my left hand, in which I was holding a pair of field-glasses. At first I did not realize that I had been shot, but Lieutenant B. J. Mitchell, who for some years afterward served me as aide, picked up the glasses, which had been hurled through the air for some twenty feet, took me by the arm, and called a man of the Hospital Corps. Blood was spattering all over me, and I had no desire to look at the offending hand, and so held it out to the man, looking the other way in the meantime. As he examined it, I asked, "Is there anything left of it?" He

replied, "Clean shot," and told me to sit down. As I backed up against the little station building I saw Warner, the regimental sergeant-major who had been at my side through every fight of the campaign, reclining against the wall, and looking decidedly peevish. I said, "Warner, where did you get it?" He held up his left hand, and it was a most remarkable coincidence that we had been hit in exactly the same place, barring the fraction of an inch. My hand was being bound up, and I was not yet on my feet when General Wheaton, who, accompanied by Captain H. C. Cabell and Lieutenants F. D. Webster, P. P. Russell, and E. S. Kimmel of his staff, had crossed the bridge and hurried on foot toward the sound of the firing, joined us. The general, seeing the men lying down behind the railroad track, and engaging in a fire fight with the enemy on their front, and noting the fact that I had been wounded, misunderstood the situation, thinking that the men had "flunked," and strode among them. With his tremendous voice he called out, "Get on your feet, you damned mice, lying down here, with your colonel shot. Get on your feet, and charge."

My bandage having been put on, I got up and ran toward the general to explain the situation, telling him that I had ordered the men to lie down. But it was too late. One company had risen and started forward, followed quickly by the other two, Company G having in the meantime been deployed. It was a quick dash, and soon over. The general, accompanied by his staff officers, was on the firing line, and I was a few yards to their left. The recollection of that little charge is one of the things that I treasure. The fiery old veteran discharging his revolver and calling out to the men near him to shoot faster and "burn their powder," and the general hubbub and excitement gave us a lively minute. There could be but one result. We had covered but half the distance when the Filipinos began to break and run to the rear. They were followed by storms of bullets, but our men were so exhausted that their shooting was about the worst I have ever seen, notwithstanding which fact the enemy left on the ground a heavy toll of killed and wounded. Some of the bravest had fired until we were within fifty yards of them.

Darkness was now coming on. We gathered up our wounded and those of the ene-

my for transportation to the hospitals in Manila. Warner and I, not being in the habit of walking on our hands, were able to take care of ourselves for the time being, and went back to division head-quarters, General MacArthur and his staff having come up and established themselves in a field a few hundred yards to the rear. The general had heard that I had been hit, but not seriously, and as I came up with my bandaged hand, and khaki blouse drenched with blood, said very quietly, as if he were making a remark about the weather, "Well, Funston, you got it at last. I am glad it is no worse."

In the meantime ambulances were collecting to take us back to the Bag-Bag River bridge, where we could take a train to Manila. The ride was a very trying one, the road being horribly rough, and the four native horses that we had on our vehicle being very fractious. I rode on the seat with the driver, the interior of the ambulance being very properly reserved for those who were not able to sit up. Among these was Captain Dillon of the First Montana, a red-haired Irishman with a brogue that would have turned the edge of a knife. He was desperately hurt, shot clear through the body, and suffered intensely as we were jolted over the atrocious road. On one occasion we stopped to enable the driver to untangle the leaders from a clump of bamboo near the roadside, and the suffering captain called out, "Dhriver, is the domned road all like this?" Being assured that it was, he replied, "Well, be God, I'll get out and walk," but he was not allowed to try the experiment.

But all things end at last, and at about ten o'clock at night the ambulances with their loads of suffering and groaning men reached the Bag-Bag, the wounded were carried in litters across the now partially repaired railway bridge, and placed on the train awaiting them. There was no light in the ordinary day coach that we occupied, and the heat was stifling, but finally we pulled into Manila. As the train stopped at Caloocan I was handed a telegram addressed to me as a brigadier-general. It was signed by Col. Thomas H. Barry, now Major-General Barry, and read, "Congratulations. Shake, if your wounded hand will permit. No man better deserves the star."

For a moment I was dazed, not understanding what was meant, but it soon

dawned on me that a cable had been received from Washington announcing my promotion to the grade of brigadier-general of volunteers. It had been quick work, being largely the result of the passage of the Rio Grande at Calumpit, only a week before, and was brought about by a cabled recommendation from the corps commander, Major-General Elwell S. Otis, based on the reports and recommendations of Generals MacArthur and Wheaton. I must confess that I was highly gratified, and nearly forgot the throbbing in my hand. My wound was not so severe that I was compelled to go to the hospital, but I was allowed to live in quarters, going once a day to have my hand

dressed. In ten days I was allowed to return to duty, though the hand had to be carried in a sling for a couple of weeks more.

General Wheaton had been assigned to the command of another brigade for the purpose of participating in important operations on the "South Line," so that, much to my gratification, I was assigned to the command of the First Brigade of the Second Division, and so had my old regiment and the First Montana until they were relieved by two regular regiments. The narrative of the lively fighting around San Fernando, Pampanga, which had been occupied by our troops on the evening of the engagement at Santo Tomas, forms another story.

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTIONS OF 1880 AND 1884

By James Ford Rhodes



HAYES became president on March 4, 1877, and was confronted with a Democratic House chosen in the presidential year. The elections of 1878 resulted in a Democratic House and Senate, and there were few to predict Republican success in 1880. Hayes had alienated the "Stalwarts" by his Southern policy and the party workers by his efforts to reform the Civil Service, but, despite factional troubles, there was a strong undercurrent of confidence in the Republican party, due to the President's wise administration and to the improvement in business and financial conditions. That this was felt by the politicians is evident from the eager competition for the Republican presidential nomination of 1880. The Senatorial triumvirate, Conkling, of New York, J. D. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and Logan, of Illinois, were first in the field with their warm advocacy of General Grant, whom, in the various ways necessary to bring a man before the country, they put forward as a candidate during the year preceding the convention.

Soon after the expiration of his second term, Grant started on a tour round the

world, and was received both in Europe and in Asia with distinguished courtesies never before accorded to an American citizen. Full reports of his progress were given by the newspapers, and every one felt a glow of pride in reading of the honors bestowed upon the representative of his country. When Grant arrived at San Francisco in September, 1879, he was certainly the most popular man in the United States. His reception in that city could not have been more enthusiastic, and the leisurely trip thence to Chicago was attended by a continuous ovation, which was later repeated when he went from his old home of Galena to Philadelphia. The demonstrations were a non-partisan tribute to the first citizen of the country, but as the "Grant boom" was already well in progress, those favoring it did not scruple to make political capital out of the enthusiasm elicited by their candidate. The Senatorial triumvirate had no assurance from Grant that their efforts met with his favor, but Conkling, from intimate association with him during his presidency, knew his man and was well aware that his silence gave consent.

In August, 1879, Grant wrote to Badeau in a private letter, "I am not a candidate

for any office nor would I hold one that required any manœuvring, or sacrifice to obtain"; and, during the first few months after his home-coming, his position undoubtedly was that if the Republican party unanimously, or nearly so, demanded that he should be their candidate, he would deem it his duty to comply with their wish. Twice he had been unanimously nominated and, as he believed that he had served his country well in the presidential chair, it is not surprising that he thought the nomination might be offered him again with one voice. While the feeling against a third term might have prevented in any case a unanimous call, yet had Grant rounded out his military career by making an excellent president, it is almost certain that, when the Convention met, he would have had a sufficient following to secure his nomination, by a good majority, on the first ballot. Adept as were the Senatorial triumvirate in all the arts of political manipulation, they could not have hoped for success had not Grant been strong with a mass of the people whose thoughts dwelt upon him at Appomattox, rather than in the White House. Those national traditions, to be sure, which implied distrust of the continuance of one man in high office with the possible consequences of personal ambition shaping the country's policy and misusing the patronage, supplied an argument well-nigh unanswerable against a third term directly succeeding the second; but little weight should be attached to these considerations in the case of a former president.

Early in 1880 Grant went to Cuba and was out of the country a little over two months. Meanwhile, the Senatorial triumvirate were actively at work. It was argued that Grant was needed to maintain a vigorous Southern policy and to protect the negro at the South in his exercise of the suffrage. Already, through the suppression of the negro vote, the Democrats had secured the House and the Senate and, although a number of Southern States had voted for Grant in 1868 and 1872, and for Hayes in 1876, it was evident that in 1880 the "solid South" (that is, all the former slave States), would be for the Democratic candidate. Moreover, so the argument ran, the Democrats, indignant at the manner of their defeat in 1876, and now having possession of the Senate and the House, would

by fair means or foul "count in" their candidate unless they had for their opponent the resolute and warlike Grant.

Cameron was the first to produce results, having called the Pennsylvania State Convention for the early date of February 4, but he had to encounter in his State a strong feeling for Blaine who, next to Grant, was the most formidable candidate. Cameron, however, was audacious and had a powerful machine. He dominated the Convention, which by a vote of 133 to 113 instructed the delegates to the National Convention to vote for Grant and then, without a division, adopted the unit rule. The unit rule implied that the whole vote of the State should be cast for the candidate in whose favor the instructions were given, and that, on all questions coming before the National Convention, a majority of the delegation should decide how the State, as a whole, should vote. Three weeks later, Conkling followed with his New York State Convention, which he conducted with great skill, although in one respect his task was easier than Cameron's, inasmuch as the sentiment for Grant was stronger in New York than in Pennsylvania. He did not deem it wise or necessary to provide for the unit rule in unequivocal language, but, by deft management, he had the Convention adopt a resolution which implied this rule without arrogantly overriding the minority.

While the Pennsylvania and New York Conventions gave an impetus to the boom for Grant, they showed that instead of the party calling upon him with one voice for its leader, his nomination must be fought for in the manner of ordinary candidates. The attitude of Grant himself reflects the change in his opinion from December 1879 to May 1880. In December, while in Philadelphia, he was asked, "Will you not be disappointed, after such an ovation from San Francisco to Philadelphia, if you are not returned to the presidency?" "No, not at all, but Mrs. Grant would," was his reply. In January George William Curtis thought that, though he did not seek the nomination, he expected it and, before the end of February, the general impression was that he would take it in any honorable way that he could get it. In May, his bosom friend, General Sherman, wrote in a private letter: "Grant is still a candidate, but, instead of being nominated by

acclamation, will have to scramble for it, a thing I cannot help but regret, as his career heretofore is so splendid that I cannot help feeling it impaired by common politics. He could so nobly rest on his laurels, but his family and his personal dependents prod him on, and his best friends feel a delicacy about offering advice not asked." Grant's situation supplies a commentary on the neglect of its ex-Presidents by a great nation, which might give them some official position with a liberal salary or, at all events, grant them a sufficient pension to enable them to live in dignified retirement. For Grant needed a job. He loved city life and the society of rich men, but had not sufficient wealth to reside in New York, unless he could obtain such employment as would give him an addition to his private means. This fact, together with the feeling that, if the country elected him for another term, its careful choice would be a vindication of his two administrations, led him, as events progressed, to grasp eagerly for the prize.

The opposition to Grant kept pace with the movement in his favor and at first was based almost entirely on the deep-seated conviction that a third term was undesirable, but, as the canvass grew in heat, the scandals of his administrations were revived and urged as a reason why the great trust should not again be committed to his hands. Blaine had a large following, and was as good a Stalwart as Grant himself, having indeed coined the appellation. John Sherman, the Secretary of the Treasury, and Senator Edmunds were advocated by those who approved of Hayes's administration, Edmunds being the first choice of the Independent Republicans, while E. B. Washburne, of Illinois, had a certain support.

Logan was the last of the Senatorial triumvirate to do his special work and his Convention did not meet until the 19th of May. In Illinois it had been the custom for the State Convention to choose all the delegates, the district delegates as well as those from the State at large, and this custom was now followed, with the result that a solid delegation for Grant was selected, but, under Logan's management, the proceedings were so high-handed that nine Congressional districts at once entered a protest and it was significant that one of these dis-

tricts was Grant's own. Soon afterward there was an indignant mass-meeting in Chicago. It was decided to send anti-Grant delegates from these nine districts and carry the contest into the National Convention.

The date fixed for the assembling of this Convention was Wednesday, June 2, and the place Chicago. Before the appointed day, many prominent delegates and the advocates of the several candidates came together in order to settle certain preliminaries by private discussion and conference rather than to carry all dissensions into the great Convention hall. This pre-Convention work had for its centre the Republican National Committee, a body always existent, composed of one member from each State and Territory. The contest in the Committee, and, indeed, in the Convention, until the balloting for candidates began, resolved itself into one between the Grant and anti-Grant forces. A majority of the members of the Committee were opposed to Grant's nomination, but Senator J. D. Cameron was chairman and the fact of his holding this position prompted the triumvirate to a bold plan to secure the organization of the Convention. It was the rule for the chairman of the National Committee to call the Convention to order and then to give way to a temporary chairman selected by the Committee. The Committee's choice would be anti-Grant, but Cameron would recognize a motion from the floor to substitute a Grant man, and on this vote he would apply the unit rule and likewise on any appeal from his ruling. The temporary chairman so chosen would continue the same parliamentary practice, a permanent organization friendly to Grant would be effected and he would be nominated on the first ballot. An analysis of the delegations shows clearly that, if the unit rule could have been enforced, this plan might have been carried out to the letter. The plan leaked out and the anti-Grant men were in dismay, for they lacked cohesion and were supporting several candidates, while the Grant party was like a military force obeying implicitly its leaders. On May 30 Garfield arrived in Chicago, and brought order out of chaos by insisting that the defeat of the unit rule was more important than the nomination of any candidate. He, with a number of other delegates,

representing different candidates, waited upon Conkling and gave him to understand that, on questions of organization, the anti-Grant men would act together. Under this inspiration, which brought jarring elements into union, the majority of the National Committee threatened to depose Cameron as chairman unless this plan of the triumvirate should be abandoned. A compromise was arrived at. Senator George F. Hoar, who was neither for Grant nor for Blaine, was agreed upon as temporary chairman, and the question of the unit rule went to the Convention where the anti-Grant forces were in a majority. John M. Forbes, who was the Massachusetts member of the National Committee and an Independent, made this private note of opinion and of the action of the majority: "In spite of the objections to Grant, I preferred him, as being an honest man, to Blaine; but, for the purposes of a fair organization of the Convention, a combination with the Blaine leaders was necessary, and by patience and firmness we prevented the breaking up of the Convention."

The Convention building on the shore of the lake was said to be "one of the most splendid barns that was ever constructed." It held the delegates, alternates, press reporters, officials, distinguished guests, and ten thousand spectators. The acoustic properties were good. Flags and pictures of prominent Republicans covered the walls. The weather was comfortably cool during the first part of the proceedings, and the demand for tickets to the galleries was great. The Convention was called to order at noon of Wednesday, June 2, by Cameron, who, after a few remarks, said that the Republican National Committee had instructed him to place in nomination, as temporary chairman, George F. Hoar. Hoar was elected unanimously and, on taking the chair, made a brief speech, when the Convention accomplished some routine business and, after a session of three hours, adjourned until the next day.

Conkling and Garfield were the heroes of the Convention and led the opposing forces. Conkling stopped at the Grand Pacific Hotel, and, despite his supercilious manner, courted publicity. While eating his breakfast he was gaped at by curious crowds. Frequenting the office, the lobby, and other public rooms, and reclining on

the public sofas, he apparently desired personal homage from the crowd of lookers-on who, coming from various States to witness a Convention and shout for their candidate, wandered about the hotels, eager to see the leaders of their party. Perhaps he thought to win favor for Grant by treating the crowd with unusual affability. His entrance into the Convention hall was a studied performance. Waiting until the opening prayer had secured order, he moved with a graceful stride down the long aisle, his physical attractions displayed to the best advantage. And, like a popular actor coming upon the stage, he got his round of applause. But, once in his seat, he laid affability aside and, relishing the contentious part of his mission, he allowed the spirit of domination full sway and, by sarcastic words and sneering tone, irritated his opponents and alienated wavering delegates whom different tactics might have won to his cause. Nevertheless, his leadership was effective in holding the following of Grant together without a break. When Conkling, early on the second day, was arguing in favor of his motion for a recess, Garfield, the time of whose entrance had perhaps been craftily arranged, entered the hall, eliciting a burst of cheers which drowned Conkling's voice. These two, brought into opposition in this episode, remained antagonists throughout the Convention, and it was an encounter of giants. Garfield was fair, conciliatory, persuasive, and in every move and speech made friends for his cause—opposition to the unit rule and the third term.

The first conflict in the Convention hall between Conkling and Garfield occurred early on the third day when Conkling offered a resolution that each delegate was bound in honor to support the candidate, whoever he might be, and all who refused should lose their seats in the Convention. On a roll-call of the States the ayes were 716, the noes 3. On this announcement Conkling moved that all who had voted no had forfeited their votes in this Convention. These three were from West Virginia; they rose in their places and said that they intended to support the nominee, but did not deem the resolution wise. It was a question how the Convention would act, to what extent it might rebuke this exhibition of independence, when Garfield rose and, in

a brief but impassioned speech espoused the cause of the three dissentients, ending with a request to Conkling to withdraw his motion. Garfield had so evidently carried the Convention with him that Conkling, after an exhibition of bad temper and an unsuccessful attempt to draw the presiding officer into the controversy [Hoar had been made permanent chairman], complied with Garfield's request. It is said, however, that he wrote on a newspaper, "I congratulate you on being the dark horse," and sent this to Garfield; or, as another version of the incident has it, the message was written on a card which was passed to Garfield, who read, "Is this the first appearance of the dark horse in this Convention?"

The action of the Convention on the report of the Committee on Credentials was on the whole favorable to the anti-Grant forces. The important decision was that the eighteen anti-Grant delegates from Illinois were given seats. It was during the consideration of the case of Illinois on Friday, the third day of the Convention, that a scene occurred which throws doubt on the claim of a National Convention to being a deliberative body. It was midnight and Emery A. Storrs, an eloquent lawyer from Chicago, in a speech advocating the admission of the entire Grant delegation from Illinois, mentioned almost in one breath "James G. Blaine" and "the grand old silent soldier!" When the galleries resounded in cheers for Grant, Conkling rose and waved his handkerchief to the galleries; these responded with the waving of handkerchiefs and the brandishing of umbrellas. The cheers, accompanied by singing, lasted twenty or thirty minutes, after which followed a wild demonstration for Blaine. Robert Ingersoll, who was on the platform, waved a woman's red shawl. Men took off their coats and used them for flags. Forbes wrote that the enormous audience was made up largely of Grant's Chicago friends; on the other hand, the *New York Times* [which favored Grant] declared that the galleries were packed with Blaine shouters. Both seem to have been partly right. Forbes wrote further that the delegates "caught the fever, and one faction after another yelled and paraded with the flags about the hall, acting like so many Bedlamites. An enthusiastic woman jumped on a rail behind the chair-

man and began to harangue the meeting, balancing herself doubtfully on the narrow edge until ex-Governor Jewell gallantly supported her by both his hands until she could be pacified. In swinging her parasol about, she nearly struck me, just below her, and to avoid further danger I raised my umbrella, and sat safe under her (its) lee until she subsided."

One of the rules which governed the Convention of 1876 had left it doubtful whether the unit rule prevailed and on that account an "unseemly controversy" had arisen. For the sake of avoiding any uncertainty the majority of the Committee on Rules added a clause which in set terms demolished the unit rule. Garfield, being the chairman of the Committee, was again the centre of attraction; he presented the report and made a cogent argument in its favor, at the same time treating the minority with consideration and courtesy. Again he carried the Convention with him and his report was adopted. This action put an end to the hope of nominating Grant on the first ballot and showed that his supporters must win over doubtful delegates by persuasion instead of by force; but, had the unit rule been enforced, Grant would have received on the first ballot enough votes, probably, to secure the nomination.

The majority report of the Committee on Resolutions made no reference to Civil Service Reform, which in 1880 was a vital question, but on the floor of the Convention, Barker, a Massachusetts delegate, moved the addition of a resolution, declaring for it in no uncertain terms. This gave rise to one of the best-remembered sayings of this Convention. Flanagan, of Texas, sprang quickly to his feet declaring, "To the victors belong the spoils," and asking, "What are we up here for? I mean that members of the Republican party are entitled to office, and if we are victorious we will have office." This caused general and hearty laughter. Other objections were made and the result looked uncertain, but Charles R. Codman, another Massachusetts delegate, made a vigorous remonstrance against an indicated tendency to shelve the subject, and, after some further discussion, the Civil Service Reform plank was adopted by a viva voce vote.

Not until the evening of Saturday, the fourth day, were the candidates put in nomination. Two speeches were made, which,

with the exception of Rufus Choate's tribute to Webster in 1852, are the most splendid examples of our convention oratory. In due course, the turn of Conkling came to nominate Grant. He mounted a table on the reporter's platform, and began with a slight variation of Miles O'Reilly's lines:

"And when asked what State he hails from,
Our sole reply shall be,
He hails from Appomattox
And its famous apple tree."

He declared that with Grant the Republican party could "grandly win." Pointing out in well-chosen words Grant's title to greatness, he was never effusive, tawdry, or grandiloquent. He seized the salient points that suggested to all grateful recollections. Certainly he was a strong candidate who was victor in war, magnanimous at Lee's surrender, a lover of peace, as shown by the Geneva arbitration, a believer in sound money as exemplified by the veto of the inflation bill. The only objection to Grant, Conkling said, was the "third term" and to this objection he applied his scathing ridicule. He was heard all over the hall, and the long applause that followed was not entirely that of a claque; part of it was in genuine approval of an eloquent speech. Benjamin Harrison, a delegate from Indiana, a cold critic of oratory, who later developed into an excellent public speaker, unconsciously applauded as vigorously as Grant's most sympathetic friends, although he himself was opposed to the general's nomination. Conkling's was an effective speech in holding together his solid phalanx, but it failed in conciliation. As the necessary votes to nominate Grant must come largely from the supporters of Blaine and Sherman, it was not a happy stroke to cast a slur on each of those candidates. After Grant's nomination had been seconded in a five-minute speech, Garfield rose to present the name of Sherman. To follow Conkling's oration was a difficult rôle, and his subject was far less inspiring, yet he made a great speech, presenting strong reasons for the nomination of Sherman and receiving an enthusiastic acclaim from the audience in the Convention hall. Afterwards it was often sneeringly suggested that Garfield spoke for himself rather than for Sherman, but this sneer was prompted by the outcome of the Convention.

It was nearly midnight of Saturday when the Convention adjourned. No ballot was taken and the main business went over to Monday. During the interval of one whole day, in which it had been hoped that some combination would be made, nothing apparently was determined, and, when the Convention met on Monday, June 7, the nomination seemed no more imminent than when the delegates had come together during the preceding week. On the first ballot Grant received 304; Blaine 284; Sherman 93; George F. Edmunds 34; E. B. Washburne 30; William Windom 10; necessary to a choice, 378. It was clear that the adherents of Blaine and Sherman could control the nomination by uniting on one or the other, but such a combination was never made. Sherman expected the nomination by drawing from the backers of both Grant and Blaine, in the event that the sharp contest should result in the nomination of neither. He was friendly to both candidates and to their chief supporters, but he suffered by not having a unanimous delegation from his own State, receiving only 34 of Ohio's votes while Blaine got 9 and Edmunds 1. In Ohio two delegates were chosen from each Congressional district by a district convention and four from the State at large by the State Convention, which had this year instructed these to vote for Sherman and requested the district delegates to do likewise. In certain parts of the State, however, there was a strong feeling for Blaine, and Sherman, being aware of this, desired that Garfield's district should send him as a delegate. [Garfield was still a Representative in the lower House of Congress, although he had been chosen Senator for six years, from March 4, 1881.] Sherman had practically the naming of the delegates at large and Garfield, assuring him of his earnest support, told him that he was eager to go to the Convention as one of the four; and so it was arranged. Garfield's influence in his own district was very powerful, yet this district sent two delegates who voted for Blaine. In view of all the facts, it is pretty difficult to avoid the alternative mentioned in a private letter of Sherman's of April 8: "If this district [Garfield's] should be against my nomination, it would be attributed to either want of influence on his [Garfield's] part, or, what is worse, a want of sincerity in my support."

A survey of the whole proceedings of the Convention reveals Garfield's work on behalf of his candidate as a cold performance of duty utterly lacking enthusiasm; and this is entirely comprehensible when it is remembered that the personal and political friendship between him and Blaine was so close that Blaine's nomination would undoubtedly have given him great pleasure. On the twenty-ninth ballot, nineteen delegates from Massachusetts dropped Edmunds and voted for Sherman, making his vote 116. This proved that he was satisfactory to the Independent Republicans; but on the next ballot he received only 120, and afterward his vote fell off, rendering it apparent that he could not attract a sufficient number of the supporters of Blaine to secure the nomination. This meant that he was out of the race. The highest number that Blaine received was 285. He could not get the votes of the Independent Republicans who actually preferred Grant to him, nor could he attract the Sherman strength. Politically the supporters of Blaine and Grant were sympathetic, both being, in the main, Stalwarts, but the bitter feeling between Conkling and Blaine made any diversion to him from the Grant following impossible. Grant's highest vote was 313, and this on the ballot next to the last, when his full strength was called out to prevent the nomination of Garfield. His average vote was about 306, the exact number that he received on the last ballot, and these 306 have gone down into history as the solid Grant phalanx, steady in their support, holding firm to him to the last. So faithful and consistent a following was exceedingly likely at any time to draw from the other candidates and bring about a stampede to Grant as the strongest; and it was then thought, and present study confirms the contemporaneous impression, that a union of the anti-Grant forces was possible on no other man than Garfield.

For some weeks before the Convention Garfield had been talked of, as the possible nominee and, when the delegates and hangers-on came to Chicago, the gossip of the crowd pointed in his direction. On the third day of the Convention, after having espoused the cause of the three recalcitrant delegates from West Virginia and made his famous reply to Conkling, he must have felt that his hold on the delegates was power-

ful and that if neither Grant, Blaine, nor Sherman could secure the prize, he might win it for himself. His speech nominating Sherman was one of the great efforts of his life and furthered his own cause far better than that of the man for whom he spoke. On the Sunday night, however, intervening between his speech and the balloting, he refused, according to the *New York Tribune*, to entertain the idea of being a candidate. On Monday (June 7th) twenty-eight ballots were taken and the twenty-ninth, the first ballot of the Tuesday, gave no indication that the dead-lock would be broken, nor was there any notable change until the thirty-fourth. On the second ballot Garfield had received one vote from Pennsylvania which, with five exceptions, was continued to the thirty-fourth. On different occasions he got another vote, twice from Alabama, three times from Maryland. On a number of ballots he received two from Pennsylvania, but on no ballot a total of more than two until the thirty-fourth, when Wisconsin gave him sixteen. In this crucial moment of his life Garfield said: "Mr. President, I rise to a question of order. . . . I challenge the correctness of the announcement. The announcement contains votes for me. No man has a right, without the consent of the person voted for, to announce that person's name, and vote for him, in this Convention. Such consent I have not given." This is the official account which Senator Hoar, who, be it remembered, was the presiding officer, corrects slightly in his Autobiography by saying that after the word "given" there should be a dash instead of a period, for he interrupted Garfield in the middle of a sentence by declining to entertain his question of order and commanding him to resume his seat. "I was terribly afraid," Hoar further related, "that he would say something that would make his nomination impossible, or his acceptance impossible, if it were made." Garfield afterward said to the reporter of a Cleveland newspaper: "If Senator Hoar had permitted, I would have forbidden anybody to vote for me. But he took me off my feet before I had said what I intended." These statements must be given their due weight; yet nobody can doubt that Garfield, with his magnificent presence and stentorian voice, could have commanded

the attention of the Convention and, by declining emphatically to be a candidate under any circumstances, have turned the tide which was setting in his favor. But his characteristic vacillation prevented him from taking the most glorious action of his life, that of absolutely refusing consent to his nomination. But apparently the thought of his trust was overpowered by the conviction that the prize was his without the usual hard preliminary work.

On the thirty-fifth ballot Garfield received 50; on the thirty-sixth and last, 399; to Blaine 42, Sherman 3 and Grant 306. The Blaine and Sherman following, together with the Independent Republicans, nominated Garfield. Both Blaine and Sherman sent telegrams asking their delegates to vote for him, and on the last ballot Garfield had the solid vote of Maine, and all but one from Ohio (that one being, of course, his own).

In his "Recollections" John Sherman has magnanimously absolved Garfield from any breach of trust; after the President's death he once said to me, "Garfield had a great head and a great heart."

Garfield's was probably, with the exception of Sherman's, the strongest nomination which could have been made. In November he was elected, carrying the State of New York, which was absolutely necessary for his success, by over 20,000 plurality. For the first time the "solid South" gave their electoral votes to the Democratic candidate, who this year was General Hancock.

Garfield chose Blaine, his closest friend and most trusted political adviser, for his Secretary of State, and this choice involved him in a quarrel at the outset of his administration. Blaine was the more masterful man of the two, and it was undoubtedly due to him that William H. Robertson was appointed Collector of the Port of New York. The actual incumbent, an appointment of Hayes, was a good officer and there was no administrative reason for the change. But the Collector's position was very important, as he might control the political machine of New York City. Before the presidency of Hayes, this machine had been controlled by Conkling, and Hayes's removal of Chester A. Arthur, Conkling's henchman, was for the purpose of better

administration. The appointment of Robertson could be looked at in no other way than an attempt to build up an anti-Conkling machine in a Conkling stronghold. Robertson had been at the head of the Blaine supporters in the New York delegation of 1880, and had joined in the stampede to Garfield. Conkling and his brother Senator, Thomas C. Platt, regarded his appointment as a personal insult and resigned their positions as Senators; they then appealed to their legislature to return them to the Senate as their vindication. This plan met with strenuous opposition, and the New York legislature was engaged in a bitter Senatorial contest, in which Conkling was being assisted by the Vice-President, Chester A. Arthur, when Garfield, after only four months of office, was shot at the railroad station in Washington. On September 19 he was dead, but he left his party in New York State rent asunder. Conkling and Platt had been defeated for re-election to the Senate, but the bitter feeling aroused by the appointment of Robertson remained and two factions called Stalwarts and Half-Breeds contended for mastery. For the presidential nomination of 1884, the Stalwarts in the main supported Arthur and the Half-Breeds Blaine. Though Arthur had been a machine politician of the most advanced type, he had on his succession to the presidency shaken himself free from his old associations and, pursuing a manly course, had gained the confidence of the country. He desired the nomination, and while an analysis of his support in the Convention shows that his office-holders had been active in sending delegates favorable to him, it does not appear that he sacrificed the dignity of his office by making any efforts on his own behalf.

While the Convention of 1880 is one of the most interesting in our history, that of 1884 is one of the least interesting. The eager strife which characterized the action before and during the earlier Convention is absent. At the same time, there was no well-defined issue between the parties and there were no differences of principle within the Republican party itself. The dominant aim seemed to be the selection of a man strong enough to defeat the Democratic candidate, who would, undoubtedly, be Grover Cleveland. In 1882 Cleveland

had been elected Governor of New York by 192,854 majority over the Republican candidate; he had made an admirable Governor, stood high in his own party, outside of Tammany Hall, and had won the approval of independent thinkers, among both Republicans and Democrats.

In the end the Convention nominated Blaine, but the result came not of self-seeking and manipulation on his own part; on the contrary, the nomination sought him. He was the choice of the majority of the Convention and undoubtedly of the majority of his party. "I neither desire nor expect the nomination," he said. "But I don't intend that man in the White House shall have it." [February 22.] He was entirely sincere when, in writing to one of his most active supporters, he forbade the use of money, saying that the nomination must be the "unbiased, unbought judgment of the people." [May 8.] The real reason of Blaine's indifference was that he feared that he could not carry New York, and as the Democrats would have the solid South, the electoral vote of that State was necessary to Republican success. He shrank from the canvass, and like many other Republicans cast about for a candidate who might win. His eye lighted on General Sherman, to whom he imparted his views in a private letter, written on May 25. But General Sherman would not listen to the suggestion. "I would account myself a fool" he wrote, "a madman, an ass, to embark anew, at sixty-five years of age, in a career that may become at any moment tempest-tossed by perfidy, the defalcation, the dishonesty or neglect of any single one of a hundred thousand subordinates utterly unknown to the President."

John Sherman, now Senator, had the support of a part of the Ohio delegation, but he also had doubts of Republican success. In two confidential letters to his brother, the general, he showed plainly his position: "A nomination is far from being equivalent to an election. The chances are for the Democrats but for their proverbial blundering." [January 29.] "I would gladly take it [the nomination] as an honorable closing of thirty years of political life, but I will neither ask for it, scheme for it, nor have I the faintest hope of getting it." [March 7.] Later [May 4], when it seemed to the Senator that, if Blaine were

not nominated on one of the early ballots, the movement toward General Sherman would be irresistible, he advised his brother to accept the nomination if it came "unsought and with cordial unanimity." But neither Blaine's advice nor his brother's could move the general. His final word, sent to John B. Henderson, who became permanent chairman of the Convention was: Prevent, if you can, the mention of my name; should a break occur after the first ballot and "my name be presented as a compromise," decline for me; lastly, "if in spite of such declination I should be nominated," decline with emphasis. For "I would not for a million dollars subject myself and family to the ordeal of a political canvass, and afterward to a four years' service in the White House."

While the absence of Senators Hale and Frye [Blaine leaders in 1880] and Conkling was conspicuous, there were many able men among the delegates. Massachusetts sent Senator Hoar, William W. Croapo, John D. Long, and Henry Cabot Lodge, as delegates at large, and, as district delegate, Edward L. Pierce: 25 of her 28 votes, including these five, were given to Edmunds. From New York came Theodore Roosevelt and Andrew D. White, as delegates at large, and, as district delegate, George William Curtis, who was made chairman of the delegation. These three supported Edmunds, while Thomas C. Platt, a district delegate, the former lieutenant of Conkling, had separated from the Stalwarts and was strongly in favor of Blaine. Three of the delegates at large from Ohio were Foraker, William McKinley, and Mark Hanna, this being the first appearance of Hanna on the stage of national politics. The warm friendship which existed between him and McKinley until McKinley's death had already begun, although McKinley desired the nomination of Blaine, while Hanna was an earnest and faithful worker for John Sherman. The following of Blaine must not be regarded as entirely of the Thomas C. Platt stripe; some of the best men of the party, like McKinley and William Walter Phelps, were advocates of his nomination.

In the Convention harmony prevailed. The reports of the Committees on Credentials and on Resolutions were unanimously adopted; the majority report of the Com-

mittee on Rules, without a call of the roll. Nevertheless, a contention occurred on the first day when Lodge, Curtis, and Roosevelt resisted the choice of the National Committee for temporary chairman of Powell Clayton, an eleventh-hour supporter of Blaine, and carried, by a majority of forty, the election of John R. Lynch, a colored man, who was for Arthur. All the delegates knew Roosevelt from his untiring personal canvass for Edmunds and when, to use the words of the reporter, this "active, nervous, light-haired, gray-eyed man" mounted a chair to urge the election of Lynch, "he was greeted with a burst of rousing applause." The division in the main was between the Blaine and Logan delegates [Logan was a candidate, receiving on the first ballot sixty-three and a half votes] on the one side, and the Arthur, Edmunds, and Sherman forces on the other, but it failed to reveal the entire Blaine strength, as a number of his supporters had a personal preference for Lynch over Clayton. On the second day, owing to a premonition of the "mugwump bolt" against Blaine, a resolution was offered that every member of the Convention was bound in honor to support its nominee. This was opposed by Edward L. Pierce, and an animated discussion followed, ending with an impassioned speech by George William Curtis against the resolution, as a result of which it was withdrawn.

Although it is now evident that it was a Blaine Convention, it was not clear at the time to those opposing his nomination—at any rate not until the fourth day, when the balloting began. The objection to Blaine was presented under different aspects. A number of the delegates believed that he had prostituted his high office of Speaker of the House in an effort for pecuniary gain. Others, denying that the charge had been proved, felt that the suspicion was so strong as to render him a vulnerable candidate. And all these were at one in the conviction that he could not carry New York. In the balloting Arthur was the next strongest candidate, but on him a union of the opposition to Blaine was impossible; indeed, it was thought that, owing to party dissensions, he could not carry New York, his own State. Those opposed to both Blaine and Arthur endeavored to

bring the other jarring elements together. Roosevelt and Mark Hanna wrought with a common aim in the effort to get the Edmunds delegates to divert their strength to John Sherman, hoping that other accessions might follow; but this combination they failed to effect. Then efforts were made in another direction. Although it was known in the Convention that General Sherman had written a letter to Blaine, declining to be a candidate, and had sent a telegram to Henderson of the same tenor, a belief was held in some quarters that if he were nominated he would not decline. Senator Hoar and George William Curtis, sharing this belief, endeavored to win an important number of delegates from their respective States to their way of thinking. They thought they had succeeded and were intending at the proper time to announce these votes for General Sherman, when it was thought delegates from one or two other States would follow; but, before the announcement could be made, each was met with this objection from their associate delegates—"Our people do not want a Father Confessor in the White House," the reference being to the religion of General Sherman's wife. Thus were they forced to abandon their attempt.


On Friday, June 6th, the fourth day of the Convention, the balloting began. On the first ballot, when 411 were necessary to a choice, Blaine had 334½; Arthur 278; Edmunds 93; Logan 65½; John Sherman 30; Hawley 13; Robert Lincoln 4; General Sherman 2. Blaine gained steadily on the second and third ballots; on the fourth nearly all of the Logan delegates, by Logan's direction, voted for him and there were other changes sufficient to give him 541 votes and the nomination. The majority of the Convention, representing the majority of the party, regarded the allegation of Blaine's venality as a calumny. Logan was nominated for Vice-President.

The revolt in his own party against Blaine has given to this presidential canvass the name of "The Mugwump Campaign." His successful antagonist was Grover Cleveland. New York was the decisive State, and Cleveland received her electoral vote by a plurality of 1,149 in a total vote of 1,167,169.

THE RUBBER STAMP

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

ILLUSTRATIONS BY K. R. WIREMAN

SEE," said the nurse, "Martha has the Nancy Dancy books. Did you know I helped to make them? You wouldn't suspect *me* of having a hand in anything literary or artistic, now, would you?"

Miss Waite's business concerned only the children of other women, but her face was that of the mother of many. My son was in her cushiony arms at the moment going to sleep over his five-ounce bottle. She pinched his inert hand, whereupon he spread his fingers, increased the slit between his eyelids by a hair's breadth, and resumed work with a tiny sigh.

"Just fancy!" said the nurse. "*Me* having anything to do with a book."

She said book with the reverent capitalization bestowed on literature by those who have never tried it.

"They certainly are having a great success," I said. "It's so hard to get satisfactory children's books nowadays. Everything is always eating up something else. The artists seem to love to do dragons and snakes. I suppose because they have nice lines and lend themselves to cheap color processes."

"Dear me," said the nurse, "I don't know anything about that. A picture is a picture to me, though you'd think I might have learned a little being with Mrs. Sterret a whole year."

"Were you really?" said I. "Do tell me what she is like. One hears so many queer things about famous people. Is she really such a sloven? And is it true that she turns her children over to trained nurses and hardly sees them from one year's end to another?"

Miss Waite made a ferocious little sound in her throat: "Who says that?"

"Oh," I said vaguely, "newspapers—everybody."

My son was asleep invincibly. She spanked him scientifically and tickled his

neck, but he had sunk beyond reach, so she kissed the top of his head resoundingly, avoiding the fontanelle, and cuddled him to her starched white bosom.

"There's no doctor or head nurse looking," she muttered guiltily. "Oh, how I *do* wish you belonged to me," and she brazenly rocked him with her cheek against the warm fuzz of his head.

"As to turning her babies over to nurses," said she scornfully, "there was never but one nurse, to my knowledge, and I was the one. As to being a sloven, anybody who could do what she did and think about looks——"

"When I first saw her I did think she was a crank. She was so thin and sick-looking, and carelessly dressed. And her eyes had a wild look that made me suspicious. She was a sloven if you like, then. The last time I saw her she might have stepped out of a show-window on Fifth Avenue. Her little boy was two months old when I came to her. 'I'm so afraid of making mistakes in preparing the bottle,' said she. 'I am—a—very busy woman, and my husband is not well.'"

"We nurses are so used to finding trouble—wickedness too—where you'd least expect it that we take a skeleton in the closet as a matter of course. We know perfectly well that something unpleasant—even horrible—besides the case that brings us there, is always walking around the rooms of every house or flat where a family lives. Some ghost or goblin is sure to grin at us through a crack before we've been in a house twenty-four hours."

"There isn't one here," I said indignantly.

Miss Waite said nothing.

I thought a moment and was silent. Miss Waite continued:

"Sometimes it's rat size—sometimes only mouse. But I've seen—well—wolves and tigers. I shouldn't have said what I did if yours had been bigger than a mouse. We get so we pay no more attention to 'em than

to the family cat; do our business and go as soon as possible.

"To tell the honest truth, I thought at first she was a 'nervous case.' That's a polite word for almost or quite insane, you know. Still, she had been preparing the baby's food for a month all herself and doing it in a way I had to live up to: boric acid for the nipples, bottle brushes, cream dipper, barley-water, milk-sugar, lime-water—everything as exact and clean as a surgeon's tools. And *that* didn't seem like a 'nervous case.'

"I could feel her great black eyes boring through the back of my head when she showed me into this baby's pantry of hers.

"'You see,' said she in a kind of apologetic way, 'I can't intrust this sort of thing to untrained hands. I asked my second girl to put the modified milk into the baby's refrigerator, supposing she would do it at once—and found it standing beside the hot kitchen stove two hours afterward. One has to do those things one's self,' said she, 'or trust them to some one who knows how.' Then, suddenly, as I was beginning to brush the bottles, she ran out of the room, and I heard her trying not to cry. A nurse is hardened—at least accustomed—to people's crying, but this—I knew that it was because of something, because of the Thing I was speaking of that was in the house, and I knew that it must be a big one—tiger-size, or worse.

"Not wickedness. When it's wickedness you know it because you begin to feel wicked and cynical yourself. This was big and cold and heavy, like sewer-gas, or like— Did you ever see a picture of a snake twined about a branch and looking down into a bird's nest?

"'It's fear,' I said.

"And as I set my feedings away, noticing again how beautifully spick and span she had kept everything, I found I was horribly sorry. And that made me cross, for a nurse can't afford to have sympathies. This, I suppose, confused me, so that when I went to have a look at my new baby and take him his bottle I accidentally opened the wrong door. I had never seen a studio before. The light was rather dim so that I didn't see then, what was so plain afterward, that everything was just shadow—hardly more than begun. It looked as if the room

were full of children, all laughing—and fairies—well, you know those fairies in the Nancy Dancy books. But of course the drawings were all ever so much bigger than they show in the books, and mostly in color. They were dear! How could Fear be in the same house with that crowd of laughing babies? Still I heard her sobbing somewhere, and then—but it seemed as if it was all those laughing babies that made me do it—I began to cry myself. I stepped out softly and tried the next door, and there was my baby right enough, bless his heart, with his finger half-way down his throat and his eyes wide open, looking for his bottle. I took away his finger and tucked in the nipple instead, and he swallowed away like a little man, staring hard at my cap.

"It was evening when I came, so my first meal there was breakfast. As I went down I saw a maid taking a tray to the studio door—just coffee. But the coffee they had at that house! It wasn't a beverage; it was a drug. I had to fill my cup two-thirds full of milk and then it was strong. But she took a whole breakfast-cup full—black!

"As the door opened she saw me and asked how the baby had slept. You'd have thought from her face that he was desperately ill.

"'Why,' said I, 'he's the wellest, fattest, dearest little thing that ever was! *You're* the patient,' I said. 'Does your doctor know what kind of breakfast you have?' And I pointed to the coffee.

"'That isn't breakfast,' said she. 'I had my breakfast two hours ago, when Anne woke up.' Anne was her little girl. 'This is just to help me about working.' She waved her hand toward the pictures, and now I saw plainly how they were really just ghosts of pictures—all cloudy masses of paint. Yet the night before they had seemed all but alive.

"'I have to get past this stage, you see,' she said to me, just as if I knew about such things, 'and it takes whip and spur to do it. Once past the hill and the rough road, we'll get back to a more normal way of living.'

"She was drinking that terrible coffee while she talked, and by the time it was half gone the color had come into her face and her eyes were bright. I could hardly believe she was the woman I had heard crying the night before.

" 'I may as well tell you,' said she, 'what I am trying to do. You know, my husband is an invalid. Our physician says change of climate might make him well, but we can't afford that at present. And aside from that our affairs are in a bad way—very bad. We've had losses'—she turned white as she mentioned that. I saw it was no small matter—'so that I thought it might be well if I took my talent out of its napkin. We are very ambitious for our children'—she spoke with an odd sort of defiance as though expecting criticism—'and that sort of ambition is as expensive as one can make it. So I thought I could serve them better this way than by being with them all the time. But I had very little training. So I am going to school to myself. Some of

the most successful artists have been self-taught,' said she. 'It's very hard to give my children over to others to care for. Still, when I remember the mothers that leave theirs in a crèche, while they go out to scrub'—she gulped down the rest of her coffee and stood up very straight and bright-eyed. 'You see,' said she, 'I've got to do *good* work. There is poor work that pays well,

I understand, but I don't know how to do it. And it takes so long to learn; and—we are in such a hurry to go South. But you will help me—' She stopped being dignified and put her hands on my shoulders

and looked up into my face—she is a little thing.

" 'You will stand by, won't you?' said she. And in spite of her courageous air I saw in her eyes the Fear that had been weeping around the house the night before, the fear of the bird on her nest when she sees the snake.

"So I patted her and said of course I'd 'stand by,' only she mustn't worry and mustn't take her coffee so strong. She held on to me for a long time, but was so still I didn't know she had been crying until I found the starch out of my bib where her face had been.

" 'I don't believe I'll mind *your* having him,' she said at last, giving me a little push out of the room. And I heard a funny scratchy noise like something in a terrible hurry. (I learned afterward she was sharpening her charcoal on sand-paper.) Then walking back and forth; a steady tramp for hours, for she never sat down at her work. There wasn't any model. She said she



"She held on to me for a long time, but was so still I didn't know she had been crying until I found the starch out of my bib."

wouldn't let her little girl pose for her, anyway, and that even if she did it would spoil everything because the child would become self-conscious and stiff.

"'I have taught my eye to remember,' she said, and she was always doing little studies of their heads while she was with them. It was the drawing of an eyelid, she told me, or the curve of a cheek or the squaring of the mouth corners when they laughed that she sketched then. 'I do that when another woman would be sewing. Of course I couldn't depend on that if I were a painter, but it's enough for the simple sort of drawings I'm making. And then I use my camera some, but really you can't get much out of a photograph; it's one way of sketching and sometimes you get an idea, but generally they're all wrong. I didn't know that when I started out. I thought my photographs were lovely and that all I should have to do would be to copy them line for line. But when I began to work from them they seemed to crumble into dust.'

"That's the way she put it. I didn't understand then, and I don't now. She had some of the loveliest photographs of her babies that I've ever seen. But they didn't suit her.

"Her camera was a wonderful little thing and I believe very expensive. She could take snaps in-doors if it was moderately light, and she was always gunning after little Anne's smiles, which were rarer than they might have been, for the child was fretting over her last molars and running a temperature and crying at night. It was better after I got her to come to me—but it took a long time. Queer child. Not everybody liked her. 'It's for my rubber stamp,' Mrs. Sterret explained to me one day after shooting off a dozen exposures at Anne. I noticed she always faced her camera toward the sun, and thought it odd, because the directions tell you not to do that. 'It's prettiest,' said she, 'when they are almost in silhouette with the sun on their hair and drawing a line of light around their profiles. You get an effect of sun that way that you can't in any other.'

"I asked her what she meant by 'rubber stamp.'

"'The rubber-stamp artist,' said she, 'is the one that makes the most money. You

do a certain kind of picture—one subject done in one way, all the time—enough different so you can tell them apart, that's all. This is the greatest of the rubber-stamp artists,' said she, pulling out a portfolio. She spread out a lot of magazine covers. 'You could almost superimpose one profile on another. All that's different is the hats; the girls all droop their eyelids and part their lips and hold their chins in the air. I'm told he gets three hundred dollars for each of them.'

"It didn't seem possible they could be worth that, but I did think them pretty and to be honest I had to say so, though I could see she didn't.

"'Of course you do,' said she. 'Everybody thinks so except artists. That's the rubber stamp. Now, here's another portfolio. It's hardly fair to call it rubber-stamp work; at least it's a much better one than the other, and I've learned ever so much from her. Children, you see; and they *are* children. *She* knows how to keep things simple. She uses a clean strong line, and you'd never mistake her work for anybody else's. That's where the stamp comes. But her children are always solemn and quiet. Mine are to be always in sunshine and always laughing and wriggling. That's *my* rubber stamp—that—and—keeping them in flat light grays—not much line.'

"Well, it seemed to me she was getting it; only—it was always one new drawing after another. At first glance you'd think, 'How perfectly lovely!'—then there'd seem to be nothing there. Just nothing at all.

"'I'm not ready yet to finish,' she said once, reading my look, I suppose. 'It's the hardest part I'm doing now—composition and tone, making maps of the masses of light and shade as we used to do maps of the States at school. Finishing won't be hard once I'm ready.'

"But I couldn't help being uneasy; perhaps because I saw she was uneasy herself. What if the finishing might not be so easy, after all? But then, what did I know? I took the children out and kept them away all day as much as I could, and took them both at night. She had been taking Anne at night, molars and all. I don't know when she had slept. And the baby only two months old! Think of it! No wonder she couldn't nurse him.

"Mr. Sterret? I had to change my opinion of him before I was done. At first I put him down for a hypochondriac. I supposed he was dying. But some people show up best then—and some don't; depending partly on what the case is, but not altogether. I met him several times in the halls and he bowed and spoke pleasantly, but kept a handkerchief smelling of car-

too, and knew how their affairs stood. He called me into an empty room and shut the door.

"Does she still keep up that artistic insanity?" he said, speaking in the angry way that one will use when anxious about a friend.

"She works constantly in her studio," I said. He struck his fist into his open



"She was always gunning after little Anne's smiles."—Page 310.

bolic to his face. He had a room at the top of the house and took his air on the roof and isolated himself with all sorts of necessary and unnecessary precautions. I wanted to do something for him, too, but he seemed to be afraid that I'd somehow carry tuberculosis from him to the children if I did; so when I saw it worried him I kept away. He was almost frantic on the subject and martyred himself almost as much as that poor leper they made such a fuss about.

"But I finally persuaded him it was perfectly safe to bring the baby up to the roof for its airing when he was there, and it did him a world of good. And I told him of all T'b's I had known who got perfectly well and how autopsies almost always show scars on the lungs, so that he brightened up to be almost human after a few days. He had a little insurance, it seemed, so wasn't so worried about his dying as Mrs. Sterret was. She preferred him alive.

"One day I met Mr. Sterret's physician coming down. He was a personal friend,

palm and went to the window, glaring out as though some pet case were going against him. 'How does she eat and sleep?' he asked, without turning around. I told him.

"Don't you think that you, as a woman, might bring Mrs. Sterret to her senses and show her that she is throwing away her husband's life and her children's bread and butter by this madness? That a woman should think of a career under *such* circumstances!' he said.

"Oh,' I said, 'it's *not* that. Oh, how can you think so? She knows the money is going and she hopes to earn enough by her drawings to support them all and to go South before it is too late for her husband.'

"There was enough,' said the physician, 'when she began. Why, she must have spent five hundred on her camera alone in the past year; and now she's got *you*. There's no money in art or writing except at the top. I know a lot of those people and they all say so. And she has had hardly

any training—as training counts nowadays. What does her work look like, anyway?”

“‘Oh,’ I said, ‘it’s lovely! She only needs time to finish——’

“He laughed angrily. ‘Other things will be finished first,’ said he. ‘Her husband’s life and every cent they have. I think,’ said he, ‘I’ll have to talk with Mrs. Sterret.’

“‘Oh, don’t,’ I said. ‘Don’t discourage her. I do think she is going to come out all right.’

“But he looked at me as doctors look at a nurse who has said too much, and next minute he was knocking at her studio door.

“I was so angry with him, though I could see he thought everything of them both! The baby was fretting and I walked with him to keep him quiet. It was an hour before the doctor came out. He was looking as miserable as if he’d lost a patient. He started to pass me without speaking, then reconsidered.

“‘She needs a woman to be good to her, I guess,’ said he. ‘But you can’t see your friends go over Niagara without a word; at least I can’t.’

“‘You don’t need to push them further into the current, though,’ I snapped. He wasn’t offended in the least.

“‘No,’ said he. ‘That would be a terrible pity.’

“He gave me some valerian for her and said to try to get her coffee away. Then he took a look at the babies and brightened up a bit. I saw he liked the way I was caring for them.

“As soon as the baby was quiet I ran up to Mrs. Sterret, but she answered that she was working and would have her dinner on a tray.

“‘I dare say I shall work late,’ she said. ‘I really must finish something to-night. Then I can send it off to-morrow and we shall see.’ She smiled and looked as bright as a button, but her hand was a lump of ice and her cheeks had two red spots.

“‘He means well. He’s our best friend. And it may be he is right. I’m going to try to prove him wrong to-night. Nobody would be better pleased than he if I proved him wrong.’ That was the way she took it.

“I couldn’t sleep that night. The baby was a little restless. I didn’t undress. I took off my cap and dozed a little on the couch, but I felt as if I were alone on night

duty in the hospital, only worse, because there you *can* get help, and there you have only sick people to think about. And in sickness there are things you can do; it’s tangible—but this—well, it was the Beast that I had felt that first night. I drew the curtains tight, for the Thing was so real that I half expected to see a snake face glaring through the black glass. And about once an hour I went and listened outside Mrs. Sterret’s studio door. I could hear her stepping back and forth and her charcoal scratching. Now and then she hummed a little tune. But I was terribly anxious, for I knew what the strain had been, and I had seen nurses collapse and be good for nothing ever afterward. You *can’t*, you know——

“Finally—when the windows were turning gray I heard her give a little cry as if she were hurt, and then——

“‘After all!’ said she. ‘After all!’

“Then I went in. I thought it was time.

“The pictures seemed to have faded and dulled overnight like fire gone to ashes. Some she had rubbed out, some were twisted and distorted. All deformed, ugly, dead, spoiled. I had felt for a week that she was not getting on with them, but she had held her own until the doctor came and talked to her, and now——

“She had put out her light and was standing by the window looking out.

“‘See the morning,’ said she. ‘It is like iron—rigid and gray and cold—and over there a little flame of red. I can imagine a great battle beginning on a morning like this. Don’t you see the tents over there—’ It was a ragged line of clouds. ‘Mars and Venus and Juno and Athena camping above the field of Troy.’ She stood among her unfinished canvases, in her trailing wrapper, with her hair all wild, both hands against her head. ‘And I don’t believe any of the great generals fought and thought and suffered more than I—an ignorant and incompetent woman—trying to overcome my ignorance and incompetence so that I can save my babies. . . . I should not have been ignorant and incompetent. No woman has any business to bring children into the world unless she is able to protect them against such a chance as this. . . .’

“‘You go to bed,’ said I.

“‘To bed?’ said she. ‘Why, Troy is burning—tall Troy town—and you tell me

to go to bed! We must take the sick and the children and go. Æneas escaped with Anchises—we will escape, somehow. . . . Troy is burning,' she said again.

her as she fell. She was little, anyway, and so thin that I carried her to her bed like a child. But I wasn't going to send for a doctor—not just yet. She opened her eyes



R. B. WIREMAN

"I had to give baby his breakfast bottle. . . . Then little Anne began *her* day."—Page 314.

"I sat down and cried. Then I remembered I had left the baby's bottle heating and ran back to get it. It was too hot, so I had to make another. While I was doing that she came and stood behind me. I didn't dare turn around with my eyes all red like that.

"'Auntie,' said she, 'I'm—not—feeling well,'—and I turned just in time to catch

after a minute and I got her warm and comfortable. She was terribly sub-normal; weak and dull and all played out.

"'I've failed, Auntie,' said she. 'I can't do it, after all. It was foolish to try, as Doctor Kean said, but I loved them so, and I was sure love would teach me. I ought to have tried keeping boarders at the start. Now I've used up all the strength

and money that I might have used to succeed at that. Now Will can't go South, and so he will die—perhaps I'll die, too, Auntie. Mothers do—I thought I couldn't. I was very vainglorious. I thought I loved them too much to die. But now—it's got inside me—as forts are taken. . . . I'll try. . . but——'

"And then I seemed to see the whole thing. 'You *haven't* failed,' I shouted. 'You're all in, but you've really won. It's all in your head and fingers now, just as my training is. All you need is to sleep and eat and rest for twenty-four hours, and you'll see—you'll see! You're not even sick,' I said.

"But I thought I was lying.

"*'Auntie,'* said she, 'after paying our debts we sha'n't have one penny in the world after the first of the month. I've thrown it all away—all—but I thought I was going to—save us all,' said she. 'But we're going over the falls—Niagara—the babies——'

"*'You sleep,'* I said. 'Falls—no such thing. *Your* sort don't go over Niagara.'

"I gave her a hypodermic and left her, for the baby was howling blue murder and little Anne was fretting. She was asleep when I looked in next. She slept for twelve hours. Then I heard her get up and go into the studio.

"I knew better than to go near her then. I—well I prayed a little, and vowed I'd drug those babies silly if they dared raise a row before she came out.

"I've seen relatives waiting while an operation was going on, and they made me very cross. It seemed so silly, when they couldn't do anything and all modern science was at work for them, to stand around in the reception-room and try to imagine what was going on—perhaps half a block away. Though as to that I don't know but it makes you still crosser when there aren't any relatives to be anxious, or when those that do exist don't care or are thinking about money—(there's a funny look to the eye that always gives 'em away when they're thinking that, always).

"But my business has been on the inside of the closed door, you see, where I didn't have to wonder and where the patient didn't belong to me. Now I felt that Mrs. Sterret *did* belong to me. People do when they've cried on you—and I was shut out and couldn't help a bit, at least on *her* side of

the door. There she was, with tools as mysterious to me as a surgeon's knives would be to her, concerned in something as important as a major operation, with nothing but a little stick of charcoal and some paper between her and the Beast. Think of working at babies' smiles on paper in such a mood as that! Trying to scare away the snake with a picture of a child laugh!

"I suppose I passed her door fifty times that night, if once, and I haven't scorned the relatives since.

"At about four o'clock I heard her stirring and smelt coffee. Then a great scratching of charcoal until sunrise. Just as the sun came up I heard the fixatif going on, and that made me hope, for it meant that something was finished. After that came the rattle of paper as though she were pinning more sheets to her board, and this time she sang under breath as she worked. Still, I'd known her to do that when things were going against her most.

"By that time I had to give baby his breakfast bottle and I scurried to keep him from talking too loud about it. Then little Anne began *her* day. I had the second girl take her out as soon as she had had her 'gubbum,' which was the word she had invented for breakfast, and then I devoted myself to guarding the studio door and keeping baby quiet. When he took his morning nap I fell asleep myself on a couch that stood in the hall. It was about noon when I awoke, feeling as one does when it is time for a patient's medicine. She was standing beside me dressed for the street.

"*'I've just had my luncheon,'* she announced calmly, 'and I'm going to take my pictures into town. I dare say I shall be back by four,' and out she went.

"*That,* if you please, after such a night—such a series of nights as she—and I—had spent. She would have had me fooled—I should have thought her as calm as she looked but for one thing. She didn't look at the children or speak of them, though the baby woke up just then with a delicious coo. That showed she couldn't trust herself. I looked out of the window to see that she was really gone, and saw *her* with the big portfolio standing on the corner waiting for the car. She looked as matter of fact and prosperous and well dressed as if she were going out for a *matinée*. She *could* dress when she chose.

"Then I sneaked into the studio and the first thing I saw was this"—Miss Waite opened the Nancy Dancy book to the figure of a little girl squealing with laughter.

"It was a study she had made for this, I mean. The finished one had gone to town with her. It was on the easel, put there for me to see—to tell me what she couldn't trust herself to talk about. It was life-size—just the face. It was all that the unfinished things had promised. Even I could see that it had been done with as little effort as you or I would write a page of a letter. A few flat tones—sunlight behind the head outlining the dear fluffy hair; a few strong lines that were soft and delicate too; everything about it just right—and under it what do you think she had written? 'The Rubber Stamp.' I have it now in my room at the club where I can see it whenever I wake up. It does put the heart in one so.

"You have the rest of the story in these little books, and you knew before I began that she succeeded. Hardly a magazine comes out now without a drawing of hers in it, and they have a perfectly lovely house in South Carolina for winters and a New England farm for summers, and Mr. Sterret is as brown and strong as any other farmer, even though one lung has to do the work of two. Little Anne rides a pony like a circus performer, with her daddy around the farm overseeing, and the boy was scolding to be allowed to have a horse too when I was there last, and they were wondering whether his legs were long enough; by this time he has one, no doubt.

"And that's all I know about women who have what newspapers call 'careers.' She fought herself nearly dead for her husband and babies—and won. She says that the babies did it because she learned all she knew from them. And that is partly true.

"Oh, did I tell you how she acted when she came back with the first big check in her pocket? I saw her coming and I did not meet her for fear I should cry, whatever the news was, and if it should be bad I'd want all the nerve I had, so I went up to the nursery with the children and got the baby to goo-ing and Anne to romping, and let Mrs. Sterret come to find me. I didn't turn around at first when I knew she stood in the door, but Anne rushed and caught her around the knees. 'Oh, Mother, how pretty you are!' said she.

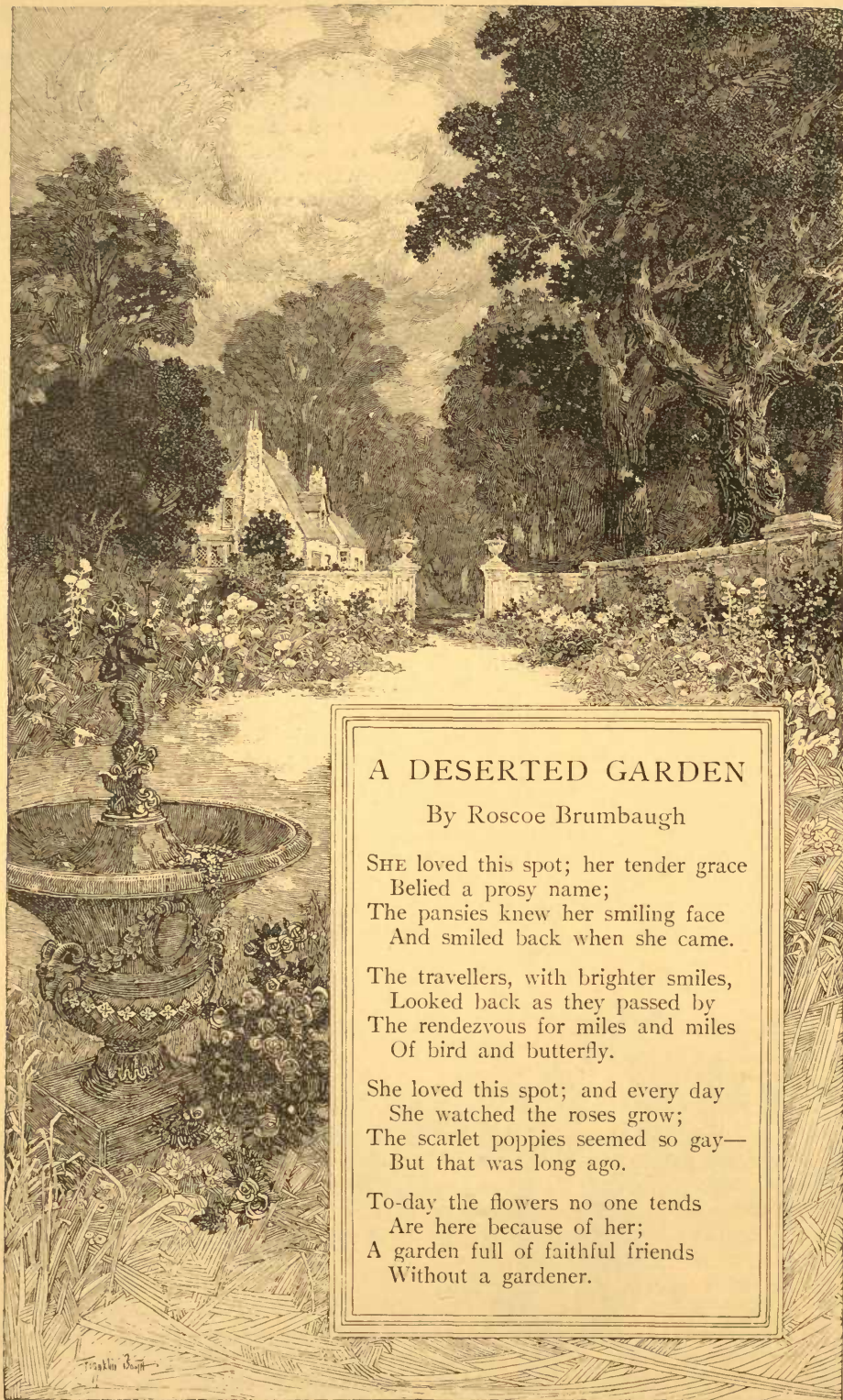
"Then I turned. I had expected her to collapse, victory or defeat—after that strain. Collapse! She looked six inches taller and ten years younger. Younger? No—young people don't look like that. It was the expression you see in those big strong men who do things.

"'Auntie dear,' said she, 'can you get the babies and Daddy ready to go South to-morrow? I shall have to stay here for a fortnight longer to fill an order.'

"Then the iron look in her face melted and she threw up her arms laughing. 'Now I'll tell Will,' said she, and rushed upstairs like a child. 'Will! Will!' I heard her calling all the way—then the door shut on them and I was too busy with the babies to think of anything else."



"Little Anne rides a pony like a circus performer, with her daddy around the farm overseeing."



A DESERTED GARDEN

By Roscoe Brumbaugh

SHE loved this spot; her tender grace
Belied a prosy name;
The pansies knew her smiling face
And smiled back when she came.

The travellers, with brighter smiles,
Looked back as they passed by
The rendezvous for miles and miles
Of bird and butterfly.

She loved this spot; and every day
She watched the roses grow;
The scarlet poppies seemed so gay—
But that was long ago.

To-day the flowers no one tends
Are here because of her;
A garden full of faithful friends
Without a gardener.

ETHAN FROME

BY EDITH WHARTON

III



HERE was some hauling to be done at the lower end of the wood-lot, and Ethan was out early the next day.

The winter morning was as clear as crystal. The sunrise burned red in a pure sky, the shadows on the rim of the wood-lot were darkly blue, and beyond the white fields patches of far-off forest hung like smoke.

It was in the early morning stillness, when his muscles were swinging to their familiar task and his lungs expanding with long draughts of mountain air, that Ethan did his clearest thinking. He and Zeena had not exchanged a word after the door of their room had closed on them. She had measured out some drops from a medicine-bottle on a chair by the bed and, after swallowing them, and wrapping her head in a piece of yellow flannel, had lain down with her face turned away. Ethan undressed hurriedly and blew out the light so that he should not see her when he took his place at her side. As he lay there he could hear Mattie moving about in her room, and her candle, sending its small ray across the landing, drew a scarcely perceptible line of light under his door. He kept his eyes fixed on the light till it vanished. Then the room grew perfectly black, and not a sound was to be heard but Zeena's asthmatic breathing. Ethan felt confusedly that there were many things he ought to think about, but through his tingling veins and tired brain only one sensation throbbed: the warmth of Mattie's shoulder against his. Why had he not kissed her when he held her there? A few hours earlier he would not have asked himself the question. Even a few minutes earlier, when they had stood alone outside the house, he would not have dared to think of kissing her. But since he had seen her lips in the lamplight he felt that they were his.

Now, in the bright morning air, her face was still before him. It was part of the sun's red and of the pure glitter on the snow.

How the girl had changed since she had come to Starkfield! He remembered what a colourless slip of a thing she had looked the day he had met her at the station. And all the first winter, how she had shivered with cold when the northerly gales shook the thin clapboards and the snow beat like hail against the loose-hung windows!

He had been afraid that she would hate the hard life, the cold and loneliness; but not a sign of discontent escaped her. Zeena took the view that Mattie was bound to make the best of Starkfield since she hadn't any other place to go to; but this did not strike Ethan as conclusive. Zeena, at any rate, did not apply the principle in her own case.

He felt all the more sorry for the girl because misfortune had, in a sense, indentured her to them. Mattie Silver was the daughter of a cousin of Zenobia Frome's, who had inflamed his clan with mingled sentiments of envy and admiration by descending from the hills to Connecticut, where he had married a Stamford girl and succeeded to her father's thriving "drug" business. Unhappily Orin Silver, a man of far-reaching aims, had died too soon to prove that the end justifies the means. His accounts revealed merely what the means had been; and these were such that it was fortunate for his wife and daughter that his books were examined only after his impressive funeral. His wife died of the disclosure, and Mattie, at twenty, was left alone to make her way on the fifty dollars obtained from the sale of her piano. For this purpose her equipment, though varied, was inadequate. She could trim a hat, make molasses candy, recite "Curfew shall not ring to-night," and play "The Lost Chord" and a potpourri from "Carmen." When she tried to extend the field of her activities in the direction of stenography and book-keeping her health broke down, and six months on her feet behind the counter of a department store did not tend to restore it. Her nearest relations had been induced to place their savings in her father's hands,

and though, after his death, they ungrudgingly acquitted themselves of the Christian duty of returning good for evil by giving his daughter all the advice at their disposal, they could hardly be expected to supplement it by material aid. But when Zenobia's doctor advised her to look about for some one to help her with the housework the clan instantly saw the chance of exacting a compensation from Mattie. Zenobia was doubtful of the girl's efficiency, but tempted by the freedom to find fault without much risk of losing her; and so Mattie came to Starkfield.

Zenobia's fault-finding was of the silent kind, but not the less discouraging for that. During the first months Ethan alternately burned with the desire to see Mattie defy her and trembled with fear of the result. Then the situation grew less strained. The pure air, and the long summer hours in the open, gave back life and elasticity to Mattie, and Zeena, with more leisure to devote her complex ailments, grew less watchful of the girl's omissions; so that Ethan, struggling on under the burden of his barren farm and failing saw-mill, could at least imagine that peace reigned in his house.

There was really, as yet, no evidence to the contrary; but since the previous night a vague dread had hung on his sky-line. It was formed of Zeena's obstinate silence, of Mattie's sudden look of warning, of the memory of just such fleeting imperceptible signs as those which told him, on certain stainless mornings, that before night there would be rain.

His dread was so strong that, man-like, he sought to postpone certainty. The hauling was not over till mid-day, and as the lumber was to be delivered to Andrew Hale, the Starkfield builder, it was really easier for Ethan to send Jotham Powell, the hired man, back to the farm on foot, and drive the load down to the village himself. He had scrambled up on the logs, and was sitting astride of them, close over his shaggy grays, when, coming between him and their steaming necks, he had a vision of the warning look that Mattie had given him the night before.

"If there's going to be any trouble I want to be there," was his vague reflection, as he threw to Jotham the unexpected order to unhitch the team and lead them back to the barn.

It was a slow trudge home through the heavy fields, and when the two men entered the kitchen Mattie was lifting the coffee from the stove and Zeena was already at the table. Her husband stopped short at sight of her. Instead of her usual calico wrapper and knitted shawl she wore her best dress of brown merino, and from her thin strands of hair, which still held the tight undulations of the crimping-pins, rose a hard perpendicular bonnet, as to which Ethan's clearest notion was that he had had to pay five dollars for it at the Bettsbridge Emporium. On the floor beside her stood his old valise and a bandbox wrapped in newspapers.

"Why, where are you going, Zeena?" he exclaimed.

"I've got my shooting pains so bad that I'm going over to Bettsbridge to spend the night with Aunt Martha Pierce and see that new doctor," she answered in a matter-of-fact tone, as if she had said she was going into the store-room to take a look at the preserves, or up to the attic to go over the blankets.

In spite of Zeena's sedentary habits such abrupt decisions were not without precedent in her history. Twice or thrice before she had suddenly packed Ethan's valise and started off for Bettsbridge, or even Springfield, to seek the advice of some new doctor, and her husband had grown to dread these expeditions because of their cost. Zeena always came back laden with expensive remedies, and her last visit to Springfield had been commemorated by her paying twenty dollars for an electric battery of which she had never been able to learn the use. But for the moment his sense of relief was so great that it precluded all other feelings. He had now no doubt that Zeena had spoken the truth in saying, the night before, that she had sat up because she felt "too mean" to sleep: her abrupt resolve to seek medical advice showed that, as usual, she was wholly absorbed in her health.

As if expecting a protest, she continued plaintively: "If you're too busy with the hauling I presume you can let Jotham Powell drive me over with the sorrel in time to catch the train at the Flats."

Her husband hardly heard her. He was lost in a rapid calculation. During the winter months there was no stage between

Starkfield and Bettsbridge, and the trains which stopped at Corbury Flats were slow and infrequent. Zeena could not be back at the farm before the following evening . . .

"If I'd supposed you'd 'a' made any objection to Jotham Powell's driving me over—" she began again, as if his silence had implied refusal. On the brink of departure she was always seized with a flux of words. "All I know is," she continued, "I can't go on the way I am much longer. The pains are clear down to my ankles now, or I'd 'a' walked in to Starkfield on my own feet, sooner'n put you out, and asked Michael Eady to let me ride over on his wagon to the Flats, when he sends to meet the train that brings his groceries. I'd 'a' had two hours to wait in the station, but I'd sooner 'a' done it, even with this cold, than to have you say—"

"Of course Jotham'll drive you over," Ethan roused himself to answer. He became suddenly conscious that he was looking at Mattie while Zeena talked to him, and with an effort he turned his eyes to his wife. She sat opposite the window, and the pale light reflected from the banks of snow made her face look more than usually drawn and bloodless, sharpened the three parallel creases between ear and cheek, and drew querulous lines from her thin nose to the corners of her mouth. Though she was but six years her husband's senior, and he was only twenty-eight, she was already an old woman.

Ethan tried to say something befitting the occasion, but there was only one thought in his mind: the fact that, for the first time since Mattie had come to live with them, Zeena was to be away for a night. He wondered if the girl were thinking of it too . . . He knew that Zeena must be wondering why he did not offer to drive her over to the Flats and let Jotham Powell take the lumber in to Starkfield, and at first he could not think of a pretext for not doing so; then he said: "I'd take you over myself, only I've got to collect the cash for the lumber."

As soon as the words were spoken he regretted them, not only because they were untrue—there being no prospect of his receiving cash payment from Hale—but also because he knew from experience the imprudence of letting Zeena think he was in

funds on the eve of one of her therapeutic excursions. At the moment, however, his one desire was to avoid the long drive with her behind the ancient sorrel who never went out of a walk.

Zeena made no reply: she did not seem to hear what he had said. She had already pushed her plate aside, and was measuring out a draught from a large bottle at her elbow.

"It ain't done me a speck of good, but I guess I might as well use it up," she remarked; adding, as she pushed the empty bottle toward Mattie: "If you can get the taste out it'll do for the pickles."

IV

AS SOON as his wife had driven off Ethan took his coat and cap from the peg. Mattie was washing up the dishes, humming one of the dance tunes of the night before. He said "So long, Matt," and she answered gaily "So long, Ethan"; and that was all.

It was warm and bright in the kitchen. The sun slanted through the south window on the girl's moving figure, on the cat dozing in a chair, and on the geraniums brought in from the door-way, where Ethan had planted them in the summer to "make a garden" for Mattie. He would have liked to linger on, watching her tidy up and then settle down to her sewing; but he wanted still more to get the hauling done and be back at the farm before night.

All the way down to the village he continued to think of his return to Mattie. The kitchen was a poor place, not "spruce" and shining as his mother had kept it in his boyhood; but it was surprising what a homelike look the mere fact of Zeena's absence gave it. And he pictured how it would look that evening, when he and Mattie were there after supper. For the first time they would be alone together indoors, and they would sit there, one on each side of the stove, like a married couple, he in his stocking feet and smoking his pipe, she laughing and talking in that funny way she had, which was always as new to him as if he had never heard her before.

The sweetness of the picture, and the relief of knowing that his fears of "trouble" with Zeena were unfounded, sent up his spirits with a rush, and he, who was usually

so silent, whistled and sang aloud as he drove through the snowy fields. There was in him a slumbering spark of sociability which the long Starkfield winters had not yet extinguished. By nature grave and inarticulate, he admired recklessness and gaiety in others and was warmed to the marrow by friendly human intercourse. At Worcester, though he had the name of keeping to himself and not being much of a hand at a good time, he had secretly gloried in being clapped on the back and hailed as "Old Etke" or "Old Stiff"; and the cessation of such familiarities had increased the chill of his return to Starkfield.

There the silence had deepened about him year by year. Left alone, after his father's accident, to carry the burden of farm and mill, he had had no time for convivial loiterings in the village; and when his mother fell ill the loneliness of the house grew deeper than that of the fields. His mother had been a talker in her day, but after her "trouble" the sound of her voice was seldom heard, though she had not lost the power of speech. Sometimes, in the long winter evenings when, in desperation, her son asked her why she didn't "say something," she would lift a finger and answer: "Because I'm listening"; and on stormy nights, when the wind was about the house, she would complain, if he spoke to her: "They're talking so out there that I can't hear you."

It was only when she drew toward her last illness, and his cousin Zenobia Pierce came over from the next valley to help him nurse her, that human speech was heard again in the house. After the mortal silence of his long imprisonment Zeena's volubility was music in his ears. He felt that he might have "gone like his mother" if the sound of a new voice had not come to steady him. Zeena seemed to understand his case at a glance. She laughed at him for not knowing the simplest sick-bed duties and told him to "go right along out" and leave her to see to things. The mere fact of obeying her orders, of feeling free to go about his business again and talk with other men, restored his shaken balance and magnified his sense of what he owed her. Her efficiency shamed and dazzled him. She seemed to possess by instinct all the household wisdom that his long apprenticeship had not taught him. When the end

came it was she who had to tell him to hitch up and go for the undertaker; and she thought it "funny" that he had not settled beforehand who was to have his mother's clothes and the sewing-machine. After the funeral, when he saw her preparing to go away, he was seized with an unreasoning dread of being left alone on the farm; and before he knew what he was doing he had asked her to stay there with him. He had often thought since that it would not have happened if his mother had died in spring instead of winter . . .

When they married it was agreed that, as soon as he could straighten out the difficulties resulting from his mother's long illness, they would sell the farm and saw-mill and try their luck in a large town. Ethan's love of nature did not take the form of a taste for agriculture. He had always wanted to be an engineer, and to live in towns, where there were lectures and big libraries and "fellows doing things." A slight engineering job in Florida, put in his way during his period of study at Worcester, increased his faith in his ability as well as his eagerness to see the world; and he felt sure that, with a "smart" wife like Zeena, it would not be long before he had made himself a place in it.

Zeena's native village was slightly larger and nearer to the railway than Starkfield, and she had let her husband see from the first that life on an isolated farm was not what she had expected when she married. But purchasers were slow in coming and while he waited for them Ethan learned the impossibility of transplanting her. She chose to look down on Starkfield, but she could not have lived in a place which looked down on her. Even Bettsbridge or Shadd's Falls would not have been sufficiently aware of her, and in the greater cities which attracted Ethan she would have suffered a complete loss of identity. And within a year of their marriage she developed the "sickliness" which had since made her notable even in a community rich in pathological instances. When she came to take care of his mother she had seemed to Ethan like the very genius of health, but he soon saw that her skill as a nurse had been acquired by the absorbed observation of her own symptoms.

Then she too fell silent. Perhaps it was the inevitable effect of life on the farm, or

perhaps, as she sometimes said, it was because Ethan "never listened." The charge was not wholly unfounded. When she spoke it was only to complain, and to complain of things not in his power to remedy; and to check a tendency to impatient retort he had first formed the habit of not answering her, and finally of thinking of other things while she talked. Of late, however, since he had had reasons for observing her more closely, her silence had begun to trouble him. He recalled his mother's growing taciturnity, and wondered if Zeena were also turning "queer." Women did, he knew. Zeena, who had at her fingers' ends the pathological chart of the whole region, had cited many cases of the kind while she was nursing his mother; and he himself knew of certain lonely farm-houses in the neighbourhood where stricken creatures pined, and of others where sudden tragedy had come of their presence. At times, looking at Zeena's shut face, he felt the chill of such forebodings. At other times her silence seemed deliberately assumed to conceal far-reaching intentions, mysterious conclusions drawn from suspicions and resentments impossible to guess. That supposition was even more disturbing than the other; and it was the one which had come to him the night before, when he had seen her standing in the kitchen door.

Now her departure for Bettsbridge had once more eased his mind, and all his thoughts were on the prospect of his evening with Mattie. Only one thing weighed on him, and that was his having told Zeena that he was to receive cash for the lumber. He foresaw so clearly the consequences of this imprudence that with considerable reluctance he decided to ask Andrew Hale for a small advance on his load.

When Ethan drove into Hale's yard the builder was just getting out of his sleigh.

"Hello, Ethel!" he said. "This comes handy."

Andrew Hale was a ruddy man with a big gray moustache and a stubbly double-chin unconstrained by a collar; but his scrupulously clean shirt was always fastened by a small diamond stud. This display of opulence was misleading, for though he did a fairly good business it was known that his easy-going habits and the demands of his large family frequently kept him what Starkfield called "behind." He was

an old friend of Ethan's family, and his house one of the few to which Zeena occasionally went, drawn there by the fact that Mrs. Hale, in her youth, had done more "doctoring" than any other woman in Starkfield, and was still a recognized authority on symptoms and treatment.

Hale went up to the grays and patted their sweating flanks.

"Well, sir," he said, "you keep them two as if they was pets."

Ethan set about unloading the logs and when he had finished his job he pushed open the glazed door of the shed which the builder used as his office. Hale sat with his feet up on the stove, his back propped against a battered desk stewn with papers: the place, like the man, was warm, genial, and untidy.

"Sit right down and thaw out," he greeted Ethan.

The latter did not know how to begin, but at length he managed to bring out his request for an advance of fifty dollars. Under the sting of Hale's surprise, the blood mounted to Ethan's thin skin. It was the builder's custom to pay at the end of three months, and there was no precedent between the two men for a cash settlement. Ethan felt that if he had pleaded an urgent need Hale might have made shift to pay him; but pride, and an instinctive prudence, kept him from resorting to this argument. After his father's death it had taken time to get his head above water, and he did not want Andrew Hale, or any one else in Starkfield, to think he was going under again. Besides, he hated lying: if he wanted the money he wanted it, and it was nobody's business to ask why. He therefore put his request with the awkwardness of a proud man who will not admit to himself that he is stooping; and he was not much surprised at Hale's refusal.

The builder refused genially, as he did everything else: he treated the matter as something in the nature of a practical joke, and wanted to know if Ethan meditated buying a grand piano or adding a "cupolo" to his house: offering, in the latter case, to give his services free of cost.

Ethan's arts were soon exhausted, and after an embarrassed pause he wished Hale good day and opened the door of the office. As he passed out the builder suddenly

called after him: "See here—you ain't in a tight place, are you?"

"Not a bit," Ethan's pride retorted, before his reason had time to intervene.

"Well, that's good! Because I *am*, a shade. Fact is, I was going to ask you to give me a little extra time on that payment. Business is pretty slack, to begin with, and then I'm fixing up a little house for Ned and Ruth when they're married. I'm glad to do it for 'em, but it costs." His look appealed to Ethan for sympathy. "The young people like things nice. You know how it is yourself: it's not so long ago since you fixed up your own place for Zeena."

Ethan left the grays in Hale's stable and went about some other business in the village. As he walked away the builder's last phrase lingered in his ears, and he reflected grimly that his seven years with Zeena seemed to Starkfield "not so long."

The afternoon was drawing to an end, and here and there a lighted pane spangled the cold gray dusk and made the snow look whiter. The bitter weather had driven every one indoors and Ethan had the long rural street to himself. Suddenly he heard the brisk play of sleigh-bells and a cutter passed him, drawn by a free-going horse. Ethan recognized Michael Eady's roan colt, and young Denis Eady, in a handsome new fur cap, leaned forward and waved a greeting. "Hello, Ethe!" he shouted and spun on.

The cutter was going in the direction of the Frome farm, and Ethan's heart contracted as he listened to the dwindling bells. What more likely than that Denis Eady had heard of Zeena's departure for Bettsbridge, and was profiting by the opportunity to spend an hour with Mattie? Ethan was ashamed of the storm of jealousy in his breast. It seemed unworthy of the girl that his thoughts of her should be so violent.

He walked on to the church corner and entered the shade of the Varnum spruces, where he had stood with her the night before. As he passed into their gloom he saw an indistinct outline just ahead of him. At his approach it melted for an instant into two separate shapes and then conjoined again, and he heard a kiss, and a half-laughing "Oh!" provoked by the discovery of his presence. Again the outline

hastily disunited and the Varnum gate slammed on one half while the other hurried on ahead of him. Ethan smiled at the discomfiture he had caused. What did it matter to Ned Hale and Ruth Varnum if they were caught kissing each other? Everybody in Starkfield knew they were engaged. It pleased Ethan to have surprised a pair of lovers on the spot where he and Mattie had stood with such a sense of nearness in their hearts; but he felt a pang at the thought that these two need not hide their happiness.

He fetched the grays from Hale's stable and started on his long climb back to the farm. The cold was less sharp than earlier in the day and a thick fleecy sky threatened snow for the morrow. Here and there a star pricked through, showing behind it a deep well of blue. In an hour or two the moon would push up over the ridge behind the farm, burn a gold-edged rent in the clouds, and then be swallowed by them. A mournful peace hung on the fields, as though they felt the relaxing grasp of the cold and stretched themselves in their winter sleep.

Ethan's ears were alert for the jingle of sleigh-bells, but not a sound broke the silence of the lonely road. As he drew near the farm he saw, through the thin screen of larches at the gate, a light twinkling in the house above him. "She's up in her room," he said to himself, "fixing herself up for supper;" and he remembered Zeena's sarcastic stare when Mattie, on the evening of her arrival, had come down to supper with smoothed hair and a ribbon at her neck.

He passed by the graves on the knoll and turned his head to glance at one of the older head-stones, which had interested him deeply as a boy because it bore his name.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
ETHAN FROME AND ENDURANCE HIS WIFE,
WHO DWELLED TOGETHER IN PEACE
FOR FIFTY YEARS.

He used to think that fifty years sounded like a long time to live together; but now it seemed to him that they might pass in a flash. Then, with a sudden dart of irony, he wondered if, when their turn came, the same epitaph would be written over him and Zeena.

He opened the barn-door and craned his head into the obscurity, half-fearing to discover Denis Eady's roan colt in the stall beside the sorrel. But the old horse was there alone, mumbling his crib with toothless jaws, and Ethan whistled cheerfully while he bedded down the grays and shook an extra measure of oats into their mangers. His was not a tuneful throat, but harsh melodies burst from it as he locked the barn and sprang up the hill to the house. He reached the kitchen-porch and turned the door-handle; but the door did not yield to his touch.

Startled at finding it locked he rattled the handle violently; then he reflected that Mattie was alone and that it was natural she should shut herself in at twilight. He stood in the darkness expecting to hear her step. It did not come, and after vainly straining his ears he called out in a voice that shook with joy: "Hello, Matt!"

Silence answered; but in a minute or two he caught a sound on the stairs and saw a line of light about the door-frame, as he had seen it the night before. So strange was the precision with which the incidents of the previous evening were repeating themselves that he half expected, when he heard the key turn, to see his wife before him on the threshold; but the door opened, and it was Mattie who stood there.

She stood just as Zeena had stood, a lifted lamp in her hand, against the black background of the kitchen. She held the light at the same level, and it drew out with the same distinctness her slim young throat and the brown wrist no bigger than a child's. Then, striking upward, it threw a lustrous fleck on her lips, edged her eyes with velvet shadow, and laid a warm whiteness above the black curve of her brows.

She wore her usual dress of dark stuff, and there was no bow at her neck; but through her hair she had run a streak of crimson ribbon. This tribute to the unusual transformed and glorified her. She seemed to Ethan taller, fuller, more womanly in shape and motion. She stood aside, smiling silently, while he entered, and then moved away from him with something soft and flowing in her gait. She set the lamp on the table, and he saw that it was carefully laid for supper, with fresh doughnuts, stewed blueberries and his favourite pickles in a dish of gay red

glass. A bright fire glowed in the stove, and the cat lay stretched before it, watching the table with a drowsy eye.

Ethan was suffocated with the sense of well-being. He went out into the passage to hang up his coat and pull off his wet boots. When he came back Mattie had set the teapot on the table and the cat was rubbing itself persuasively against her ankles.

"Why, Puss! I nearly tripped over you," she exclaimed, her eyes all laughter.

Again Ethan felt a sudden twinge of jealousy. Could it be his coming that gave her such a kindled face?

"Well, Matt, any visitors?" he threw off, stooping down carelessly to examine the fastening of the stove.

She nodded and laughed. "Yes, one," and he felt a blackness settling on his brows.

"Who was that?" he questioned, raising himself up to slant a glance at her beneath his scowl.

Her eyes danced with malice. "Why, Jotham Powell. He came in after he got back, and asked for a drop of coffee before he went down home."

The blackness lifted and light flooded Ethan's brain. "That all? Well, I hope you made out to let him have it." And after a pause he felt it right to add: "I suppose he got Zeena over to the Flats all right?"

"Oh, yes; in plenty of time."

The name threw a chill between them, and they stood a moment looking sideways at each other before Mattie said with a shy laugh: "I guess it's about time for supper."

They drew their seats up to the table, and the cat, unbidden, jumped between them onto Zeena's chair. "Oh, Puss!" said Mattie, and they laughed again.

Ethan, a moment earlier, had felt himself on the brink of eloquence; but the mention of Zeena had paralyzed him. Mattie seemed to feel the contagion of his embarrassment, and sat with downcast eyes, sipping her tea, while he feigned an insatiable appetite for doughnuts and pickles. At last, after casting about for an effective opening, he took a long gulp of tea, cleared his throat, and said: "Looks as if there'd be more snow."

She feigned great interest. "Is that so? Do you suppose it'll interfere with Zeena's

getting back?" She flushed red as the question escaped her, and hastily set down the cup she was lifting.

Ethan reached over for another helping of pickles. "You never can tell, this time of year, it drifts so bad on the Flats." The name had benumbed him again, and once more he felt as if Zeena were in the room between them.

"Oh, Puss, you're too greedy!" Mattie cried.

The cat, unnoticed, had crept up on muffled paws from Zeena's seat to the table, and was stealthily elongating its body in the direction of the milk-jug, which stood between Ethan and Mattie. The two leaned forward at the same moment and their hands met on the handle of the jug. Mattie's hand was underneath, and Ethan kept his clasped on it a moment longer than was necessary. The cat, profiting by this unusual demonstration, tried to effect an unnoticed retreat, and in doing so backed into the pickle dish, which fell to the floor with a crash.

Mattie, in an instant, had sprung from her chair and was down on her knees by the fragments.

"Oh, Ethan, Ethan—it's all to pieces! What will Zeena say?"

But this time his courage was up. "Well, she'll have to say it to the cat, any way!" he rejoined with a laugh, kneeling down at Mattie's side to scrape up the swimming pickles.

She lifted stricken eyes to him. "Yes, but, you see, she never meant it should be used, not even when there was company; and I had to get up on the step-ladder to reach it down from the top shelf of the china-closet, where she keeps it with all her best things, and of course she'll want to know why I did it——"

The case was so serious that it called forth all of Ethan's latent resolution.

"She needn't know anything about it if you keep quiet. I'll get another just like it to-morrow. Where did it come from? I'll go to Shadd's Falls for it if I have to!"

"Oh, you'll never get another even there! It was a wedding present—don't you remember? It came all the way from Philadelphia, from Zeena's aunt that married the minister. That's why she wouldn't ever use it. Oh, Ethan, Ethan, what in the world shall I do?"

She began to cry, and he felt as if every one of her tears were pouring over him like burning lead. "Don't, Matt, don't—oh, *don't!*" he implored her.

She struggled to her feet, and he rose and followed her helplessly while she spread out the pieces of glass on the kitchen dresser. It seemed to him as if the shattered fragments of their evening lay there.

"Here, give them to me," he said in a voice of sudden authority.

She drew aside, instinctively obeying his tone. "Oh, Ethan, what are you going to do with it?"

Without replying he gathered the pieces of glass into his broad palm and walked out of the kitchen to the passage. There he lit a candle-end, opened the china-closet, and, reaching his long arm up to the highest shelf, laid the pieces together with such accuracy of touch that a close inspection convinced him of the impossibility of detecting from below that the dish was broken. If he glued it together the next morning months might elapse before his wife noticed what had happened, and meanwhile he might after all be able to match the dish at Shadd's Falls or Bettsbridge. Having satisfied himself that there was no risk of immediate discovery he went back to the kitchen with a lighter step, and found Mattie disconsolately removing the last scraps of pickle from the floor.

"It's all right, Matt. Come back and finish supper," he commanded her.

Completely reassured, she shone on him through tear-hung lashes, and his soul swelled with pride as he saw how his tone subdued her. She did not even ask what he had done. Except when he was steering a big log down the mountain to his mill he had never known such a thrilling sense of mastery.

V

THEY finished supper, and while Mattie cleared the table Ethan went to look at the cows and then took a last turn about the house. The earth lay dark under a muffled sky and the air was so still that now and then he heard a lump of snow come thumping down from a tree far off on the edge of the wood-lot.

When he returned to the kitchen Mattie had pushed up his chair to the stove and seated herself near the lamp with a bit of

sewing. The scene was just what his morning vision had shown him. He sat down, drew his pipe from his pocket and stretched his feet to the glow. His hard day's work in the keen air made him feel at once lazy and light of mood, and he had a confused sense of being in another world, where all was warmth and harmony and time could bring no change. The only drawback to his complete well-being was the fact that he could not see Mattie from where he sat; but he was too indolent to move and after a moment he said: "Come over here and sit by the stove."

Zeena's empty rocking-chair stood opposite him. Mattie rose obediently, and seated herself in it. Seeing her young brown head against the chintz cushion that habitually framed his wife's gaunt countenance, Ethan had a momentary shock. It was almost as if the other face, the face of the superseded woman, had obliterated that of the intruder. After a moment Mattie seemed to be affected by the same sense of constraint. She changed her position, leaning forward to bend her head above her work, so that he saw only the foreshortened tip of her nose and the streak of red in her hair; then she slipped to her feet, saying, "I can't see to sew," and went back to her chair by the lamp.

Ethan made a pretext of getting up to replenish the stove, and when he returned to his seat he pushed it sideways that he might get a view of her profile and of the lamplight falling on her hands. The cat, who had been a puzzled observer of these unusual movements, jumped up into Zeena's chair, rolled itself into a ball, and lay watching them with narrowed eyes.

Deep quiet sank on the room. The clock ticked above the dresser, a piece of charred wood fell now and then in the stove, and a faint sharp scent from the geraniums mingled with the odour of Ethan's smoke, which began to throw a blue haze about the lamp and to hang like cobwebs in the shadowy corners of the room.

All constraint had vanished between the two, and they began to talk easily and simply. They spoke of every-day things, of the prospect of snow, of the next church sociable, of the loves and quarrels of Stark-field. The commonplace nature of what they said produced in Ethan an illusion of long-established intimacy which no out-

burst of emotion could have given, and he set his imagination adrift on the fiction that they had always spent their evenings thus and would always go on doing so . . .

"This is the night we were to have gone coasting, Matt," he said at length, with the rich sense, as he spoke, that they could go on any other night they chose, since they had all time before them.

She smiled back at him. "I guess you forgot!"

"No, I didn't forget; but it's as dark as Egypt out-doors. We might go to-morrow if there's a moon."

She laughed with pleasure, and the lamplight sparkled on her lips and teeth. "That would be lovely, Ethan!"

He kept his eyes fixed on her, wondering at the way her face changed with each turn of their talk, like a wheat-field under the breeze. It was intoxicating to find such magic in his clumsy words, and he longed to try new ways of using it.

"Would you be scared to go down the Corbury road with me on a night like this?" he asked.

Her cheeks burned redder. "I ain't any more scared than you are!"

"Well, I'd be scared, then; I wouldn't do it. That's an ugly corner down by the big elm. If a fellow didn't keep his eyes open he'd go plumb into it." He luxuriated in the sense of protection and authority which his words conveyed. To prolong and intensify the feeling he added: "I guess we're well enough here."

She let her lids sink slowly, in the way he loved. "Yes, we're well enough here," she sighed.

Her tone was so sweet that he took the pipe from his mouth and drew his chair up to the table. Leaning forward, he touched the farther end of the strip of brown stuff that she was hemming. "Say, Matt," he began with a smile, "what do you think I saw under the Varnum spruces, coming along home just now? I saw a friend of yours getting kissed."

The words had been on his tongue all the evening, but now that he had spoken them they struck him as inexpressibly vulgar and out-of-place.

Mattie blushed to the roots of her hair and pulled her needle rapidly twice or thrice through her work, insensibly drawing the end of it away from him. "I sup-

pose it was Ruth and Ned," she said in a low voice, as though he had suddenly touched on something grave.

Ethan had imagined that his allusion might open the way to the accepted pleasantries, and these perhaps in turn to a harmless caress, if only a mere touch on her hand. But now he felt as if her blush had set a flaming guard about her. He supposed it was his natural awkwardness that made him feel so. He knew that most young men made nothing at all of giving a pretty girl a kiss, and he remembered that the night before, when he had put his arm about Mattie, she had not resisted. But that had been out of doors, under the open irresponsible night. Now, in the warm lamplit room, with all its ancient implications of conformity and order, she seemed infinitely farther away from him and more unapproachable.

To ease his constraint he said: "I suppose they'll be setting a date before long."

"Yes. I shouldn't wonder if they got married some time along in the summer." She pronounced the word *married* as if her voice caressed it. It seemed a rustling covert leading to enchanted glades. A pang shot through Ethan, and he said, twisting away from her in his chair: "It'll be your turn next, I wouldn't wonder."

She laughed a little uncertainly. "Why do you keep on saying that?"

He echoed her laugh. "I guess I do it to get used to the idea."

He drew up to the table again and she sewed on in silence, with dropped lashes, while he sat in fascinated contemplation of the way in which her hands went up and down above the strip of stuff, just as he had seen a pair of birds make short perpendicular flights over a nest they were building. At length, without turning her head or lifting her lids, she said in a low tone: "It's not because you think Zeena's got anything against me, is it?"

His former dread started up full-armed at the suggestion. "Why, what do you mean?" he stammered.

She raised distressed eyes to his, her work dropping on the table between them. "I don't know. I thought last night she seemed to have."

"I'd like to know what," he growled.

"Nobody can tell with Zeena." It was the first time they had ever spoken so open-

ly of her attitude toward Mattie, and the repetition of the name seemed to carry it to the farther corners of the room and send it back to them in long repercussions of sound. Mattie waited, as if to let the echo drop, and then went on: "She hasn't said anything to *you*?"

He shook his head. "No, not a word."

She tossed the hair back from her forehead with a laugh. "I guess I'm just nervous then. I'm not going to think about it any more."

"Oh, no—don't let's think about it, Matt!"

The sudden heat of his tone made her colour mount again, not with a rush, but gradually, delicately, like the reflection of a thought stealing slowly across her heart. She sat silent, her hands clasped on her work, and it seemed to him that a warm current flowed toward him along the strip of stuff that still lay unrolled between them. Cautiously he slid his hand palm-downward along the table till his finger-tips touched the end of the stuff. A faint vibration of her lashes seemed to show that she was aware of his gesture, and that it had sent a counter-current running back to her; and she let her hands lie motionless on the other end of the strip.

As they sat thus he heard a sound behind him and turned his head. The cat had jumped from Zeena's chair to dart at a mouse in the wainscot, and as a result of the violent movement the empty chair had set up a spectral rocking.

"She'll be rocking in it herself this time to-morrow," Ethan thought. "I've been in a dream, and this is the only evening we'll ever have together."

The return to reality was as painful as the return to consciousness after taking an anæsthetic. His body and brain ached with indescribable weariness, and he could think of nothing to say or to do that should arrest the mad flight of the moments.

His alteration of mood seemed to have communicated itself to Mattie. She looked up at him languidly, as though her lids were weighted with sleep and it cost her an effort to raise them. Her glance fell on his hand, which now completely covered the end of her work and grasped it as if it were a part of herself. He saw a scarcely perceptible tremor cross her face, and without knowing what he did he stooped his head

and kissed the bit of stuff in his hold. As his lips rested on it he felt it glide slowly from beneath them, and saw that Mattie had risen and was silently rolling up her work. She fastened it with a pin, and then, finding her thimble and scissors, put them, with the roll of stuff, into the box covered with fancy paper which he had once brought to her from Bettsbridge.

He stood up also, looking vaguely about the room. The clock above the dresser struck eleven.

"Is the fire all right?" she asked in a low voice.

He opened the door of the stove and poked aimlessly at the embers. When he raised himself again he saw that she was dragging toward the stove the old soap-box lined with carpet in which the cat made its bed. Then she recrossed the floor and lifted two of the geranium pots in her arms, moving them away from the cold window. He followed her and brought the other geraniums, the hyacinth bulbs in a cracked custard bowl and the German ivy trained over an old croquet hoop.

When these nightly duties were performed there was nothing left to do but to bring in the tin candlestick from the passage, light the candle and blow out the lamp. Ethan put the candlestick in Mattie's hand and she went out of the kitchen ahead of him, the light that she carried before her making her dark hair look like a drift of mist on the moon.

"Good-night, Matt," he said as she put her foot on the first step of the stairs.

She turned and looked at him a moment. "Good night, Ethan," she answered, and went up.

When the door of her room had closed on her he remembered that he had not even touched her hand.

VI

THE next morning at breakfast Jotham Powell was between them, and Ethan tried to hide his joy under an air of exaggerated indifference, lounging back in his chair to throw scraps to the cat, growling at the weather, and not so much as offering to help Mattie when she rose to clear away the dishes.

He did not know why he was so irrationally happy, for nothing was changed in his

life or hers. He had not even touched the tip of her fingers or looked her full in the eyes. But their evening together had given him a vision of what life at her side might be, and he was glad now that he had done nothing to trouble the sweetness of the picture. He had a fancy that she knew what had restrained him . . .

There was a last load of lumber to be hauled to the village, and Jotham Powell—who did not work regularly for Ethan in winter—had "come round" to help with the job. But a wet snow, melting to sleet, had fallen in the night and turned the snowy roads to glass. There was more wet in the air and it seemed likely to both men that the weather would "milden" toward afternoon and make the going safer. Ethan therefore proposed to his assistant that they should load the sledge at the woodlot, as they had done on the previous morning, and put off the "teaming" to Starkfield till later in the day. This plan had the advantage of enabling him to send Jotham to the Flats after dinner to meet Zenobia, while he himself took the lumber down to the village.

He told Jotham to go out and harness up the grays, and for a moment he and Mattie had the kitchen to themselves. She had plunged the breakfast dishes into a tin dish-pan and was bending above it with her slim arms bared to the elbow, the steam from the hot water beading her forehead and tightening her rough hair into little brown rings like the tendrils on the traveler's joy.

Ethan stood looking at her, his heart in his throat. He wanted to say: "We shall never be alone again like this." Instead, he reached down his tobacco-pouch from a shelf of the dresser, put it into his pocket and said: "I guess I can make out to be home for dinner."

She answered "All right, Ethan," and he heard her singing over the dishes as he went.

As soon as the sledge was loaded he meant to send Jotham back to the farm and hurry on foot into the village to buy the glue for the pickle-dish. With ordinary luck he should have had time to carry out this plan; but everything went wrong from the start. On the way over to the woodlot one of the grays slipped on a glare of ice and cut his knee; and when they got

him up again Jotham had to go back to the barn for a strip of rag to bind the cut. Then, when the loading finally began, a sleety rain was coming down once more, and the tree-trunks were so slippery that it took twice as long as usual to lift them and get them in place on the sledge. It was what Jotham called a sour morning for work, and the horses, shivering and stamping under their wet blankets, seemed to like it as little as the men. It was long past the dinner hour when the job was done, and Ethan had to give up going to the village because he wanted to lead the injured horse home and wash the cut himself.

He thought that by starting out again with the lumber as soon as he had finished his dinner he might get back to the farm with the glue before Jotham and the old sorrel had had time to fetch Zenobia from the Flats; but he knew the chance was a slight one. It turned on the state of the roads and on the possible lateness of the Bettsbridge train. He remembered afterward, with a grim flash of self-derision, what importance he had attached to the weighing of these probabilities . . .

As soon as dinner was over he set out again for the wood-lot, not daring to linger till Jotham Powell left. The hired man was still drying his wet feet at the stove, and Ethan could only give Mattie a quick look as he said beneath his breath: "I'll be back early."

He fancied that she nodded her comprehension; and with that scant solace he had to trudge off through the rain.

He had driven his load half-way to the village when Jotham Powell overtook him, urging the reluctant sorrel toward the Flats. "I'll have to hurry up to do it," Ethan mused, as the sleigh dropped down ahead of him over the dip of the school house hill. He worked like ten at the unloading, and when it was over hastened on to Michael Eady's for the glue. Eady and his assistant were both "down street," and young Denis, who seldom deigned to take their place, was lounging by the stove with some of the golden youth of Starkfield. They hailed Ethan with ironic compliment and offers of conviviality; but no one knew where to find the glue. Ethan, consumed with the longing for a last moment alone with Mattie, hung about impatiently while

Denis made an ineffectual search in the obscurer corners of the store. "Looks as if we were all sold out. But if you'll wait around till the old man comes along maybe he can put his hand on it."

"I'm obliged to you, but I'll try if I can get it down at Mrs. Homan's," Ethan answered, burning to be gone.

Denis's commercial instinct compelled him to aver on oath that what Eady's store could not produce would never be found at the widow Homan's; but Ethan, heedless of this boast, had already climbed to the sledge and was driving on to the rival establishment. Here, after considerable search, and sympathetic questions as to what he wanted it for, and whether ordinary flour paste wouldn't do as well if she couldn't find it, the widow Homan finally hunted down her solitary bottle of glue to its hiding-place in a medley of cough-lozenges and corset-laces.

"I hope Zeena ain't broken anything she sets store by," she called after him as he turned the grays toward home.

The fitful bursts of sleet had changed into a persistent rain and the horses had heavy work even without a load behind them. Once or twice, hearing sleigh-bells, Ethan turned his head, fancying that Zeena and Jotham might overtake him; but the old sorrel was not in sight, and he set his face against the rain and urged on his ponderous pair.

The barn was empty when the horses turned into it and, after giving them the most perfunctory ministrations they had ever received from him, he strode up to the house and pushed open the kitchen door.

Mattie was there alone, as he had pictured her. She was bending over a pan on the stove; but at the sound of his step she turned with a start and sprang to him.

"See here, Matt, I've got some stuff to mend the dish with! Let me get at it quick," he cried, waving the bottle in one hand while he put her lightly aside with the other; but she did not seem to hear him.

"Oh, Ethan—Zeena's come," she said in a whisper, clutching his sleeve.

They stood and stared at each other, pale as culprits.

"But the sorrel's not in the barn!" Ethan stammered.

"Jotham Powell brought some goods over from the Flats for his wife, and he drove right on with them," she explained.

He gazed blankly about the kitchen, which looked cold and squalid in the rainy winter twilight.

"How is she?" he asked, dropping his voice to Mattie's whisper.

She looked away from him uncertainly. "I don't know. She went right up to her room."

"She didn't say anything?"

"No."

Ethan sent out his doubts in a low whistle and thrust the bottle back into his pocket. "Don't fret; I'll come down and mend it in the night," he said. He pulled on his wet coat again and went back to the barn to feed the grays.

While he was there Jotham Powell drove up with the sleigh, and when the horses had been attended to Ethan said to him: "You might as well come back up for a bite." He was not sorry to assure himself of Jotham's neutralizing presence at the supper table, for Zeena was always "nervous" after a journey. But the hired man, though seldom loth to accept a meal not included in his wages, opened his stiff jaws to answer slowly: "I'm obliged to you, but I guess I'll go along back."

Ethan looked at him in surprise. "Better come up and dry off. Looks as if there'd be something hot for supper."

Jotham's facial muscles were unmoved by this appeal and, his vocabulary being limited, he merely repeated: "I guess I'll go along back."

To Ethan there was something vaguely ominous in this stolid rejection of free food and warmth, and he wondered what had happened on the drive to nerve Jotham to such stoicism. Perhaps Zeena had failed to see the new doctor or had not liked his counsels: Ethan knew that in such cases the first person she met was likely to be held responsible for her grievance.

When he re-entered the kitchen the lamp lit up the same scene of shining comfort as on the previous evening. The table had been as carefully laid, a clear fire glowed in the stove, the cat dozed in its warmth, and Mattie came forward carrying a plate of dough-nuts.

She and Ethan looked at each other in

silence; then she said, as she had said the night before: "I guess it's about time for supper."

VII

ETHAN went out into the passage to hang up his wet garments. He listened for Zeena's step and, not hearing it, called her name up the stairs. She did not answer, and after a moment's hesitation he went up and opened her door. The room was almost dark, but in the obscurity he saw her sitting by the window, bolt upright, and knew by the rigidity of the outline projected against the pane that she had not taken off her travelling dress.

"Well, Zeena," he ventured from the threshold.

She did not move, and he continued: "Supper's about ready. Ain't you coming?"

She replied: "I don't feel as if I could touch a morsel."

It was the consecrated formula, and he expected it to be followed, as usual, by her rising and going down to supper. But she remained seated, and he could think of nothing more felicitous than: "I presume you're tired after the long ride."

Turning her head at this, she answered solemnly: "I'm a great deal sicker than you think."

Her words fell on his ear with a strange shock of wonder. He had often heard her pronounce them before—what if at last they were true?

He advanced a step or two into the dim room. "I hope that's not so, Zeena," he said.

She continued to gaze at him through the twilight with a mien of wan authority, as of one consciously singled out for a great fate. "I've got complications," she said.

Ethan knew the word for one of exceptional import. Almost everybody in the neighbourhood had "troubles," frankly localized and specified; but only the chosen had "complications." To have them was in itself a distinction, though it was also, in most cases, a death-warrant. People struggled on for years with "troubles," but they almost always succumbed to "complications."

Ethan's heart was jerking to and fro between two extremities of feeling, but for the moment compassion prevailed. His wife

looked so hard and lonely, sitting there in the darkness with such thoughts.

"Is that what the new doctor told you?" he asked, instinctively lowering his voice.

"Yes. He says any regular doctor would want me to have an operation."

Ethan was aware that, in regard to the important question of surgical intervention, the female opinion of the neighbourhood was divided, some glorying in the prestige conferred by operations while others shunned them as indelicate. Ethan, from motives of economy, had always been glad that Zeena was of the latter faction.

In the agitation caused by the gravity of her announcement he sought a consolatory short cut. "What do you know about this doctor anyway? Nobody ever told you that before."

He saw his blunder before she could take it up: she wanted sympathy, not consolation.

"I didn't need to have anybody tell me I was losing ground every day. Everybody but you could see it. And everybody in Bettsbridge knows about Dr. Buck. He has his office in Worcester, and comes over once a fortnight to Shadd's Falls and Bettsbridge for consultations. Eliza Spears was wasting away with kidney trouble before she went to him, and now she's up and around, and singing in the choir."

"Well, I'm glad of that. You must do just what he tells you," Ethan answered sympathetically.

She was still looking at him. "I mean to," she said. He was struck by a new note in her voice. It was neither whining nor reproachful, but drily resolute.

"What does he want you should do?" he asked, with a mounting vision of fresh expenses.

"He wants I should have a hired girl. He says I oughtn't to have to do a single thing around the house."

"A hired girl?" Ethan stood transfixed.

"Yes. And Aunt Martha found me one right off. Everybody said I was lucky to get a girl to come away out here, and I agreed to give her a dollar extry to make sure. She'll be over to-morrow afternoon."

Wrath and dismay contended in Ethan. He had foreseen an immediate demand for money but not a permanent drain on his scant resources. He no longer believed what Zeena had told him of the supposed

seriousness of her state: he saw in her expedition to Bettsbridge only a plot hatched between herself and her Pierce relations to foist on him the cost of a servant; and for the moment wrath predominated.

"If you meant to engage a girl you ought to have told me before you started," he said.

"How could I tell you before I started? How did I know what Dr. Buck would say?"

"Oh, Dr. Buck—" Ethan's incredulity escaped in a short laugh. "Did Dr. Buck tell you how I was to pay her wages?"

Her voice rose furiously with his. "No, he didn't. For I'd 'a been ashamed to tell *him* that you grudged me the money to get back my health, when I lost it nursing your own mother!"

"*You* lost your health nursing mother?"

"Yes; and my folks all told me at the time you couldn't do no less than marry me after——"

"Zeena!"

Through the obscurity which hid their faces their thoughts seemed to dart at each other like serpents shooting venom. Ethan was seized with horror of the scene and shame at his own share in it. It was as senseless and savage as a physical fight between two enemies in the darkness.

He turned to the shelf above the chimney, groped for matches and lit the one candle in the room. At first its weak flame made no impression on the shadows; then Zeena's face stood grimly out against the uncurtained pane, which had turned from gray to black.

It was the first scene of open anger between the couple in their sad seven years together, and Ethan felt as if he had lost an irretrievable advantage in descending to the level of recrimination. But the practical problem was there and had to be dealt with.

"You know I haven't got the money to pay for a girl, Zeena. You'll have to send her back: I can't do it."

"The doctor says it'll be my death if I go on slaving the way I've had to. He doesn't understand how I've stood it as long as I have."

"Slaving!—" He checked himself again. "You sha'n't lift a hand, if he says so. I'll do everything round the house myself——"

She broke in: "You're neglecting the farm enough already," and this being true,

he found no answer, and left her time to add ironically: "Better send me over to the almshouse and done with it. I guess there's been Fromes there afore now."

The taunt burned into him, but he let it pass. "I haven't got the money. That settles it."

There was a moment's pause in the struggle, as though the combatants were testing their weapons. Then Zeena said in a level voice: "I thought you were to get fifty dollars from Andrew Hale for that lumber."

"Andrew Hale never pays under three months." He had hardly spoken when he remembered the excuse he had made for not accompanying his wife to the station the day before; and the blood rose to his frowning brows.

"Why, you told me yesterday you'd fixed it up with him to pay cash down. You said that was why you couldn't drive me over to the Flats."

Ethan had no suppleness in deceiving. He had never before been convicted of a lie, and all the recourses of evasion failed him. "I guess that was a misunderstanding," he stammered.

"You ain't got the money?"

"No."

"And you ain't going to get it?"

"No."

"Well, I couldn't know that when I engaged the girl, could I?"

"No." He paused to control his voice.

"But you know it now. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. You're a poor man's wife, Zeena; but I'll do the best I can for you."

For awhile she sat motionless, as if reflecting, her arms stretched along the arms of her chair, her eyes fixed on vacancy. "Oh, I guess we'll make out," she said mildly.

The change in her tone reassured him. "Of course we will! There's a whole lot more I can do for you, and Mattie——"

Zeena, while he spoke, seemed to be following out some elaborate mental calculation. She emerged from it to say: "There'll be Mattie's board less, anyhow——"

Ethan, supposing the discussion to be over, had turned to go down to supper. He stopped short, not grasping what he heard. "Mattie's board less?" he began.

Zeena laughed. It was an odd unfamiliar sound—he did not remember ever having

heard her laugh before. "You didn't suppose I was going to keep two girls, did you? No wonder you were scared at the expense!"

He still had but a confused sense of what she was saying. From the beginning of the discussion he had instinctively avoided the mention of Mattie's name, fearing he hardly knew what: criticism, complaints, or vague allusions to the imminent probability of her marrying. But the thought of a definite rupture had never come to him, and even now could not lodge itself in his mind.

"I don't know what you mean," he said. "Mattie Silver's not a hired girl. She's your relation."

"She's a pauper that's hung onto us all after her father'd done his best to ruin us. I've kep' her here a whole year: it's somebody else's turn now."

As the shrill words shot out Ethan heard a tap on the door, which he had drawn shut when he turned back from the threshold.

"Ethan—Zeena!" Mattie's voice sounded gaily from the landing, "do you know what time it is? Supper's been ready half an hour."

Inside the room there was a moment's silence; then Zeena called out from her seat: "I'm not coming down to supper."

"Oh, I'm sorry! Aren't you well? Sha'n't I bring you up a bite of something?"

Ethan roused himself with an effort and opened the door. "Go along down, Matt. Zeena's just a little tired. I'm coming."

He heard her "All right!" and her quick step on the stairs; then he shut the door and turned back into the room. His wife's attitude was unchanged, her face inexorable, and he was seized with the despairing sense of his helplessness.

"You ain't going to do it, Zeena?"

"Do what?" she emitted between flattened lips.

"Send Mattie away—like this?"

"I never bargained to take her for life!"

He continued with rising vehemence: "You can't put her out of the house like a thief—a poor girl without friends or money. She's done her best for you and she's got no place to go to. You may forget she's your kin but everybody else'll remember it. If you do a thing like that what do you suppose folks 'll say of you?"

Zeena waited a moment, as if giving him time to feel the full force of the contrast be-

tween his own excitement and her composure. Then she replied in the same smooth voice: "I know well enough what they say of my having kep' her here as long as I have."

Ethan's hand dropped from the door-knob, which he had held clenched since he had drawn the door shut on Mattie. His wife's retort was like a knife-cut across the sinews and he felt suddenly weak and powerless. He had meant to humble himself, to argue that Mattie's keep didn't cost much, after all, that he could make out to buy a stove and fix up a place in the attic for the hired girl—but Zeena's words revealed the peril of such pleadings.

"You mean to tell her she's got to go—at once?" he faltered out, in terror of letting his wife complete her sentence.

As if trying to make him see reason she replied impartially; "The girl will be over from Bettsbridge to-morrow, and I presume she's got to have somewheres to sleep."

Ethan looked at her with loathing. She was no longer the listless creature who had lived at his side in a state of sullen self-absorption, but a mysterious alien presence, an evil energy secreted from the long years of silent brooding. It was the sense of his helplessness that sharpened his antipathy. There had never been anything in her that one could appeal to; but as long as he could ignore and command he had remained indifferent. Now she had mastered him and he abhorred her. Mattie was her relation, not his: there were no means by which he could compel her to keep the girl under her roof. All the long misery of his baffled past, of his youth of failure, hardship and vain effort, rose up in his soul in bitterness and seemed to take shape before him in the woman who, at every turn, had barred his way. She had taken everything else from him; and now she meant to take the one thing that made up for all the others. For a moment such a flame of hate rose in him that it ran down his arm and clenched his fist against her. He took a wild step forward and then stopped.

"You're—you're not coming down?" he said in a bewildered voice.

"No. I guess I'll lay down on the bed a little while," she answered mildly; and he turned and walked out of the room.

In the kitchen Mattie was sitting by the stove, the cat curled up on her knees. She sprang to her feet as Ethan entered and carried the covered dish of meat-pie to the table.

"I hope Zeena isn't sick?" she asked.

"No."

She shone at him across the table. "Well, sit right down then. You must be starving." She uncovered the pie and pushed it over to him. So they were to have one more evening together, her happy eyes seemed to say!

He helped himself mechanically and began to eat; then disgust took him by the throat, and he laid down his fork.

Mattie's tender gaze was on him and she marked the gesture.

"Why, Ethan, what's the matter? Don't it taste right?"

"Yes—it's first-rate. Only I—" He pushed his plate away, rose from his chair, and walked around the table to her side. She started up with frightened eyes.

"Ethan, there's something wrong! I *knew* there was!"

She seemed to melt against him in her terror, and he caught her in his arms, held her fast there, felt her lashes beat his cheek like netted butterflies.

"What is it—what is it?" she stammered; but he had found her lips and was drinking unconsciousness of everything but the joy they gave him.

She lingered a moment, caught in the same strong current; then she slipped from him and drew back a step or two, pale and troubled. Her look smote him with compunction, and he cried out, as if he saw her drowning in a dream: "You can't go, Matt! I'll never let you!"

"Go—go?" she stammered. "Must I go?"

The words went on sounding between them as though a torch of warning flew from hand to hand through a black landscape.

Ethan was overcome with shame at his lack of self-control in flinging the news at her so brutally. His head reeled and he had to support himself against the table. All the while he felt as if he were still kissing her, and yet dying of thirst for her lips.

"Ethan, what has happened? Is Zeena mad with me?"

Her cry steadied him, though it deepened his wrath and pity. "No, no," he assured

her, "it's not that. But this new doctor has scared her about herself. You know she believes all they say the first time she sees them. And this one's told her she won't get well unless she lays up and don't do a thing about the house—not for months——"

He paused, his eyes wandering from her miserably. She stood silent a moment, drooping before him like a broken branch. She was so small and weak-looking that it wrung his heart; but suddenly she lifted her head and looked straight at him. "And she wants somebody handier in my place? Is that it?"

"That's what she says to-night."

"If she says it to-night she'll say it to-morrow."

Both bowed to the inexorable truth: they knew that Zeena never changed her mind, and that in her case a resolve once taken was equivalent to an act performed.

There was a long silence between them; then Mattie said in a low voice: "Don't be too sorry, Ethan."

"Oh, God—oh, God," he groaned. The glow of passion he had felt for her had melted to an aching tenderness. He saw her quick lids beating back the tears, and longed to take her in his arms and soothe her.

"You're letting your supper get cold," she admonished him with a pale gleam of gaiety.

"Oh, Matt—Matt—where'll you go to?"

Her lids sank and a tremor crossed her face. He saw that for the first time the thought of the future came to her distinctly. "I might get something to do over at Stamford," she faltered, as if knowing that he knew she had no hope.

He dropped back into his seat and hid his face in his hands. Despair seized him at the thought of her setting out alone to renew the weary quest for work. In the only place where she was known she was surrounded by indifference or animosity; and what chance had she, inexperienced and untrained, among the million bread-seekers of the cities? There came back to him miserable tales he had heard at Worcester, and the faces of girls whose lives had begun as hopefully as Mattie's. . . . It was not possible to think of such things without a revolt of his whole being. He sprang up suddenly.

"You can't go, Matt! I won't let you! She's always had her way, but I mean to have mine now——"

Mattie lifted her hand with a quick gesture, and he heard his wife's step behind him.

Zeena came into the room with her dragging down-at-the-heel step, and quietly took her accustomed seat between them.

"I felt a little mite better, and Dr. Buck says I ought to eat all I can to keep my stren'th up, even if I ain't got any appetite," she said in her flat whine, reaching across Mattie for the teapot. Her "good" dress had been replaced by the black calico and brown knitted shawl which formed her daily wear, and with them she had put on her usual face and manner. She poured out her tea, added a great deal of milk to it, helped herself largely to pie and pickles, and made the familiar gesture of adjusting her false teeth before she began to eat. The cat rubbed itself ingratiatingly against her, and she said "Good Pussy," stooped to stroke it and gave it a scrap of meat from her plate.

Ethan sat speechless, not pretending to eat, but Mattie nibbled valiantly at her food and asked Zeena one or two questions about her visit to Bettsbridge. Zeena answered in her every-day tone and, warming to the theme, regaled them with several vivid descriptions of intestinal disturbances among her friends and relatives. She looked straight at Mattie as she spoke, a faint smile deepening the vertical lines between her nose and chin.

When supper was over she rose from her seat and pressed her hand to the flat surface over the region of her heart. "That pie of yours always sets a mite heavy, Matt," she said, not ill-naturedly. She seldom abbreviated the girl's name, and when she did so it was always a sign of affability.

"I've a good mind to go and hunt up those stomach powders I got last year over in Springfield," she continued. "I ain't tried them for quite a while, and maybe they'll help the heart-burn."

Mattie lifted her eyes. "Can't I get them for you, Zeena?" she ventured.

"No. They're in a place you don't know about," Zeena answered darkly, with one of her secret looks.

She went out of the kitchen and Mattie,

rising, began to clear the dishes from the table. As she passed Ethan's chair their eyes met and clung together desolately. The warm still kitchen looked as peaceful as the night before. The cat had sprung to Zeena's rocking-chair, and the heat of the fire was beginning to draw out the faint sharp scent of the geraniums. Ethan dragged himself wearily to his feet.

"I'll go out and take a look round," he said, going toward the passage to get his lantern.

As he reached the door he met Zeena coming back into the room, her lips twitching with anger, a flush of excitement on her sallow face. The shawl had slipped from her shoulders and was dragging at her down-trodden heels, and in her hands she carried the fragments of the red glass pickle-dish.

"I'd like to know who done this," she said, looking sternly from Ethan to Mattie.

There was no answer, and she continued in a trembling voice: "I went to get those powders I'd put away in father's old spectacle-case, top of the china-closet, where I keep the things I set store by, so's folks sha'n't meddle with them—" Her voice broke, and two small tears hung on her lashless lids and ran slowly down her cheeks. "It takes the step-ladder to get at the top shelf, and I put Aunt Philura Maple's pickle-dish up there o' purpose when we was married, and it's never been down since, 'cept for the spring cleaning, and then I always lifted it with my own hands, so's it shouldn't get broke." She laid the fragments reverently on the table. "I want to know who done this," she quavered.

At the challenge Ethan turned back into the room and faced her. "I can tell you, then. The cat done it."

"The cat?"

"That's what I said."

She looked at him hard, and then turned her eyes to Mattie, who was carrying the dish-pan to the table.

"I'd like to know how the cat got into my china-closet," she said.

"Chasin' mice, I guess," Ethan rejoined. "There was a mouse round the kitchen all last evening."

Zeena continued to look from one to the other; then she emitted her small strange laugh. "I knew the cat was a smart cat," she said in a high voice, "but I didn't know he was smart enough to pick up the pieces of my pickle-dish and lay 'em edge to edge on the very shelf he knocked 'em off of."

Mattie suddenly drew her arms out of the steaming water. "It wasn't Ethan's fault, Zeena! The cat *did* break the dish; but I got it down from the china-closet, and I'm the one to blame for its getting broken."

Zeena stood beside the ruin of her treasure, stiffening into a stony image of resentment. "You got down my pickle-dish—what for?"

A bright flush flew to Mattie's cheeks. "I wanted to make the supper-table pretty," she said.

"You wanted to make the supper-table pretty; and you waited till my back was turned, and took the thing I set most store by of anything I've got, and wouldn't never use it, not even when the minister come to dinner, or Aunt Martha Pierce come over from Bettsbridge—" Zeena paused with a gasp, as if terrified by her own evocation of the sacrilege. "You're a bad girl, Mattie Silver, and I always known it. It's the way your father begun, and I was warned of it when I took you, and I tried to keep my things where you couldn't get at 'em—and now you've took from me the one I cared about most of all—" She broke off in a short spasm of sobs that passed and left her more than ever like a shape of stone.

"If I'd 'a listened to folks, you'd 'a gone before now, and this wouldn't 'a happened," she said; and gathering up the bits of broken glass she went out of the room as if she carried a dead body. . .

(To be concluded.)

DESIGN

By Kenyon Cox



PERHAPS the greatest weakness of modern art is the relative neglect of what is ordinarily called composition, or what I prefer to call by the good old word design.

The word composition means, of course, the putting together of the picture, and seems to imply a more or less mechanical assemblage of separately existing parts. The word design conveys the finer and truer idea of an original guiding thought, a principle of unity, out of which the parts and details of a picture are developed by a natural and organic growth. You compose a pudding or a black draught—you design a work of art. Yet the word composition is a convenient one, and one so commonly understood that I shall use it interchangeably with the word design.

Whatever it is to be called, that the thing itself is rather out of fashion there can be no doubt. Our tendency has been to exalt the other parts of the art of painting at the expense of this fundamental one of design, and to decry and belittle composition as a thing of small or no importance. Indeed, if one may believe all one hears, its very existence has been denied; for a well-known and justly admired American painter has been quoted as telling his pupils that "There is no such thing as composition." If he ever said so, one is left in doubt as to just what he can have meant. It is possible that he intended to say that there is no science of composition, and no valid rules for it—that design is, and must be, a matter of instinct and of unconscious creative action on the part of the artist. In that case, what is true in his statement is equally true of drawing and color and handling. In all these things the business of the artist is to create, and to leave to others the task of finding out the reasons for the form of his creations. It is possible, in any art, to formulate principles to account for what has first been done—it is impossible, by the application of rules based on these principles, to create a new and vital work. This

is not a reason for neglecting the study of the masterpieces of art, for ignorance was never yet creative. It is simply the statement, in another form, that the artist, however well trained, must be an artist born, and work as the artist has always worked.

It is possible, also, that what was meant to be expressed was merely a personal preference for informal and expressive design over formal and monumental design; for the composition of the isolated easel picture over the composition of the great mural painting. If so, it was the expression of a preference so common in our time as to be nearly universal; a preference which has caused us to place on the walls of great public buildings pictures that seem to defy rather than to enrich the design of the surrounding architecture; a preference which has led to the writing of text-books on composition that include in the list of their don'ts nearly all the things which a study of the great masters would inculcate as things to do.

Whatever else was meant, it is almost inconceivable that a literal denial of the existence of composition, or design, can have been intended, for that would have been the denial to the arts of the one thing they have in common, of the one great fundamental and unifying principal that makes art art. Design is arrangement, is order, is selection. Design is the thing that makes a work of art a unit, that makes it a whole rather than a hap-hazard collection of unrelated things or a slice of unassimilated nature. It does not merely concern itself with great decorative compositions or arrangements of many figures—it is necessarily present in the simplest problems art can set itself. Suppose you are to paint a portrait head. There will be questions of drawing, of character and expression, of light and shade and color, of the handling of your material, to all of which you must find answers; but before you can consider any of these things, there will be the initial question: where are you to place the head on your canvas? How far from the top

and the bottom, how far from the left or right hand border? And what is the shape of your canvas to be, rectangular or circular or oval, and what shall be the proportion of height to width? This is the fundamental problem of design, the problem of the division of space. If you are going to do a little more of the figure, other problems will come into play. Shall you include the hands, and, if so, where shall you place them? That is the problem of the balancing of dominant and subordinate masses. What is the general silhouette of your figure, and where shall it cut the borders of your canvas? That is the problem of line. If you do not settle it intentionally and well it will settle itself accidentally, and, in all probability, badly. The problems of design are essentially the same in everything you do; they only become more complicated as the subject becomes more complex.

If you are to paint a still-life it is evident that you must arrange the objects somehow—they will not come together of themselves. You might, conceivably, begin a portrait and wait for a happy accident—a spontaneous pose of the sitter—to give you the arrangement of the hands: you cannot wait for the copper kettle and the dead fish to place themselves agreeably. And still less can nature or accident determine your composition of a number of figures, unless you rely entirely upon snap shots. If you have any intention, any story to tell, any idea to express—if it is no more than the idea of a crowd—you *must* arrange your figures, well or ill. Even in landscape painting of the most naturalistic kind, where it is not uncommon to-day to accept what nature gives, abdicating the right to put in or leave out and retaining only that right of choosing an agreeable view which the photographer exercises equally with the painter—even there, though you may reproduce a natural landscape as literally as you are able, you must determine where to cut it off. You must decide where to make the division between your chosen matter and the rest of nature which you reject, you must think whether your material will go best onto an upright canvas or an oblong one, and what are to be its proportions and dimensions. In that act you are exercising the art of design. You cannot escape from design; you cannot avoid composing. You may compose badly but compose you must.

And if the demands of design are fundamental they are also universal. It is not only your lines and masses that must be composed, but your light and shade, your color, your very brushmarks must be arranged; and the task of composition is not done until the last touch has been placed upon the canvas, although, for the sake of convenience, the term composition, or design, is generally limited to the arrangement of lines and masses, the arrangement of the other elements of the picture being considered separately.

As design is the underlying and unifying principle of every work of art, so it is the classic principle, par excellence, the principle which makes for order and stability and clarity and all that the Classic Spirit holds most dear. It is conservative in its nature, and tends to preserve the old molds even when new matter is put into them. It holds on to tradition and keeps up the connection with the past. It changes, but it changes more slowly than almost any other element of art. Great and original power of design is more rare than any other of the powers of an artist and a radically new form of design is very nearly inconceivable. Artists will make a thousand new observations of nature and almost entirely alter the contents of a work of art before they make any but slight changes in the pattern in which it is cast; and in all the history of painting the men are but a handful who have made any material addition to the resources of the designer. If in our own day we seem to have cut loose from tradition and to have lost our connection with the great design of the past it is not because we have suddenly acquired a surprising degree of designing power and are inventing a new and modern art of composition, but because most of us have forgotten altogether how to compose and are trying to get on without any design at all; the result being bad design and mere chaos. Wherever, in modern art as in the art of the past, you find an artist of real power of design—and we have had such—you find the note of classicism, of respect for tradition, of connection with everything fine and noble that has gone before.

This conservatism of design follows naturally from the fact that it is not imitative of nature, and is therefore unaffected by the investigation of natural appearances. It



Death of St. Francis. By Giotto.

In the Church of Santa Croce, Florence.

is, of course, founded on natural laws—on the laws of sight and on the laws of the human mind—but it is only accidentally and occasionally that it is directly influenced by anything outside itself. The naturalistic temper will, as it has done at various times, lead to the neglect of composition: it will not lead to new discoveries in composition. The study of anatomy revolutionized and greatly enriched the drawing of the human figure; the study of natural light and color has added something to the resources of the painter, if it has also subtracted something from them; the only study that has ever greatly helped the designer is the study of design as it has been practised before him. To look long at the great compositions of the master designers of the world; to try to find in them, not hard and fast rules of what to do and what to avoid, but the guiding principles on which they are built; to steep one's self in tradition; and then to set one's self to invent new forms which shall be guided by the principles and contained within the boundaries of the old—that is the only way to study design. It is precisely because design must be studied in this way, because it makes for tradition and continuity and leads away from a too exclusive study of nature, that, from the classic point of view, for which I speak, the

study of design is the most salutary discipline possible in this too naturalistic age. If I could have my way in the training of young artists I should insist upon their spending a good deal of time in the study and designing of pure ornament, not that they might learn the "historic styles"—though that, too, would have its advantages—but that they might learn how independent fine design is of its content and how slight may be the connection between art and nature.

In all design concerned with the beautifying of surfaces, as painting is, from the simplest treatment of ornament to the most complicated of naturalistic pictures, the ends to be sought and the means of attaining these ends are the same. First, there is the division of the whole space to be treated into a number of smaller spaces, or masses, which shall be agreeable in their relation to each other and of interesting and beautiful shapes. Some of these spaces will be filled with minor divisions and enriched with details, while others will be left comparatively simple, like the background of ornament, and we have thus the balance of filled and empty spaces which is one of the great beauties of fine design. Some one of the masses will, by size, by position, or by isolation, sometimes by all three means, be

made more important than the others, and this principle of subordination will be carried throughout the design, each mass which is subordinate to the principal one

these lines will have characters of their own, entirely apart from anything they may represent. Horizontal lines will suggest repose, vertical lines will suggest rigidity and



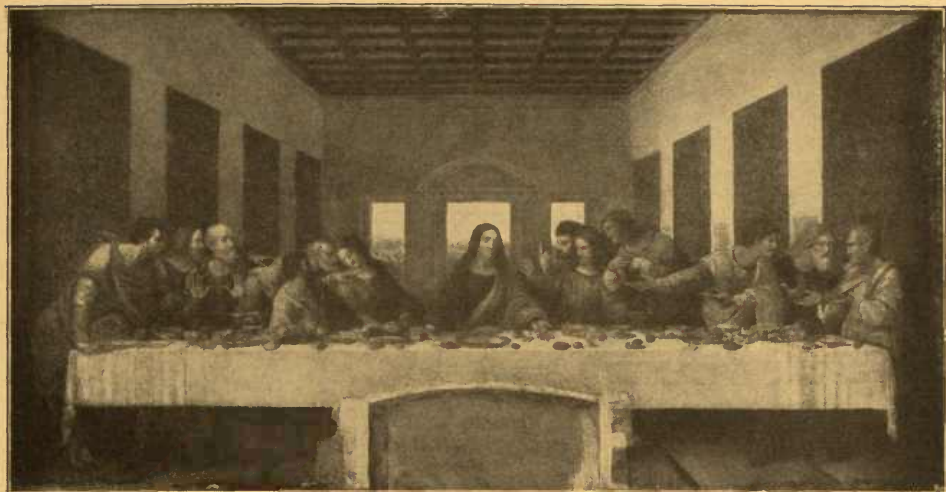
The Virgin in Glory. By Perugino.
In the Pinacoteca, Bologna.

having other attendant masses subordinated to it.

After the division of space comes the unification by line. The whole composition will be bound together by a series of lines, either the edges of the masses or interior lines within them, and these lines will not only be agreeable in themselves but will be so arranged as to lead the eye easily and without jar or fatigue, from one mass to another, bringing it finally to rest on the dominant mass of the composition. And

stability, curved lines will convey the idea of motion; and the curves will differ among themselves, some being soft and voluptuous, others resilient and tonic.

In the use of these primary elements of composition a number of subsidiary principles will come into play: The principle of balance, either of like subordinate masses either side a central dominant, which is symmetrical and monumental composition, or of unlike masses at different distances from an ideal centre, which is free or pic-



The Last Supper. By Leonardo da Vinci.
In Milan.

torial composition, though the Japanese use it in ornament: the principle of repetition, the extreme form of which is the continuous frieze or border, but which is constantly used in pictures: the principle of contrast, the straight line making the curve seem more graceful, the curve making the straight line seem more uncompromising and more rigid.

The structure of the design being thus formed it will be enriched and re-enforced by the use of light and dark and by the use of color. In a simple panel of ornament, for instance, the filled spaces, that is the ornament itself, will be either darker or lighter than the ground or empty spaces; or they will be of a different color from the empty spaces, without any greatly marked difference of value. Or the filled spaces may be both lighter and darker than the ground, as they would be in sculpture in relief. The dominance of the most important mass may be increased by making it the lightest or the darkest or the most powerfully colored mass, or by giving it the sharpest contrast of light and dark; and however this is done certain of the subsidiary masses will be given a secondary importance by a less marked use of the same means.

So far the process is identical, whether the content of the design is pure ornament or a great figure painting, but as we approach the free design of the easel picture

a new element comes into play. Ornamental design is design in two dimensions only, and decorative painting always tends to retain, or to return to, two dimensional compositions. But in proportion as painting becomes desirous and able to convey the illusion of space it begins to compose in the third dimension also. The things it represents have not only an elevation but a ground plan, and the ground plan must be as thoroughly designed as the elevation. The distances of one mass from another in the direction of the depth of the picture must be as carefully proportioned as the vertical and lateral distances, and the lines traced upon the ideal ground plan must be as beautiful as those visible upon the vertical surface.

These are, as well as I can explain them in brief compass, the immutable principles of design: few in number, but admitting of so much variety in their application that all the great compositions that have ever been made have not begun to exhaust the possible combinations—there is room for an infinite number of fine compositions, still. The extent to which these principles govern the work of the great designers is almost incredible until one has convinced one's self of it by prolonged study. Their scope is co-extensive with the work, and in the masterpieces of design there is absolutely no room for accident. Every smallest detail, each fold of drapery, each leaf in each

smallest spray of leafage, is where it must be, and is of its proper form and inevitable size to play its part in the symphony of design. It could no more be somewhere else or of some other shape than a note could be of another pitch in a musical composition. Any change in it would change the character of the whole. Designs of this perfection are rare, of course, but they exist; and in some of the compositions of Raphael and Veronese you could not change so much as a tendril of hair or a ring on a finger without loss.

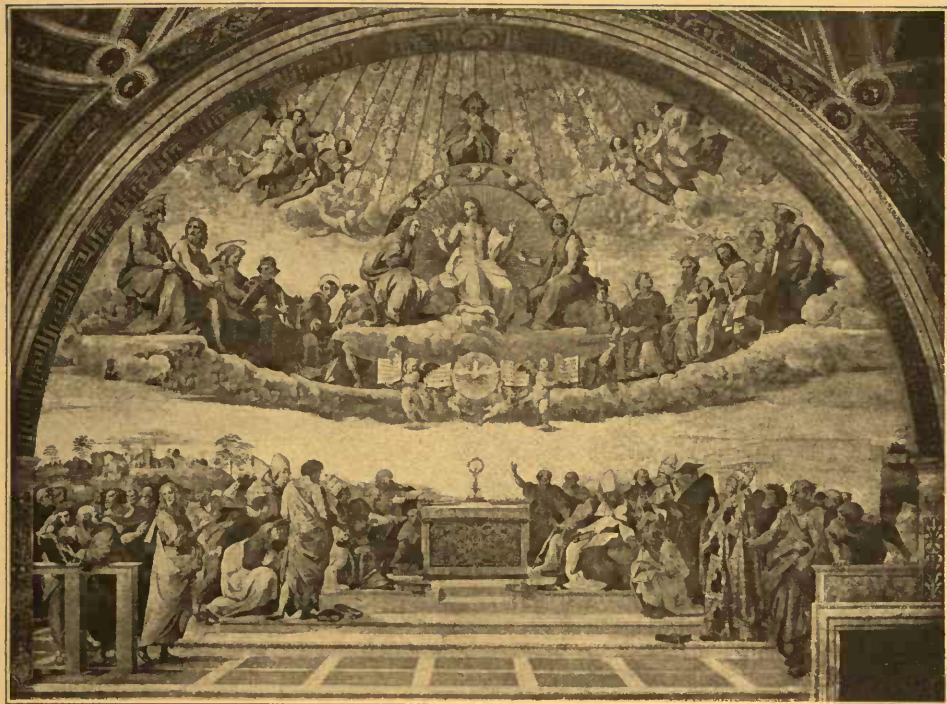
The design of early and primitive artists is, naturally enough, extremely simple and formal. From Giotto to Raphael there is only a very gradual enrichment of a manner of composition which remains essentially the same. The pictures of this time are almost exclusively of two types: the narrative composition, devoted to the telling of Gospel stories or to the lives of the Saints; and the devotional composition or altar-piece.

The narrative composition, in early work, tends to the condition of the frieze or bas-relief. The figures are apt to be in profile and are nearly always in one plane, and they are rather isolated without much connection into groups. With all its simplicity this form of design is capable of great expressiveness, and, from its very limitations, is admirably fitted for architectural decoration. It was, perhaps, involuntarily that the work of Giotto was so unfailingly decorative, for the simplicity of division and the composition on one plane were inevitable at the stage of development which the art of painting had then reached. But the dignity and the inventiveness, within the limits of what was then possible, are the master's own. There have been more complete painters than Giotto, because there have been great men who came at periods of fuller ripeness in their art; but there have been few artists of greater essential power as designers. Again and again he found the best arrangement for the telling of his story, and settled the lines on which his successors were willing to work for a century or two. Such a composition as his "Death of St. Francis" remains to this day as simple and noble in its great lines and masses as anything that has been done and it would be hard to better it except in detail, or even to better

its details without losing something of its majesty.

The devotional picture, the purpose of which was not to tell a story but merely to present objects for worship, descends from the Byzantine ancona, and was, at first, made up of a number of separate panels, framed together into a great altar-piece. There would be a Madonna and Child in the middle panel, probably on a larger scale than the other figures, and rows of saints on either side, each in his own niche. The first step in advance amounted to little more than removing the interior divisions, leaving the figures much as they were, even to the greater size of the central figure. Except for the elimination of this discrepancy in size there was little further development of this form of composition until Raphael took hold of it, but its essentially architectural character was appreciated, and it was applied to other than religious subjects. It became, especially, and has remained to this day, the natural form of composition for the lunette, or semicircular space, with its greatest height in the middle, where the central figure would come. But, in altar-pieces or decorative allegories, you may yet see, in the work of Perugino, how the subsidiary figures stand in a row, each almost as much alone as if it still had its own frame around it. Meantime the narrative composition had become richer and more complex, and the two forms met in Leonardo's "Last Supper," half narrative, half devotional, where the apostles, instead of sitting more or less equidistant from each other, are played about into groups of three and bound together with interlacing lines of arms and draperies. It is the first complete and fully perfected instance of formal design in modern art.

Then came Raphael, the greatest master of formal design that the world has seen, and gave us the still unequalled models of decorative composition. His fecundity and variety are astonishing. In one room, the Stanza della Segnatura in the Vatican, he has given us the perfect examples of composition for the circular medallion, the rectangular panel, the semicircular lunette, the segmental lunette, and the pierced lunette, or lunette with an opening cut through it; and in the second of these chambers of the Vatican are two other pierced lunettes, entirely different and equally admirable, the



La Disputa By Raphael.
In the Vatican, Rome.

"Mass of Bolsena" and the "Deliverance of Peter." Besides these he has shown us, in Santa Maria della Pace, how to design a frieze interrupted by a central arch and, in the Farnesina, how to design a series of triangular pendentives; while a multitude of Madonnas and other pictures of smaller size are, almost invariably, masterpieces of composition. Yet he has introduced few absolute novelties, the chief of these being a strictly limited use of the third dimension. He still composes laterally instead of composing in depth, but, in the "Disputa," he has for the first time thrown the centre of his composition back and advanced the sides, achieving an effect as if the lunette had become a great semidome or apse. It is as architectural as composition in the flat, but while it definitely limits it also enlarges the apparent space and gives one breathing-room and a consequent sense of ease and enhanced well-being. Farther than this it is dangerous for purely decorative design to go, and composition in depth rarely has gone much farther in the hands of true decorators.

This whole composition, the earliest and the most formal of Raphael's great frescoes in the Vatican, is perhaps the most perfect of any for its decorative and symbolic purpose, and it is worth a little study to see how he has designed it much in the same way that a designer of ornament might fill the same space. The most important object in the picture, from the point of view of the story he had to tell, is the Host upon the altar, for the real presence in the celebration of the Mass is the central doctrine of Catholic theology. It is a small object and cannot be given predominance by size—it must attain it by position and by isolation. He places its little circle in the midst of a broad band of empty space—the only one—which extends from one end of the design to the other, and just at the level of the spring of the arch, so that the whole composition radiates from it as from a centre. Below it is the church on earth, above it the heavenly host—it dominates earth and heaven. Immediately above is the figure of Christ, in a great circular glory, with the Virgin and



The Entombment. By Titian.
In the Louvre.

John Baptist on His right and left hands and the first and third Persons of the Trinity above and below Him—a compact group of great size and importance, yet a less important centre than the Host because less isolated. From this group sweeps to right and left the great semicircle of Apostles and Prophets, seated upon the level clouds, and this semicircle is repeated, higher up, by that of the Angels. Below are Popes, Bishops, Cardinals, poets, Fathers of the Church, disposed in two great, wedge-shaped masses, narrowing toward the central rectangle of the altar; and the presence of a door at one end of the wall has led to the introduction of balustrades at either corner which happily echo this rectangle, making it the apex of a triangle in the ground plan, while the long, horizontal line of the steps and pavement give stability and repose to the whole design.

So far, it is all formality and geometrical planning; but now the element of variety enters. It is very slight in the upper portion of the composition, only the leaning side-wise of St. Stephen breaking the uniformity of the rank of Saints; but it is almost infinite below—figures standing, sitting, kneeling, leaning, gathering into clumps and scat-

tering again, their heads forming an intricate and ingenious skyline, yet always controlled by some hidden principle of unity, line balancing line and mass answering to mass by subtle and hardly discoverable conformities. Each group—each single figure almost—is as wonderful in its design as the great whole of which it forms a part. I could point out some of these minor felicities of arrangement, but it would take too long, and the student will get more out of the effort to find them for himself. And, long as I have studied the picture, I by no means understand it all, nor do I hope ever to do so. I only know that it is supremely right and perfect, altogether and forever satisfying.

I shall not attempt to analyze any other composition in such detail as this. My object is to show what design is, in one great example, and to set you to looking for it in other works of art. And you will find it in places where at first you would not think of looking for it. The splendor of Venetian color and the richness of Venetian light and shade have so blinded us to the presence of anything else in the works of Titian and Tintoretto that it is only after special study that one realizes their power of design. But if you will look over any of the

old-fashioned histories of art which are illustrated with cuts in little more than outline, and bad outline at that, you will find that, after color and light and shade have been eliminated, and drawing denatured, there remains an indestructible element in the work of these men which announces, at the first glance, the presence of a master. That element is, and can be, nothing but design. It is more usually the free design suited to easel-painting—a form of art practically invented by Giorgione—but is none the less masterly and complete on that account. Take, for example, Titian's "Entombment" and see how the lines of the figures encompass the dead Christ; how every arm and hand and fold of drapery is played into a series of curves that sympathize with and accentuate the helpless droop of that dead body; how absolute and inevitable is the spacing within the frame; how impossible it would be to alter the smallest detail without destroying the harmony of the whole. Or take Tintoretto at his best, in the wonderful "Pallas Driving Away Mars" and see how everything in the pict-

ure reinforces and lends added strength to the push of the goddess's arm. And for an exquisite bit of contrast, see how the stiff straightness of Pallas's lance relieves and yet enhances the luxuriance of the curves, noting, at the same time, how the different angles of the two lances, as if sprung from a common centre like the spokes of a wheel, set everything swinging over to the right and send Mars tottering out of the picture faster, even, than his own attitude would carry him. This is design, and design of the best. As for Veronese, who added to all the other Venetian qualities a gayety of feeling and a brilliancy of workmanship which tend still more to disguise the underlying structure, he is, whether for formal and monumental or for free and fantastic composition, second only to Raphael, if he is second to any one. He is a decorator born; and the decorator, whatever his other gifts, is always pre-eminently and fundamentally a designer.

Since the time of these great sixteenth century masters there has been no new discovery in design. Its principles have been



Pallas Driving Away Mars. By Tintoretto.

In the Ducal Palace, Venice.



The Gleaners. By Millet.
In the Louvre.

differently applied and have been applied to various purposes, but there has been no addition to the resources of the designer. Rubens, with all his giant-like strength and almost appalling abundance and fecundity, was by essential temper a classicist and a lover of tradition; only his was a classicism modified by and appropriate to his age, an age of the Baroque in architecture and of luxuriousness in life. In every part of his art he founded his practice upon that of his predecessors, and his composition is the composition of the great Venetians rendered a little looser, a little more florid. The straight line is almost entirely banished, the curved lines are more redundant and less severe, and have a strong tendency to the double, or S-shaped, curve, while the whole pattern is more irregular and picturesque. None the less is it a pattern, complete and self-contained, as inevitable in the logical connection of the parts with the main idea of the whole as one of Raphael's. Such grasp of composition as forces every limb of every one of the myriad figures in the "Small Last Judgment" into its pre-

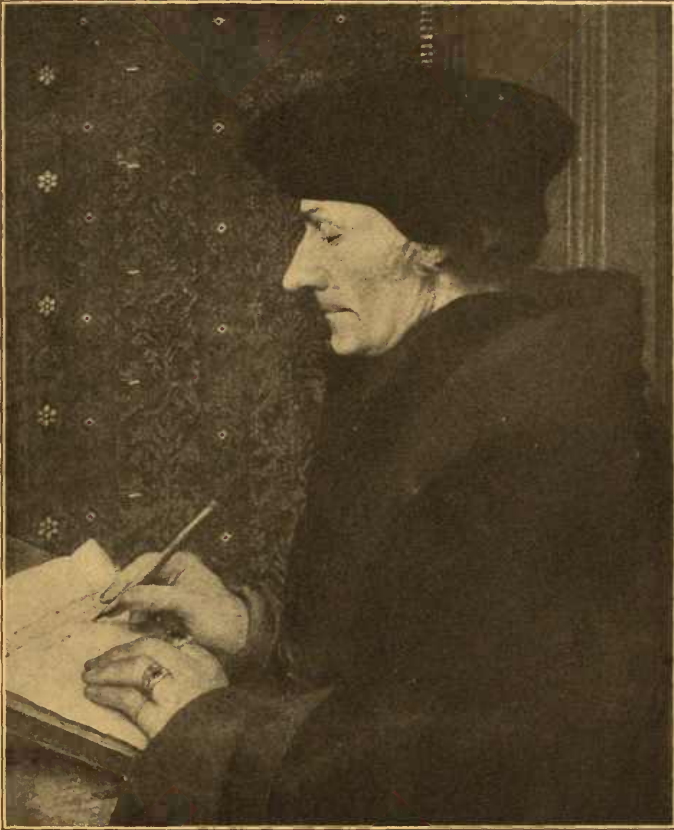
destined place in the huge, if sprawling design—for the design is huge though the canvas is small—is almost disconcerting.

During the same years in which Rubens was producing his Baroque classicism a classicist of a very different sort was at work in Rome. For Poussin, a man of cold temper and powerful intellect, the colorists did not exist. He founded his style on Raphael and, above all, on the study of the antique, and his composition is severe almost to baldness, but grandly expressive. Being more in harmony with his age, Rubens was immensely the more influential of the two. His composition, with slight modifications, becomes the composition of the whole of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, while in such splendid pieces of bravura as the "Rape of the Daughters of Leucippus" or the Medici series in The Louvre, we have the model of almost everything that Delacroix produced. Rubens is the fountainhead of modern art—Poussin has had few disciples. The greatest of these is Jean François Millet, whose description of his favorite mas-

ter's "Testament of Eudamidas" you have already heard.

Of Millet's own design, as austere as Poussin's and as expressive, no better example could be given than "The Gleaners." It is design reduced to the barely necessary, purged of all luxury or superfluity, the naked expression of one idea and no more.

is standing, but so stooped that the line of her body recalls and sympathizes with the stronger lines of the other two. That is all; but these few elements are placed with such perfect sense of weight and balance, the relations of the large and simple spaces to each other and to the enclosing border are so admirably right; the bounding



Photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

Erasmus. By Holbein.

In the Louvre.

The field is divided into two broad bands by the horizon line, at about two-thirds of the height of the canvas, and the long skyline is broken only at the left by the simple mass of the wagon and the straw-stacks. Wholly within the lower division are the three figures, two of them forming a compact group, the third a little apart yet so near that a single sweeping curve would unite the three. The two are bent double to reach the ground, and their lines repeat each other almost exactly. The third

and connecting lines are so noble and so expressive that nothing more could be asked for. Different as he was from Millet in every fibre of his artistic nature, it is by much such simple divisions of space and such economy of line that Whistler produces his finest effects. The design of both men is at the antipodes of the overflowing abundance and richness of that of Rubens; yet the severe and the luxurious are equally legitimate forms of design. Which one will prefer is a matter of tem-

perament and of occasion—of what one has to do and of what one likes doing.

The great masters of design in portraiture, among the old masters, are Raphael, who was as wonderful as a portrait painter as he was as a decorator, and Holbein. Holbein also, as we know from a few paintings and many woodcuts, was a great figure designer, but, in his strongest years, he was

design as it is as a rendering of character—I do not know how to praise it more highly than that.

But the first half of the nineteenth century saw a master of design as great as any that ever lived, and I do not know but that some of the portraits of Ingres are the most complete and perfect examples of design as applied to portraiture in the whole range



Madame Rivière. By Ingres
In the Louvre.

permitted to produce little but portraits. These portraits, even the slightest drawings, are unfailingly perfect in design. The head is always in just the right spot on the canvas, the hands are at just the right distance from the head, the division of space between the figure and the background is always agreeable, the bounding line of the figure is always beautiful and always cuts the edge of the picture in the right place and at the right angle. Some of them are much more elaborate than others; but take one of the simplest of them, the incomparable "Erasmus" of the Louvre, and you will find it as admirable and perfect as a

of art. For a design appropriate to and almost miraculously expressive of character and bodily habit it would be difficult to find anything approaching the "M. Bertin"; while for a design beautiful in its own right, rich, elaborate, gracious, yet with a lofty and serene austerity in its pure beauty, I know not where to find a parallel for the exquisite portrait of Mme. Rivière short of those Greek gems of which its oval form, no less than its artistic quality, reminds us.

I spoke, awhile ago, of design as pre-eminently the conservative and classic element in art. In no branch of art is this more true than in the painting of landscape.



The Gulf Stream. By Winslow Homer.
Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Landscape painting is a comparatively modern form of art, and modern discoveries concerning light and atmosphere have so transformed our view of nature that, were it not for this element of design, which has no naturalistic origin, modern landscape painting would have been in danger of losing all touch with the past and thereby losing, also, that power of evoking memories of former pleasures which is one of the great pleasure-giving resources of all art. Fortunately the first great innovators in modern landscape were lovers of the past, and master designers. The detailed study of natural forms, the mystery of atmospheric effect, the glow of color or the delicate rendering of gradations of light were, with Rousseau and Corot, but the clothing of a pattern which was traditional and classic. It is this persistence of pattern which gives their work its air of permanence and finality—which makes it a part of the art of the world and of all time. With Corot, especially, the classic feeling was so strong that his pictures give you echoes of everything noble and lovely that has been done, of Titian and Giorgione, fathers of landscape painting, no less than of the severe grandeur of Poussin and the clear grace of Claude.

And it is this conservative, and preservative, element of design that will save such

of the work of the successors of Corot and Rousseau as the world shall permanently enjoy. Monet and his friends have undoubtedly made some discoveries about natural light and the means of representing it in painting—discoveries not so new perhaps, or so important as they thought them, but still discoveries—and in so far as they have done this, they have been of use to those that shall come after them, as the naturalists of the fifteenth century, with their studies of anatomy and perspective, were serviceable to their successors; but in so far as they have neglected design they have forgotten to be artists and contented themselves with being investigators. For without design there may be representation, but there can be no art.

This tendency to a comparative neglect of design, to allowing representation to become an end instead of a means, to making what should be an embroidery of light and color take the place of the structure that should underlie the embroidery—a tendency which is the common temptation of the modern painter—is particularly insidious and dangerous to the painter of landscape. He finds the rendering of natural effect so difficult and so absorbing that he can think of nothing else, and nature is so beautiful that she usurps, for him, the

place of art. He is apt to be, in the first place, one to whom light and color mean more than line and mass, or he would have chosen figure painting as his vocation, and he has not the figure painter's dominating necessity to compose somehow, well or ill. As most of his work, nowadays, is done in the open air, he must paint rapidly while the effect lasts, and has no time for ponderation and delicate balancing of mass against mass and line against line. He habituates himself to taking snapshots at things as they fly, satisfied if he can capture any reflection of the beauty of the scene before him, and contents himself with so much thought of composition as goes to the determination of what fragment of nature he may include within his frame.

The more to be admired are those painters whose native sense of design is so powerful as to give distinction and a classic grace even to their sketches from nature. One such, who has almost ceased to paint without ceasing to be an artist, is Charles A. Platt. First an etcher, then a painter of distinction, a member of the Society of American Artists, and now of the National Academy of Design, and a winner of the Webb Prize, he has produced a series of landscapes which, for elegance of line, dignity of spacing and beauty of arrangement are unique in our art. Some day, his pictures will be appreciated at their worth. Meanwhile, he has had to turn to another form of art and, as was the case with the great artists of the Renaissance, the same mastery of design that was so notable in his painting, has given him an assured place in the kindred art of Architecture.

Such refined design as Mr. Platt's has always been rare, but our art is not without other examples of the compatibility with the modern point of view of a real faculty for design. Even among the most forth-

right and least reflective of our painters—among those who seem to have placed truth far above beauty and with whom a certain almost violent effectiveness has taken the place of all subtler qualities—even in this muscular school of landscape there are different degrees of designing power; and it is, more than anything else, the possession of this power—the ability to give to each picture, no matter how instantaneously seen or swiftly rendered, the consistency of a pattern—that places such men as Gardner Symons and George Bellows above their companions.

But the strongest instance of such compatibility is the work of the great painter we have lately lost, Winslow Homer. A modern of the moderns, so original that his art seems, at first sight, to have no connection with any other, such an independent observer that he has painted whole series of things seen by no one else, he was yet essentially a designer, and it is his design that gives his work its authority. He was hardly a draughtsman, at least so far as the drawing of the human figure is concerned; he was rarely a colorist, in the full sense, and was often content with little more than black and white; he was still less an accomplished craftsman. What he had was an extraordinary vigor and originality of observation, which provided the substance of his works, and an equally original and vigorous design which gave them their form. Almost every work of his contains a new and striking pattern to which every detail is subordinated—a pattern as new and as striking as the material it moulds, and admirably suited to the expression of that material. It is his powerful design, even more than his clearness of vision, that makes him the great artist he was—the greatest we have had in America and one of the greatest of the latter part of the nineteenth century in any country.



AMERICA AND THE CHINA LOAN

By Frederick McCormick



TWO centuries before America was discovered Ma Tuan-lin, the Chinese, wrote the whole story of China's money. In the seventeenth century a successor modernized his work. In 1910 it was still modern and showed that the currency mediums of China were tokens for exchange, and not fixed weights or measures. No progress was made until the great powers intervened, and America, by her aid, placed China, in 1911, among the currency reform nations of the world.

April 15, 1911, at America's solicitation, China signed terms for a currency loan from Great Britain, France, Germany, and the United States, and undertook, with the aid of these four capitalistic great contemporaries, broad measures in the form of a uniform standard currency scheme looking to the material reconstruction of the Celestial Empire, and June 13, in London, England, a financial council of these Western powers met to approve it.*

As there are but these four capitalistic great powers among nations, it may be said that the outer world, in fact, June 13, 1911, as so often pronounced in theory, established itself in council to sit upon the future of China, and that these things, directed to trade and industrial regeneration in China, are a realization of the desires of western nations from the beginning of trade relations with China in the sixteenth century, and of the active aims of England, France, and America for about seventy-five years. This is something of what reform in China, under the principles of the open door and the new diplomacy, means.

It has been regarded as only a question of time when China would be bankrupt. In such a case, on account of her debt to Europe, ever increasing, she would have to surrender her finances to the management of a European board of control, consisting

of representatives of Great Britain, France, and Germany. Special policies for China's protection and safety, such as are embraced in the open door doctrine, would be endangered by this and if America remained traditionally disinterested the forces that have threatened to break up the Chinese Empire would operate in spite of the open door doctrine.

America's only chance of averting this lay in anticipating the capitalistic powers of Europe and reuniting all foreign financial and commercial interests on the lines of mutual advantage. It was not strange, therefore, that the government at Washington sought the opportunity to bring about the reform of China's currency, the organization of industrial development, and the creation of financial order.

Ten years before, John Hay arrested the partition of China by establishing among the powers the doctrine of the open door. Then began a dramatic Chinese struggle of peculiar oriental economic and political strategy against the modern science of money and commerce—a set fight with the money power of Europe covering six years, and until practical defeat forced China to seek foreign aid. It was a fact that in 1910 China was practically helpless before the European capitalistic allies, as in 1900 she was helpless before the military allies.

The question for China has been variously defined as foreign sciences, arms, foreign governmental methods, diplomacy, foreign religions, etc., but the bankers have determined it to be finance, and economists hold that if she does not reform her finances China is lost. Could America again save her from foreign domination and division by bringing about for her the creation of a system of finance? At the end of a decade of the open door doctrine, after the failure of the neutralization proposal in Manchuria—1909-1910—this was the foremost question of the American State Department. From its stand-point it was a question whether America might accomplish by

* Of the total amount of the loan, \$50,000,000, five-ninths are apportioned to China proper and four-ninths to Manchuria. Of the Manchurian section about \$10,000,000 is set aside for industrial and administrative purposes.

the instrumentality of a currency loan what in 1909 she accomplished by the pen.

During all of 1909 and 1910 China had her ministers abroad, and others, feverishly working on plans for financial reform. Her minister in Washington, Chang Yin-tang, held half a dozen conferences with Jeremiah W. Jenks, of Cornell, who had made China's finances his special study. The internal financial drama in China, however, cut short all these endeavors; Chang Yin-tang received secret orders to suspend his investigations; China had been visited by overwhelming recognition of defeat in a lone effort to create a currency and fiscal system and could not delay her appeal for outside aid.

America was forearmed. October 2, 1902, China agreed in the American-Chinese treaty to adopt a uniform currency to improve trade. September, 1903, President Roosevelt sent Jeremiah W. Jenks as a special commissioner to confer with the Chinese Government regarding the introduction of the gold standard into China. China's persistent efforts at financial reform from then till 1910 have resulted in plans now approved by foreign experts, but every detail of her financial struggle was without success. She ignored the currency, and in 1906 founded the Board of Revenue Bank in Peking. According to her views she was now prepared to finance her own loans, but in beginning was without money, collateral, or national credit. Wrongly directed, her efforts to raise loans and reform finance were bound to fail, and a procession of the foremost officials surrendered the presidency of the Board of Revenue one after another. Advanced Chinese saw that nothing was being accomplished and in 1908 the late Empress Dowager supported an advanced policy, sending Tong Shao-yi to America to negotiate a loan.

Tong Shao-yi's mission, together with the adoption of a silver standard and uniform coinage, were a fiasco. Strange to say, China's credit steadily rose, owing to European competition to get firmly established in China's industrial development, and at the same time further alarmed the foreign bankers.

Foreign governments became anxious over the doubt raised by financiers as to China's solvency, and China became alarmed about her own safety on account

of the influence in the country of foreign finance, which had become the instrument of foreign power formerly wielded through "spheres of influence" agreements. "Spheres of influence" had changed to "financial spheres," geographically defined. China became highly agitated and in December, 1908, the "National Debt Association" was formed by Chinese, at Tientsin, to pay off China's foreign debt and save the country. This plan to save China from insolvency attracted foreign attention as showing China's intellectual bankruptcy. It collapsed.

Sir John Jordan, the British Minister at Peking, assured China that the powers were not intending to assume control of the finances, but cautioned her to devise fiscal remedies. Foreign financiers were justly apprehensive and tendered anxious counsel. The British, French, and German bankers affiliated for mutual protection and to withstand the crisis.

Failure reached full headway in 1909. A report that the powers were about to take over China's finances and partition the empire swept the provinces. Viceroy and governors, fearing the Throne had been suddenly overawed by the foreign legations, telegraphed to inquire of the government what had happened. The government telegraphed its ministers abroad to trace the origin of the report.

China's alarm about herself was followed by fear of the consequences of foreign alarm, and she attempted to devise a budget. Duke Tsai, Tseh, unable to audit or control expenditures, resigned. The Throne refused his resignation and then came the most desperate and futile measures of all. First, in defence against affiliated foreign finance, and increasing want, China addressed the powers, asking for an increase of her customs rate on imports. Although she was prepared to abolish internal restrictions on trade required by treaty, she was unprepared to reform the currency so that the powers were precluded from agreeing to increased duties. She then tried to inaugurate a stamp tax with stamps expensively made in America, but popular opposition and the veto of fifteen of the nineteen provinces prevented its execution. She made a futile attempt to force a domestic loan by distributing the bonds pro rata to her officials. Viceroy and governors ignored the call for

financial reports for a budget. Duke Tsai Tseh denounced provincial authorities, and impeached the treasurers of six provinces. He issued modernized banking laws and undertook correction of the unauthorized issues of about \$10,000,000 paper currency in the Yangtse Valley, which had become an obstacle to commerce. By December, 1909, the Board of Revenue was in a state of collapse, overwhelmed with suggestions from all over the empire, culminating, 1910, in sweeping recommendations by the two foremost viceroys, who urged the borrowing of millions, the building of trunk line railways in all directions within the coming decade, and carrying out of the nine years' reformation, otherwise China would default. The success of railways in the development of America was given in support of this recommendation.

Furthermore, China was now shocked by political developments. The startling diplomacy of America in 1909-1910, looking to the neutralization of railways in Manchuria, failed and was followed by the Russo-Japanese entente and later by Japan's annexation of Korea, and subsequent renewed encroachments in Manchuria, which long ago superseded the Yellow River as "China's Sorrow," all coming as a great light to the government in Peking. September 20, 1910, Duke Tsai Tseh, in an audience with the Prince Regent in the Forbidden City, disclosed the default of all efforts and plans for financial reform and asked for help in effecting reorganization of the imperial finances, otherwise he must resign.

China was face to face with the powers. In 1902 she had covenanted with them to reform her currency and failed to do so. In 1906 she adopted a nine years' programme of reform and started out to be a great power, without any banking or fiscal system, without finance, without a real currency, and practically without a national income. Eight years after—1910—without having remedied any of these fundamental defects, she faced her first reform crisis, that of foreign intervention in her finances.

It took the capitalistic powers of the world—Great Britain, France, Germany, and America—just two years—1909-1910—to get together and determine China's financial future. China, though politically wayward, yet measurably appreciated this movement, as has been shown, and Sep-

tember 20, 1910, after Duke Tsai Tseh's disclosures, the Prince Regent, with no alternative, afraid of default and of foreign intervention, and in view of the jeopardy of all reform, approved a reform loan if it could be obtained from America, as was intended in 1908, and according to plans worked out by the aid of Chen Chi-tao, a graduate of the University of California. In her struggle with modern finance China capitulated. September 22, 1910, the Vice-President of the Board of Communications, Sheng Hsuan-hwai, called on the American Minister, Mr. Calhoun, at Peking and asked him to telegraph to the government at Washington a request for a currency loan and an American financial adviser.

Two generations of the powers had waited in vain this event. A loan of \$50,000,000 was conditionally agreed upon. October 27, 1910, a preliminary agreement was quickly signed in Peking. On the 29th an edict ratified it and China was committed to reform of her currency as provided in her treaties, and to employing an American adviser to carry it out.

It was a question with the powers of the world, after the neutralization proposal of 1909-1910 was disposed of, as to where America would turn up next in China. This then was her reappearance, and it was not less surprising to the powers than had been America's diplomacy of the year before. It was additionally important because it concerned China's credit. Moreover, the introduction of foreign advisers into China had long been the jealous enterprise of many a western nation, and America appeared to have beaten them all at it. She immediately had the lines of another fight in the making, not unlike that over the Hukuang loan, or the neutralization proposal, laid down before her. The European groups, since those events, were reconciled to American interests having due consideration in China, but they were still apprehensive of American leadership, and opposed to America's special position, not to say what they called "American methods."

The three European groups scrutinized China's favoritism and America's special position in this loan project, and the proposed American advisership, and then invited the American group to join them and obviate contention. The group had once

to the European groups conditional upon China's consent without opposition of the Washington Government, China apprehended that she was about to fall into the trap she had planned to avoid. International control of her finances had come. She was safeguarded, through American participation, by the principles of equal opportunity and Chinese integrity, and by American Government supervision of American finance in China, yet her understanding with America was threatened with failure.

Her methods that had caused the bankers to combine, but which cannot accomplish an alliance of so many powers, China now repeated in her dealings with the American Government, seeming to justify the course which the bankers had taken. China could not play the bankers against each other, and to further boost her visible credit she played the American Legation in Peking against the American group there. Mr. Calhoun urged that the advisership be settled so the terms of the loan could be arranged. Mr. Straight urged the internationalization of the loan so as to insure success of currency reform, to give China's securities a wider market, to say nothing of protection for the American bankers. To Minister Calhoun China's objection was that Mr. Straight proposed admission of other powers; to Mr. Straight that Minister Calhoun urged American sole advisership. America's diplomatic position was defective.

This had its effect in Washington. November 28, 1910, when the final negotiations with China began in Peking, the governments of Great Britain, France, and Germany had in a night become tentative participants. Although the European groups had agreed not to interfere, the Washington Government could not refuse their governments, and the preliminary agreement with China had to be shown to the British and German ambassadors in Washington and then to the French, completing the admission of America's three capitalistic colleagues to the field of negotiations. America, however, could urge restraint upon them, and the State Department found it necessary to send a note to these three powers, assuring them of participation in the loan, including the right of signature, and deprecating the complication of the negotiations by the participation at this time of other

governments as likely to defeat the loan itself, which was the main object aimed at.

European interests were directed to breaking down the preference China had given to America. Their financiers proposed a board of advisers. This opposed the positions both of the American Government and of China. It is hard to imagine diplomatic topsy-turviness more bewildering than this, but it was just at this time that all other forces capable of interference concentrated in Peking like rooks. Aside from the four allied capitalistic powers on one hand, there was another and greater power in China: the four Manchurian allies, swayed by the political questions of Manchuria and the Chinese border. There was the possibility that the apprehensions of two of the Manchurian allies, Russia and Japan, as to the application of loan moneys in a Chinese-American project in Manchuria, would inspire in Great Britain and France a disinclination to participate in the Manchurian section of the loan. But other influences arrayed themselves against China, America, and her capitalistic allies. These were the separate and peculiar interests of Japan, Russia, and of the Chinese reform and revolutionary agitators, having at the time a centre in the Chinese National Assembly, China's embryo parliament. The new provincial assemblies, and the National Assembly agitated against foreign loans. The Japanese press commenced a political agitation. What was really a simple international loan negotiation for mutual benefit had, therefore, within a month, become a political problem.

Certain fundamental facts of capital and finance, as well as statesmanship, determined its solution. Great Britain, for the good of the currency reform cause, in which she was deeply interested, exerted her influence upon Japan her ally, and then upon her financial ally, France, thus at the same time reaching Russia, the ally of France, expressing the hope that those powers would not obstruct a measure for progress. Russia and Japan, now the leaders of the Manchurian allies, had once before on account of their financial weaknesses dropped out of loan enterprise, namely, respecting the Hukuang loan, leaving the care of their interests and rights to their allies, France and Great Britain. They therefore repeated this invention and contented them-

selves with China's assurances that in respect to future loans they would receive the same consideration as other powers in case they wished to participate, and left the way unobstructed for their allies, together with Germany, to come into the currency loan.

The American Minister, Mr. Calhoun, and the Legation Secretary of Chinese, Dr. Tenney, with admirable discretion assisted in bringing China's statesmen to accept this programme, greatly accelerating the work of the American group carried on by Mr. Straight, upon whom the weight of the negotiations fell.

Duke Tsai Tseh visited the National Assembly and explained the beneficial nature of the loan and quieted the misguided patriots from among the people.

Although Japan was accused of fomenting in China native opposition to American and European capital in order to minimize and obstruct the extension of American and other Western influence; and although Russia's interests have been said to lie in the same direction, these two powers remained neutral during the contentions. When China agreed to European participation, and this desired object was guaranteed, President Taft relinquished his expectation of an exclusive and independent American adviser, and the four powers, together with China, with remarkable and perhaps unexampled international co-ordination in Eastern Asia, reached an agreement.

As an American loan the adviser could only have been an American, but when the loan became international the advisership was a question of equal opportunity. China cordially accepted the views of the groups and governments, even to the advisership, which was to be neutral, and to complete the harmony of the powers China became satisfied that America should accompany the loan with an adviser of whatever nationality she deemed expedient. The groups jointly nominated an adviser from a country not concerned in the loan and his appointment was left to the President by reason of right of agreement with China. March 18, 1911, they met in Brussels to consider the details of China's currency scheme and of the loan agreement, and April 15, as already stated, the final agree-

ment for the currency loan was signed in Peking by all concerned, thus according with the pledges given by the Washington Government to the three European powers in November, 1910.

By American diplomacy, in bringing about currency reform through the currency loan, a new force was created in China from the four capitalistic powers of the world that may be called The Capitalistic Allies. The acceptance by the hitherto intractable and unapproachable masters of the Celestial Empire of the most important reform required by present times and conditions is a tribute to the open door doctrine and is the first response from China of the effect of America's great doctrine upon her political life. America, by awakening and introducing currency reform and insuring the beginning of trade, financial, and industrial regeneration in China, becomes a financial ally of China, a member of the foreign financial council of China, and has in fact united the capitalistic powers and defeated the movement toward consolidated "financial spheres." It is likely that by the co-operation of the government and American financiers American political errors of the decade in Eastern Asia have been as nearly redeemed by this event as they could be. The object attained by the currency loan respecting Manchuria, to which four-ninths of the whole loan are applied, is approximately the same as aimed at in the neutralization proposal.

The signing of the currency loan is the result of President Taft's and Secretary Knox's plan of state for Eastern Asia. It is an achievement not less in importance perhaps than the securing of the pledges of the powers to the doctrine of the open door in 1899-1900. It may be said that not since the delegation by China of the American Minister, Anson Burlingame, as her special envoy to the West has China trusted or relied upon any foreign agencies as in this event of trusting the bringing about of her currency reform to American leadership. In American relations with China a wide gap since William H. Seward and Anson Burlingame has been thus bridged by President Taft and Secretary Knox.

UNDER THE "PENOBSCOT'S" BOW

By John H. Walsh

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. C. HUTCHISON



ONCE on a November morning, Mr. Michael Weems, the diminutive and shrivelled foreman of ship fitters at the Sierra Navy Yard, pulled his large, red, tobacco-stained moustache impatiently and let an aimless stream of profanity bubble up from his heart—or his lungs, whichever is the seat of a man's feelings—to his lips and bubble over until the air of his office became the color that profanity does color air, whatever that color is.

"I should think," started to say his bespectacled timekeeper, who had nine children at home, and who earnestly desired to have his pay raised—for altruistic reasons.

"Gawd, if ye only *could* think!" blazed Mr. Weems, rising and eying his subordinate so fiercely that that trusted and valuable government servant withered and the shadow of him backed out of the office, for he had divined that Mr. Weems was not in a receptive mood for thought touching the insufficient emoluments of government clerks.

"I s'pose I'll be fired, all right," soliloquized Mr. Weems thoughtfully when he was alone. "I suppose the 'Con' has to do it. I'd do it meself if I was wearin' his boots—but fwat's the diffrince? I'll go to Yakima and slave out the rist of me loife raisin' apples and be happy and f'rgit the iron workers entirely—'tis a haard lot they are, anyhow——"

Mr. Weems was interrupted.

"Hello, Mike," crisped a staccato voice—and there entered that prosperous, if not elegant, gentleman, Mr. Emannalson Knott. Mr. Knott was twenty years younger than Mr. Weems, and forty times richer. He had a private car and a yacht, yet he nevertheless took a perverse pride in remembering that in his less prosperous days he had been a "rivet boy" in a "Frisco" repair shop, where Michael Weems was a journeyman fitter.

Mr. Weems said vociferously that he was glad to see Mr. Knott, then he patted him on the shoulder, poked him in the stomach, and cursed him in fond and fluent periods.

"Divil take us, but ye look foine, Em,—av course, ye feel foine—good; 'tis a shame we're not out av the Yard so we could get our noses over a glass of hot—no, av course ye don't drink—not me nayther; nobody does."

Mr. Knott examined Mr. Weems's countenance.

"Mike, you look seedy; has that boy of yours at last got in jail?"

"He has not—he's a fine bhoy; there's nawthin' the matter with him."

"Old lady sick?"

"Not that ye'd notice—she was scoldin' me only last night f'r—no matter fwat—she'll live a cintury yet."

"M-m-m," grunts Mr. Knott, making a sound like Richard Mansfield in a death scene.

Silence for three minutes. Mr. Knott lights a cigar.

"I know smokin' violates Navy Yard rules," says he, "and if a marine discovers me, you can be found kicking me out of your office. I light this cigar only because 'tis my custom to smoke when my friends are in trouble—here's toward you," and he expansively threw his head back, blew toward the ceiling and sighed.

"S far's trouble's concerned, I have it—ye're *damn* right. I have it, though 'tis not in me family it lies."

"Then where is it?"

"Not in yer shiny eye, annyhow—ye see 'tis this way. A fortnight ago that damn big cruiser *Penobscot* comes into this ya-ard with her bows smashed up by ice, land, rocks, brick hotels, and such other obstyles as they've encountered in Bering Sea—fwat has she doin' up there don't ask me, 'twas niver I that sint her there."

"M-m-m," grunts Mr. Knott again, blowing smoke, "and what of that?"

"Everything—she was no more'n in dock and poomped dry than the Commandant sins for the foreman of shipfitters, which is me, sayin', 'Come to me office at wanct.' I wint, shakin' it up, too, pasth the orderly who sthands like a statue—I tell ye, Em, I'm an active old bhooy yet whin I thry."

"Were you fired?" mocks Mr. Knott.

"I was not," replied Mr. Weems with heat, "but I finds a grand collection av talent there already, consistin' av the Admiral himself, the Naval Consthuctor, the Engineer av the Yard and wan av the Admiral's holders on—aids, they call 'em, Em. Well, the Admiral rumbles his voice, it sounds like a mop batin' a tatoo on a pla-ate av steel, and that frightens the orderly out av the room and he shuts the door as he goes. Thin the Admiral starts rumb-
lin' agin."

"'Fwhat I wanted to say,' says he, "is that I've a tiligram here from the city av Washington, fwich it indicates that this country's likely to be suddenly heaved into a sta-ate of vioylent wa-ar—and that in a few days, too."

"Well, I was thrown into a sta-ate of frinzy, Em—'war's me ilement. And 'tis Michael Weems comes into his own,' sez I to mesilf."

"Thin he goes on, hastenin' himsilf to talk fast, and 'twas like hastenin' a camel, Em—'This tiligram is not explicit, but the purport is plain, and they say the *Penobscot* must be ready f'r sea in twelve days.' After that he asks Misther McKinnon, the Consthuctor, how much work there is on the ship, and Misther McKinnon looks beyant the windy for a minute at the caisson and says twenty days, workin' three shifts—and he's a good judge av work, too, Em."

"Well, I was breathin' like a frish-caught fish, but Misther McKinnon was as calm as a bhillet of stheel—there's no excitin' that mon under hivin, his feet must be rivited to bed rock."

"'Say no more,' says I, breakin' in, 'we'll do it in tin days if it's war that's comin' on—or ilse I'll have twenty-sivin dead fitters piled up in me shed, to say nawthin' of bhoys, helpers and riveters!' 'Tis extravagant I talk, Em, but there was no offinse given or taken."

"'Can ye do it in tin days?' asks the Admiral, lookin' pleased."

"'I can,' sez I, 'if you'll let me tell the min what'll be doin'. If I whisper *war* to 'em nothin'll stop 'em at all at all.'"

"'But we niver can hang diplimatic se-crits on bulletin boards,' says the Admiral, 'and this is a se-crit.'"

"'Av course it is,' says I, addressin' both Misther McKinnon and him, and the bear-in's of me mind runnin' hot with the speed of me thoughts. 'We'll get the min we want and put 'em down in the dock, and there we'll isylate 'em entoirely, tellin' 'em fwwhy, av course; and we'll feed an' sleep 'em right there on the floor under the bow, and they'll have no chanct to tell any one what's doin'—and in twelve hours I'll have 'em so tired theywontwant to talk, anyhow. But, anyhow, an iron worker can kape a se-crit as well as any man.' Oh, I tell ye I talked to 'em, Em."

"Did they do what you told 'em?" asked Em.

"Well, partly; only partly; but the min did slape on the floor under the bow. But you get me ahead av the work. They sint me out, thin they called me back."

"'Go ahead, McKinnon,' says the Admiral, 'I give you *cart blank*'—or some such thing as that. Misther McKinnon turns to me and says, 'Heave around, Misther Weems; I hope you do fwwhat ye say ye will, though I believe 'tis impossible.'"

"Was the *Penobscot* very bad?" breathed Mr. Knott.

"Was she bad! Fwwhy ye've no concip-tion av it. Her nose was like yours'd be if I flung a sledge onto it. She was crumpled at the cut water for twinty-wan foot, plates twisthed and warped like they were bees-wax, frames stritched and deformed till ye'd have cried. And clear to the water-line 'twas no better."

"I put me gang to it at wanct, whisperin' the word *war* to 'em as I did so. And, Em, 'twas like feedin' 'em brandy. You know how the work goes—or rather, ye would know if ye hadn't been fired so soon from the heatin' rivet job in Frisco; not that ye lost anything by your loss—the fitters make a mark here and there and thin the chippers start their air hammers bawlin' and bell-erin' like—like God knows fwwhat; there's nothin' that's like it. The fitters thin go on makin' marks till the bottom looks like an almanac, only the inf'rma-tion is reliable. Thin they lift timplates and help back out

some rivets, rig tackles and chain-blocks—the big travellin' crane gives a hand, too, and she's a fine, handy tool. And all this time the air tools are bawlin' and min are sweatin' like prize-fighters."

"I don't see any trouble for you," volunteered Mr. Knott.

"I s'pose not, but I'll tell ye av it. Misther McKinnon has a new Assistant who'd arrived only three days before from that tichnical school in Bosthon. He's a large chisted bhoys with a backbone as strong as an 'I' beam, and he wears socks as white as new snow. Oh, he's the iligant lad, though he'll make a man yet, his only fault bein' that he's no concipation av how iron workers feel concernin' the job they're workin' on. And that's important to any man that's goin' to spind his life at the bossin' av people loike me. Misther Munn was the bhoys name. McKinnon gave him charge av the job. I forgive him f'r that, but 'twas a misthake.

"When McKinnon told me av it, I says, 'Aye, aye, sir,' thinkin' we could sthand that much handicap.

"Well, for three days it did not matter much, for the bhoys was off tiliphonin' and tiligraphin' f'r plates to iviry yard on the coast because those in our racks wouldn't do, bein' too thin and too small. And moind, he did a fhine job. Oh, he's a lively bhoys and I like him not less'n sixty-four per cint av the time."

"What did he do when he came back?" asked Mr. Knott.

"Do!—why nawthin', av course; fore-min and officers niver do anything. He just sat on the job, and 'twas enough. The first day the min sthooed it patiently, the second 'twas as though they had carbuncles all over 'em, and on the third day I saw we must do somethin' or the min would go off in a band and get drunk. Ye see, Em, ye can treat a man any way ye like for eight hours av the day, but ye've need for tact whin ye eliminate sleep. And our gang's sleep was just the ghost av sleep.

"Well, I did as well as I could. I wint to Dan Marker and I says:

"Dan, me bhoys, ye must spoil complately wan av the plates ye're layin' off f'r the *Penobscot*—spoil it entirely," says I, and I showed him how he could do it.

"Dan cried like a choild, he did, and he says:

"Mike, I've not spoiled a plate in sivin-teen years."

"Then, 'tis time ye spoiled wan," says I; and he did it, just as I'd showed him.

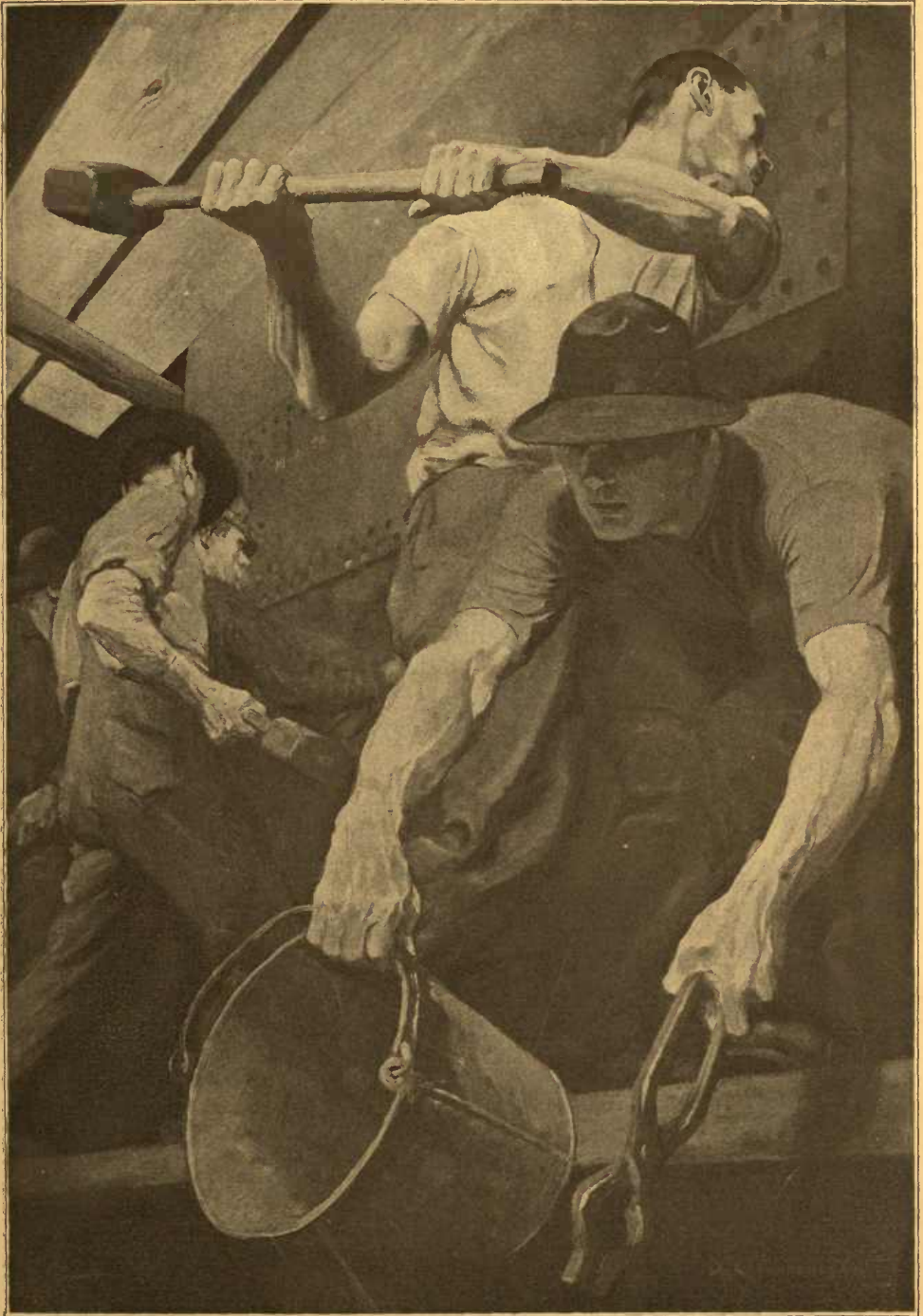
"Av course the bhoys cussed Dan tremindous. 'Twas overeagerness,' I explained to him, but Dan said niver a word, and Mr. Munn went away agin and tiliphoned and tiligraphed for more plate for two days. Thin I had Dan find a plate that would do, he found it in the Sthore Keeper's shed. I'd had it hidden there all the toime, and be the time the bhoys was back on the job we were rivetin' up.

"Dad Harper, he's boss of riveters now, was handlin' the gang, and he's a great man, Em—no wan can swing riveters like him. Mr. Munn came down on him and sat all day on the job, and at night ivery man jack wanted to kill him, which feelin' was due mostly to havin' no sleep. 'Tis strange how it affects a man, Em.

"That night was the last night av the job. War wasn't started yet, and the newspapers had divil a word av it. 'But,' says I, 'twill come any minute now.' And the ship's people belaved so too, f'r the Captain was comin' and watchin' the work at all hours, and they'd loaded thimselves to the guards with ammunition and sthores, and the officers were watchin' for tiligrams like detectives.

"Well, that last night the officers av the Yard were fulfillin' a previous ingagemint to have a dance f'r some Frinch officers—the date had been set f'r more'n three weeks and there was no backin' out without reason—and the reason was secrit. So they had it, and the Admiral ordered Mr. Munn to attend—and God's mercy be on him f'r that. Ah, the Admiral's the wan that's the deep wan, Em.

"But sthills 'twas the divil's own night. The wind twisted and whirled us, and the rain bate us till we could hardly keep the rivet forges goin' even under a canviss. The last thing 't came down was the shoe. which, as ye know, Em, proticts the turn av the cut-water. Fat Joe Bennett had been binding it with his hydraulic press for forty-two hours, ind on, and there's no wan else on this coast could have handled the job—that's right, I mean fwhat I say. 'Twas made av forty-pound plate, and weighed as much as tin men, and, Em, ye've no idea how min swear when they handle such weights.



Drawn by D. C. Hutchison.

"We were rivetin' by hand, the machines bein' no good."—Page 360.



“‘Tek it out,’ sez I

“We got it in place, though, and the air machines wint to buzzin’ like wasps. And while the reamers still were buzzin’ out the long holes—some was eight inches long—we had rivets hot in the forges and ready to drive, with bull fitters workin’ the cranks, for the rivet bhoys were sleepin’ exhausted on the floor av the dock. We were rivetin’ by hand, the machines bein’ no good for those damn monsther rivets, and Dad Harper had a hammer himsilf. It made a fine show, and ye couldn’t hear yersilf think.

“And so things wint on and about midnight the Construtor himsilf comes to the copin’ and sthands there in his evenin’ clothes talkin’ to me, not seemin’ to know that the rain is washin’ his shirt front and crumplin’ his vest. He was in no hurry.

“‘Whin will ye finish?’ asks he.

“‘About two av the clock,’ says I, ‘bar-rin’ the acts av God.’

“And thin we sthands in the rain and talks, and I can hear the band in the sail loft fwch was playin’ twostips, or fwwhat-ever substitute for jigs and strathspeys thim officers uses these days. And in the dock the rivet hammers roared, the reamers whirled, and the rivet forges spouted fire like little volcanoes, while, reglar-like as a clock, a rivet would spout up in an arc like a rocket—some one had thrown it with his tongs—thin a man twinty feet away wad catch it in a pail and slap it into a hole so Dad Harper and the riveters could lape onto it, and whang the stars out av it, and head it over in workmanlike style.

“It made a good show, the shadows of min dodgin’ under the ram, rain, wind and band music, roarin’ hammers and squealin’ drills and the loike.

“‘I’ll be back lather,’ says McKinnon, stridin’ off in the dark. Thin pretty soon they blinked out the lights in the sail loft



“Aw, to hell with ye,’ sez I.”

and blanked off the music, but down in the dock we kept on hammerin’ and sweathin’ and cursin’, every man av us feelin’ like a sore toe from weariness, sleepiness, and sthrain.

“And thin Misther Munn came down in the dock in his slick, shiny oil-skins; and, ’fore God, McKinnon should have chloroformed or tied him up to a wall.

“‘That’s too long a rivet,’ says he, the first thing.

“‘Do ye think so?’ says I, diggin’ me toes into the planks and niver movin’ to sthop it off or change it—and, Em, it *was* too long, the bhoy knows sivilr things; but we were in a hurry, a hell av a hurry.

“‘Tek it out,’ sez he.

“‘Aw, to hell with ye,’ sez I, and I was goin’ to hit him with a rivet hammer—s’ help me, ’twas so, and me with twinty-eight years av Navy Yard service. I don’t know how the thing came into me mind,

but it did, and I drew back me hammer—and had I hit him ’twould have killed him. God saved me fr’m that. He stepped forward to look at the rivet, and he sthumblend and fell to the floor av the dock, twilve feet below, and he hit on his head and wint sinseless.

“‘Twas I mesilf that picked him up—I really like the bhoy, Em—and Jimmy Jones and I brought him to and dragged him up to the surgeon. Thin I came back to the job and took a hammer and hammered at rivets like a crazy man, tryin’ to work mesilf away from me thoughts. At six minutes past two we drove the last rivet, and the caulkers were so close behind that they finished nine minutes later, be the watch. And I tell ye, Em, the last clank of caulking tool was music.”

“Did McKinnon come down?” asked Mr. Knott.

“He did.



"I'll go see him this minute, and tell him . . . that I spoke like a crazy man . . ."—Page 363.

"'We'll go over the job together,' says he; so he dragged his white vest and his paunch through ivery intricate chink in the peak av the ship—and his paunch is no slouch these last years.

"'Tis a pity about Mr. Munn,' says he, squeezin' through a manhole designed f'r a dwarf.

"'It is that,' said I, but to mesilf I thanked God that he'd fallen instead av bein' pushed by me. But at the same time I was wonderin' when I'd be fired for in-subordination—I hate the word, Em.

"'The job is O.K.,' says Misther McKinnon, 'and 'tis a comfort to finish it.' Thin he bawled: 'Bergstrohm, open the valves and haul out the stagin'; the *Penobscot* goes out at daylight.' And Bergstrohm from way up on the coping says: 'Aye, aye, sir,' and Mr. McKinnon turns to the iron workers and says: 'Min, go home and sthay till ye are risted; 'tis a good job av work'—and we trailed off through the rain."

"And did the *Penobscot* come out?"

"Av course she did. There's no man so sure as McKinnon. He sthooed on the dock for three hours in the rain, and she came out just at daylight."

"Then why, in the name of Gawd, aren't we at war?" asked Mr. Knott.

"I don't know mesilf. They called it off some way and whether it was to have been a shindy with England, Germany, Russia, or Japan, I'll niver tell ye. Maybe the bets was not posthed—now the *Penobscot's* gone off to a flower show."

"And your trouble, I don't see it."

"'Tis plain ye're not posthed in discipline, Em. Can a man recomind his boss to the divil with impunity? Not so. I'm to be discharged—I'd do it mesilf. Now this is the first mornin' since thin that I've been on the job—I hope that bhoy, Misther Munn, is doin' well—that bhoy was a wonder at rusthlin' stheel plates, God knows fwhere he got 'em—but he's no idea how an iron worker feels. McKinnon would niver have complained of long rivets that night, not—hup! there's me tiliphone."

Then to the telephone: "Yis, sor; Mr. Weems—very good, sor, I'll wait."

"Em, douse the seegar; Misther McKinnon's comin' in on his way to the power house—throw the butt out av the door;—yis, go yersilf, too, through the same door, I'll forgive ye yer absince—come back in half an hour and I'll commission ye to buy

me an orchard in Yakima. I'm tired av iron workin', and 'tis no wonder."

Mr. Knott departed. Mr. Weems fumbled nervously over his desk, then he rose as a tall, thick-chested man with a paunch entered. He was a bearded, thoughtful, almost spiritual-looking man, and he wore habitually an abstracted air. He moved very quietly.

"Mr. Weems, I'm glad to see you back on the job. You look fit too. Men all right?"

"Perfectly sound, ivery man."

"Ah—good." He then went toward the door and spoke over his shoulder as he departed.

"Ah—Weems, Mr. Munn is ordered

away, leaves to-night. He said you and he had—ah—some misunderstanding in the dock the other night, just before he fell—but he says it was private, and declines to make a report—ah, why not go see him? He would appreciate it—ah, why not go?"

Mr. Weems rose in excited admiration.

"Ah, he's a fine lad. He's goin' to be a great man, too—yes, sir, he is that. I'll go see him this minute, and tell him, as I tell ye, that I shpoke like a crazy man the other night—I hope I'll work under him another time—he'll learn—no, sir, not learn—he knows already—how an iron worker feels."

But Mr. McKinnon had gone on to the power plant.

A SADDLE SONG

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

LONG years from now when the autumn weather
Shall tingle our blood, grown slow and cold,
I think that the rides we have had together
Will still delight us, though gray and old.

Then perhaps on a day you will open the covers
Of some small book, and a hazard line
That tells of the rides of friends or lovers
Will sing of the rides that were yours and mine.

Again, while the sharp rain cuts without pity,
We'll gallop; again from the distant hill
We'll watch the stars and the lights of the city
Gleam out of the twilight, misty and still;

Again to the creak of saddle-leather
We'll climb the slope where the violets grow;
Or, low to the pommels, dash together
Under the apple-blossom snow.

Then here's good luck to the rollicking chorus
Of a horse's hoofs as they beat the ground,
And may there be many a mile before us
When our hearts shall keep time to the musical sound.



Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"Take me everywhere and show me everything."—Page 373.

KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY A. I. KELLER

XXVIII



BEN let him in.

He came as an apparition, and the old butler balanced the door in his hand for a moment, as if undecided what to do, trying all the while to account for the change in the young man's appearance—the width of shoulders, the rough clothes, and the determined glance of his eye.

"Fo' Gawd, it's Marse Harry!" was all he said when he could get his mouth open.

"Yes, Ben—go and tell your mistress I am here," and he brushed past him and pushed back the drawing-room door. Once inside he crossed to the mantel and stood with his back to the hearth, his sailor's cap in his hand, his eyes fixed on the door he had just closed behind him; through it would come the beginning or the end of his life. Ben's noiseless entrance and exit a moment after, and his repetition of his mistress's words, neither raised nor depressed his hopes. He knew she would not refuse to see him—what would come after was the wall that loomed up.

She had not hesitated, nor did she keep him waiting. Her eyes were still red with weeping, her hair partly dishevelled, when Ben found her and told her who was downstairs—but she did not seem to care. Nor was she frightened—nor eager. She just lifted her cheek from Mammy Henny's caressing hand—how many times had that same black hand soothed her—pushed back the hair from her face with a movement as if she was trying to collect her thoughts, and without rising from her knees heard Ben's message to the end. Then she answered calmly:

"Did you say Mr. Harry Rutter, Ben? Tell him I'll be down in a moment."

She entered with that same graceful movement which he loved so well—her

head up, her face turned frankly toward him, one hand extended in welcome.

"Uncle George told me you were back, Harry. It was very good of you to come," and sank on the sofa.

It had been but a few steps to him—the space between the open door and the hearth rug on which he stood—and it had taken her but a few seconds to cross it, but in that brief interval the heavens had opened above her.

The old Harry was there—the smile—the flash in the eyes—the joy of seeing her—the quick movement of his hand in gracious salute; then there had followed a sense of his strength, of the calm poise of his body, of the clearness of his skin. How much handsomer he was,—and the rough sailor's clothes—how well they fitted his robust frame; and the clear calm eyes and finely cut features—no shrinking from responsibility in that face; no faltering—the old ideal of her early love and the new ideal of her sailor boy—the one Richard's voice had conjured—welded into one personality!

"Uncle George told me, Kate, you had just been in to see him and I tried to overtake you."

Not much: nothing in fact. Playwriters tell us that the dramatic situation is the thing and that the spoken word is as unimportant to the play as the foot-lights—except as a means of illuminating the situation.

"Yes—I have just left him, Harry. Uncle George looks very badly—don't you think so? Is there anything very serious the matter? I sent Ben to Dr. Teackle's, but he was not in his office."

Harry had moved up a chair and sat devouring every vibration of her lips, every glance of her eyes—all the little movements of her beautiful body—her dress—the way the stray strands of hair had escaped to her shoulders. His Kate!—and yet he dare not touch her!

"No, he is not ill. He took a severe cold and only needs rest and a little care. I am glad you went and—" then the pent-up flood broke loose—"Are you glad to see me, Kate?"

"I am always glad to see you, Harry—and you look so well. It has been nearly three years, hasn't it?" Her calmness was maddening; she spoke as if she was reciting a part in which she had no personal interest.

"I don't know—I haven't counted—not that way. I have lain awake too many nights and suffered too much to count by years. I count by——"

She raised her hand in protest: "Don't, Harry—please don't. All the suffering has not been yours!" The impersonal tone was gone—there was a note of agony in her voice.

His manner softened: "Don't think I blame you, Kate. I love you too much to blame you—you did right. The suffering has only done me good—I am a different man from the one you once knew. I see life with a wider vision. I know what it is to be hungry; I know too what it is to earn the bread that has kept me alive. I came home to look after Uncle George. When I go back I want to take him with me. I won't count the years nor all the suffering I have gone through if I can pay him back what I owe him. He stood by me when everybody else deserted me."

She winced a little at the thrust, as if he had touched some sore spot sending a shiver through her frame, but she did not defend herself.

"You mustn't take him away, Harry—leave Uncle George to me," not as if she demanded it—more as if she was stating a fact.

"Why not? He will be another man out in Brazil—and he can live there like a gentleman on what he will have left—so Pawson thinks."

"Because I love him dearly—and when he is gone I have nobody left," she answered in a hopeless tone.

Harry hesitated, then he asked: "And so what Uncle George told me about Mr. Willits is true?"

Kate looked at him queerly—as if trying to read his mind and for answer bowed her head in assent.

"Didn't he love you enough?" There was a certain reproach in his tone, as if

no one could love this woman enough to satisfy her.

"Yes."

"What was the matter, then? Was it—" He stopped—his eagerness had led him onto dangerous, if not discourteous, grounds. "No, you needn't answer—forgive me for asking—I had no right. I am not myself, Kate—I didn't mean to——"

"Yes, I'll tell you. I told Uncle George. I didn't like him well enough—that's all." All this time she was looking him calmly in the face. If she had done anything to be ashamed of she did not intend to conceal it from her former lover.

"And will Uncle George take his place now that he's gone? Do you ever know your own heart, Kate?" There was no bitterness in his question. Her frankness had disarmed him of that. It was more in the nature of an inquiry, as if he was probing for something on which he could build a hope.

For a brief instant she made no answer; then she said slowly and with a certain positiveness:

"If I had I would have saved myself and you a great deal of misery."

"And Langdon Willits?"

"No, he cannot complain—he does not—I promised him nothing. But I have been so beaten about, and I have tried so hard to do right; and it has all crumbled to pieces. As for you and me, Harry, let us both forget that we have ever had any differences. I can't bear to think that whenever you come home we must avoid each other. We were friends once—let us be friends again. I am glad you came here this morning; I'm glad you didn't wait. Don't be bitter in your heart toward me."

Harry rose from his chair and took a seat on the sofa beside her. If she had found a new Harry, a new Kate was developing now before him.

"Kate—look at me! Do you realize how I love you?—Do you know it sets me half crazy to hear you talk like that? When was I ever bitter toward you in my heart? I haven't come here to-day to reproach you—I have come to do what I can to help you, if you want my help. I told you the last time we talked in the park that I wouldn't stay in Kennedy Square a day longer, even if you begged me to. That is over now; I'll do now anything you wish me to do;

I'll go or I'll stay. I love you too much to do anything else."

"No, you don't love me!—you can't love me! I wouldn't let you love me after all the misery I have caused you! I didn't know how much until I began to suffer myself and saw Mr. Willits suffer. I am not worthy of any man's love. I will never trust myself again—I can only try to be to the men about me as Uncle George is to everybody. Oh, Harry!—Harry!— Why was I born this way, headstrong—wilful—never satisfied? Why am I different from the other women?"

Harry tried to take her hand, but she wouldn't.

"No!—not that!—not that! Let us be just as we were when— Just as we used to be. Sit over there where I can see you better and watch your face as you talk. Tell me all you have done—what you have seen and what sort of places you have been in. We heard from you through——"

He squared himself and faced her, his voice ringing clear, his eyes flashing: something of the old Dutch admiral was in his face.

"Kate—I will have none of it! Don't talk such nonsense to me; I won't listen. If you don't know your own heart I know mine; you've *got* to love me!—you *must* love me! Look at me. In all the years I have been away from you I have lived the life you would have me live—every request you ever made of me I have carried out. I did this knowing you would never be my wife and you would be Willits's! I did it because you were my Madonna and my religion and I loved the soul of you and lived for you as men live to please the God they have never seen. There were days and nights when I never expected to see you or any one else whom I loved again—but you never failed—your light never went out in my heart. Don't you see now why you've got to love me? What was it you loved in me once that I haven't got now? How am I different? What do I lack? Look into my eyes—close—deep down—read my heart! Never, as God is my judge, have I done a thing since I last kissed your forehead, that you would have been ashamed of. Do you think, now that you are free, that I am going back without you? I am not that kind of a man any longer."

She half started from her seat: "Harry!" she cried in a helpless tone—"you do not know what you are saying—you must not——"

He leaned over and took both her hands firmly in his own.

"Look at me! Tell me the truth—as you would to your God! Do you love me?"

She made an effort to withdraw her hands, then she sank back.

"I—I—don't know——" she murmured.

"*You do*—search again—way down in your heart. Go over every day we have lived—when we were children and played together—all that horror at Moorlands when I shot Willits—the night of Mrs. Cheston's ball when I was drunk—all the hours I have held you in my arms, my lips to yours— All of it—every hour of it—balance one against the other. Think of your loneliness—not mine—yours—and then tell me you do not know! You *do* know! Oh, my God, Kate!—you *must* love me! What else would you want a man to do for you that I have not done?"

He stretched out his arms, but she sprang to her feet and put out her palms as a barrier.

"No. Let me tell you something. We must have no more misunderstandings—you must be sure—I must be sure. I have no right to take your heart in my hands again. It is I who have broken my faith with you, not you with me. I was truly your wife when I promised you here on the sofa that last time. I knew then that you would, perhaps, lose your head again, and yet I loved you so much that I could not give you up. Then came the night of your father's ball and all the misery, and I was a coward and shut myself up instead of keeping my arms around you and holding you up, just as Uncle George pleaded with me to do, to the best that was in you. And when your father turned against you and drove you from your home, all because you had tried to defend me from insult, I saw only the disgrace and did not see the man behind it; and then you went away and I stretched out my arms for you to come back to me and only your words echoed in my ears that you would never come back to me until you were satisfied with yourself. Then I gave up and argued it out with myself and said it was all over——"

He had sprung from his seat and at every sentence had tried to take her in his arms, but she kept her palms toward him.

"No, don't touch me! You *shall* hear me out; I must empty all my heart! I was lonely and heart-sore and driven half wild with doubts and what people said, my father worse than all of them. And Mr. Willits was kind and always at my beck and call—and so thoughtful and attentive—and I tried and tried—but I couldn't. I always had you before me—and you haunted me day and night, and sometimes when he would come in that door I used to start, hoping it might be you."

"It *is* me, my darling!" he cried, springing toward her. "I don't want to hear any more—I must—I will——"

"But you must—you *shall*! There *is* something more. It went on and on and I got so that I did not care, and one day I thought I would give him my promise and the next day all my soul rebelled against it and it was that way until one night Mr. Horn read aloud a story—and it all came over me and I saw everything plain as if it had been on a stage, and myself and you and Mr. Willits—and what it meant—and what would come of it—and he walked home with me and I told him frankly, and I have never seen him since. And now here is the last and you must hear it out: There is not a word I have said to him which I would recall—not a thing I am ashamed of. Your lips were the last that touched my own. There, my darling, it is all told. I love you with my whole heart and soul and mind and body—I have never loved anybody else—I have tried and tried and couldn't. I am so tired of thinking for myself, so tired, so tired. Take me and do with me as you will!"

Again the plot is too strong for the dialogue. He had her fast in his arms before the last part of her confession was finished. Then the two sank on the sofa and she lay sobbing, he crooning over her—patting her cheeks, kissing away the wet drops from her eyelids; smoothing the strands of her hair with his strong, firm hands. It was his Kate that lay in his grasp—close—tightly pressed—her heart beating against his, her warm, throbbing body next his own, her heart swept of every doubt and care, all her will gone.

As she grew quiet she stretched up her hand, touching his cheek with her finger as if to reassure herself that it was really her lover. Yes! It was Harry—*her* Harry—who was dead and is alive again—to whom she had stripped her soul naked—and who still trusted and loved her.

A little later she loosened herself from his embrace and taking his face in her small, white hands looked long and earnestly, smoothing back the hair from his brow as she used to do; kissing him on the forehead, on each eyelid, and then on the mouth—one of their old-time caresses. Still remembering the old days she threw back his coat and let her hands wander over his full-corded throat and chest and arms. How big and strong he had become; and how handsome he had grown—the boy merged into the man. And that other something—(and another and stronger thrill shot through her) that other something which seemed to flow out of him; that dominating force that betokened leadership, compelling her to follow—not the imperiousness of his father, brooking no opposition no matter at what cost, but the leadership of experience, courage, and self-reliance.

Then the sense of possession swept over her. This was all her own and for ever! A man to lean upon; a man to be proud of; one who would listen and understand: to whom she could surrender her last stronghold—her will. And the comfort of it all; the rest, the quiet, the assurance of everlasting peace: she who had been so torn and buffeted and heart-sore.

For many minutes she lay still from sheer happiness, thrilled by the warmth and pressure of his strong arms. At last, when another thought could squeeze itself into her mind, she said: "Won't Uncle George be glad, Harry?"

"Yes," he answered, releasing her just far enough to look into her eyes. "It will make him well. You made him very happy this morning. His troubles are over, I hear—he's going to get a lot of his money back."

"Oh, I'm so glad. And will we take him with us?" she asked wonderingly, smoothing back his hair as she spoke.

"Take him where, darling?" he laughed.

"To where we are going— No, you needn't laugh—I mean it. I don't care where we go," and she looked at him in-

tently. "I'll go with you anywhere in the world you say, and I'll start to-morrow."

He caught her in his arms again, kissed her for the hundredth time, and then suddenly relaxing his hold asked in assumed alarm: "And what about your father? What do you think he will say. He always thought me a madcap scapegrace—didn't he?" The memory brought no regret. He didn't care a rap what the Honorable Prim thought of him.

"Yes—he thinks so now," she echoed, wondering how anybody could have formed any such ideas of her Harry.

"Well, he will get over it when I talk with him about his coffee people. Some of his agents out there want looking after."

"Oh!—how lovely, my precious; talking coffee will be much pleasanter than talking me!—and yet we have got to do it somehow when he comes home."

And down went her head again, she nestling the closer as if terrified at the thought of the impending meeting; then another kiss followed—dozens of them—neither of them keeping count, and then—and then—

And then— Ben tapped gently and announced that dinner was served, and Harry stared at the moon-faced dial and saw that it was long after two o'clock and wondered what in the world had become of the four hours that had passed since he had rushed down from his uncle's and into Kate's arms.

And so we will leave them—playing housekeeping—Harry pulling out her chair, she spreading her dainty skirts and saying, "Thank you, Mr. Rutter—" and Ben with his face in so broad a grin that it got set that way—Aunt Dinah, the cook, having to ask him three times "Was he gwine to hab a fit" before he could answer by reason of the chuckle which was suffocating him.

And now as we must close the door for a brief space on the happy couple—never so happy in all their lives—it will be just as well for us to find out what the mischief is going on at the club—for there is something going on—and that of unusual importance.

Everybody is out on the front steps—old Bowdoin is craning his short neck, and Judge Pancoast is saying that it is impos-

sible and then instantly changing his mind, saying: "By Jove, it is!"—and Richard Horn and Warfield and Murdoch are leaning over the balcony rails still unconvinced, and old Harding is pounding his fat thigh with his pudgy hand in ill-concealed delight.

Yes—there is no doubt of it—hasn't been any doubt of it since the judge shouted out the glad tidings which emptied every chair in the club: Across the park, beyond the rickety, vine-covered fence and close beside the Temple Mansion, stands a four-in-hand, the afternoon sun flashing from the silver mountings of the harness and glinting on the polished body and wheels of the coach. Then a crack of the whip, a wind of the horn, and they are off, the leaders stretching the traces, two men on the box, two grooms in the rear. Hurrah! Well, by thunder, who would have believed it—that's Temple inside on the back seat! "There is he waving his hand and Todd is with him. And yes! Why of course it's Rutter! See him clear that cart! Not a man in this country can drive that way but him."

Round they come—the colonel straight as a whip—whitey-brown overcoat, flowers in his button-hole—bell-crown hat, brown driving gloves—perfectly appointed, even if he is a trifle pale and half blind. More horn—a long joyous note now, as if they were heralding the peace of the world, the colonel bowing like a grand duke as he passes the assembled crowd—a gathering of the reins together, a sudden pull-up at Seymours', everybody on the front porch—Kate peeping over Harry's shoulder—and last and best of all, St. George's cheery voice ringing out:

"Where are you two sweethearts!" Not a weak note anywhere; regular fog-horn of a voice blown to help shipwrecked mariners.

"All aboard for Moorlands, you turtle-doves—never mind your clothes, Kate—nor you either, Harry. Your father will send for them later. Up with you."

"All true, Harry," called back the colonel from the top of the coach (nobody alighted but the grooms—there wasn't time)—"Your mother wouldn't wait another hour and sent me for you, and Teackle said St. George could go, and we bundled him up and brought him along and you are all going to stay a month. No, don't wait a

minute, Kate, I want to get home before dark. One of my men will be in with the carry-all and bring out your mammy and your clothes and whatever you want. Your father is away I hear, and so nobody will miss you. Get your heavy driving coat, my dear; I brought one of mine in for Harry—it will be cold before we get home. Matthew, your eyes are better than mine, get down and see what the devil is the matter with that horse. No, it's all right—the check-rein bothered him.”

And so ended the day that had been so happily begun, and the night was no less joyful with the mother's arms about her beloved boy and Kate on a stool beside her and Talbot and St. George deep in certain vintages—or perhaps certain vintages deep in Talbot and St. George—especially that particular and peculiar old Madeira of 1800, which his friend Mr. Jefferson had sent him from Monticello, and which was never served except to some such distinguished guest as his highly esteemed and well-beloved friend of many years, St. George Wilmot Temple of Kennedy Square.

XXIX

It would be delightful to describe the happy days at Moorlands during St. George's convalescence, when the love-life of Harry and Kate was one long, uninterrupted, joyous dream. When mother, father, and son were again united—what a meeting that was when she got her arms around her son's neck and held him close and wept her heart out in thankfulness!—and the life of the old-time past was revived—a life softened and made restful and kept glad by the lessons all had learned. And it would be more delightful still to carry the record of these charming hours far into the summer had not St. George, eager to be under his own roof, declared he could stay no longer.

Not that his welcome had grown less warm. He and his host had long since unravelled all their difficulties, the last knot having been cut the afternoon the colonel, urged on by Harry's mother, his disappointment over his son's coldness set at rest by her pleadings, drove into Kennedy Square for Harry in his coach and swept the whole party, including St. George, out to Moorlands.

Various unrelated causes had brought about this much-to-be-desired result, the most important being the news of the bank's revival, which Harry, in his mad haste to overtake Kate, had forgotten to tell his uncle, and which St. George learned half an hour later from Pawson, together with a full account of what the colonel had done to bring about the happy result—a bit of information which so affected Temple that, when the coach with the colonel on the box had whirled up, he, weak as he was, had struggled to the front door, both hands held out, in welcome.

“Talbot—old fellow,” he said with a quaver in his voice, “I have misunderstood you and I beg your pardon. You've behaved like a man, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart!”

At which the stern old aristocrat had replied, as he took St. George's two hands in his: “Let us forget all about it, St. George. I made a damned fool of myself. We all get too cocky sometimes.”

Then there had followed—the colonel listening with bated breath—St. George's account of Kate's confession and Harry's sudden exit, Rutter's face brightening as it had not done for years when he learned that Harry had not yet returned from the Seymours', the day's joy being capped by the arrival of Dr. Teackle, who had given his permission with an “All right—the afternoon is fine and the air will do Mr. Temple a world of good,” and so St. George was bundled up and the reader knows the rest.

Later on—at Moorlands of course—the colonel, whose eyes were getting better by the day and Gorsuch whose face was now one long continuous smile, got to work, and had a heart-to-heart—or rather a pocket-to-pocket talk—which was quite different in those days from what it would be now—after which both Kate and Harry threw to the winds all thoughts of Rio and the country contiguous thereto, and determined instead to settle down at Moorlands. And then a great big iron door sunk in a brick vault was swung wide and certain leather-bound books were brought out—and particularly a sum of money, which Harry duly handed over to Pawson the next time he went to town—(twice a week now)—and which, when recounted, balanced to a cent the total of the bills which Pawson had paid three years before,

with interest added, and which list the attorney still kept in his private drawer with certain other valuable papers tied with red tape, marked "St. G. W. T." And still later on—within a week—there had come the news of the final settlement of the long-disputed lawsuit, with St. George as principal residuary legatee—and so the dear gentleman was once more placed upon his financial legs: the only way he could have been placed upon them or would have been placed upon them—a fact very well known to every one who had tried to help him, his philosophy being that one dollar borrowed is two dollars owed—the difference being a man's self-respect.

And it is truly marvellous what this change in his fortunes did for him. His slack body rounded out; his sunken cheeks plumped up until every crease and crack were gone, his color regained its freshness, his eyes their brilliancy; his legs took on their old-time spring and lightness—and a wonderful pair of stand-bys, or stand-ups, or stand-arounds they were as legs go—that is legs of a man of fifty-five.

And they were never idle: there was no sitting cross-legged in a chair for St. George: he was not constructed along those lines. Not many days had passed before he had them across Spitfire's mate; had ridden to hounds; danced a minuet with Harry and Kate; walked half-way to Kennedy Square and back—they thought he was going to walk all the way and headed him off just in time; and best of all—(and this is worthy of special mention)—had been slipped into the lower section of some new clothes—and these his own, although he had not yet paid for them—the colonel having liquidated their cost. These trousers, it is just as well to state, had arrived months before with a suit of Rutter's from Poole, and the colonel had forwarded a draft for the whole amount without examining the contents, until Alec had called his attention to the absurd brevity of the legs—and the ridiculous spread of the seat. After the scene in the Temple Mansion, my Lord of Moorlands had been afraid to send them in to St. George, and they had lain ever since on top of his wardrobe, with Alec as chief of the Moth Department. St. George, on his arrival, found them folded carefully and placed on a chair—Todd chief valet. Whereupon there had been a good-natured

row when our man of fashion appeared at breakfast rigged out in all his finery, everybody clapping their hands and saying how handsome he looked—St. George in reply denouncing Talbot as a brigand of a Brummel who had stolen his clothes, tried to wear them, and then when out of fashion had thrown them back on his hands.

All these, and a thousand other delightful things, it would, I say, be eminently worth while to dilate upon—including a series of whoops and hand-springs which Todd threw against the rear wall of the big kitchen five seconds after Alec had told him of the discomfiture of "dat red-haired gemman," and of Marse Harry's happiness)—were it not that certain mysterious happenings are taking place inside and out of the Temple house in Kennedy Square—happenings exciting universal comment, and of such transcendent importance that the Scribe, against his will—for the present one is rather short—is compelled to reserve them for a special chapter all to themselves.

XXX

FOR some time back, be it said, various strollers unfamiliar with the neighbors, or the neighborhood of Kennedy Square, poor benighted folk who knew nothing of the events set down in the preceding chapters had nodded knowingly or shaken their pates deprecatingly over the passing of "another old landmark." Some of these had remarked that the cause could be found in the fact that Lawyer Temple had run through what little money his father and grandmother had left him; additional wise-acres were of the opinion that some out-of-town folks had bought the place and were trying to prop it up so it wouldn't tumble into the street, while one, more facetious than the others, had claimed that it was no wonder it was falling down since the only new thing Temple had put upon it was a heavy mortgage.

The immediate neighbors, however—the friends of the house, had smiled and passed on. They had no such forebodings. On the contrary nothing so diverting—nothing so enchanting—had happened about Kennedy Square in years. In fact, when one of the humorists began speaking about it, every listener heard the story in

a broad grin. Some of the more hilarious even nudged each other in the waistcoats and ordered another round of toddies—for two or three, or even five, if there were that number of enthusiasts about the club tables. When they were asked what it was all about they invariably shook their heads, winked, and kept still—that is, if the question were put by some one outside the magic circle of Kennedy Square.

All the general public knew was that men with bricks in hods had been seen staggering up the old staircase with its spindle banisters and mahogany rail; that additional operatives had been discovered clinging to the slanting roof long enough to pass up to further experts grouped about the chimneys small rolls of tin and big bundles of shingles; that plasterers in white caps and aprons, with mortar-boards in one hand and a trowel in the other, had been seen chinking up cracks; while any number of painters, carpenters, and locksmiths were working away for dear life all over the place from Aunt Jemima's kitchen to Todd's bunk under the roof.

In addition to all this curious wagons had backed up to the curb, from which were taken various odd-looking bundles; these were laid on the dining-room floor, a collection of paint pots, brushes, and wads of putty being pushed aside to give them room—and with some haste too, for every one seemed to be working overtime.

As to what went on inside the mansion itself not the most inquisitive could fathom; no one being permitted to peer even into Pawson's office, where so large a collection of household goods and gods were sprawled, heaped, and hung that it looked as if there had been a fire in the neighborhood, this room being the only shelter for miles around. Even Pawson's law books were completely hidden by the overflow and so were the tables, chairs, and shelves, together with the two wide window sills.

Nor did it seem to matter very much to the young attorney as to how or at what hours of the day or night these several commodities arrived. Often quite late in the evening—and this happened more than once—an old fellow, pinched and wheezy, would sneak in, uncover a mysterious object wrapped in a square of stringy calico, fumble in his pocket for a scrap of paper, put his name at the bottom of it, and sneak

out again five, ten, or twenty dollars better off. Once, as late as eleven o'clock, a fat-tish gentleman with a hooked nose and a positive dialect, assisted another stout member of his race to slide a much larger object from out the tail of a cart. Whereupon there was an interchange of lesser commodities between Pawson and the father of the two, the late visitors bowing and smiling until they reached a street lantern, where they divided a roll of bank-notes between them.

And the delight that Pawson and Gadgem took in it all—assorting, verifying, checking off—slapping each other's backs in glee when some doubtful find was made certain, and growing even more excited on the day when Harry and Kate would drive or ride in from Moorlands—almost every day of late—tie the horse and carry-all, or both saddle-horses, to St. George's tree-boxes, and at once buckle on their armor. This, rendered into common prose, meant that Harry, after a prolonged consultation with Pawson and Gadgem, would shed his outer coat, the spring being now far advanced, blossoms out and the weather warm—and that Kate would tuck her petticoats clear of her dear little feet and go pattering round, her sleeves rolled up as far as they would go, her beautiful arms bare almost to her shoulders—her hair smothered in a brown bare veil to keep out the dust—the most bewitching parlor-maid you or anybody else ever laid eyes on. Then would follow such a carrying up of full baskets and carrying down of empty ones; such a spreading of carpets and rugs; such an arranging of china and glass; such a placing of andirons, fenders, shovels, tongs, and bellows; hanging of pictures, curtains, and mirrors—old and new; moving in of sofas, chairs, and rockers; making up of beds with fluted frills on the pillows—a silk patchwork quilt on St. George's bed and cotton counterpanes for Jemima and Todd!

And the secrecy maintained by everybody. Pawson might have been stone-deaf and entirely blind for all the information you could twist out of him—and a lot of people tried. And as to Gadgem—the dumbest oyster in Cherrystone Creek was a veritable magpie when it came to his giving the precise reason why the Temple Mansion was being restored from top to bottom and why all its old furniture, fittings, and

trappings—(brand-new ones when they couldn't be found in the pawn shops or elsewhere)—were being gathered together within its four walls. When anybody asked Kate—and plenty of people did—she would throw her head back and laugh so loud and so merrily and so musically, that you would have thought all the birds in Kennedy Square park were still welcoming the spring. When you asked Harry he would smile and wink and perhaps keep on whispering to Pawson or Gadgem, whose eyes were glued to a list which had its abiding place in Pawson's top drawer.

Outside of these four conspirators—yes, six—for both Todd and Jemima were in it, only a very few were aware of what was really being done. The colonel knew, and so did Harry's mother—and so did old Alec, who had to clap his hand over his mouth to keep from laughing outright at the breakfast table when he accidentally overheard what was going on—an unpardonable offence—(not the listening, but the laughing). In fact everybody in the big house at Moorlands knew, for Alec spread it broadcast in the kitchen and cabins—
. . . everybody except St. George.

Not a word reached St. George—not a syllable. No one of the house servants would have spoiled the fun, and certainly no one of the great folks. It was only when his visit to Moorlands was over and he had driven into town and had walked up his own front steps, that the true situation in all its glory and brilliancy dawned upon him.

The polished knobs, knocker, and the perfect level and whiteness of the marble steps first caught his eye; then the door swung open and Jemima in white apron and bandanna stood bowing to the floor, Todd straight as a ramrod in a new livery and a grin on his face that cut it in two, with Kate and Harry hidden behind them, suffocating from suppressed laughter.

"Why, you dear Jemima! Howdy—
. . . Why, who the devil sent that old table back, Todd, and the hall rack and—What!" Here he entered the dining-room. Everything was as he remembered it in the old days. "Harry! Kate!—Why—" then he broke down and dropped into a chair, his eyes still roaming around the room taking in every object, even the loving-cup, which Mr. Kennedy had made a personal

point of buying back from the French secretary, who was gracious enough to part with it when he learned the story of its enforced sale—each and every one of them—ready to spring forward from its place to welcome him!

"So this," he stammered out—"is what you have kept me up at Moorlands for, is it? You never say a word to me and—Oh, you children!—you children! Todd, did you ever see anything like it?—my guns—and the loving-cup—and the clock, and—Come here you two blessed things and let me get my arms around you! Kiss me, Kate—and Harry, my son—give me your hand. No, don't say a word—don't mind me—I'm all knocked out and—"

Down went his face in his hands and he in a heap in the chair; then he stiffened and gave a little shiver to his elbows in the effort to keep himself from going completely to pieces, and scrambled to his feet again, one arm around Kate's neck, his free hand in Harry's.

"Take me everywhere and show me everything. Todd, go and find Mr. Pawson and see if Mr. Gadgem is anywhere around; they've had something to do with this—" here his eyes took in Todd—"You damned scoundrel, who the devil rigged you out in that new suit?"

"Marse Harry done sent me to de tailor. See dem buttons?—but dey ain't nuthin' to what's on de top shelf—you'll bust yo'self wide open a-laughin', Marse George, when ye sees what's in dar—you gotter come wid me—please, Mistis, an', Marse Harry, you come too. Dis way—"

Todd was full to bursting. Had his grin been half an inch wider his ears would have dropped off. The darky threw back the door of the little cubby-hole of a room where the Black Warrior and his brethren had once rested in peace.

"Look at dat wine, will ye, Marse George, all racked up on dem shelves? Dat come f'om Mister Talbot Rutter wid dis yere cyard—" and he handed it out.

St. George reached over, took it from his hand, and read it aloud:

"With the compliments of an old friend, who sends you herewith a few bottles of the Jefferson and some Sercial and old Port—and a basket or two of Royal Brown Sherry—nothing like your own, but the best he could scare up."

Soon the newly polished and replated knocker began to get in its liveliest work: "Mrs. Richard Horn's compliments, and would St. George be pleased to accept a basket of Maryland biscuit and a sallylunn just out of the oven." Mrs. Bowdoin's compliments with three brace of ducks—"a little late in the season, my dear St. George, but they are just up from Curry-tuck where Mr. Bowdoin has had extremely good luck—for Mr. Bowdoin." "Mrs. Cheston's congratulations, and would Mr. Temple do her the honor of placing on his sideboard an old Accomack ham which her cook had baked that morning and which should have all the charm and flavor of the State which had given him birth—" and last a huge basket of spring roses from Miss Lavinia Clendenning, accompanied by a card bearing the inscription—"You don't deserve them, you renegade," and signed—"Your deserted and heart-broken sweetheart." All of which were duly spread out on the sideboard, together with one lone bottle to which was attached a card.

Half the club had called before the day was over—Richard acting master of ceremonies—Kate and old Prim—(he seemed perfectly contented with the way everything had turned out)—doing the honors with St. George. Pawson had also put in an appearance and been publicly thanked—a mark of St. George's confidence and esteem which doubled his practice before the year was out, and Gadgem?—

No, Gadgem did not put in an appearance. Gadgem got as far as the hall and looked in and, seeing all the great people thronging about St. George, would have sneaked out again to await some more favorable occasion had not Harry's sharp eyes discovered the top of his scraggly head over the shoulders of some others, and gone out after him, and when he couldn't be made to budge, had beckoned to St. George, who hurried after and shook Gadgem's hand, heartily thanking him in so loud a voice—(so that everybody in the hall heard him)—that he could only sputter—"Didn't do a thing, sir—no, sir—and if I—" and then, overwhelmed, shot out of the door and down the steps and into Pawson's office where he stood panting, saying to himself—"I'll be tuckered if I ain't happier than I—yes—by Jingo, I am. Jimminy-Crimminy what a man he is!"

And so the day passed and the night came and the neighbors took their leave, and Harry escorted Kate back to Seymours' and the tired knocker gave out and fell asleep, and at last Todd said good-night and stole down to Jemima, and St. George found himself once more in his easy chair, his head in his hand, his eyes fixed on the dead coals of a past fire.

As the echo of Todd's steps faded away and he began to realize that he was alone, there stole over him for the first time in years the comforting sense that he was once more at home—under his own roof—his again and all that it covered—all that he loved. He rose from his chair and with a long, deep, indrawn breath, as if he had just sniffed the air from some open sea, drew himself up to his full height. There he stood looking about him, his shapely fingers patting his chest; his eyes wandering over the room, first with a sweeping glance, and then resting on each separate object as it nodded to him under the glow of the candles.

He had come into his possessions once more. Not that the belongings themselves made so much difference as his pride in their ownership. They had too in a certain sense regained for him his freedom—freedom to go and do as he pleased untrammelled by makeshifts and humiliating exposures and concealments. Best of all, they had given him back his courage, bracing the inner man, strengthening his beliefs in his traditions and in the things that his race and blood stood for.

Then, as a flash of lightning reveals from out black darkness the recurrent waves of a troubled sea, there rushed over him the roll and surge of the events which had led up to his rehabilitation. Suddenly a feeling of intense humiliation and profound gratitude swept through him. He raised his arms, covered his face with his hands, and stood swaying; forcing back his tears; muttering to himself: "How good they have been—how good, how good! All mine once more—wonderful—wonderful!" With a resolute bracing of his shoulders and a brave lift of his chin, he began a tour of the room, stopping before each one of his beloved heirlooms and treasures—his precious gun that Gadgem had given up—(the collector coveted it badly as a souvenir, and he got it the next day from St. George, with his com-

pliments)—the beloved silver loving-cup with an extra polish Kirk had given it; his punch bowl—scarf rings and knick-knacks and the furniture and hangings of various kinds. At last he reached the sideboard, and bending over reread the several cards affixed to the different donations—Mrs. Cheston's, Mrs. Horn's, Miss Clendenning's, and the others. His eye now fell on the lone bottle—this he had not heretofore noticed—and the note bearing Mr. Kennedy's signature: "I send you back, St. George, that last bottle of old Madeira, the Black Warrior of 1810—the one you gave me and which we were to drink together. I hadn't the heart to drink my half without you and so here is the whole and my warmest congratulations on your home-coming and long life to you!"

He picked up the quaint bottle, passed his hand tenderly over its crusted surface, pausing for an instant to examine the

cork, and then held it closer to the light that he might note its condition the better. There he stood musing, his mind far away, his fingers caressing its sides. All the aroma of the past; all the splendor of the old régime—all its good-fellowship, hospitality, and courtesy—that which his soul loved—lay imprisoned under his hand. Suddenly one of his old-time quizzical smiles irradiated his face: "By Jove!—just the thing!" he cried joyously, "it will take the place of the one Talbot didn't open!"

With a mighty jerk of the bell cord he awoke the echoes below stairs.

Todd came on the double quick:

"Todd!"

"Yes, Marse George."

"Todd, here's the last bottle of the 1810. Lay it flat on the top shelf with the cork next the wall. We'll open it at Mr Harry's wedding."

THE END.

ALISON'S MOTHER TO THE BROOK

By Josephine Preston Peabody

Brook, of the listening grass,
 Brook of the sun-flecked wings,
 Brook of the same wild way and flickering spell!
 Must you begone? Will you forever pass,—
 After so many years and dear to tell?—
 Brook of all hoverings, . . .
 Brook, that I kneel above,
 Brook of my love.

Ah, but I have a charm to trouble you;
 A spell that shall subdue
 Your all-escaping heart, unheeding one
 And unremembering!
 O mindless Water,
 Now, when I make my prayer
 To your wild brightness there,
 That will but run and run,
 Now will I bring
 A grace as wild,—my little yearling daughter;
 My Alison.

Heed well that threat,
 And tremble for your hill-born liberty
 So bright to see;—
 Your shadow-dappled way, unthwarted yet,

And the high hills whence all your dearness bubbled,—
 You, never to possess!
 For let her dip but once, O fair and fleet,
 Here in your shallows, yes,
 Here in your silverness
 Her two blithe feet,—
 O Brook of mine, how shall your heart be troubled!

The heart, the bright unmothering heart of you
 That never knew;—
 Oh never, more than mine of long ago!
 How could we know?
 For who should guess
 The shock and smiting of that perfectness?—
 The lily-thrust of those ecstatic feet
 Unpityingly sweet!
 Sweet beyond all the blurred, blind dreams that grope
 The upward paths of hope.
 And who could guess
 The dulcet holiness,
 The lilt and gladness of those jocund feet
 Unpityingly sweet?

Ah, for your coolness that shall change and stir
 With every glee of her!—
 Under the fresh amaze
 That drips and glistens from her wiles and ways;
 When the endearing air
 That everywhere
 Must twine and fold and follow her, shall be
 Rippled to ring on ring of melody:
 Music, like shadows from the joy of her,
 Small, starry Reveller!—
 When, from her triumphings,—
 All frolic wings—
 Shall soar beyond the glories in the height,
 The laugh of her delight!

And it shall sound, until
 Your heart stand still;
 Shaken to human sight,
 Struck through with tears and light;
 One with the one Desire
 Unto that central fire
 Of Love, the Sun whence all we lighted are,
 Even from clod to star.

And all your glory, O most swift and sweet!—
 And all your exultation only this:
 To be the lowly and forgotten kiss
 Beneath those feet.—

You, that must ever pass,
 You, of the same wild way,
 The silver-bright good-by without a look!—
 You, that would never stay
 For the beseeching grass, . . .
 Brook!

THE POINT OF VIEW.

WE have it on good authority that Thomas Carlyle once attempted to beguile a convalescence, doubtless from a bilious attack, with a course of current fiction, which gave rise to reflections tinged with the yellow of the malady. Captain Marryat was the purveyor of light reading recommended to the bilious sage, and he bewailed the time that he had been beguiled into spending upon "dogs with their tails cut off, and people in search of their fathers."

The modern philosopher or philosophaster, not being in his normal condition at all addicted to "best sellers," who for any reason has prescribed to him, or prescribes to himself, a course of "light reading," has his difficulties with his authors as the sage with "that person

who was once a captain of the Royal Navy, and a very extraordinary ornament he must have been to it."

What strikes him about the novelists now most in vogue among critical readers, is by no means their imbecility. Far indeed from that. It is the very gloomy view they take of life. Mr. Hardy has now become a survivor of a former generation of novelists, among whom his sense of the excess of the tragic over the comic elements in human life and destiny was as noteworthy as his other gifts. The "happy-ending" was by no means so much a necessary element to him as to the easier-going of his fellow-craftsmen. We even find him in one of his earlier novels signaling "the increasing difficulty of revelling in the general situation." He is by no means among the optimists. But his philosophy of life is a cheerful and jocund inculcation when it is confronted with that of those among the present purveyors of British fiction who are most distinguished for intellectual insight and technical skill. Mr. Hardy is a Pangloss compared with these. That terrible sentence of Swift's, "happiness is a perpetual possession of being well deceived," might be the motto of all their works. Life is not, in their pages, "a battle and a march,"

or even "a struggle" for itself. It is, simply, a "dose," an unmitigated dose. In the most authentic-looking report we can get of contemporary Britain, it is presented as a scene from which prompt suicide seems to offer the most dignified and agreeable escape. English life is of course not the utter failure that it is here represented. Contrariwise, it is a success to the extent and for the reason to and for which Horace Greeley claimed success for one of his lectures:—"More stayed in than went out." But the question recurs with urgency why it should be painted in such gloomy colors by the most artistic of its delineators.

Much is doubtless to be allowed for what may be called an era of transition; for the feeling of spiritual homelessness which, if not peculiar to Great Britain, but common, more or less, to all the modern world, is accompanied in Great Britain more than elsewhere by the shifting of landmarks, the transformation or disappearance of immemorial institutions. The feeling itself is no more novel than it is local or national. "In Memoriam" is over sixty years of age, and Clough's less popular but not less symptomatic questionings not much younger. Yet the novelists contemporary with these poets by no means anticipated the dejection of the novelists of the period, half a century later, which unfortunately has no poets of its own at all. Something there may be in the sense of comparative national failure, since, great and world-wide a fact as the British Empire is, and talking much more about its "Imperialism" than it was half a century ago, there is no denying that it is not altogether the overwhelming and incomparable fact that it was then. This may well be one of the reasons that make the contemporary British novelist feel, as one of him has described it, that he is "the son of a time between two ages." But it seems also that the new British novelist has betaken himself to France for his point of view as well as for his technique and

his liberty. His enfranchisement, indeed, is itself a capital fact. He finds himself emancipated from the fear of the Young Person, to an extent of which his predecessors did not dream, and is quite free to talk about things which to them were "tacenda"; and he rejoices in what Macaulay calls "the evils of newly acquired freedom." But, it also seems, he finds a society in which "hedonism" has supplanted more strenuous forms of faith. French fiction, in the hands of its recent masters, takes as gloomy and dispiriting a view of human life and destiny as any literary expression ever did, and current British fiction seems to be adopting the French point of view. The primary necessity of amusement, taking largely, the form of the predominance of "sport," seems, by the evidence of these reporters, to have supplanted the old British subconsciousness that happiness was a by-product, and must come in the course of the day's work or not at all. This change is not, it must be owned, an exhilarating social phenomenon. One is struck, while meditating these things, by the report of a Briton, an exile from his native land for many years, who returns to London and tells, in the form not of fiction but of a letter to the *Times*, how London strikes him. This wanderer, apparently an Anglo-Indian, apprehends the renewal, on a great scale, of the struggle between Europe and Asia, and is by no means altogether confident of the victory of Europe; a main reason for his distrust being "the realization" by the swarming peoples of the East and South of Asia, "of the great truth which the West is forgetting, that true happiness lies in unhurried work and not in aimless leisure."

WHAT the outcome will be, no one can safely prophesy. At present we have found a fairly good working theory; but the possibility of a domestic cataclysm has more than once lain in a smaller cavity than the bowl of a corn-cob pipe. This is how it all came about:

It was last spring when the serpent entered the Garden of Eden which Belinda and I had planted so carefully and tended so assiduously through many years. With characteristic craftiness he came in a guise that would have given him a welcome entrance into any household—as a big, handsome book, masking, in pictures of flower gardens and in graceful descriptions of the delights of country life, his malign pur-

pose to undermine our happiness. It was a book, moreover, which we had both longed to possess, and great was our pleasure when it came to us at Easter through the remembrance of a friend who little thought what disturbing consequences were to flow from her kind thoughtfulness. Its pages were almost as attractive to Belinda as were those of the catalogues of the flower-seed houses, which, resplendent with their gorgeously colored blooms, come to her from all directions every spring, and in which, as is her annual wont, she buries and loses herself, fascinated with the task of filling out the order blank for seeds.

Although the area of the flower garden which is her personal delight and her personal care is only twenty by ten feet, she felt, on this memorable day in spring—a *dies irae* it proved to be for me!—under moral obligations, for some inscrutable reason, to fill in all the blanks in the triple column order sheet from her favorite seed house. It was while I was gently remonstrating with her for her extravagance in buying so many varieties of seeds for so small a flower garden that The Serpent made his unexpected and dramatic entrance upon the scene. Without replying to my remonstrance, Belinda picked up the Easter book which, with the seed catalogues, had occupied her undivided attention for several evenings, and, turning briskly to a full-page picture, the location of which she evidently knew by heart, she passed it over to me, remarking quietly, "Read that legend, please."

I did so. It ran as follows: "Poet's Narcissus, naturalized along an open woodland walk, where they require absolutely no care. A thousand bulbs cost less than fifty cigars." Somewhat dazed I read the last sentence again. Yes, there was no mistaking it; there it was, in uncompromising simplicity and directness—"A thousand bulbs cost less than fifty cigars!" It certainly was a facer, but so slow are my wits in such domestic emergencies that the perfectly obvious rejoinder which this incredible statement invited did not occur to me, in the exact phraseology which would have made my words most crushingly effective, until the next morning when I was spraying the young hollyhock leaves with Bordeaux mixture; and my pride as well as my sense of humor told me that it was then too late.

I did not give up smoking as a result of this encounter, but I did change my cigars to a less expensive brand, a concession which the logic of the situation seemed to demand. At

the same time I thought it wise to supplant, if possible, the impression left in Belinda's mind by that mischievous legend under the picture of Poet's Narcissus, and to this end I blithely handed her one evening "My Lady Nicotine," asking her to look it over at her leisure. The selection was unfortunate. Indeed, I could not, as it turned out, have made a greater blunder. Many years had passed since I had read Barrie's delightful book, and I remembered it vaguely as devoted to the glorification of smoking. After glancing over a few pages Belinda's face lighted up, and with the eager words, "Listen to this!" she read: "If men would only consider that every cigar they smoke would buy part of a piano-stool in terracotta plush, and that for every pound tin of tobacco purchased, away goes a vase for growing dead geraniums in, they would surely hesitate."

Now Belinda can see the point of a joke, but the absorbing nature of the economic question involved in our controversy left her blind for the moment to the humorous significance of that inspired phrase in the last clause she had read, in which the author so deftly turns upside down the argument that his words seem at first to convey. Rather than risk overtaxing her reasoning faculty on this point, it was far easier to admit, with a more or less forced laugh, that she had scored again. Cowardly and condescendingly masculine, do you say? I plead guilty to both counts in the indictment. But you know in your heart of hearts, if you are a man, that you would have done the same.

As must always be the case, a compromise was the outcome of this awkward situation, Belinda cutting down her order from fifty to thirty packages of flower seeds, and I finally giving up, with a modicum of regret, even Connecticut cigars for a pipe. I began with a briarwood which, after a few weeks, by a supplementary clause to our original treaty, was left in the shed over nights. What the next step may be is in the hands of fate. A newspaper paragraph some time ago referred to the curious fact that five near-by towns in Missouri possessed a monopoly of the manufacture of corn-cob pipes, of which they make many millions every year, for distribution all over the world. If the price of flower seeds continues to increase, and if Belinda's garden ambition grows apace, I can foresee the awful possibility that I may even be forced to become a patron of this Missouri industry in one of the by-products of the vast corn fields of the South-

west. Then my humiliation will be complete—thanks to the Poet's Narcissus, of which "a thousand bulbs cost less than fifty cigars!"

NO, I don't mean the cat, the fireside sphinx which has been so happily exploited by Miss Repplier and others. I mean Bridget, or Hilda, or Chloe—the person who cooks our meals, waits on our tables, comes in and out of our bed-chambers, presides over our nurseries, knows our secrets and keeps her own. She sees us where we live our lives. We see her only where she does her work. And yet, time was when we knew (or did we only fancy that we knew?) something of the heart that beat behind the snowy bib, of the brain that worked underneath the immaculate cap. That time is past, even though one may find here and there a warm-hearted Irish woman or old-fashioned negro mammy.

The Sphinx in the Household

Doubtless this is partly our own fault, for we are not greatly interested in the private affairs of our servants, having many other things to think of. But it sometimes seems as though they guarded themselves as jealously from our interest as from our indifference; and so it comes about that, while we are of course aware that their point of view is different from ours, we are hardly apt to realize their actual attitude. Take, for instance, your good nurse who is so devoted to your children, and seems—and perhaps is—so attached to yourself. In the intimacy of the nursery she learns to know you well. You fancy, too, that you know her. You are sure that you know her disposition, and very likely she has told you many details of her past life, and it does not occur to you that there is very much more to learn. But one day it happens that in her presence a chance allusion is made to some detail of the labor question, perhaps to a strike in which she has no personal interest, and where the exactions of the strikers are so unreasonable that it never occurs to you that any intelligent working woman will not see the matter sensibly—that is, as you see it yourself. Watch her face as it hardens, becomes antagonistic, and, above all, secretive. You have a sudden cold feeling that you and she are on opposite sides of a gulf.

With regard to the confidences of our servants and the tales which they tell us of their families and their early lives, sympathetic though we may be by instinct, long experience

has developed in us an attitude of incredulity. For, poor dears, they love to romance. Why should we wonder at it? It is thus that they grope for a foothold on the eminence where we stand. Also, it amuses them and gratifies the creative instinct. If they haven't inventive genius enough for anything else, they can at least tell us that they are only doing our work in order to "educate" a small brother or sister. That, to our knowledge, their wages go on their backs does not, to their minds, invalidate the tale.

As for the man-servant, who shall tell what thoughts are his? When you think of it, what is more remarkable than the self-control of the excellent man-servant? Most remarkable, of course, when he is young and when some outlet for animal spirits and physical energy seems a vital necessity. This youth who moves about your house with noiseless footfall, low, restrained voice, and deferential manner is holding down every natural impulse. That there should be a reaction seems almost inevitable, and we can hardly be surprised at any form that it may take. Probably it is not often so harmless as in a case which I heard of lately. A lady, a guest in the house of some friends, was one evening prevented by sudden indisposition from accompanying her hosts to an entertainment, and remained in her room. In the course of the evening she was alarmed by hearing loud howls and shrieks proceeding

from one of the lower rooms. She hastened to investigate, and came upon a much embarrassed young butler.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said. "I'd never have done it if I'd known you were in."

In reply to her anxious questions he explained: "Why, you see, ma'am, I have to keep so still all day that I feel like I should go crazy, and so when the family are all out I just make a noise and feel better."

There are persons who think that we shall solve our servant question by reducing it to a purely business basis, as impersonal as the relations between factory hand and factory owner, but this seems impossible, for in the house so much living has to be mixed with the business. In the nature of the case the relation must be personal, at least in the average household, for it has to do with our most intimate life, and involves in the day's work many unexpected situations requiring a certain amount of consultation between mistress and servant. Then, too, there must be a spurt of work at one time, offset by unusual leisure at another. In short, the average housekeeping cannot be machine-made. To my thinking this is fortunate, as preserving the individuality of the laborer and promoting human relations between employer and employee. Yet, at best, it is a one-sided relation. To my servant I am an open book. To me my servant is a sphinx.



THE FIELD OF ART.

STRAY STATUES

THE Art Commission of New York City has been devoting a considerable part of its annual report to inculcating the desirableness of providing suitable sites and surroundings for public monuments. Very justly and wisely so. The effect of the best monuments, sculpturally and even architecturally considered, may be quite ruined and nullified by placing them where they cannot be really effective. On the other hand, a monument which is not in itself above mediocrity may take on real significance and even distinction from its effective filling of a frame or stopping of a vista.

There is not much to choose, in this respect, between the two branches of the English-speaking race. Neither is entitled to shoot out the tongue of scorn or raise the eyebrow of superiority at the monumental performances of the other.

The American in England, remarking the statues in the market-places, the "idola tiori," is not likely to be put to patriotic shame by the contrast. Truly, is the Burns of Central Park (the work, by the way, of a British sculptor) any funnier than the Lichfield Sam Johnson? Nay, apart from its associations, why should American or Briton not frankly own that the transept of Westminster Abbey is little, if at all, less comical, or, if you choose, less tragical, than the "Chamber of Horrors" in the rotunda of the American Capitol? There is as little "collectivism," as much "individualism," in the one case as in the other—and this equally in the choice of subjects and in the choice of artists. It is a heterogeneous commemoration of a "job lot" of heroes, heterogeneous even in respect of the primary requirement of a common scale. A statuette of Daniel Webster cannot adjoin a colossal figure of Hannibal Hamlin, say, without exciting hilarity among the young and thoughtless, even though the statuette and the colossus should be equally and perfectly well done. Carlyle, in "Hud-

son's Statue," has described, with an accuracy equally applicable to America, the method in which the British promoter of a statue, whether to a permanent celebrity or an ephemeral notoriety, goes about to get that statue made.

One of those unfortunates with money and no work, whose haunts lie in the dilettante line, among artists' studios, picture sales, and the like regions—an inane kingdom much frequented by the inane in these times—him it strikes, in some inspired moment, that if a public subscription for a statue to somebody could be started, good results would follow. Perhaps some artist, to whom he is Mæcenas, might be got to do the statue; at all events there would be extensive work and stir going on—whereby the inspired dilettante, for his own share, might get upon committees, see himself named in the newspapers; might assist in innumerable consultations, open utterances of speech and balderdash.

Deformed as these remarks are by the satirical spirit, no American who has frequented artistic circles with his eyes open can fail to recognize the picture. The natural result of the process, in America as in England, is, to continue quoting Carlyle: "They have raised a set of the ugliest statues, and to the most extraordinary persons, ever seen under the sun before." Thomas is concerned, in this essay, mainly with the memorability or commemorability of the subject. His opinion of the artistic merit of the resultant statue was not of much account. And, as to the question of site, he did not go into it at all, though it is at the base of the artistic discussion. Sure enough, we also, under the guidance of our own dilettanti, have erected some ugly statues to some unmemorable persons. The British project of a statue to Hudson, "the Railway King," which project Carlyle was immediately satirizing, fell through, indeed, in London. But New York came very perilously near erecting a statue to Boss Tweed, and did actually erect one to its then "Railway King," Commodore Vanderbilt. The "dilettante" to whom this work of art owed its existence was one De Groot, who may have been the sculptor as well as the promoter. You may see the astonishing result any time when you are in New York and will take the

trouble to go around on the west side of the freight station with which the commodore overlaid and abolished St. John's Park, when the corporation of Trinity Parish had sold him that part of its birthright for a mess of pottage.

Highly absurd as the Vanderbilt bronze artistically may be, it has one artistic advantage which better works of art, celebrating men worthier of commemoration in perennial bronze, very commonly lack. It is in its proper place, and, if it was, in fact, erected at its subject's proper charges, one may almost say that it is no business of the public's. It is incorporated with a building which may fairly be regarded as the monument of the hero thus commemorated. That is a rare merit in a public statue. Hardly another of the public statues of New York shares it. To be sure, George Washington as President is entirely in place in Wall Street, and George Washington as general is not out of place in Union Square. He was on horseback there or thereabouts. Horace Greeley is appropriately inserted in the show-window on the ground-floor of the Tribune Building, which indeed was designed to contain his effigy—much more appropriately than another effigy of him placed so as to receive the drippings of the elevated railroad. Good old Peter Cooper appropriately confronts, or rather endorses, the Cooper Institute, and is protected from the weather by a classic canopy instead of the actual and invariable umbrella. But where else in New York can you find a portrait statue placed where it has either "literary" or decorative significance? From the literary point of view, one of the saddest aspects of the matter is that men who might have been readily recognized as entitled to commemoration in connection with institutions with which they had had something to do merely excite ribald inquiry when their images are dumped down in some casual open space. The Woman's Hospital, at the top of Central Park, is the virtual monument of a provident and benevolent physician, Dr. Marion Sims, whose statue would most pertinently adorn its court-yard, or a niche in one of its façades. Its absence is conspicuous. But if you enter Bryant Park, three miles to the southward, you will see an irrelevant and impertinent statue of the founder of the Woman's Hospital standing there "to advertise mystery and invite speculation." Similarly, the statue of William E. Dodge, a philanthropic and public-spirited merchant of his time, and in particular one of the pillars

of the Chamber of Commerce, which, in fact, contributed to the representation of him which crowns an exedra in Herald Square where it again provokes inquiry. In front of the Chamber of Commerce building, on the other hand, or incorporated with that edifice, the statue would have had meaning and relevancy. To be sure, the building is later than the statue. But the Post Office in City Hall Park is earlier than the statue to "Sunset" Cox, who owes it to Congressional service he did the letter-carriers, and it would have been properly placed in connection with the edifice, whereas at present it crieth, or at least gesticulateth, and stretcheth out its hand in Astor Place, and no man regardeth it, or regardeth only to resent the obstruction to the highway. Soothly, S. S. was not a statuesque figure, but he might nevertheless have made a decent and becoming appearance if incorporated at full length with the exterior of the Post Office, or haply truncated into a bust in the corridor thereof, like the lamented Postmaster Pearson. And there is Alexander S. Holley, whose memory is warmly cherished by metallurgists by reason of some modification in the Bessemer process which he introduced. For which reason the dignified bust of him which now "dedcorates" Washington Square would have decorated the Engineers' Club in Fortieth Street, or the building of the Engineers' Society in Fifty-seventh, instead of tempting the boyish frequenters of the square to "heave half a brick at him" by way of attesting their own ignorance of his achievements and his eminence. At the time when this bust was "inaugurated" there appeared a newspaper defence of its position against a newspaper attack much in the spirit of these present remarks, which defence set forth the "educational value" to the riparian and foreign-born youth of Washington Square of being induced to learn who Holley was and what he had done. In view of the shortness and uncertainty of human life, and of the number of things more pressing for the alien child to learn, the vindication takes a touch of burlesque.

In Philadelphia things are better in this respect. From the statue of Stephen Girard, "Mariner and Merchant," one learns, probably to his surprise, that the pigtail survived the knee-breeches, and, in at least this instance, synchronized with the flapping and pendulous trouser-leg. But the New Yorker has gladly or sadly to own that the public statues in Philadelphia are by no means, as a rule, so sporad-

ically and eccentrically placed as those of New York. In large part they are massed around the public buildings, where the heroes of Pennsylvania in general and Philadelphia in particular ought to be. Not surprising that they should be so largely equestrian statues of heroes of whom the most memorable are more worthily commemorated out in Fairmount Park. The equestrian show around the public buildings may recall to the reading observer that delightful couplet of the unsuccessful celebrant of the battle of Blenheim:

"Think of two hundred gentlemen at least,
And each man mounted on his capering beast."

There are really nothing like two hundred ("two thousand" is the original), but the visitor certainly does get the notion that there is a considerable deal of equestrian commemoration in Philadelphia. He also gets the notion that the equestrian figures, many or few, are properly placed with reference to a big and central public building.

Not less so, in fact more so, as he goes southward and surveys Baltimore. By dint of natural advantages or "civic improvement," or both, Baltimore possesses, in the region of Mount Vernon Place, a much more seemly scene than most of her sister cities for the commemoration of her local worthies. (Note always that we are not talking about the intrinsic merit of the statuary, but only about the appropriateness or inappropriateness of the setting which has been provided for it.) And, in that wide avenue up the hill, Baltimore has such a setting which, beginning in 1817 with Robert Mills's Washington Monument, that dignified Doric column, she has continued to fill with almost unvarying good luck, and to a very impressive result. So many things have contributed to this result, by no means all of them the effect of art and man's device, that one cannot reasonably exhort other cities to go and do likewise. He can only congratulate the "Monumental City" on her exceptional felicity.

Washington ought to be the most successful in this respect of all our cities. As we are only just beginning, thanks to the labors of the McKim-Burnham Commission, to appreciate, it was planned as a "Monumental City" which Baltimore was not. The "circles" accruing from the street plan, "a wheel laid on a gridiron," as Mr. Muirhead has it, offer settings for statues, where they can be really seen, from proper distances, and where each may fulfil

the Japanese notion of a solitary decoration which shall, for the time being, fill and content the eye. Some of these opportunities, we are all agreed, have been worthily employed. Others, we are equally agreed, have been cast before inappreciative sculptors. But we must also agree that the good and the bad alike gain, that the good are better and the bad less bad, in their total effect, by the isolation and segregation and frame and vista which they owe to the original plan of the city, the plan which offers so many temptations and invitations to monumental decoration with which the commoner "gridiron" plan of American cities cannot possibly compete. Not, to be sure, that all statues are well placed, even in Washington, and by no means that all the tempting sites for statues are as yet occupied. The latter fact is gratifying, the former fact depressing. For example, there is that Hancock down in Pennsylvania Avenue. Can one ever come up the avenue without a vehement desire to abolish not only the actual statue, although the actuality may exacerbate his impatience, but any statue at all at that point, at which, in a busy thoroughfare, he must dodge about and elude the traffic at his proper risk, in order to gain a point of view?

Doubtless, the most obvious moral to be drawn from these comparisons is that to the securing of suitable sites for monuments, whether architectural or sculptural, the rectangular street plan borrowed by New York from Philadelphia is an obstacle wellnigh insurmountable. There is nothing to be said in favor of that arrangement excepting that it is a convenient arrangement. And that argument Fred. Law Olmsted disposed of, a full generation ago, when he was vainly endeavoring to prevent the extension of the street system of Manhattan Island beyond Manhattan Island, and proving that "the attempt to make all parts of a great city equally convenient for all uses" must result in making them equally inconvenient. But, so fully and expensively are New York and Philadelphia committed to their imposed street systems that to tell either to lay itself out anew is much like Bret Harte's prescription that in order to be virtuous you should begin by educating your grandmother. Some circumvention of the system is indeed possible. Philadelphia has planted her City Hall squarely across the most important of the longitudinal and lateral thoroughfares of her system. New York has stopped certain of her

cross streets with a railroad station, a public library, a cathedral, a college, an art museum, to the great advantage of the monuments and at no cost in practical convenience. This process can and should be carried further when the importance of a building justifies the exception. And, short of this, good æsthetic results may be derived, and even suitable sites for monuments may accrue, from rounding or truncating street corners out of their normal rectangularity. That there are still such sites, in spite of the system, is shown by the placing of one of New York's latest monuments—that to Verrazano, which our compatriots of "Latin" origin have done themselves credit by erecting in advance of any adequate sculptural commemoration of Henry Hudson, thus emphasizing their contention that "Hudson's River" was really discovered, not by an Englishman in the Dutch service, but by an Italian in the French service; further emphasized by the quotation from John Fiske inscribed upon the pedestal—"There can be no doubt whatever as to Verrazano's entering New York Harbor

in 1524." A statue of Verrazano must overlook that harbor, and on the Battery the statue of the Florentine explorer, taking the appropriate form of a "terminus," is as luckily placed as wrought.

If it be out of the question that a municipality once "regularly laid out" shall lay itself out over again and irregularly, it is not impracticable that every municipality shall "highly resolve" not to authorize any monument whatsoever until it has provided a seemly "place to put it." Given the gridiron, and that restriction will very often and perhaps commonly mean that the monument shall be conjoined or incorporated with a building. All the better. The association of sculpture with architecture, in the cases of public buildings of monumental pretensions, is thus far with us tentative and exceptional. It is much to be wished that it may become habitual and obligatory, to the advantage of both arts as well as to the solution of the particular problem of finding sites for monuments.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

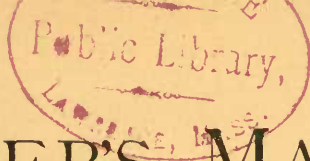






Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

OCTOBER HUNTING.



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A MODERN ST. GEORGE

THE GROWTH OF ORGANIZED CHARITY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY JACOB A. RIIS



HERE are three ways of dealing with the poor," wrote the Secretary of State in 1824, in a report on poor relief to the legislature of New York, "one, to farm them out to contractors; another, to relieve them at their homes; the third, to sell them at auction," and he explained that he meant by the last a public bidding at which he who offered to support them at the lowest price became their keeper. As it often happened that the bidder himself was almost a pauper who chose that way to avoid becoming a burden to the town, the result was that two miserable beings barely subsisted on what would hardly support one—"a species of economy much boasted of by our town officers and purchasers of paupers." He, the secretary, saw no reason for pride in this; neither did he subscribe to the plea of "many men of great minds, that distress and poverty multiply in proportion to the efforts made to relieve them, wherefore the whole subject had better be let alone." His own thoughts on this oldest of human problems were embodied in a bill proposing a fourth way, a poor-house plan which he submitted with illustrations, as it were, this among others from the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism: "The stepping-mill is highly recommended for vagrants, street beggars, and criminals."

Last summer a thousand charity workers from all over the land gathered in the city of Boston to discuss the self-same problem, and they had yet a fifth way to offer, viz., to abolish the poor and the poor-house together. Not one but many bills had they in the making, and while none of them put

it in just that way, there was no mistaking the dominant note of the convention: prevention set above cure, and distrust of institutional charity as the sovereign plaster for social failure.

How has this change been wrought in the span of a single long life? What trumpet blast has called this lusty St. George into the lists against the hoariest of the world's dragons which the "great minds" of the past would only too gladly give the right of its foul way? It was but yesterday that we were told how in our great cities the potter's field still claims a tenth of all their life, in utter and hopeless surrender; that the statistician checked off against our national prosperity and honor two-thirds of a million of unnecessary deaths every year, deaths caused by the failure of our social machinery to secure living conditions to our workers—victims of the dragon of poverty; that we were shown by facts and figures how in the greatest city of our Christian land millions of toilers lived in an environment that was all unrighteousness and darkness and death. Whence this doughty champion, and how does he come armed to wage so grim a war?

The knight is the spirit of our age, of the world grown young and strong in our sight, and sure of victory; and thrice armed is he twice over, for not only hath he his quarrel just in the cause of the people, but his sword is the sword of triumphant democracy that knows its swift way to the heart of the monster. Let the old day doubt and tremble; he is of the new; an' he slay not the dragon, to the dungeon he will drag it, bound and shackled, to harass mankind no more.

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Sea Breeze, Coney Island.

How now? Is our champion but a strutting braggart, or what warrant has he to make so brave a boast? Let us see what it is that has happened, is happening in our day, and perhaps through the story of charity organizing to deal with its problems we shall get an answer to our question. And at the outset let me say that when I speak of New York I have in mind



Leaving for the city after their holiday at Sea Breeze.

as well every other city in the land. New York's problems are different from those of Chicago, of St. Louis, of Seattle and San Francisco only in their greater intensity because of the greater crowds. And the struggle to meet and conquer them is everywhere the same, however its phases vary; Chicago has set the world's pace in its provision for the people's play. San Francisco's example of resolute courage in the face of a great disaster will stand for all time. Pittsburg meets just censure with admirable spirit and sets about cleaning house. Seattle evolves from the wilderness a commercial metropolis and a city beautiful upon its hills. New York leads in the fight on the White Plague, the arch enemy of us all. So, since it is manifestly impossible in the brief space of a single

article to cover so vast a ground, I take my own city as the type of them all, which in truth it is.

Not long after the Secretary of State made his report there came a winter to New York with want so bitter that it set at naught all efforts at meeting it, including the poor-house and the stepping-mill. All sorts of hasty, ill-advised relief agencies were set on foot

and they all together failed. Its lessons were so dear that for many seasons the minds of thinking people were wrought up over it, and at length, five years after the winter of 1837-8, there was born out of the discussion the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, to deal with the problem of poverty in its economic and moral aspects. "Social" was to be added later; it is the contribution of our own day, and in the single word is the key to it all. But if not in the profession, it was there in the practice of those early philanthropists. Their purpose they set forth as to follow in the footsteps of the Master, who went about doing good; and the search for ways of doing it, without hindering where they wished to help, brought them instantly face to face with the wicked home conditions of



Little cripples on the beach at Sea Breeze, Coney Island.

the people. Housing reform became their first task. Year after year the association presented indictment upon indictment of our tenement-house system. As early as 1848 it drew plans of model tenements in its reports, and by successive steps, from its continued agitation, sprang the Improved Dwellings Association, which made the first real advance toward, one feels tempted to say, "human" housing in New York, and the City and Suburban Homes Company that is marching on in the van still of all such efforts.

The city grew and the society's problems grew with it. "Incredible numbers of vagrant children grew up in ignorance, profligacy, and crime." The Juvenile Asylum came; a school census was undertaken by the society that dealt the public-school management an awakening blow. It is curiously suggestive of the difference between then and now to find the President of the Board of Education even as late as twenty years ago, in a letter on school destitution, "taking into consideration," as outside the discussion, "the children under eight years whose parents do not wish them to attend the school, and the children legally at work." The association in reply "questions the propriety" of exempting "these children." The unschooled numbered, it turned out, more than a hundred thousand. The upshot of it all was a much-needed school census and a boom in school building that endures to this day.

Two or three vacation schools were started by the association and run by it until

the city took them over. They were from the first a great success. By contrast it had to abandon its effort to furnish baths for the people, as being "too far in advance of their habits." Forty years later it repeated the attempt and its success shows how far we had come; that the "great unwashed" were no longer so by choice. Indeed, if there be any to-day who hold to the old fallacy, let them for their instruction go out to Sea Breeze, on Coney Island, where the association sends its thousands of mothers and children in summer, or let them go to Bath Beach, where the even greater crowds of the Children's Aid Society splash in the surf. Watching them at their sport, they will have no difficulty in believing that the "bathing-bell is even more popular than the dinner-bell" there, despite the fact that there is nothing the matter with the appetites of those bathers. The Children's Aid Society was itself, like so many others, an outgrowth of the public sentiment which the experiences of the older society had helped to create. It is easier to grasp the meaning of the incalculable waste of manhood and citizenship with which the old indifference was justly chargeable than to measure the harvest of this sowing in not yet sixty years, when one scans the records of the more than one hundred thousand children for whom the Children's Aid Society has found homes on Western farms, and counts among them, grown up, a hundred teachers, including high-school principals and college professors, a regiment of clergymen, doctors, lawyers, bankers,



Out for an airing.



Little mothers.

IN THE CROWDED CITY



Her only nurse.



Waiting for mother.

merchants, legislators, an army of honest farmers, and at least two governors, one territorial, the other a bare-legged lad from New York's slums who, transplanted to the West, went to the war a drummer boy and at forty was elected governor of North Dakota. And in this accounting are not included the vast numbers of boys and girls whom the society Charles Loring Brace founded has sheltered in its schools and lodging-houses, and who stayed in the city.

Go forward now twenty years from the time he put his hand to the plough, to the day when little Mary Ellen was carried into a New York court, beaten and bruised and wrapped in a horse blanket, to claim the rights of the vagrant cur in the street since there was no law to protect a human child from abuse; learn that the aid of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of which Mary Ellen was in very truth the mother, has been invoked since for three hundred thousand little ones, and almost one needs the assurance of their work, those pioneers, that New York was a Christian city. And yet from beneath the very pity and the burden of it all the dawn breaks that inspires the new gospel of hope and courage. Mary Ellen did not suffer in vain. Monsters there are to-day as then, but law now for her, and for them too. And of the thousands to whom a better chance was given out in the open, the merest handful went astray. Enough "ran wild" to give the pessimist his handle; but scarce one in four hundred came into collision with the law, so say the records of the Children's



On the beach.

SCENES AT SEA BREEZE

Aid Society. What would have been their story in the "environment that made all for unrighteousness"?

They are all at work yet, these societies, and have their labors made their tasks easier, or less? No, not yet. "There are two main causes of poverty," said Robert M. Hartley, after twenty-five years on the firing line as the leader of the parent society's forces—"improvidence and overwhelming misfortune." Against these their forces are thrown, early and late. One takes the young and transplants them to a fairer field; the other betters their chance at home and betters the environment as it can. Up at Hartsdale on the Hudson the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor conducts, through the wise and tender munificence of a good citizen, a "School for Mothers" that comes close to the heart of things. There, tired women have the one chance of rest and quiet which the tenement never gives, at the time when they most need it, and while they get well, are taught how to keep well and to keep the baby well too. Down on the sea-shore the same loving care gathers the little cripples in whose joints the tuberculosis germ has taken lodgment, and gives them their one and only chance for life in the salt breezes, summer and winter. These are real remedies for the adverse "causes." As mothers are taught to care for their babies, the infant mortality is lessened, and already the city is pledged to take over the care of the little cripples on a much larger scale. A volunteer society conducts a "preventorium" in



Sweeping back the ocean.



Gathering courage



Convalescent mothers at Caroline Rest.

the country to "head off" the mischief they fight to cure. Yet, as we shall see, the modern day does not accept these "causes" as final. It is because the reasoning that projects them halts midway, it says, that the mischief continues and will not down. It aims at nothing less than an uprooting that shall get rid of the causes themselves, and this, it maintains, is the function of democracy. If it has not power to do that it is an idle dream.

Forty years of fighting for the poor brought the community face to face with the fact that the battle was slowly but surely going against it. For every head struck from the dragon of poverty, two grew in its stead. The stream of charity that had succeeded the old indifference was transforming poverty into pauperism. Begging was becoming an organized business. Charity organized in its own defence. In New York it was a wise woman who spoke the word. To the clear head and tender heart of Josephine Shaw Lowell her city will owe a debt of gratitude all its days. Upon her initiative the Charity Organization Society was founded in 1882, to prevent the overlapping of relief, and to "promote the general welfare of

the poor by social and sanitary reforms." A single year's registration of 3,420 families that were tapping different relief sources discovered an able-bodied man hiding in three-fifths of them, hundreds living in plenty on the contributions of whole strings of societies, each of them believing the family its own particular charge. My back

aches yet when I think of the Christmas eve trip I made to an old woman who lived alone in a hut at what is now the Ninth Street entrance to Prospect Park, and was reputed to be very poor. I toiled up the long slope with a sack of provisions, to encounter at her door an emissary of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, similarly burdened. Our comparing notes did not help ease our backs, for we carried the things back where they had come from, but it resulted in the discovery that the woman had \$1,800 in bank and was a preposterous old fraud. And there were many such. Several winters after that I contracted a habit of contributing a nickel on my way home from the office to another old creature who sat in Chatham Square churning a wretched pocket edition of a hand-organ while she rocked a baby in her lap. It was always



A "school for mothers," Caroline Rest.

midnight when I came that way, and the baby appealed to me tremendously—especially when it snowed and the cold was bitter—until one night, as I dropped my nickel in her cup, the old woman lurched in the very act of mumbling her blessing upon me, and dropped the baby on the pavement. I picked it up, horrified, to find that

hung upon them, giving them the appearance of scarecrows," they were indeed an object-lesson as they stood before the police justice.

"Who was to blame?" thundered Mr. Fairchild, in one of the earliest leaflets of the Charity Organization Society. "The dissipated women, the crowd of drunken



Day camp on an old ferry-boat.

it was a ragdoll. The "mother" was drunk. In five years the society, after a series of such shocks to the nerves of New York, was able to report that the worst of that lot were "working for the city," no longer working the city. They were not, as I have shown in my own case, the only ones who had been doing that. In truth, we were all guilty, the selfishly ignorant with the selfishly cunning. Some of us still remember the sermon in which Charles S. Fairchild, afterward Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury, held the mirror up to us all. His text was the finding of two little children in a Washington Street den with a lot of dissipated women who sent them out daily with baskets to levy tribute on the pitiful. On the food they brought back the symposium of hags lived high; the money they spent for drink. "Covered with vermin, their hair unkempt and matted, while their few garments, men's sizes,

and lazy people, the wretched mother—yes, all of these! But who were their partners? Who else but the givers of those cold victuals? If you had refused to give to those children without finding out for yourself what was amiss, the dissipated women and the drunken and lazy crowd would have had no motive to hide them and they would have come at once under good influences. The city of New York stood ready to provide amply for them, to place them where they would have been given a chance in life, where they would have worn garments enough on those cold winter days, not of 'men's sizes' either; where their hair would not have been unkempt and matted; where they would have ceased to appear 'like miniature scarecrows'; where they would have been taught to read and write, would have learned religion, morals, humanity, and whence they would have gone forth to decent, comfortable homes. And



Fresh-air class of a New York public school at luncheon.

you, you givers of cold victuals, stood in the way of all this beneficence. You are to blame for the misery of these infants. You are guilty. You made their degradation too valuable to the disorderly crowd. You and your cold victuals!

"Covered with vermin," too. When your terrier is thus, you do something—something besides giving it more cold victuals."

There are people yet who give cold victuals at the door and believe their brotherhood arrears paid with that, just as there are dispensers of charity tea—the tea put up by a highly respectable dealer "in New York and Newport," who sent me his invitation to buy with the pregnant suggestion: "It is politely requested that this tea be used only for the purpose intended." There is even the woman who in a workless winter, with starvation abroad all about, gives a Christmas party to her lap-dog. We hear of such yet, but if the conviction has become deep and general among thinking men that there is need of doing something beside doling out back-door alms, the society of which Mr. Fairchild was one of the founders deserves full credit for helping it on.

At the outset it was not intended as a relief society, though that was and is a feature of its work which gives rise intermittently to the charge that it "spends more

for salaries than for groceries," and sometimes even, because of its pernicious activity in the cause of the people—as seen from Albany—to a vengeful demand for an investigation of its accounts. But these things are happily rare now. The days of storm and stress lie a good way behind. The need of investigation, of registration, is understood and admitted. When the society reached its silver wedding with the day of good sense, it had its real work well in hand and declared boldly that, having begun with the purpose of ultimately diminishing poverty, it had come to the conviction that it might and must be abolished in so far as it meant the lack of the essential conditions of normal living. To which end it stated the office of organized charity to be: having a bird's-eye view of the community needs, to take up and carry out whatever reform, whatever task they point to that is not yet in hand. The principle thus enunciated stands; through the door it opened organized charity everywhere has gone out "to seek and destroy," in the words of Dr. Edward T. Devine, its spokesman at the Philadelphia National Conference, "those organized forces of evil, those particular causes of dependence and intolerable living conditions which are beyond the control of the individual" yet may be overcome by society acting as one. It

remained only to make sure of the forces of evil. Were they, indeed, contained in the old formula, "improvidence and overwhelming misfortune," or had we further to seek?

Naturally, what lay nearest to hand came first. I came across the other day one of the old reports of the society that spoke of the "long and tedious fight" for a municipal lodging-house, toward which getting rid of the police-station lodgings was a necessary step. The words made me smile, for I had a hand in that fight myself. It was long, yes, but tedious never. I fed fat an ancient grudge all through it, for I knew from personal experience what those inhuman dens were like and that it was a Christian duty to destroy them. Besides, I worked side by side with Mrs. Lowell, and the day they were closed by Theodore Roosevelt, police commissioner, we triumphed in the fight half won. The other half awaited the dawn of common-sense at Albany until this summer, when the bill to establish a farm colony for young vagrants, to wean them from the tramp's life, passed the legislature at last. It was the legacy of the past, the halting midway, of which now there is to be an end.

For the day of construction has followed the breaking of ground. The opening of New York's first playground in Poverty Gap itself, though it did not endure then, was earnest of what was coming, has come, as every one knows. School boards no longer ask, as did New York's in those days, for proof that play is "educational"; they know it is, as much as their books. The grass in the people's parks is not sacred nowadays; the boy is coming to be that instead, and the country is safe. School-houses and settlements invite the

children in, where in the old days the corner-saloon was the only bidder with its back-room, sole recreation hall for the young, and this was its shameless bid: "Bring the girls, and pay for their drinks."

It is fifteen years and more since a policeman shot down a boy in the street for playing ball, and the bullet is not made that will ever seek such a target again. So, there we are safe.

Into the homes of the poor have come sunshine and air. The demon of darkness

is not slain; there are more than a hundred thousand bedrooms yet in New York's tenements that are not fit for pigs to be in, let alone human beings. Whenever we settle back with the contented sigh that the battle is won, it is going against us. In Brooklyn, last winter, they got themselves into a state of righteous indignation because they were told by those who should know that the city of homes and churches let its poor dwell in darkness too. No such thing, they said; couldn't be.



A small girl shucking oysters in a southern oyster cannery.

But it turned out that there were as many sunless rooms as in Manhattan, and that they bore a direct relation to the number of baby funerals, once charged to the inscrutable decrees of an all-wise Providence. Letting in the light was just a question of ten or twelve dollars from the landlord's pocket. Putting it plainly: "dollars or death?" is a great help. But though years may pass before we hear the last of the "infant slaughter-houses," as Mr. Gilder called the baby-murdering tenements, a million souls have been rehoused decently since the Charity Organization Society formed its tenement-house committee, and the housing problem is no longer hopeless. We have a tenement-house law and a Tenement-House Department to enforce it, more or less faithfully as we let politics strengthen

its grip, or compel it to relax it—that is a question for us to settle as citizens. They were both part of the Charity Organization Society's social programme and grew out of its labors. And year by year its tenement-house committee stands guard in the legislature, watchful of landlord attacks on the one hand and of any fresh symptom of public indifference on the other, well

of cities. Ignorance and apathy thrive in country lanes, as in city streets, and they make the slum in all days. The National Housing Association is the youngest child of the Charity Organization Society.

The legacy of death and despair with which the dark-room tenements have cursed New York no man can measure. There are 10,000 deaths in the city every



Reproduced by courtesy of National Consumers' League.

Mother and children making artificial flowers at twenty cents a gross.

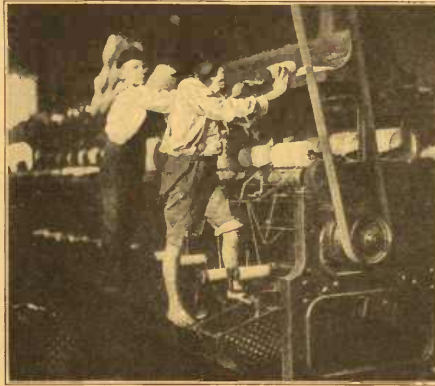
knowing that underlying more social mischief than all other causes together is bad housing. "To prevent drunkenness," said the earliest legislative report on what ailed New York, way back in the middle of the last century, "give to every man a clean and comfortable home," and though it was laughed at then, it came much nearer the truth, in its simple philosophy, than the "great minds" whose remedy was to let things alone. Last spring there came to the meeting of the National Housing Association from half the States in the Union men and women to carry its message of work and victory back with them to the farthest hamlets, for no longer are these fighters content to seek the foe in the slums

year from tuberculosis alone, and 40,000 dying slowly from the plague and spreading it among the rest of us. Five thousand little sufferers with misshapen, tortured limbs have it grafted upon their bones, for this is the one great cause that makes cripples of the children of the poor. The doctors tell us that a hundred thousand underfed, anæmic children are waiting their turn that is not slow in coming, and for them all there is but one help, light and air, which the dark tenement denies them. Yet even this record of slaughter does not measure the depths of the misery; when the father or the mother can no longer work, helpless poverty moves in and the tasks of the charity workers are hopelessly multiplied—



The spinning-room overseer and his flock in a Mississippi cotton mill.

hopelessly till it was discovered that consumption is not transmitted by heredity, but bred by an environment steeped in dirt and ignorance. We were long finding it out. More than a hundred years ago they jumped at the truth in the kingdom of Naples and stamped the disease out with fire and stringent laws. They burned the bedding and the houses of consumptives, and banished those who would not submit. The whole kingdom had become a hot-bed of tuberculosis to which the stricken came from all parts of Europe as they flock to Colorado and New Mexico in our country and our day, until *vedi Napoli e poi mori*—"See Naples and die"—had become a



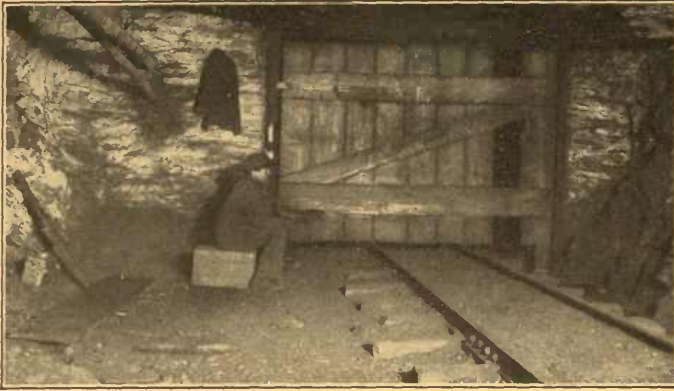
Cotton-mill operatives so small that in order to reach their work they have to stand upon the machinery.



A young messenger who works until after 1 A. M. in a city in Virginia.

proverb. People think nowadays that the saying refers to the beauty of the bay of Naples which makes a man content to die once he has seen it. So utterly was the plague stamped out that the world forgot the sinister sense of it.

Those despots knew nothing of germs and all the rest of the scientific lore; they just guessed and backed up their guess with force. Democracies walk with more wary feet. Nearly a century passed before we knew what they had so successfully imagined, and were ready for the fight. The tubercle bacillus and the Charity Organization Society were born in the same year, born to a fight that was



A nipper waiting for a "trip" a quarter of a mile underground in a Pennsylvania mine.

no longer hopeless. For it is with disease as with poverty: once you have made sure of the cause you have backing. Twenty years they have wrestled now, and an entire people has been aroused to take a hand in the fight, in which at last we are getting the upper grip.

Multiply the mortality in New York by twenty and you have the record of the nation: 200,000 each year slain by this one foe, a million consumptives always with their faces set toward death; half of them easily saved, if taken in time. When once the disease has a firm hold they can be saved only from destroying others. Doctors alone were powerless; it was a campaign of education that was needed. The tuberculosis committee enlisted the printing-press, the newspapers, the post-office. The Christmas stamps of Denmark became bullets in the fight. Each one on the back of a letter asked questions, and the committee, and the Red Cross, were ready with the answers. "Don't spit, don't neglect a cold, don't sleep in stuffy rooms"—the "don't cards" went everywhere, printed in every tongue. In Little Italy they took the shape of pretty posters of Venetian canals with simple instruc-

tions printed on the border, and were hung in the rooms as pictures. Illustrated lectures were given in the schools; travelling exhibitions of the horrors of "lung blocks," of the simple ways of fighting the enemy with care and cleanliness, were started on their journeys through the land. Thousands flocked

to them. "Tuberculosis revival meetings" were held in crowded halls. "Tuberculosis Sundays" enlisted the aid of the pulpits. In New York on a single Sunday more than two hundred sermons were preached by prearrangement on this topic. The committee fitted out an old ferry-boat as a day camp and showed that the sick had other choice than to go far away to mountain or forest, or stay at home and die. They could stay, even in the tenements of New York, and live, given fresh air and wholesome food.

It was not only the citizen who needed education; half the time it was the city. In New York the Health Department was crippled by politics. It had led a valiant charge, but ran short of ammunition. The men who held the city's purse-strings were niggardly. Organized charity swung its



Young breaker boys at work in a Pennsylvania mine.

forces toward its support. An investigation showed that of the more than 40,000 consumptives in the city whom the department had registered, half had got away and were drifting about, scattering the contagion unhindered. The infected houses they left had other tenants who did not know of their peril and took no precautions. Hospitals were discharging patients daily without inquiry into where they went, and without following them up. With only three thousand beds for consumptives in the city, thirteen thousand went in and out through the year. The endless chain of mischief and misery was in full operation again.

With the facts in hand the tenement-house committee started a "budget campaign" and carried it through with resistless energy. The city appropriated \$263,500 for the Health Department's tuberculosis work. Instead of eight inspectors the department sent out a hundred and fifty. It borrowed a leaf from Tammany politics

by organizing the city into districts, each with a "captain" in the person of a nurse directing the fight in that quarter. In the schools fresh-air classes were opened for the pale and "unresponsive" pupils. They were fed with hot meals at noon and with milk and bread in between, and the teacher found listlessness and stupidity giving way to life and interest. Tuberculosis clinics were opened in the crowded parts of the city and the country caught up the idea. In seventeen months one hundred and seventeen such special dispensaries were started in the United States, and more are added constantly. We are not out of the woods yet. Sanatoria are needed—many of them—for those who can be cured, the while charity cares for their loved ones at home and frees the patient's mind from worry; hospitals with forcible detention for the homeless wanderers who spread contagion abroad; more than a single preventorium

for the hundred thousand pale and ill-fed ones who are listed as the consumptives of the next generation. But already the impact upon the death-rate in the urban population of New York State is discernible. In five years it should show plainly. Legislatures are aroused, prevention has become the national slogan in the struggle with the White Plague. The number of hospitals and sanatoria for tuberculosis has increased from 111 with 10,000 beds in 1895 to 422 with 26,000 beds in 1911. The State Charities Aid Association which is in the field to "make each local community



A few of the boys who work on a night shift in a Virginia glass factory.

look its own social work squarely in the face and get it to do what is needed," and has done it with such success that twenty-three out of fifty-seven counties in New York have taken steps to provide tuberculosis hospitals in the last two years, has raised the banner, "No uncared-for tuberculosis in 1915." All through the land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, resounds the crash and clamor of this battle. Organized charity is winning the biggest fight it has started yet.

Fight, yes! But the *war* is wider than that. Consumption kills the man. There is that which would kill the state. It is not only underfeeding that makes the pale, anæmic children who fall an easy victim to tuberculosis and who cannot learn in school. It is well to cut windows in the dark rooms and to make playgrounds where the children can romp and grow into whole men and women. But if their hours out of

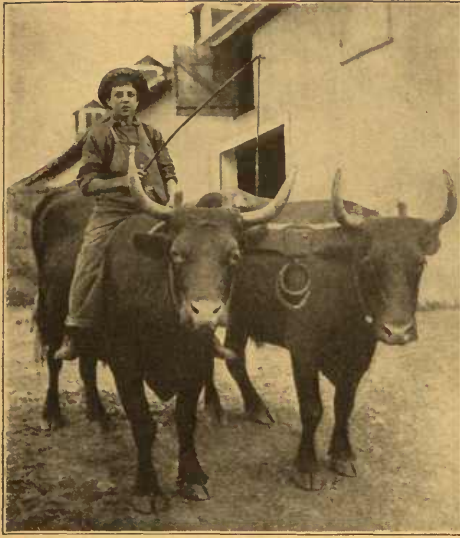
school are spent at home, toiling till late at night at tasks far beyond their years, making the violets that blossom in my lady's hat at three cents a gross; cutting out embroidery edging at one cent an hour; making baby dresses at forty-two cents for a day of fourteen hours of unremitting labor—oh! I am not imagining these things. I am telling the story we all read, those of us who cared, in the photographs at the Child Welfare Show in my city—when they do this, where then is their play? And where will be, by and by, the citizenship we look for in free men of a free country? Free country! When the census tells us that the volume of child labor is increasing far more rapidly than the population; that as exploiters of tender childhood for our gain we are rushing headlong in the steps of Old-World nations who long since saw whither that course led and abandoned it for their own safety; when in Southern cotton mills children under ten are at work, "some of them so small that they can reach their work only by climbing up"; when Pennsylvania reports that in the coal-breakers the accidents to children exceed those to grown workers by 300 per cent; Indiana that in her factories the ratio is 250 per cent; and Michigan owns to 450 per cent excess of injury and fatality against the child—with such things existing, was he far off the track who in anger exclaimed: "This may be child labor from one point of view; from another it is child murder!" And what other remedy is there than war to the death on such abuses?

Hence it is that organized charity, which sees in the exploitation of the child the ruin of the man and the endless perpetuation of its tasks, has thrown down the gauntlet to this foe and has roused the whole country to demand that "there shall be no child labor." The boy or girl who toils with a needle through the evening hours by the dim light of a smoky kerosene lamp, and in school falls behind his class because he cannot see what is written on the black-board, does not need spectacles to be given him by private or public charity. That is the wrong prescription. He needs to be taken out of the tread-mill that is killing his sight with his spirit. You see how inquiry into the "causes" leads deeper and ever deeper down, and demands ever more searching remedies. Against the cruelty of

a drunken father the protection of a strong society may avail; against such inhumanity as this the power of the whole community must be invoked. Nothing less will do it.

Seven years has the war against child labor raged in the nation. Its irreducible demand is that no child shall be permitted to work under fourteen; none at night, or at dangerous trades, nor more than eight hours in the daytime, under sixteen. The call of bugles is in the air as I write this, and the tramp of many feet, little and big. They are marching to the celebration of the "sane and safe Fourth of July," that obtains at last in my city. But not until this fight has been won are we either sane in celebrating our freedom, or safe in fact; not until then are we on the road to real independence of the thralldom of toil that was meant to be the honorable badge of manhood, not the hideous destroyer of childhood. And while we are about it we mean to safeguard, too, the mothers of the race. There are few States in the Union to-day that have not given their assent to the principle, at least, of child-labor legislation; the practice will follow in them all, as the community conscience is aroused. New York has made a law that no person under twenty-one shall be employed in the night messenger service, since an investigation in twenty-seven cities disclosed the moral slough in which it steeped young boys. The bawdy-house, the gambling den, the disreputable hotel are among its best customers after the lights go out in quiet homes. The Supreme Court has intervened for the protection of woman. "Ten hours the maximum legal working day for women in every State of the Union within ten years" is the confident claim of the National Consumers' League. Before that day we shall, I believe, be ready to demand that all home work in tenements shall cease, at whatever cost of readjustment to the industries that now thrive upon this form of economic slavery.

Toward these ends organized charity is working, but it no longer soothes itself with the belief that they are in fact ends; rather they are stages on the way. A human working day does not fill the measure of industrial justice. When we are told that in Allegheny County—that is, Pittsburg—526 workers were killed by industrial acci-



dents in a single year, 258 of them married men with families, it no longer sounds like a threat to ask that the burden of such wholesale slaughter shall fall upon the business, not on the worker. Rather it seems like the counsel of common-sense that it is both wiser and cheaper to do industrial justice than to foot the bill for the machinery of court and jails, and public and private relief that may soothe but cannot cure anything. When the death-rate among the foundlings in the Randall's Island Hospital was, year after year, 100 per cent—they practically all died, in spite of Jersey cows and every care which medical knowledge could suggest—and the joint committee of the State Charities Aid Association and the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor took them over and, by putting them out in families, reduced the mortality in the first year to one-half, in the second to less than a third, and at the end of eight years to eleven in a hun-



Photographs by Underwood & Underwood.

Boys sent to farms from New York City by the Children's Aid Society.

dred, then they had found a perfect remedy for that misery, viz., to give the baby a mother instead of a nurse. So, when the nurses of the last-named society, working among tenement mothers with newborn children, found that they lost 17 per cent of the babies to whom they were called after they were born, while they saved all but 5 per cent when they took the mother in hand before her confine-

ment, and that this held true right along, they had met and conquered a condition of fatality consequent upon ignorance with its logical corrective: proper instruction and care. But when the statisticians show us two-thirds of a million unnecessary deaths in the nation, and find the causes in a poverty consequent upon intermittent employment, too long a working day and too low wages to keep the workers alive, then we are facing something which charity, in its simple sense of trying to relieve, cannot deal with. We are facing an industrial malad-



On the farm. Boys sent by the Children's Aid Society.

justment which society itself must take in hand, if it will be not only just but safe.

To this conviction their work has led the social workers of to-day; for, observe that organized charity has changed front entirely from the day when it considered poverty only in its economic and moral bearings on the man or the family. And here we meet again the "causes" of poverty for which men have sought in all days. They found them, as they thought, only to discover that there were yet others beyond their reach. "Improvidence and overwhelming misfortune" satisfied them in the long ago. Later on, the scientific tabulators counted up twenty-five or twenty-seven, I forget which, all real sources of misery as they knew only too well. It did seem as though, with such an array, we should be getting somewhere, but we were not. The bread-line was still there, in it-

self an ugly arraignment of something desperately wrong somewhere; for the midnight bread-line is made up of *hungry* men. The homelessness was still there. Improvidence explained some of it, intemperance some of it; all the rest of the "causes" each accounted for its share; none, nor all of them together, for it all. What if they were, in fact, symptoms—the very lack of character, of capacity, of efficiency, in the front rank?

That is the vision which social workers saw when six years ago they proposed a new definition of the problem of poverty. Stripped of all verbiage, they found the causes of the poverty in our cities to be four: ignorance, industrial inefficiency, exploitation of labor, and failure of government to attain the ends for which it existed, the welfare of the citizen. Poverty in their view was but evidence of a maladjustment

of society itself, against which we strive in vain unless we enlist the very forces of the society which created it. The remedies then present themselves. Ignorance and industrial inefficiency demand changed methods of education. Manual and vocational training crowd forward at once. We are adopting them already, on the very showing that the great mass of our young who leave the school at fourteen to go to work get nowhere with the training they have received. They join the army of unskilled workers, and middle-age finds them fatally handicapped, "industrially inefficient." Look at the map and see what a host they are. A clear-sighted school-man marshalled them in line thus: Standing shoulder to shoulder, the high-school graduates of the country made a line across the State of California; the college men reached barely across the peninsula of the Golden State. But the public-school children who quit early from force of economic stress reached across the country from California to Maine, back again, and once more across mountain and plain as far east as Chicago. To half of the mischief the school holds the key.

Exploitation of labor! What is there that has not been exploited in our money-mad day? But first and last the worker is the sufferer. When we read of the swindling with false weights and measures, it is upon him the burden falls heaviest. When the packer puts a cent on the meat, the retailer sticks on five and an extra cent or two for selling in the small quantities where his biggest profits lie. While you who read this pay five dollars a ton for coal, he pays twelve or fourteen, buying it by the pail. Wherever he turns, the sea is full of sharks. He pays more rent in proportion than the man on Fifth Avenue. The pawnbroker with whom he establishes a credit, in the ineffectual struggle to make ends meet, charges him fifteen or eighteen dollars a year for the use of ten. That is what it comes to, with "hanging-up" charges, if he resorts to the pawn-shop weekly, as too many do. It was "to divorce the three golden balls from the three Furies" that the charity organizers established the Provident Loan Society which in seventeen years has increased its capital from a hundred thousand dollars to seven millions and a half, has loaned out seventy millions, and brought

down the usurious rates of the pawnbroker. Waste and improvidence, yes! but the destruction of the poor is still their poverty. The saloon lies in wait for the man who lives from hand to mouth, the policy game robs him, corrupt politics exploit him in a dozen ways he counts as kindness. When we deny him a transfer on his way home from his work, we impose a tax of thirty dollars a year on a family whose entire income may not be much over six hundred and whose total expenditure for clothing in the year is less than three times thirty. Some one said that ours is yet "a half-savage society infused and fitfully illuminated with visions of social duty."

"But these things are inevitable." No, says the social worker: the whole environment in which the poor man is set in our cities is unfavorable to him; it favors, on the other hand, the accumulation of great wealth. He does not arraign the one against the other; he says simply that the heaping up of great fortunes carries with it the responsibility of not exploiting the poor.

Time was when we sat and grieved over the bad heredity that held men fast, forgetting that their real heredity as children of God flatly refutes such a doctrine. Then when we saw that the thief's child, growing up in a decent home, grew decent with it, we concluded that this dreaded heredity was, after all, the sum of all past environments and that, since we could fashion that of to-day, we could make heredity for the days to come, and we took heart. But the environment proved too much for us. Now comes the charity worker, the social worker, and says to us: "We will change the environment through the very forces that made it. Society has worked out crooked results. It was not its purpose; therefore, let us find the wrongs in government and correct the mischief at its source, so giving the real man his chance. The very defects in character, which now hopelessly oppose us, we shall be able to repair by strengthening the man, by lightening his burdens and brightening his outlook." We may not abolish all poverty, for we cannot prevent unforeseen disaster; but undeserved poverty, the misfortune we can help, we shall really help that way and only that way. The individual we shall always have to relieve as best we can; and the better we understand, the better shall we be able to set him on

his feet. The social end we shall all have to get under, to lift the environment that crushes the worker. For it is the only way we can do it.

Let the worst of society's vices, the social evil itself, serve as an illustration. When, says Dr. Edward T. Devine, with whom I unreservedly agree—when employers pay their girls living wages, when their homes are made attractive enough, when prostitution is kept out of the tenements as the law says it shall be, when rational amusement is provided for the children of the poor, when men cease to tempt them with vile resorts for their own gain, and when we speak the truth plainly of this matter, deducing ourselves no longer with the vain hope that segregation and such measures will banish this evil—then prostitution will be reduced to so small a thing that we shall need to concern ourselves little about it.

This, then, is the case of organized charity in briefest outline, as it stands to me. It is easy now to see the place and significance of such signs of our times as City Planning, as Municipal Research, as Surveys of the Cities to seek and find the standard of living to the maintenance of which all social efforts must tend, if they are to work out enduring results; as the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research that hunts the hook-worm and its fellows, and with them hunts much of poverty to its lair; the Sage Foundation, that great benefaction which gathers into its benevolent purpose all educational efforts seeking to harness the world's forces "for the improvement of social and living conditions"; schools of philanthropy and social settlements. The war on the housefly seems no more incongruous than the demand for a living wage. They are all parts of a whole that pursues the same unselfish end: lightening the intolerable burdens of humanity which selfishness has imposed.

I suppose I shall be asked now if this is not all socialism. No, I should not even term it altruism. I should call it religion. And before you scoff at that definition, read the programme of social service which was "enthusiastically adopted" by the Baptist Church in convention at Philadelphia only the other day. Beginning with justice for all men and ending with "the abatement of poverty," it embraces under seventeen heads that include the abolition of child labor, the sweating system, and the over-long working day, the whole programme

of human emancipation, point by point. These people were not crank socialists, it seems; they were practical Christians. Does the emphasis that is laid by the whole Christian Church upon social service nowadays, and the recognition by government after government of the principle of employer's liability, of the old-age pension, and the rest of the claims once held as Utopian tell us nothing? Massachusetts is preparing to fix a minimum wage for women and minors, and I took note recently of the editorial confession of a critic who wondered where all this would end: "The final argument in this controversy is, of course, that when less than living wages are paid, the number of paupers and criminals, with incidental burdens on the taxpayer, inevitably increases." Yes, that is the position of organized charity, exactly.

There are two kinds of socialism, it has been truly said, one of which we shall have to let in unless we want the other to break in. The one kind says, "What is mine is thine!"—that is service. The other meets us with the threat, "What is thine is mine!"—that is vengeance. We shall have to choose one of the two, and I think that is what we are doing. It has often seemed to me that the function of present-day organized charity—and I mean the term to embrace all that we now call betterment work—is twofold: on the one hand it is, with its army of irresistible facts, helping turn the church from the barren discussion of dogmatic differences to face the real needs of the brother; on the other it is guiding the old threat into the safe and helpful ways of service, and giving us for a socialistic, a social programme. Nor is there need of fear that in the change the personal touch that counts for so much will be lost. The "scientific" charity is not cold; it is warm and human. If it were not so it would have no power to appeal to the religious impulse. It is "organized love," and it is effective: it does not by mischance hinder where it sought to help.

Has organized charity really accomplished all this; or is it itself part of a great world change to which coming generations will point as the most pregnant in all human history, the coming of democracy into its birth-right? Even so, is this modern St. George not in truth a slayer of dragons? And if we reject him as our champion, where shall we find another to enter the lists?

THE TURNSTILE

BY A. E. W. MASON

I

THE SWINGING OF A CHANDELIER



At the first glance it looked as if the midnight chimes of a clock in an old city of the Midlands might most fitly ring in this history. But we live in a very small island, and its inhabitants have for so long been wanderers upon the face of the earth that one can hardly search amongst them for the beginnings of either people or events without slipping unexpectedly over the edge of England. So it is in this instance. For, although it was in England that Captain Rames, Mr. Benoliel, Cynthia, the little naturalized Frenchmen, and the rest of them met and struggled more or less inefficiently to express themselves; although, too, Ludsey, the old city, was for a good deal in their lives; for the beginnings of their relationship, one with another, it is necessary to go further afield, and back by some few years. One must turn toward a lonely estancia in the south-west of Argentina, where, on a hot, still night of summer, a heavy chandelier touched by no human hand swung gently to and fro.

It happened in the dining-room of the house, and between half-past ten and eleven o'clock. It was half-way through January, and Mr. and Mrs. Daventry were still seated at the table over a late supper. For Robert Daventry had on that day begun the harvesting of his eight leagues of wheat, and there had been little rest for any one upon the estancia since daybreak. He sat now taking his ease opposite his wife, with a cup of black coffee in front of him, and a cigar between his lips, a big, broad, sunburnt man with a beard growing gray and a thick crop of brown hair upon his head; loose-limbed still, and still getting, when he stood up, the value of every inch of his six feet two. And as he lounged at the table he debated with his wife in a curiously gentle voice a question which, played with once, had begun of late years to insist upon an answer.

"We are both over fifty, Joan," he said "And we have made our money."

"We have also made our friends, Robert," replied his wife. She was a short, stoutish woman, quick with her hands, practical in her speech. Capacity was written broad upon her like a label, and, for all her husband's bulk, she was the better man of the two even at the first casual glance. There was a noticeable suggestion of softness and amiability in Robert Daventry. It was hardly, perhaps, to be localized in any feature. Rather he diffused it about him like an atmosphere. One would have wondered how it came about that in a country so stern as Argentina he had prospered so exceedingly had his wife not been present to explain his prosperity. It was so evident that she drove the cart and that he ran between the shafts—evident, that is, to others than Robert Daventry. She had been clever enough and fond enough to conceal from him their exact relationship. So now it was with an air of pleading that she replied to him:

"We have not only made our friends, Robert. We have made them here. If we go, we lose them."

"Yes," he answered. "But it wouldn't be as if we had to start quite fresh again. I have old ties with Warwickshire. Thirty years won't have broken them all."

Joan Daventry answered slowly:

"Thirty years. That's a long time, Robert."

"And yet," said Robert Daventry with a wistfulness in his voice which almost weakened her into a consent against which her judgment no less than her inclinations fought. "And yet there's a house on the London road which I might have passed yesterday—it's so vivid to me now. A white house set back from the highway behind a great wall of old red brick. Above the coping of the wall you can see the rows of level windows and the roof of a wing a story lower than the rest of the house. And if the gates are open you catch a glimpse of great cedar trees on a wide lawn—a lawn of fine grass like an emerald."

His eyes were turned back upon his boyhood, and the thought of his county set his heart aching. Long white roads, rising and dipping between high elms, with a yard or two of turf on either side for a horse to canter on; cottages, real cottages, not shapeless buildings of iron standing gauntly up against the sky-line at the edge of a round of burnt bare plain, but cottages rich with phlox and deep in trees—the pictures were flung before his eyes by the lantern of his memories as if upon a white sheet. But, above all, it was the thought of the greenery of Warwickshire which caught at his throat; the woods flecked with sunlight, the lawns like an emerald.

He glanced at a thermometer which hung against the wall. Here, even at eleven o'clock of the night, it marked this January ninety-seven degrees of heat. The mosquitoes trumpeted and drummed against the gauze curtains which covered the open windows; and outside the windows the night was black and hot like velvet.

Robert Daventry drew his handkerchief across his forehead and with his elbow on the table leaned his face upon his hand. His wife looked at him quickly and with solicitude.

"You are tired to-night, Robert," she said gently. "That's why you want to give the estancia up."

Robert Daventry shook his head and corrected her.

"No, Joan. But I am more tired to-night and very likely that's the explanation." Then he laughed at a recollection. "Do you remember when the squadron came to Montevideo two years ago? There was a dinner at the legation at Buenos Ayres. I sat next to the commodore, and he asked me how old I was. When I told him that I was just fifty, he replied: 'Ah, now you will begin to find life very interesting. For you will notice every year that you are able to do a little less than you did the year before.' Well, I am beginning, my dear, to find life interesting from the commodore's point of view."

Joan did not answer him at once, and the couple sat for awhile in silence, with their thoughts estranged.

For Joan Daventry shrank, with all her soul, from that coveted white house on the London road. Old ties could be resumed, was Robert's thought. He was forgetful

that the ties were his, and his alone. She had no share in them and she had come to a time of life when the making of new friends is a weariness and a labor. With infinite toil and self-denial they had carved out their niche here in the Argentine Republic. They spent the winter in their house in Buenos Ayres, the summer upon the Daventry estancia. Their life was an ordered, comfortable progression of the months. For both of them, to her thinking, the time for new adventures had long gone by. They had had their full proportion of them in their youth. And so while Robert Daventry dreamed of a green future Joan was busily remembering.

"When we first came here to settle," she said slowly, as she counted up all that had been done in these twenty-seven years, "we drove for two days. If the house on the London road is vivid to you, that drive is as clear to me. Our heaviest luggage was our hopes"; and Robert Daventry smiled across the table.

"I have not forgotten that either," he said; and there was a whole world of love in his voice.

"When we reached here we found a tin house with three rooms and nothing else, not a tree, hardly a track. Now there's an avenue half a mile long, there are plantations, there's a real brick house for the plantations to shelter. There are wells, there's a garden, there's a village at the end of the avenue, there's even a railway station to-day. These things are our doing, Robert"; and her voice was lifted up with pride.

"I know," replied her husband. "But I ask myself whether the time has not come to hand them on."

Once more the look of solicitude shone in his wife's eyes.

"I could leave the estancia," she said doubtfully, "though it would almost break my heart to do it. But suppose we did. What would become of you in England? I have a fear," and she leaned forward across the table.

"Why a fear?" he asked.

"Because I think that people who have lived hard, like you and me, run a great risk if they retire just when they feel that they are beginning to grow old. A real risk of life, I mean. I think such as you and I would be killed off by inactivity rather than by any disease."

She did not deny that something was wrong in their present situation. But she had a different conception of what that something was; and she had a different remedy.

"We should find life too dull!" he exclaimed. "Too lonely, Joan!" and he struck the table with his hand, "I find it lonely here"; and at that she uttered a low cry:

"Oh, my dear, and what of me?" and the wistfulness of her voice struck him to silence, a remorseful silence. After all, his days were full.

"There's our other plan," she suggested gently.

"Yes. To be sure! There's our other plan," he said. He leaned back in his chair, his face upturned toward the ceiling, and a thoughtful look in his eyes.

"We have talked it over, haven't we? But we have played with it all the time. It would be so big an experiment."

He ended the sentence abruptly. The look of thought passed from his face. It became curious, perplexed. Then he cried with a start of dismay:

"You see, Joan, even my eyes are beginning to play tricks with me. I could swear that the chandelier is swinging to and fro above our heads."

Joan looked anxiously at her husband, and then up toward the ceiling. At once surprise drove the anxiety from her face and thoughts.

"But it is swinging," she exclaimed.

Both of them stared at the chandelier. There was not a doubt about the phenomenon possible. Not a breath of wind stirred in the garden, not a sound was audible overhead. Yet very gently the chandelier, with its lighted globes, oscillated above their heads. Robert Daventry rose to his feet and touched it.

"Yes, it is swinging," he said. He stopped it, and held it quite still. Then he resumed his seat.

"Very well, Joan," he said with a new briskness in his voice, "we will make the experiment. Come! When we go to Buenos Ayres in the winter! We will try the other plan. Even if it fails it will be worth making."

Joan's face lighted up.

"If it fails, then we'll go home," she said.

No doubt the relief which Robert Daventry felt in the proof that his eyes

were not failing him led him thus briskly to fall in with a scheme which both approached with timidity; and so the swinging of the chandelier had its share in bringing them to their decision. But the chandelier had not done with them. For hardly had Robert Daventry ceased to speak when it began again to swing backward and forward before their eyes. So it swung for exactly five minutes and then of its own accord it stopped.

"That's very strange," said Robert Daventry. He looked at the clock upon the mantel shelf. It was five minutes past eleven.

"It's unaccountable," he continued. But he was able to account for it the next day. For a local paper brought to them the news that at ten minutes to eleven o'clock on the evening before, seven hundred miles away on the other side of the great barrier of the Andes, an earthquake had set the shores of the Pacific heaving like a sea, and Valparaiso, that city of earthquakes, had tumbled into ruins.

II

OF AN EARTHQUAKE AND JAMES CHALLONER

THE experiences of James Challoner on that day of ruin at Valparaiso were various, but none of them were pleasant. It was his twenty-eighth birthday and up to two o'clock in the afternoon he was, as for the last six weeks he had been, a clerk in the great house of R. C. Royle & Sons. There was no sort of business in Chile which R. C. Royle & Sons were not prepared to undertake and carry through with efficiency, from a colossal deal in nitrates to the forwarding home of your portmanteau. It was, to be sure, upon the latter class of work that James Challoner was asked to concentrate his abilities. But advancement was a principle of the house, and in the vast ramifications of its business, opportunities of advancement came quickly. James Challoner, who for five years had been drifting unsuccessfully up and down the Pacific Coast, between Callao and Concepcion, was consequently accounted a lucky man to have secured employment in that house at all.

"If he can only keep it!" said his friends, shrugging their shoulders, and his young

wife, in the little house up the hill, bent over her child and whispered the same words. But in her mouth they were a prayer.

At two o'clock James Challoner returned from his luncheon to the office, but as he took his seat he was summoned to the manager's room. He walked down the long room between the tables on which samples of produce were exhibited, then past the cashier's brass-fenced desks where the banking business was done, to a little compartment partitioned off in a corner. There Wallace Bourdon, a young partner in control of this branch of the firm, sat in a tilted chair, with his knees against a table, awaiting him.

"Mr. Challoner, it is within your knowledge, I suppose, that we are negotiating with the Government at Santiago for the construction of a new railway in the north."

Challoner shook his head.

"That's not in my department, sir," he said.

"Quite true," said Wallace Bourdon. He opened a drawer of the table and threw half a dozen letters down on the top of it under Challoner's eyes. "These letters are copies of our proposals. There are two firms competing with us to which these copies would be valuable. They were found in your desk while you were out at luncheon. What were they doing there?"

James Challoner stared at the letters and pulled at his mustache.

"I can't think, sir. They must have been put there," he said, and then with a cry of indignation: "I must have an enemy in the office."

"Well, that's hard," said Wallace Bourdon sympathetically. "For he seems to have got back on you good and strong. You can draw your money from the cashier, Mr. Challoner, and clear out of this house just as soon as you can find it convenient"; and Wallace Bourdon dropped the legs of his chair onto the floor.

James Challoner took his money and went out into the town. He sat moodily on a high stool at a bar for an hour or so. Then some men of his acquaintance joined him, and from moody he became blusterful and boisterous. But both the moodiness and the bluster were phases of the one deep-seated feeling—a reluctance to go up the hill and meet his wife. It was seven o'clock before he had gained the necessary

courage and when he did face his wife he followed the usual practice of his kind and blurted out aggressively the news of his dismissal.

"I was lowering myself by going into the office at all as a clerk," he cried. "I told you so when you urged me to do it. Upon my word it almost serves me right, Doris. I have never known any good come from a man's lowering himself. He is bound to make enemies amongst his new associates. Jealousy is a despicable thing, but there's a deal of it floating about in the world, and one's a fool to shut one's eyes to it. However, we can't let the business rest there. My honor's impugned. That's the truth of it, Doris. I lie under a dishonorable charge. There's a stigma on our child's name, and it must be removed."

He drew a chair briskly up to the table, pulled a piece of note-paper toward him, and dipped his pen in the ink.

"Let me see, now! Who can my enemy be? Who is it that hates me? Can't you think of some one?" and in an instant he pushed the blotting pad pettishly from him. "You might say something, Doris. You just stand and look and never open your mouth."

That was James Challoner's trouble, and the cause of his uneasiness. His wife neither buoyed him up with high-sounding phrases, nor afforded him the opportunity by any reproach to work himself into a fine heat of indignation. She had given him one dreadful look, her whole countenance a quivering cry of dismay made visible, and thereafter she had just stood with no word on her lips, her great eyes disconcertingly fixed upon his face and her mind quite hidden. She went out from the room and left him sitting in great discomfort. He detested her habit of silence, but he feared still more the thought of him which it might conceal, and he dared not break it with acrimonies. When she returned again into the room it was to say:

"Dinner is ready."

The Challoners had no servant, and now they would have none, though a servant had been almost hired that day. James Challoner gave no thought to that. Fear lest his wife should "lower herself" did not trouble him at all. During dinner he talked in self-defence, flurriedly, about his enemy, pointing vaguely to this man or to

that, and watching keenly for some droop of disdain about Doris's lips. But she gave no sign, and at the back of all his thought was the wounding question:

"What does she think of me?"

He smoked his pipe outside the door after dinner, with the lighted streets of the town spread out below him. The house stood apart, high up on the great amphitheatre of hills above Valparaiso; and on the opposite side of the road the ground fell steeply. The great bay lay open beneath his eyes to the distant top of its northern horn; no inland pool could have slept more quietly than did the Pacific on that summer night; still water and mirrored stars, it widened out in the warm dusk to the sky's rim. A huge black steamer lay out beyond the edge of the jetty, with the light blazing from its saloon windows and the little lights steady on its masts. From the close-built streets at the water's edge there rose a pleasant murmur of many voices. No warnings were being given. Valparaiso, like any other tropical city, was taking its ease in the cool of the evening.

At ten o'clock James Challoner, having nothing better to do and no money to spend, went to bed. He locked the front door and with a definite relief found that his wife had already gone. He stood in the empty, barely furnished sitting-room, and his thoughts were swept back to the morning at Southampton, five years ago, when Doris had crept on board the steamer which was to take them to South America. He remembered bitterly the buoyant hopes with which that runaway marriage had begun and Doris's fears that her flight had been already discovered and that an attempt at the last moment might be made to stop her.

"It has been a bad mistake for me," he said, as all the wonderful things which he might have done, had he not been hampered with a wife, glittered in his mind. The truth, however, was not to be grasped by him unless he would face truthfully the history of his marriage, and that he was not constituted to do. It was a story common enough: A young man with no will and caressing manners, who was hastily packed off to South America, with a few hundred pounds in his pocket, to avoid exposure in his own country, and a young girl too staunch to her beliefs—these were the characters, and, given them, the story tells itself.

"Yes, it has all been a very bad mistake for me," thought James Challoner, and switching off the lights he betook himself to bed. A door in the inner wall of his bedroom opened into the room where his wife and child slept. He listened for a moment with his ear against the panel. All was silent in that room.

"She can sleep," he grumbled, finding even a grievance there, and within five minutes he slept himself. But he did not sleep for long. For, just at the moment when the chandelier began to swing in Mr. Davenport's dining-room, he was shaken out of his slumber. He lay for a few seconds in the vague and pleasant space between wakefulness and dreams, playing with the fancy that he was in a cabin on a ship at sea. But the fancy passed, and he was beset by a stranger illusion. He happened to be lying upon his side, with his face turned toward the outer wall of his bedroom; and as he lay he saw quite distinctly the wall gently and noiselessly split open. It split open high up and near to the ceiling, and it let through the stars and a strip of sky. Then the wall closed neatly together again, brick fitting with brick, so that not a chink was left. The room once more was black, the stars shut out.

Challoner was still pondering upon this remarkable phenomenon when a third sensation shook him altogether out of his lethargy. He was violently jolted. This could be no illusion. It was as if some one, crouching beneath the bed, had suddenly risen on hands and knees and struck the mattress with his shoulders. Challoner sprang out of bed, tottered, and clung to the bed-post for support. The room was rocking like a tree in a gale and underneath his feet the boards strained and heaved. It was his first experience of an earthquake, but he had no doubt that he was undergoing it, and fear made his hands grip the iron post of the bed so that his palms were bruised. His chief terror was the floor. The feel of it moving unstably beneath his feet, the sound of its boards cracking loosened his knees. At any moment it might burst upward and explode. At some moment and very soon it must. He had no fear that it would collapse and gape open; it would surely burst like a shell; and in his fear of that explosion the rocking of the walls was of no account.

He tried to think, and instinct reminded him of civilized man's chief necessities.

"My shoes, my money."

He groped along the bed for the switch of the light, but light did not answer to the summons. In the darkness he stooped, found his shoes, and slipped them on. His few dollars, drawn that afternoon from the cashier of R. C. Royle & Sons, were in the drawer of a night-table by his bed. He found them. There was a cupboard in the inner wall. He lurched across to it, and, tearing a long overcoat from a hook, slipped it on and dropped the money in his pocket. Close by the cupboard was the door of his wife's bedroom. He remembered her now, and flung the door open.

"Doris," he cried, and no answer was returned to him.

"Doris," he cried again, and this time the wail of his child answered him from her cot.

He crossed to the bed. He leaned over it and put out his hand to shake his wife by the shoulder out of her deep sleep. And with a shock he became aware that she was leaning upon her elbow in the darkness. She was wide-awake all the time.

"Quick!" he cried, in a sudden exasperation. "There is an earthquake. The house is falling."

She replied, in a strange quiet voice:

"I know."

She made no beginning of a movement. She was awake, had been, perhaps, longer awake than he himself; she knew the swift peril which had befallen them, and the need of hurry; yet she remained propped on her elbow in the darkness, passively expectant. Or was she dazed? Even at that moment the question flashed through Challoner's mind and brought him a queer relief. But it was answered in a moment.

"I called to you twice," he said; and his wife answered:

"I heard"; and there was again no hint of bewilderment in her voice. It was the voice of a woman who had all her wits about her; not of one who was stunned.

Meanwhile the earth rumbled beneath them and the room shook. Challoner felt for a candle by the bedside, struck a match and lighted it. His wife watched him quietly. Her dark eyes shone in the candle-light, inscrutably veiling her thoughts.

"Quick!" he cried. "Get up. There's no time to lose." He lifted the child

out of the cot, still wrapped in her bed-clothes.

"Come."

His wife rose, as it seemed to him, with incredible slowness. He could have screamed in his terror. As he stumbled across the floor to the door, she opened a wardrobe and, taking out a cloak, drew it about her shoulders. In the doorway he turned and saw her.

"Good God!" he cried, and the question in his mind leaped to his lips and was uttered. "Do you want to kill us all?"

"I had to find a cloak."

"A cloak!" he cried contemptuously. He himself had tarried to slip on his overcoat, but, no doubt, that was different. Certainly his wife made no rejoinder. "To be buried under this house for the sake of a cloak," he cried, his lips so chattering with terror that he could hardly pronounce the words.

"Go first," she said; and he ran out of the doorway. She followed him, leaving the door open behind her, and the candle burning in the room. They were still in the passage when an appalling roar deafened their ears. The lighted candle shot up into the air and was extinguished, and in the darkness the splitting of timber, the overthrow and the wreckage of furniture, rent the air and ceased. Of a sudden the throats of the fugitives were choked with dust. The fear which had so terrified him was justified. The floor had exploded, like artillery, in the room he had this moment quitted. His terror became a panic. He would have killed his wife had she stood in his way. He rushed downstairs, inarticulately crying. He fumbled in the darkness for the bolt of the front door, sobbing and cursing. He found it, flung the door open, and leaped out into the open air. He ran across the road, and as he ran a great stone fell with a crash from the archway of the door, and the walls of the passage clashed together behind him. With a loud clatter of thunder the whole house crumbled down into a smoking heap of bricks. Challoner turned. He was quite alone with the child in his arms. And for a little while he stood very still.

But he was no longer in darkness. About many of the villas on the hillside the flames were creeping, and their inhabitants were racing upward to the open heights, or searching desperately among the ruins for

those whom the earthquake had entrapped. While lower down by the water's edge the city was ablaze and over all the bay the sky was red. The ground still shook beneath Challoner's feet, and the child in his arms began to cry. He laid it down against the low wall of the path and crept cautiously back to the ruins of his house.

"Doris," he called, and again, "Doris."

His voice was low, but there was more of awe than grief audible in the cry. "Doris," he called a third time, but in a louder and more urgent tone. A few bricks, hanging to a fragment of wall, dislodged themselves and clattered down upon the heap of ruin. But no other answer came. He stooped suddenly where the archway of the entrance door had been. The great stone had fallen with so much force that one end had sunk into the ground; the other, however, rested upon a fragment of the stone pillar of the door; and so the stone lay under a pile of bricks tilted at an angle. Through the space left by the angle a woman's hand and arm protruded. It was not pinned down by the stone. It pointed with limp fingers toward Challoner, and beside it a trickle of blood ran out. Challoner knelt and touched the hand.

"Doris," he said.

Her voice had not answered to his, and now there was no response in her fingers to his touch. The arm moved quite easily. The walls of the passage had borne her down and crushed her. Challoner remembered with a shiver the crash and clatter of them as they had knocked together just behind his heels. His wife had been killed in that downfall. She could not have survived.

Challoner rose again to his feet.

"She was awake," he said, and he talked aloud to himself. "She should have hurried. She could have escaped had she hurried"; and the picture of her leaning upon her elbow in her bed in the dark troubled his soul. There is no terror like the terror which comes from the shaking of the earth and the overthrow of its houses. Yet she, a woman—so ran his thoughts—had endured it. Her hand pointing, from beneath the stones, accused him for all the limpness of its fingers. She had welcomed it.

The child wailed from the other side of the road. Challoner crossed to it. He stood and looked at it doubtfully. Still in

doubt, he looked away. From the blazing town rose a babel of cries, a roar of flames, a crash of buildings falling in, and every now and then, quite distinct from the confusion, a shrill, clear scream would leap into the air like a thin fountain of water. But the sea was calm; the great ship, with every cord of its rigging strung black against the glowing sky, lay without a movement. Boats were plying between it and the shore. Challoner could see the tiny specks of them on the red water.

"There's no tidal wave," he said in a dull voice. "That's extraordinary"; and then he picked up his daughter in his arms, and climbed higher up the hill to await the dawn.

III

CHALLONER'S PILGRIMAGE

THERE were two more shocks that night, the first at five minutes past one, the second half an hour before sunrise. James Challoner sat in the centre of the most open space he could find, his overcoat drawn close about him and his daughter clasped tightly to his breast. But it was almost unconsciously that he held her so. His brain was dazed, and the only image at all clear in his mind was that of his dead wife's hand protruding beneath the great stone and directing against him its mute accusations. But, even so, it was the limp look of the fingers which chiefly troubled him, and it only troubled him from time to time. For the greater part of the interval before daybreak he sat watching the roofs of the buildings below him burst in tongues of fire and topple down with a clatter of slates in bright showers of sparks, much as a child sits open-mouthed at the fireworks. Now he huddled his coat close about him, now some spire of flame towering skyward more terribly beautiful than the rest, drew a cry from his lips; and now again, looking out over the quiet pond of the bay, he asked dully, "Why is there no tidal wave?"

Morning came at last over the hill behind, gray and extraordinarily cold. All about him he saw people, huddled like himself upon the slopes, men, women and children, shivering in their night-attire and their bare feet bloody from the stones. All at once Challoner was aware that he was hun-

gry. His little daughter reached out her arms and wailed. Hunger, too, as the sun rose, mastered the fears of the refugees upon the hill-side. One by one, group by group, they rose stiffly and straggled down to the ruined ways by the water-side. Challoner went with the rest; and half-way down they all began to hurry, beset by the same fear. There would not be food enough for all. The thought seemed to sweep like a wind across the face of the hill, and the hurry became savage.

Along the open esplanade families were squatting side by side. A few of the more fortunate had somehow secured and erected tents; and others were crowded into storage sheds. But the most of them were sitting in the open waiting desolately for they knew not what. And already in that town, though the earthquake was barely six hours old, catastrophe had made its sharp division between the sheep and the goats. For whereas upon the esplanade men and women, and amongst them many unexpected figures, were already organizing succor for the outcasts, amongst the smoking ruins the marauders were already at work, robbing, murdering. There was no longer any law in Valparaiso.

Challoner made his way to the esplanade. A man whom he knew, the agent of a steamship company, hurried past him. Challoner stopped him.

"Where can I get food?" he asked.

Challoner was a strongly built, tall man, and the agent answered roughly.

"You? You will have to wait. You are able to"; and then he caught sight of the child in Challoner's arms, still wrapped about with her bedclothes. His voice changed to friendliness.

"Yours?" he asked.

Challoner nodded.

"Where's its mother?"

Challoner answered simply:

"Dead."

The agent took out a piece of paper and a pencil from his pocket. "Sorry," he said. "Of course, that alters the case." He wrote a line upon the paper and gave it to Challoner. Then he pointed to a tinshed, around which a crowd was already collecting.

"We are distributing a little food there. You'll be given your share, for you have a child to look after. But I should advise

you to look sloppy"; and the agent hurried off.

Challoner did look sloppy. Because of his child he got food for himself as well as for his child; and as he sat on the ground, in the shadow of a low wall, after his meal, that fact set him thinking. There is much loving kindness for children in South America. From east to west it runs across the continent, just as from east to west human life is cheap, provided that it is grown up. You might, anywhere in those days, and, in some places you may still, slay your neighbor and avoid anything like excessive inconvenience as a result of your slaying. But if you kick a boy into the gutter because he refuses to desist from whistling, to your distraction, outside your office window, you are liable to be fined heavily, and you may be sent to prison. For you have hurt the *dignidad d'ombre*. Challoner was aware generally of the consideration for children which prevailed. But now it was brought very practically home to him in the particular. His little daughter Doris was a definite asset to him. He looked down upon her with new eyes as she slept on the ground at his side, with a chubby hand thrown across his knee. She was no longer a nuisance. She was as good as money—better, indeed, since money could not buy food to-day in Valparaiso. And there had been a moment when he had stood doubting, up there before the ruins of his house. James Challoner was quite chilled by the thought of the mistake he had almost made, and the fool he had almost been.

Doris moved her head in her sleep.

"Precious one," he said affectionately; and he proceeded in his turn to sleep.

He woke up in time to see the two great Chilean cruisers sweep round the point into the bay, and a stoutly built, square captain, whom he could have mistaken for an Englishman, come ashore with his sailors, to take command of the town. He obtained shelter in a hut for that night, and during the hours of darkness he thought out his own immediate problem.

Valparaiso was not and for some months would not be. Even when it should be rebuilt there would be no work for him, since—in his thoughts he clung to euphemisms—his enemies had ruined his good name. Therefore he must get away and he had his daughter at his hand to assist him.

He obtained, through his good samaritan, the agent, a rough suit for himself and some clothing for his child and a parcel of food. He slung the parcel over his shoulders, lifted his child in his arms, and walked out that afternoon from Valparaiso up the great post-road toward the Andes. He was strong and his girl inherited of his strength. It was summer, a summer of no rain. He tramped along the valleys of Chile, and his daughter was his passport and franked his way. He secured a night's shelter at a farmhouse here, food and a trifle of money there, a ride for Doris upon a mule one day, a lift for both of them in a cart the next. The valley narrowed, the green floor of it became stones, the trees thinned, the great barrier of the cordilleras closed in about James Challoner and towered higher and higher above his head. The road wound sharply upward, now backward, and forward in a desolate, wild country of gray rock splashed with orange and yellow and deep red. He had started early that day and stood on the top of the Cumbre Pass, thirteen thousand feet above the sea, by mid-day. On the very summit he was overtaken by the post and driven down at a gallop to Las Cuevas. From Las Cuevas he walked to Punta del Inca. And at Punta del Inca he took his ease for a week, with the great snow-mass of Aconcagua showing in a gap of the hills across the valley.

It was the season of the baths at Punta del Inca. The hotel was full and James Challoner prospered, as from the beginning he had thought that he would. He had reckoned upon Punta del Inca on that night in Valparaiso when he had determined upon his journey. He sat by the natural bridge, with his little daughter in his arms, a travel-stained and patient figure, and amongst those gigantic hills he told his moving story to such as passed and would listen. He went up to the hotel at night, and under the lights of the veranda he told it again. Amongst his many qualities which he misused was a vivid gift of narrative, and he possessed, at this time at all events, a gentle voice with an admirable note of emotion. Thus all was in his favor. The beauty and peace of the scenery, his manner, the prettiness of his child—even the story which he had to tell. But it was not quite the story which would have been told at Valparaiso

where, to be sure, he had, as we know, enemies.

"Why did you come to South America?" some curious soul would ask.

"I was a younger son," he would answer; and then, with a charming modesty for the benefit of any English who might be present, "I am of the Dorsetshire Challoners. These old properties. . . . Land isn't what it was . . . An estate mortgaged to the hilt. How could any one take an allowance that must be wrung from it at the cost of the very laborers? No, I thought I would make my own way in the new lands."

He spoke without any arrogance of virtue, any contempt for other younger sons who had not his own compunction, any consciousness of heroism. He went on to tell the romantic story of his marriage and elopement.

"I made my way," he continued, "at least I was making it. My wife, of course, helped me—" and perhaps here his voice would falter ever so slightly, he would turn his face aside and whisper to the stars, yet so that the whisper was audible to people nearer than the stars—"My God, how she helped me! We had dug out our little corner in Valparaiso. There was just room in it for a wife and a child and myself. And then the earthquake came and ruined all."

He made no complaint; he stated the simple facts; he was reticent concerning his wife's death. But by his reticence he managed to wring from it the last ounce of profit; he did not, for instance, describe how he had found her leaning upon her elbow in the darkness, with the walls of her room tottering about her. James Challoner had not forgiven her for that. She had made it so plain that she preferred for her child and herself an appalling death beneath the bricks than the slower decline into misery which awaited them. He tried to omit that remembrance from his mind, as he certainly did from his story.

A collection was made for him to send him on his way. He accepted it with dignity.

"I do not ask for your names," he said. "It would be the merest pretence. I cannot promise to pay you back. I take it as from one man to another." And so with his pocket full he journeyed downward to the vineyards of Mendoza.

At Mendoza he took the train and in a night and a day came to Buenos Ayres. It was in the cool of the evening that he stepped out upon the platform. He was in no doubt what he should do. He had stopped in Buenos Ayres for a month on his way out from England; and he had thought out his plan very carefully during his last night in Valparaiso. He took a train for Barracas, and in the train he tied an old bootlace about his daughter's arm. He left the train before it crossed the bridge, and walked up a hill where great houses stand back behind walls and gardens much as one may see them in Clapham. Some way up the hill he stopped in front of one of these houses.

It was noticeable amongst the houses, because a curious turnstile was let into the garden wall. The turnstile supported a small circular platform partitioned off with screens. James Challoner placed his child upon the platform, rang the bell, and turned the stile. The platform revolved, the child disappeared from view within the garden, and the screens were so arranged that those who received the child within could not see James Challoner outside.

James Challoner went back into the middle of the road, yawned, and stretched his arms above his head. To-day you may cross the Andes from Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres in forty-eight hours. James Challoner had taken four months. He thought of his journey with a chuckle. His daughter had made his way easy.

"Nine hundred miles and I've done 'em on eider-down," he said. "That's the only bit of comfort I've ever got out of my marriage."

He had left his child in a foundling hospital kept by some wealthy old ladies. He had tied a bootlace round her arm, rather because it was the conventional thing to do, than with any intention of reclaiming her. He was now a free man. He lit his pipe and stuck his hands in his pockets. With a pleasant sense of lightness, he strolled down to exploit his freedom in the bright streets of Buenos Ayres.

IV

CYNTHIA'S BIRTHDAY

CYNTHIA woke on the eighth of January to the knowledge that a thrilling day for her had just begun. She looked out beneath the sun blinds across the Daventry

estancia. Not a hand-breadth of cloud was visible. The brown earth baked under a blinding sun and the sky fitted down upon it like a cap of brass. Inside the room, however, there was neither glare nor heat; and Cynthia stood with her expectations of the day fluttering about her like a shower of rose leaves. She was seventeen this morning, and the pride of it set her heart dancing. There would be letters downstairs from her friends, she hoped. There was a string of pearls, she knew. It had been bought that winter in Buenos Ayres with so elaborate a secrecy, and after so much furtive discussion as to whether it was good enough, that she could not but know of it. Moreover, there was a most important telegram to be despatched immediately after breakfast; a telegram of so much consequence that no hand but hers must write it out and send it off. So Cynthia was quick this morning. She dressed herself in a cool white frock, her white shoes and stockings, and ran lightly down the stairs into that room where years before a chandelier had of its own accord swung to and fro.

Valparaiso had long since been rebuilt, but Robert and Joan Daventry still kept house in Buenos Ayres through the winter, and made the estancia their summer home. The years, however, had brought their changes. Robert and Joan were frankly an old couple nowadays; a young Englishman was sitting at the breakfast table; he undertook the whole burden of management; and, finally, there was Cynthia. The "other plan," so often debated and so often shelved, had been adopted, after all; the experiment from which Robert Daventry had so shrunk had been risked; and Cynthia was the triumphant flower of it.

She greeted the old couple tenderly, shook hands with Richard Walton, the young manager, and received his good wishes with a pretty assumption of great dignity. But her eyes strayed to the table, where her place was piled high with parcels and letters, and her dignity vanished in her delight.

"I have many friends," she cried, with a sort of wonder in her voice very taking to those who looked on her while she spoke. For she could not but have friends, it seemed. So frank a wish to please and so sweet a modesty were linked to so much

beauty. It was not the beauty of Argentina, though a rhapsodist might have maintained that some of its sunlight was held prisoner in the heavy ripples of her hair. But the hair was light brown in color, where the gold did not shine, and the rose was in her cheeks. A broad forehead, eyebrows thick and brown, curving across a fair skin above great eyes of a deep blue set rather wide apart, gave to her face a curious distinction. And her eyes looked out from so dark a wealth of lashes that they seemed unfathomable with mysteries—until she spoke. Then kindness and a fresh joy in life lit them with soft fires. For the rest, she was neither short nor remarkable for height, the nose and the nostrils delicate, the chin small, but a definite chin: As for her mouth, it was not a rosebud, nor again was it a letter-box. It suited her and she could afford to smile. One granted her, at a glance, health and a look of race.

She began to open her letters and her presents. "Yes, I have many friends," she repeated.

"It may be surprising," said Robert Daventry. "But it seems to be true. In fact, I am not quite sure that I have not some small token about me that Joan and I don't dislike you altogether."

He fumbled first in one pocket, then in another.

"Really!" cried Cynthia. She leaned toward him, all eagerness and curiosity. Her lips were parted in a smile. She followed the movements of his hands with an air of suspense. She knew very well that half the pleasure of the givers would be spoilt if she betrayed any acquaintance with the gift.

"What can it be?" Her whole attitude asked, while Robert Daventry slapped himself and looked under the table in a great fluster lest he should have mislaid the present. His concern was sheer farce; she, with a subtle skill of comedy, played her little part of happy impatience.

"Ah!" cried Robert Daventry at last. "It is not lost"; and he took out from his breast pocket a narrow case of green leather and from the white satin lining of the case the expected string of pearls. She stood up while Robert Daventry clasped it about her throat, and, as she took her seat again, she said in a low voice:

"You are both extraordinarily kind to me. I often wonder what would have be-

come of me but for you—where I should be now."

For a moment both of the old people looked startled. Then Robert Daventry hastened to protest:

"My dear," he cried in a flurry, "you are, after all, of my flesh and blood. And flesh and blood has its claims." Joan's quiet voice came to his help:

"Besides, the debt is not all on one side, Cynthia. We were not very contented until you came to us, were we, Robert?"

"No, we weren't," he replied with relief, like a man floundering who finds solid ground under his feet. "We had lived hard and had done a great deal of work, and we were beginning to ask ourselves why. The heat and the ardor were over, you see. Our lives were cooling down. We had come to a time when one is apt to sit at night over the fire and wonder regretfully, now that no change is possible, whether we hadn't aimed at the wrong things and got less than we might have got out of our lives. We had piled up, and were still piling up a great deal more money than we had any use for. We had made Daventry out of a plain as bare as the palm of my hand, and we had no one very dear to us to whom we could leave it. There didn't seem to be much use in things. Next week was going to be like this week, and the week after like next week, and life altogether nothing more than a succession of dull things. We were very nearly abandoning the estancia and retiring to England when my brother died."

"And left me to you," said Cynthia.

Robert Daventry nodded.

"And then our discontent vanished," said he.

Cynthia shook her head.

"I don't remember very much of those days, but I remember enough to be sure that I gave you a good deal of trouble." She spoke lightly to hide the emotion which the kindness of these friends had stirred in her.

Joan Daventry smiled.

"Yes, you gave us trouble, Cynthia," she said. "We are frightened by it still, at times. We are growing old and there is no other young spirit in the house, and it is possible that you might find your life rather dull, just as we did before you came to us."

"Dull?" cried Cynthia. "With you two dear people?" She held a hand lovingly to each, and now was hiding nothing

of what she felt. "Besides, I have my friends. I meet them in Buenos Ayres. They come here to visit me. You gave them to me, as you have given me everything. Look at the number of them!" and she proudly pointed to her letters. She read them through and she breakfasted, and at the end of the meal gathered them in her hands.

"I must send some telegrams," she said. "I will drive to the railway station."

"Now?" Joan Daventry asked anxiously. "Can't they be sent later, in the afternoon, Cynthia?"

"No, mother," Cynthia replied. "Some might wait, but there's one which must go off now."

Joan Daventry looked at Richard Walton. The blinds were down and the window closed; so that the room was dark and cool. But a glance at her manager's face told her sufficiently what the heat was like outside. He had been abroad since daybreak and he was the color of a ripe mulberry. Joan Daventry looked to him for assistance. But, though his eyes were fixed with a momentary intentness upon Cynthia, he did not give it. He spoke on another subject.

"If you go, Miss Cynthia, I hope you will leave at home the pearls you are wearing round your throat. We are cutting the corn to-day and there are a good many men about of whom I know nothing at all. More hands came in last night than we had use for. It's all right, of course, but I shouldn't wear those pearls."

"Of course not," said Cynthia. "I will put them away."

"And you will take a man with you," said Robert Daventry. Neither he nor Joan had been brought up in cotton-wool; nor did they ever think to cloister Cynthia. She was left her liberty; and so half an hour afterward, with a big straw hat shading her face from the sun, she drove in her cart along the avenue to the railway station. She sent off the messages of thanks and then wrote out the important telegram which was to mark the day for her. She wrote it out without an alteration. For her thoughts had run fastidiously on the wording of it all through breakfast-time. She addressed it to:

CAPTAIN RAMES, R. N.,
S.S. *Perhaps*,
Tilbury Docks,
London.

And she handed it to the operator with a certain trepidation like one who does some daring and irrevocable deed. The operator, however, was quite unmoved. The important message to which so much consideration had been given, wore to him quite a commonplace look. It amounted, indeed, to no more than this:

"Every heart-felt wish for a triumphant journey, from an unknown friend in South America."

Thus, the very words were conventional and the sentiment no great matter to make a fuss about. But this was not Cynthia's point of view.

She had spoken the truth at the breakfast table when she had told Joan and Robert Daventry that she did not find her life dull. But they were old people, and, in spite of her many friends, she was, to be sure, much alone with them. She was reticent of her feelings in their presence, not through any habit of concealment, but from modesty and the disparity of years. On the other side it was Joan's theory that youth should be trusted rather than pried upon. Cynthia was thus thrown back a good deal upon herself, and if she did not find life dull, it was, perhaps, because with life she had very little to do. She was seventeen, a girl of clear eyes and health and silver thoughts; and romance had its way with her. All that loving care could imagine for the clean and delicate training of mind and body had been lavished on her; and little by little she had fashioned for herself a wonderland of dreams and beautiful things. The only ugly thing about it was the iron turnstile in the wall by which you gained admittance. But that could not be helped. Its ugliness was recognized. The turnstile had been there from the beginning—why, Cynthia could not have told you. It was indeed itself the beginning. It was there in her dreams and her fancies, offering admission to somewhere, before the somewhere was explored, and found to be the wonderland.

In this world, then, she moved amidst a very goodly company. She was careful about her company, choosing it from the world at large. She claimed the best of all the nations for her friends, yet with a pretty shyness which often enough set her blushing and laughing at her own pretension. She had a test. Unless you answered to it,

there was no admission, the turnstile did not revolve. Coronets went for nothing, even brave deeds did not suffice. He who entered—and, by the way, it must regretfully be admitted that “he” does accurately represent the sex of those who were allowed to enter. For it had never occurred to Cynthia at all to let another woman into her world. She was modest, but her modesty had its limits. He who entered, then, must have given proof that he was possessed with a definite idea, that his life moved to the tune of it.

The population of Cynthia’s private enclosure was consequently strictly limited; and, since she only knew her heroes through the newspaper and books, some even of those who were admitted came in under false pretences, and had summarily to be ejected. She was thus on the look-out for recruits. Captain Rames was the latest of them, and Cynthia knew less of him even than of the others. She had seen a blurred portrait of him in a daily paper; she knew that he was an officer in the navy, aged thirty-four, and it seemed to her that he had passed her test. For, this very afternoon, in command of a Dundee whaler, he was off southward into seas where no ship yet had sailed.

The clerk stamped her telegram and took it behind the partition into his office. Cynthia climbed back into her cart.

“I will drive back across the farm,” she said. “I want to see the reaping.”

At the end of the short, wide street of one-storied huts and houses she turned through a gate in a wire fence onto a wide plain of

brown grass. A mile across the plain, separated by no fence or hedge, the glistening acres of wheat began, and at the edge Cynthia could see little men seated on reaping-machines drawn by little horses like toys. She drove toward them thinking of the telegram, and, with a blush under her straw hat, of its reception. As a matter of fact, Captain Rames was rather busy that day, and anonymous telegrams did not receive from him the attention which was no doubt their due. In three hours’ time, she thought, Captain Rames might be wondering what his unknown friend was like, with a heart full of gratitude for her unknown friendship. Meanwhile, she was driving nearer and nearer to the little toys at the edge of the wheat-field. The little toys were growing larger and larger. Cynthia came out of her rose-mist.

“There are some new machines,” she said, with interest, to the man who was with her. He was an old half-breed who had been long on the estate.

“Yes, Senorita,” he answered. He pointed to one longer than the rest and drawn by six horses. “It does everything. It cuts, it ties in sheaves.”

The whirring of the machinery came louder and louder to their ears. The young horse which she was driving cocked its ears and became restive. She gave the reins to the servant.

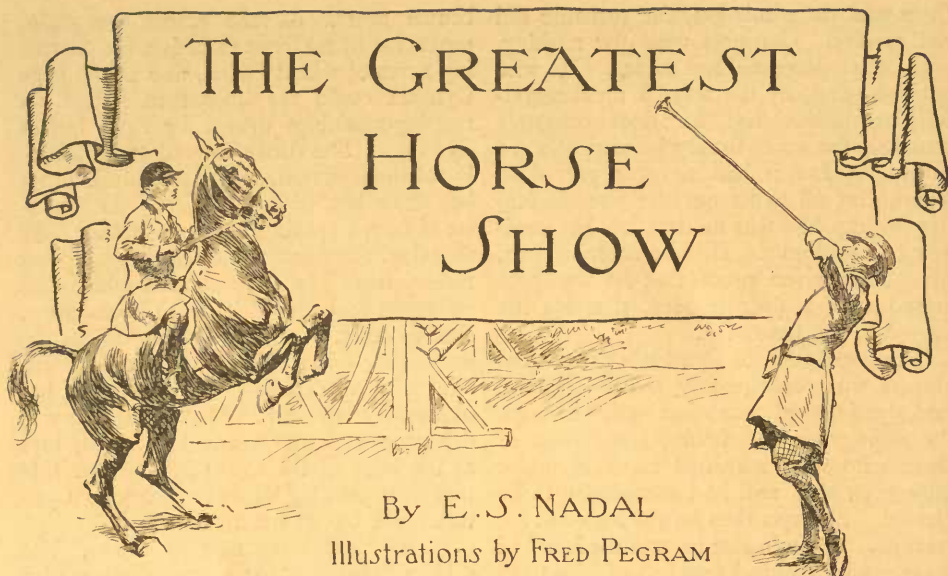
“I will walk forward,” she said. “You can wait here.” She descended to the ground. She walked forward toward the edge of the wheat. There realities awaited her.

(To be continued.)

A CHARACTER

By Brian Hooker

THE heart of life is hid from him;
 He has no ear for overtones,
 No eye for blended hues or dim;
 Therefore he learns a name for each,
 Dockets our laughter and our moans,
 And hurries forth to judge and teach—
 The heart of life is hid from him.



By E. S. NADAL
Illustrations by FRED PEGRAM

THE International Horse Show held this year in London was perhaps the greatest horse show ever held. The London International is, no doubt, the greatest horse show in the world, and, this being the coronation year, and the show coming in the coronation week, great efforts were made that it should surpass previous international shows. A larger number of horses were entered, prizes more numerous and of greater value were offered, and it was expected that the attendance would be larger and more brilliant than ever before, which has indeed proved to be the case. The International show is, as every one knows, an indoor show held at Olympia, Kensington.

The arrangement of the building is very sensible. At one end of it, a large space had been set apart for the stables. These were prettily decorated with festoons of flowers. One exhibitor, a Canadian, had put up an imitation of a stable of the time of Elizabeth, of which our artist has made a sketch. On three sides of the building, between the main hall and the outer walls, there is a broad passage, with refreshment rooms, shops, etc. Nothing could be prettier than the decoration of the main hall. On the walls there was a representation of a Tudor village, with such houses as the reader may have seen at Old Chester. Beyond and above the village, there were

English hills, like those in the Lake country. The doors of the west entrance, through which the horses came from the stables into the ring, showed an old English Inn, named in compliment to Lord Lonsdale, I suppose, "The Lowther Arms." There was a profusion of the choicest flowers everywhere, and these were renewed from day to day. The show of flowers must have been made at great expense. For instance, on each side of the jump known as the "railway crossing" was a Teddy Bear. They were boxwood plants, cut down to represent a bear, and were of life size. Each of these cost, perhaps, ten pounds. They were removed at the time of the King's visit and replaced by designs more specially appropriate in the form of crowns.

I found the little shops and booths in the passage, outside the main hall, highly decorative and very amusing. There were flower shops and gold and silversmiths, but most of them had some connection with horses. There was, for instance, a shop for sporting weathercocks, such as go on stables, a hunter mounted at one end and his dogs at the other. One weathercock was the Viking ship presented by Queen Alexandra to King Haakon, of Norway. One shop for breeches and riding habits had a real horse and a real pony, upon which to be measured for, and try on, riding



The Elizabethan stable

clothes. It is happiness enough for a boy to mount that very well-bred wooden horse with sharp withers and high head in a certain shop in Oxford Street. But a real horse! What would a boy think of that? There was a restaurant, a grill-room and a tea-room. Now if it had been an American show of such pretensions as this one, it would have been thought necessary to have a café with Waldorf prices. But the grill-

room had such cosey prices as chop 1/, leg of chicken 1/, wing 1/6, fish salad (very nice) 11d., egg 2d., and so on.

The foreign officers were a very noticeable feature of the show. There were some fifty of them, and they were always in uniform. When they were not riding, they usually sat together in a large box, just under the Royal box, and from their seats made a display that was in extent and color-

ing highly decorative. In the jumping competitions, they rode in uniform, and you soon became familiar enough with the caps, tunics, and breeches of the various countries represented to be able to tell from their dress the nationalities of the horsemen. In the jumping competitions the French and the Russians did best, with the British officers third. It was to the credit of British fair play that the applause was quite as great when a foreigner made a clean performance as when it was made by an Englishman. The applause was indeed too liberal. It sometimes excited and confused the horses. It should have been, of course, reserved till the horse had completed his round of jumps. Captain d'Exe, a Russian, won the George V Cup. His horse was an ordinary trooper's horse and of no particular known breed. On the day of the King's visit, His Majesty, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, came down into the ring, when the Russian officer rode into the ring, and, dismounting, was congratulated on his achievement by the King. Later in the same day there was a competition for the Edward VII Cup, which was won by Lieutenant Horment, a French officer on L'Ami II. The same officer had a gray upon which I should like to have seen him win, an animal with a beautiful way of moving and taking the jumps. All the horsemen seemed to like him. I think that horsemen, no matter what their specialities and interests in horseflesh may be, are ready to see and acknowledge excellence in almost any kind of a horse. A harness-horse man, for instance, will see the good points, or at any rate the central essential qualities of a hunter. The good horseman has an instinct which speaks when something really nice appears. The judging of the jumpers, however, did not permit the consideration of the general characteristics of the horses. It was simply a matter of "faults," as I suppose it must be. The horse that cleared all the jumps was perfect, the animal that touched only one hurdle in going over was next, and so on. The Russian winner of the George V Cup was second in this competition.

There was a great deal of jumping, and it became, perhaps, a little monotonous, but it is what the crowd likes. It would have been better, I think, to have had rather more purely military displays, such, for in-

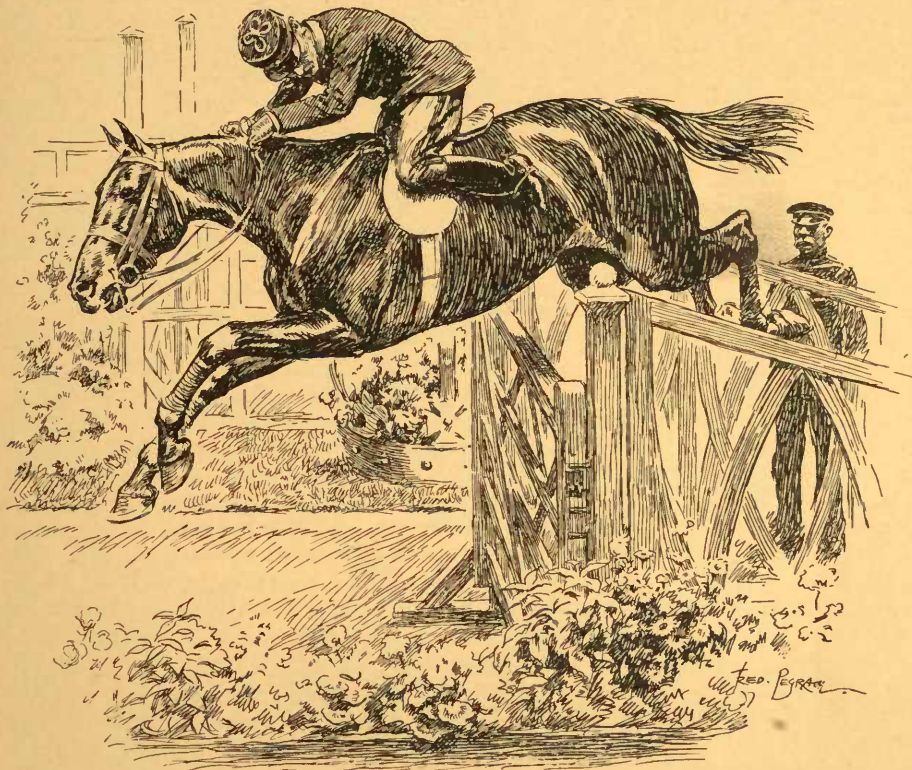
stance, as the exhibition of riding given by the German officers before the King on the occasion of his visit, which was a beautiful display of fine riding and fine horses. The Emperor of Germany had sent over these horses, which were all of German breeding, being the result of the crossing of thoroughbreds upon the native horses. The breeding has evidently been carried on with characteristic German intelligence and thoroughness. The troop was led by Lieutenant Platen, said to be the best rider in the German army, an officer in the white uniform of a cuirassier, mounted upon a most beautiful chestnut charger. It is scarcely necessary to say that the horses all had long tails. One circumstance rather surprised me. I had frequently noticed during the show that officers rose to the trot. A cavalryman has always been supposed to sit down to that gait. This has been thought necessary, because it would be quite out of the question for a rider to rise with a dangling sword attached to his waist. That difficulty has now been got over, however, by attaching the sword to the saddle. Rising to the trot for park riding is easier to the rider and better looking, and it may have advantages even to a cavalryman. It is said to require less exertion than sitting down. I remember once riding in company with a very experienced horseman, and, as the day was cold, I was trying to get warm by rising high in the stirrups. My acquaintance said, "Sit down and bump, and you will be warm." I tried it and found it was so, which looks as if rising to trot were less exertion than sitting down. Nevertheless, it does not seem the right form for a cavalryman, and I was surprised to find it done by the German officers. I was told, however, that they would not have done this at home.

Our American officers at the show, I noticed, sat down to the trot. A half-dozen of our officers came over with their horses, and they did well for a beginning. They had very little time to prepare for the show and to get the horses together. When the invitation came, Major Foltz went to the War Department and explained that it would be necessary for our cavalry to follow the lead of the mounted services of other countries by entering upon these competitions and that a beginning ought to be made. Accordingly, a few horses were got

together, partly belonging to the government and partly to the competing officers, and in part contributed by Americans, who had a patriotic interest in having the country

horses, of course, did a good deal of this, as almost all of the horses did.

An interesting American horse, ridden by one of our officers, was Khaled, a



A favorite show-ring seat

make as good an appearance at the show as was possible under the circumstances. To have a chance of winning in these competitions, horses must have a very special training, and the horses of the officers of the other nationalities had had this training. It is especially necessary to teach the horses to clear obstacles with their hind legs. European horses have been taught to do this by the use of certain artificial contrivances, which cause them to hit their hind legs if they do not lift them high enough. But a horse that has not been trained in this manner quickly discovers that he can with impunity strike the bars of the loose hurdles with his hind legs, and he does it. Our

chestnut stallion. He is by one of the Arabs in the Huntington stud at Oyster Bay, Long Island, recently owned by the New York artist and horseman, Mr. Sewell, the dam a thoroughbred. The officer bought and trained this horse. He is a very handsome animal, especially Arab in appearance. It is for this reason, I suppose, and from the fact that he is as handy as a polo pony that, in seeing him from my seat, I supposed he was a small horse. When I stood alongside of him I found he was well over sixteen hands and weighed at least twelve hundred pounds. I noticed that his trot was better than you ever see in a full-bred Arab, or that you often see in a

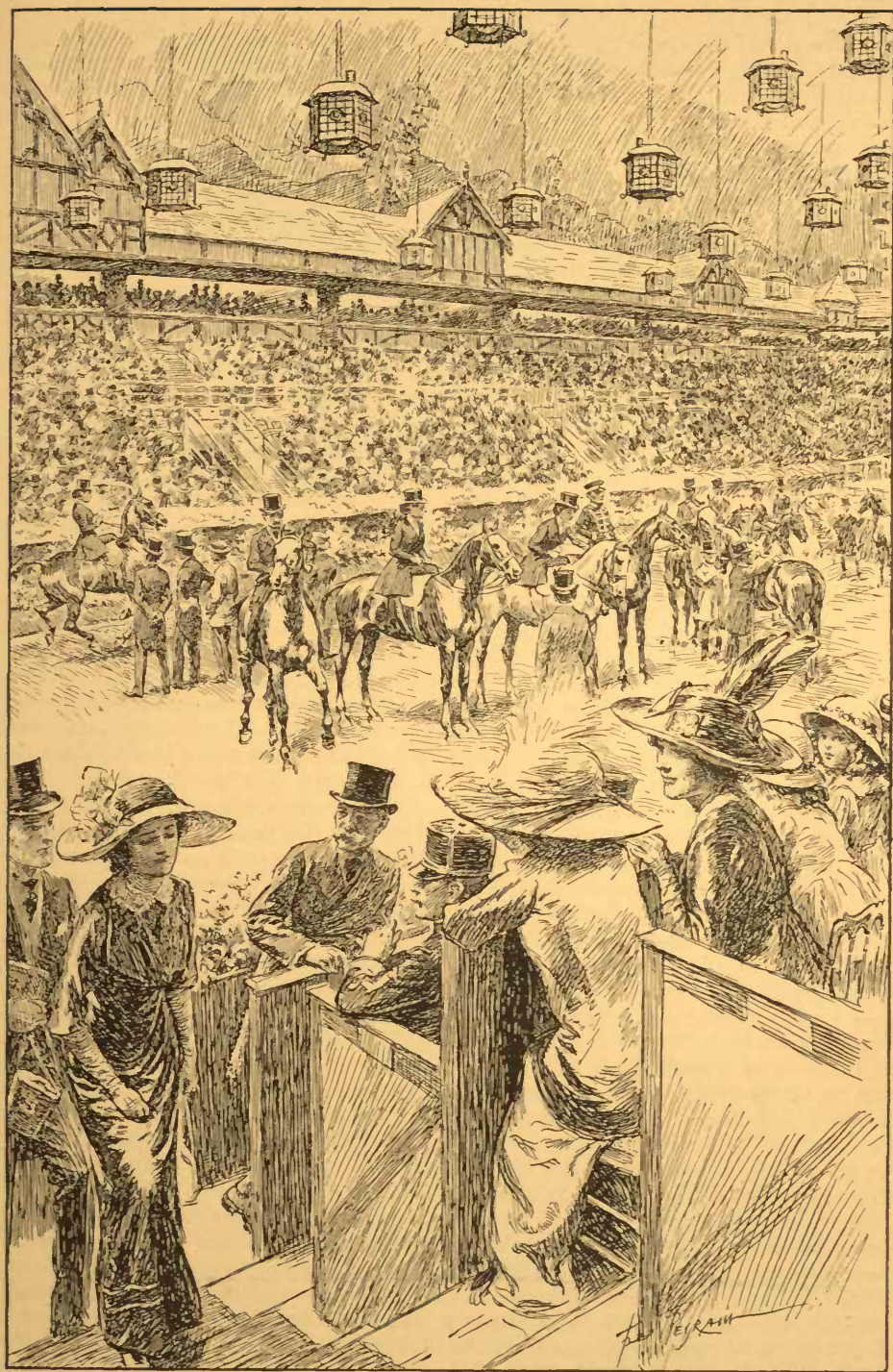
thoroughbred. I was sorry, I may say here, that there was no class for Arabs at the show. I should like to have seen an exhibition of the beautiful animals which were shown me a few years ago at his place in Sussex by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, the first expert in England on Arabs and one of the first in Europe. When you speak of breeding true to type, there you had it. They seemed to be all struck off the same die. It is ungrateful of us not to bear in mind the service which the Arab has been in the creation of the modern horse. Then they are so beautiful and attractive they are sure to please the fresh and unsophisticated taste of the public. There is, however, no class for them at our own show in New York.

Before the jumping began, a rather pretty piece of business was carefully enacted. I mention it as showing the care of the management for picturesque effects. A team of four big, handsome bays, ridden by postilions, pulled into the ring a heavy wagon, containing the timber to be set up for the jumps. This team was preceded by a postilion riding a big cock horse, I presume you would call him. He stopped at each place where a jump was to be put up and seemed to oversee the erection of it. Two jumps on each side were put up. There were other jumps down the middle of the ring, which remained standing, the course for the harness horses and hacks being outside of these. These jumps represented a sheep pen, an Irish fence, from the top of which horses jumped downward and a railroad crossing with the bars down. These stationary jumps were buried in flowers.

I heard a Guardsman, who is a great horseman, asked if he had been at the horse show. He replied that he had not, that he had heard it was a flower show. It was, as I have said, a beautiful flower show. The floral display at the show had been so pretty that I wanted to see what Olympia would look like with nothing but flowers. The Annual Flower Show was given there the week following the horse show. This I attended, interested, however, quite as much in the people as in the flowers. I was curious to see whether I could differentiate a flower show crowd from a horse show crowd. I cannot say that I quite succeeded in this endeavor. The horse show crowd was perhaps the smarter. I

did not find much that was distinctive at the flower show. I have somewhere read that a fondness for flowers and an interest in their cultivation is a sure mark of refinement of mind, and I should think it would be so. But then, on the other hand, it has always seemed to me that people receive an education in refinement of perception from a study of horses. And an education also results from this study in refinement and correctness of expression. I have often been surprised by the literary delicacy and truth of the epithets hit upon by quite uneducated men in describing the qualities of horses.

The classes for saddle-hacks were very full, and they contained many beautiful horses. Bred on thoroughbred lines, they had, of course, beautiful fronts, and the long tails which most of them carried seemed to balance beautifully their fine long necks and sloping shoulders. When they came to move, the walk and canter were right, but to my eyes scarcely one of them had a good saddle trot. If I made any exception, it would be in the case of the ponies, which seemed better in the trot than the larger horses. An extremely good horsewoman, of a very smart appearance, took a first prize with a handsome chestnut. I had seen this lady a few years ago at a charming little local show at Newbury, where I stopped for a few hours on my way back from the Bath show, riding a thoroughbred mare, with which it seemed impossible to find any fault, an animal that afterward took a championship at Olympia. But I was greatly disappointed by her new mount. The horse's trot was so short that I am quite sure that he could not have won in any good American show. The lady, by the way, in riding this horse, did not rise to the trot, and I supposed that the trot was too short to rise to. But later I saw her riding a horse with a fairly long step, and she still sat down to the trot. I noticed that several other ladies did the same. So here is a new fashion in this country of fashion and of form. The trot of the English hacks is not good, because they do not bend their hocks. That is because the thoroughbred, from which they come directly, does not bend his hocks. Of course there are exceptions, but this is true of nearly all thoroughbreds and of the great majority of hunters and half-bred hacks. Looking on



Drawn by Fred Pegram.

Class for saddle-hacks.

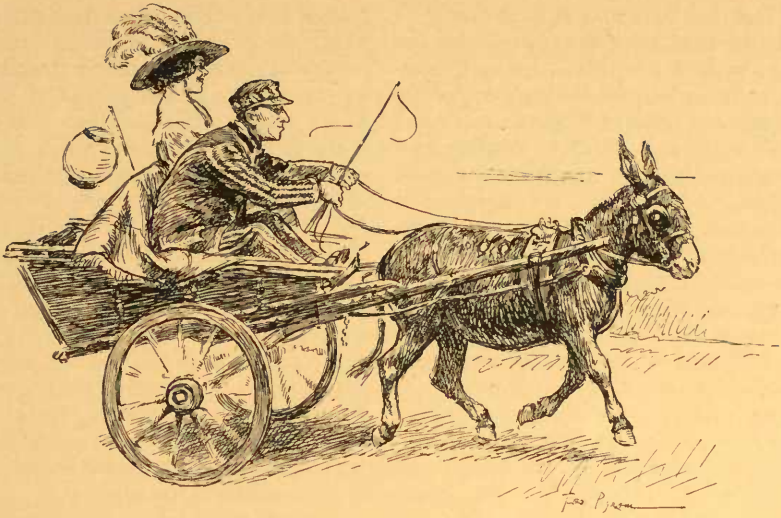
from the stand at that beautiful outdoor show at Dublin, I was thoughtless enough to say to the man next me that I had seen eleven hundred hunters at that show and not one good hack, at which he was very indignant. But I was more fortunate when I made a similar observation to a young lady who sat next me at Olympia. We were looking at a class of hacks. The riders in the ring had been painfully trotting for a few seconds, when the order was given to canter, at which they started off merrily with an expression of "Here is something we can do." I said to my neighbor, who had been in this country, "You in England think so little of the trot, and we think so much of it." "Ah," she said, "that is because you have got the trotters; if we had them, we'd think a lot of them too; but it is not our way to think much of things we don't have."

Mr. Gooch, the English horseman who so long judged us at Madison Square and who was in the ring at the time, riding Mr. Walter Winans's "Bugle March," a thoroughbred, preached his thoroughbred gospel for some years in New York. He had not much success with it. Still, a good many of our boys and girls, especially those who have a fancy for hunting and would like to be "sporty," were of his way of thinking. Mr. Gooch thought that our saddle-horse was of the harness type. There is no doubt truth in that. Many Kentucky saddle-horses are thick-shouldered and straight-shouldered, although there are many that are not. But when it comes to gaits under the saddle, no animal that I know of is quite equal to the Kentucky hack, especially in the trot. I find plenty horsemen of European birth and bringing up, men from the Continent, Irishmen, and even Englishmen, who will own that no other horse gives you such a "good ride" as a Kentucky saddle-horse. But it would be quite impossible for one of our horses to win at an English show unless he had the accepted English conformation. Hence, no American hack which is not of this kind would be sent there. Mr. Cravath got a second prize and reserve championship this year at Olympia with an American horse, "Doctor Crockett," though he did not appear to me to be going so well as I had seen him go in New York. But "Doctor Crockett" is an American thoroughbred,

I think from Missouri. The Kentucky saddle-horse "Poetry of Motion" also won at Olympia some years ago, but he is rather thoroughbred in type.

It is a pity that horses taken to Olympia from other parts of the world have to be judged from an English or European point of view, but it is hard to see how it could be otherwise, at any rate if they are shown in the same classes as the English horses. It would be best to have such horses shown in classes by themselves and judged by judges of the country from which they come, as was done in the case of the American trotters at Olympia. But then there should be a pretty large representation of the horses of the country to make it interesting. I should like very much to see a really good and characteristic representation of Kentucky horses at Olympia, say with such horses as "Bourbon King" and "Montgomery Chief," but I presume it would be out of the question to have such an exhibition. The owners would not take the risk of sending animals of such value so far from home. Besides, the stallions which are the most interesting and characteristic Kentucky saddle-horses, could not be sent away at the season of the year in which the London show is held.

As a show of fashionable people and fine clothes the Olympia show is very different from what any one familiar with the Madison Square show in its early days might expect. There is no footway between the ring and the boxes, or no more room than is necessary to permit people to pass to their seats. There is, therefore, none of that staring, or that willingness to be stared at, which was characteristic of the New York show at that time. It was a very frank expression of our democratic society that one saw there in those days—a lot of people in the boxes who had gone in on a rising market, stared at by a lot of people on the floor who had gone in on a falling market. It was not nice. But that feature has long disappeared from our New York show. The London show is, so far as the attendance goes, mainly an afternoon show. There are morning and evening sessions, but these are not so well attended as the afternoon session. The newspapers mentioned a few of the fashionable people present, but there was no description of the dresses. Indeed, there was usually such a



A "Moke" or coster's donkey.

large attendance of royal personages that other people were not much noticed. The enumeration of the mere names of the Royalties who came to England to attend the coronation filled a column of the *Times*. Most of these were probably at the horse show. There was room in the Royal box for not more than nine persons, and on one day there were fifteen of them present, so that the overflow had to be made room for elsewhere. The look of the show was never quite so brilliant as on the occasion of the visit of the King and Queen the afternoon before their coronation. There were twelve thousand people present, who rose to their feet when their Majesties entered, and the national anthem was played.

A very popular evening display was the costers and their carts. They drove in, something like a hundred of them, in their donkey carts, the donkeys braying and in some cases running away, each coster accompanied by his wife or his girl, or "don-ah," as she is called. They were greeted by a large crowd of spectators with liberal applause and shouts of laughter. It seems that a coster's splendor depends upon the number of pearl buttons he wears on his coat. Among the competitors was the "Pearly King," a celebrated character, whose coat was all buttons. Each 'Arry as he drove in accompanied by his 'Arriet was presented by the member of the House of Lords, who is the presiding genius of

the show, with a cigar. I dare say it was the only good one he ever had. In the peer and the coster you saw two of those types with which English life abounds. We have no types, or scarcely any—only individuals. These types have always been of great use to English literature and art, and especially to English pictorial art. I noticed lately a charming example of this use of types in an English comic weekly which made me, on behalf of our American artists, quite envy London this advantage. In this picture the artist had represented a coster out for a day's holiday with his girl. The figure and the tearful expression of the girl were drawn with that pathos and sympathy which are almost inseparable from fine humor—the young man's face and attitude very insolent as he says: "Ketch me a-takin' yer hout fer a 'appy die agin; yer done nothink but grumble hever since I put that snowball down yer back."

I hope there will be no impropriety in alluding to one very English type: the gentleman who presides so well over the destinies of this institution. He is a great credit to that British upper chamber, which now seems to be in such extremities. Of course, he has the business of representation to do, and he does it admirably. But that is a small part of what he has to do. He distributes all the ribbons and prizes. I scarcely think the successful competitors

would feel they had won, if he did not. I dare say he is more or less consulted in the judging, work for which is he very competent, as horsemen tell me he is one of the best judges of a horse in England. He is at work all day long. With a sensible and good-humored face, a fine presence, good figure and good height, he is everywhere in evidence and always pleasant to see. He is invariably well turned out (his dress very correct and thorough); in daytime a frock-coat and trousers of some dark color, the waistcoat and scarf always white, which last is, I suppose, a fancy of his own, which his good color permits him to indulge. At night, of course, he is always in equally careful evening dress. And yet, notwithstanding his very correct appearance, he does not mind, when in a hurry, going across the ring at a good trot. He seems to work in this way from nine o'clock in the morning till bedtime, and must be fresh enough in the meantime to have the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany to dinner in the restaurant. Pretty hard work this for a man past fifty to keep up for two weeks. One of his accomplishments, by the way, is that he makes an excellent speech. He is a master of fox-hounds, and is said to be almost as good a man on a yacht as he is in the hunting field.

Special judges were appointed for the fire engines and the mounted police. Drivers of the fire-engines were required to drive their horses between posts and "dolls," as they are called. There were eleven fire-engines drawn by pairs of horses. The winners were a very nice pair of roans. Both the fire-horses and the police-horses were docked. With us, such horses have long tails. The policemen's horses were of all colors and were not uniform in color, as is the case with us. It was interesting to know that the firemen were all sailors, or rather ex-sailors. Sailors can all climb, and London has a great supply to draw from of men bred to the sea, and there can be no better material. I remember a sea captain once saying to a young lady, who had used the term "common sailor." "Madame, there is no such thing as a common sailor; a sailor is an uncommon man." And indeed, when you come to think of it, a man, part of whose daily or nightly routine it may be to hang over a boiling sea at four o'clock in the morning during a hurri-

cane, is in a different class from you and me, whose most serious physical undertaking for the day is holding onto a strap in a trolley as we go to our places of business. There you have indeed that four-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, which Napoleon said was the only kind he respected. Such men, however, seem thrown away in London, where there are but few fires. During the many years I lived there I never but once saw a fire-engine, and that was when I visited Captain Shaw at his head-quarters and was given an exhibition of the men and horses at work. I never saw a fire-engine in the street, and I never saw a fire. We know what frequent sights both are in New York, and what a lot of opportunities our own brave fellows have for the exercise of their splendid qualities.

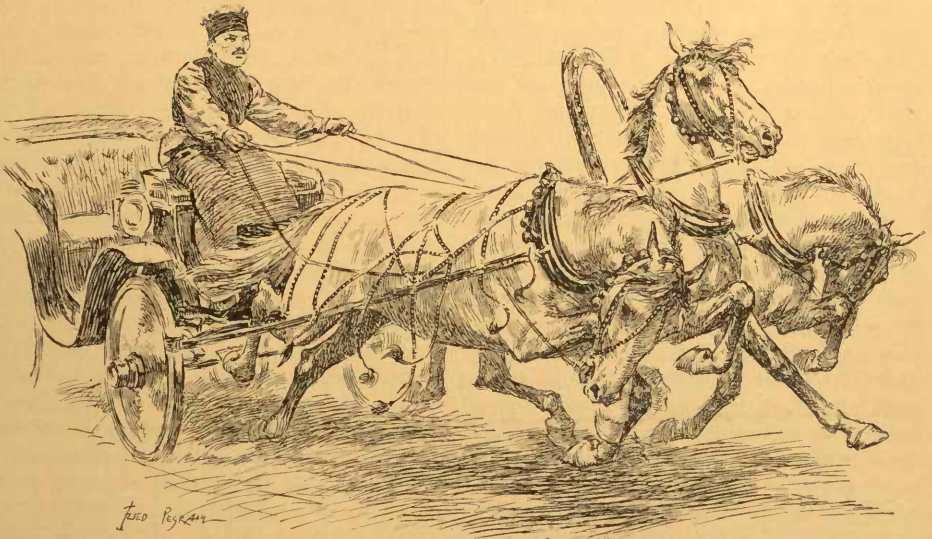
Perhaps the most spectacular success of the show has been the Russian harness-horses. The troikas were especially popular. These are vehicles something like a Victoria, pulled by three horses driven abreast, the middle horse trotting and the outside horses galloping. The gallopers go with their heads close to the ground and are hence called "snow eaters." They were driven by coachmen padded for protection against Russian winds—padded also, it is said, to make them look well fed. The troikas were usually brought out to show distinguished visitors. They had them out when the King and Queen came. It seemed, however, somewhat odd that there should have been an exhibition of them on the occasion of the visit to the show of the Japanese celebrities, Admiral Togo and General Nogi.

The Russian trotters, or Orloffs, as they are called, are the descendants of a family of native Russian horses, crossed with Arabs. In the latter part of the eighteenth century the Empress Catherine imported half a dozen Arab mares and crossed them with the native horse. The descendants of this cross have been bred in and in until they have acquired certain special characteristics, to which they breed very true. It is said that when you have seen one of them you have seen them all. I can believe this from the uniform character of the Orloffs at Olympia. They have the small head and something of the general conformation of their Arabian ancestors, but they trot, which Arabs rarely do at all well, or at

any rate do not do from choice; they are much heavier made than Arabs and they do not carry the high tail, which is an invariable characteristic of the pure-bred Arab. The tails, however, which are beautiful, are very heavy and are allowed to reach almost to the ground. The Orloffs look a good deal like our old-fashioned Morgans. It was claimed in Vermont that Morgans were Arabs. I am now speaking of the Morgans of my young days. They were not confined to Vermont, but were all over the country. It was in the South that I knew them. They were full-made horses, with a great deal of stamina, and endurance, and that is the type of the Russian Orloff. A friend of mine, who knows Orloffs well, tells me that they and the Morgans are very much alike. The pure Orloff breed, as I understand it, has no cross of American trotter. Of course, many American trotters have gone to Russia, and their blood has been mixed with that of the Russian horses. But our trotting blood is not in the pure Orloff strain. The pure Orloffs no doubt are fast trotters. One of them has lately trotted a mile in 2.08. Such speed, however, is very rare among them. For a mile or a half-mile brush, no other horse can compare with the American trotter. The Russian horses at the show were fast trotters, but were easily beaten by the imported Americans. Mr. Winans

made up a troika with an American trotter in the middle and an English and a French galloper on each side and easily beat the Orloffs. But though the Orloff cannot contend with the American trotters over short distances, it is claimed that he is much better than the American horse over long distances, and that he has more strength and staying power. He certainly looks very sturdy. An acquaintance of mine, who has had half a dozen of them, tells me that none of them died under twenty-seven and that one lived to thirty. If the Orloff is all he is claimed to be, we should certainly have him in this country, for we need him. Endurance and toughness are not the especial characteristics of the American horses. The American trotter and the Kentucky saddle-horse are two mighty good horses; perhaps, upon the whole, the best in the world, but I doubt if they equal in bone and strength the half-bred horse of England and Ireland, an animal you now find all over Europe.

I had one rather unique opportunity of seeing the Russian troikas. We had a Russian wedding from the boarding-house in which I was staying. As I went abroad chiefly to see the show, I thought I had better find lodgings near by. I found a place just alongside Olympia which answered very well. We had a number of boarders who were connected with the horse show.



Russian Troika trotter and two snow-eaters.

Among them there were a Russian captain of cavalry, who is the head of a riding-school in St. Petersburg, which is supported by the Russian Government, and a young Russian widow, two very good-looking young people, and these two decided upon a wedding. The Russian show horses were drawn up before the door of our boarding-house. The bride, with the gentleman who was to give her away, drove off in a troika drawn by the three big gray Orloffs which had been such a feature of the show. The bridegroom in uniform went in a drosky, to which he walked limping from a fall he had had over a hurdle the day before at the show. The wedding was in the Russian Chapel in Welbeck Street, the same I used to attend, in a dress-coat and a white tie at ten o'clock in the morning, on the frequent occasions upon which a Te Deum was celebrated after the Czar's escape from attempted assassination.

Among the horsemen in our boarding-house was a young Englishman, who had brought over two Irish horses to the show, very fine horses indeed. He bought them in Ireland and had trained them in Berlin. "Made in Germany," he said, and it was probably the one joke of the serious young fellow. I need scarcely say that in a horseman's phrase "to make" means to train or handle. He has ridden in horse shows all his life. I think I remember him, as a little fellow of eight or ten riding jumping ponies in the dreary old Agricultural Hall at Islington. I remember him shedding some tears once after his pony had several times refused a hurdle with a water-jump on the other side, a jump that might well have frightened such a child. But with a little coaxing he went at it again and cleared the fence, landing in the water. Since then he has done nothing but break and train horses. He is a square-featured, solid, sensible young fellow, blonde in color, with that look of health which is the result of a life spent in the open air and in the saddle. His opinions are expressed with modesty and moderation, qualities usual in really good horsemen, or indeed in those who are masters in any sort or calling, when they speak upon their own subjects. I could rarely get more out of him than, "perhaps," or "Do you think so?" I was holding forth upon a favorite theme of mine, that you rarely see a really good hack in Europe,

and instanced one of his horses "made in Germany," with which I had seen him take a second prize at the show. "Surely," I said, "you can't call that a good trot. I don't mind his going with a perfectly straight front leg; you often have that in thoroughbreds or in horses bred on thoroughbred lines, and the action is sometimes pleasant to sit; but your horse trots so 'big' and sometimes does something very like pitching." ("Pitching," I should say, is more likely to appear in harness-horses and is a kind of hopping, to which the slower horse of a pair will sometimes resort, in order to keep pace with a mate that is too fast for him.) The young man's only reply was—"Well, I call him a good hack," in which I am sure he was quite mistaken. I noticed that this horse had a band, or strap, around his neck. The judges seemed to be shy of riding him. His mane was hogged, and I had heard that a strap is sometimes put round the neck of an excitable horse that has no mane, in order to give a rider something to hold on to, in case such aid is needed. But he told me it was the sealed band which the German customs authorities put round the necks of exported horses which are to be brought back to Germany, and without which they cannot be readmitted without payment of the heavy duty. The band will not come off over the horse's head and cannot be removed except by breaking the seal.

I found that what had been told me before sailing about the prevalence of hogging, or cutting the mane entirely off, in England was true. If you ask European importers of saddle-horses into this country why they bring us horses with hogged manes, they will tell you that it is impossible to get them any other way. Of course, they cannot keep a horse the six months which it will take to have his mane lie over before selling him. While the mane is growing, it is very unsightly, so that a dealer, who would sell his horse, must keep it close cropped. The practice of hogging is not quite so general in England as I had supposed, but is nevertheless very common. They not only hog the manes of ponies but of horses sixteen hands high, and long-tailed horses as well as docked horses and cobs. Indeed, a breedy animal with a long tail is supposed to look particularly well with a hogged mane. One argument of-



Would rather not.

ferred in defence of the practice is that grooms cannot be got to take proper care of horses' manes, which seems to me a poor reason. The real reason, no doubt, is that it is the fashion and is believed to look smart. It may look smart, but I am sure it is not beautiful. It is true that horsemen like to look at a horse from the near side, the mane of course falling over on the off side, and it is true that the line of the neck has a clean look when seen from that side. It might be thought, therefore, that by cutting off the mane entirely, you would get the same clean look on both sides. But the line of the mane seen from the near side,

when it is allowed to grow and fall over on the off side, is much softer than the line of hogged mane. Another objection to the practice comes from almost the best saddle-horse man in America, who tells me that he thinks that a hogged mane gives a horse a stupid look and makes him look like a mule. I am not so sure about the stupid look, although I think there is something in that. But I am sure it does make him look like a mule, and the impression is further assisted by the practice of cutting the hair from the tail, leaving only a little tuft at the end. If you see a horse standing in a stall, with that tail turned toward you and no

mane, you will have to look a second time, especially if he has coarse ears, to assure yourself that he is not a mule.

Of all the foolish meddling with horses' manes and tails, the hogging of the mane seems to be the most foolish. Docking is a damage to the horse, as it deprives him of his means of defence against flies. Hogging of the mane injures the horse in the same way. But it may also be a serious dangerto the rider. When men have ceased to be young, have no longer the grip with the knees they once had, or the skill in balancing and quickness in throwing themselves with the horse when he shies, or if, through stoutness, the centre of gravity of the body is higher up, a mane to take hold of, in the case of rearing or bucking or bad shying, is very desirable. I should not like to put an elderly man on a horse with a hogged mane. The mane besides is of great use in mounting. I speak with some feeling on this subject. I was near coming to grief not long ago in trying to mount a broncho with a hogged mane. Just as I was mounting he jumped forward, with the result that I landed astride him behind the saddle, very near his tail in fact. He bucked violently and threw me up and caught me as I came down and threw me up again and then consented to deposit me on the ground. I was not hurt, as it happened, but I might well have been. An elderly man should not take such chances. Of course if the horse had had his mane, I should have been able to get into the saddle. A tuft of hair is sometimes left on the neck, so that the rider may have something to hold on to. This is, however, usually too low down to be of much use and is ugly besides.

At Olympia most of the hacks and hunters and many of the officers' chargers had their manes off. In the case of the chargers, I wonder that it is permitted. A mane must be of use when the rider has to mount quickly, or when he has been wounded. Besides, in the case of an actual charge, a horse may not be under such good control as he is at a horse show, where the rider is able to make a horse stand quietly, while he imitates with a cane the play of a sword about his head. In our training camps at the time of the Spanish War, our young cavalrymen, who were in the making, found the manes very useful. The cavorting ani-

mals would be spilling from their backs the boys, who were as green as the horses, while their jeering comrades shouted the advice:—"Remember the Maine."

The indications are that docking is going out of fashion. Hackneys, of course, are still docked, but most of the coach horses and of the hacks and hunters have long tails. Long tails now seem rather smarter than short tails. Most of the cavalry horses at the show had long tails, which indeed has always been the rule. But with regard to the other riding horses also, it was admitted on all sides that the long tails were much more beautiful. But then the horses at the show were all fine and there never has been any doubt that a fine horse, especially a fine horse of thoroughbred conformation, looks better with his tail on. In the case of a plain horse it is less evident. Docking is a great leveller; if it makes a fine horse less beautiful, it seems to make a plain horse look more like other horses.

I hope the reader will indulge me in a suggestion I have to make upon the philosophy of this practice. I find that horses are docked in times of reaction and repression, of criticism and disappointment. It was unknown among the ancients. It is quite inconceivable that the Greeks and Romans, with their clear common-sense and their true feeling for beauty should have tolerated such practice. It seems to have originated in the middle ages. With the Renaissance and the revival of learning it disappeared. At any rate, we see nothing of it in England during the great Elizabethan period nor during the Puritan times that followed. It reappears during the long English reaction, which came after the Restoration. That was a period of levity in thought and of authority and a narrow precision in expression. The treatment of the tails of the horses then in vogue—never more severe than in Queen Anne's time—had a certain relation to the rigidity of the verse of Pope. It is conceivable, at a time when poets lose their liberty, that horses should lose their tails. With the philosophers of the eighteenth century, however, and the large expectations regarding human happiness and perfectability that characterized the later days of that century, the tails of the horses were again allowed to grow. But with the failure of these expectations, due to the excesses of the French Revolu-

tion, with the sanguinary episode of the career of Napoleon, and with the advent of the Holy Alliance, that triumph of

old Custom, legal Crime
And bloody Faith, the foulest birth of Time,

the horses again lost their tails. The maimed animal of that day, or, at any rate, some specimens of him, remained as late as the early fifties, and this was the "bob-tailed horse" of our infancy, that is, of the infancy of men of my age. With the repeal of the Corn Laws in England, however, the revolutionary movements on the Continent, the anti-slavery agitation in this country, and that spirit of cheerfulness and hopefulness which prevailed during the fifties, the tails of the horses again became long. But those great exhibitions of force which came later, our Civil War, the Franco-German and the Russo-Turkish Wars, brought about a more practical and sceptical disposition of men's minds, which in the early eighties had that influence we might expect upon the tails of the horses. It is this last long reign of the fashion of docking, which is now, I trust, drawing to a close. It may be that the recent socialistic movements, the career of Mr. Lloyd George and the agitations of the suffragettes may have had something to do with this result.

Judge Moore's victory in the sixteen-mile Marathon race, not open to dealers, was especially interesting. A horse show competition is necessarily a competition in action and in beauty and, to some extent, also in speed, but it cannot afford a test of strength and endurance. The Marathon race was such a test. It was won by Judge Moore with American trotting-bred horses. The horses of the other coaches were hackneys, and the fact that they arrived in pretty good shape after the race would seem to indicate that they do not altogether deserve the accusation so often made against them, that they are show horses and nothing else.

I took a special interest in seeing some of the original classes, from which were culled the horses that were permitted to compete, and I had a strong desire to see more of some of those that got the gate. There are many good horses that cannot win in the show-ring. It is likely that many of the best horses cannot. Very few of the celebrated horses of the past would have

any chance there. If any of the famous horses of history and romance, Alexander's "Bucephalus," Cæsar's horse, with a divided hoof, that he rode in Gaul, William III's "Old Sorrel," General Lee's "Traveller," bred in my own country, Dugald Dalgety's "Gustavus Vasa," that favorite of my childhood, "Selim," in Weems's "Life of Marion," the smart pony in "Sanford and Merton" that ran away with Tommy and seemed in the picture to be going pretty fast, though his action did not conform to the shabby revelations of modern instantaneous photographers, and that Roman-nosed horse, upon which, in my red-bound copy of the "Arabian Nights," Aladdin rode to his wedding with the Princess (how I puzzled over his selection of a Roman-nosed horse, when he might, by rubbing a lamp, have had any horse he chose), if these animals, I say, should appear at any modern horse show, they would, one and all, "get the gate" for a lot of impossible screws. And yet they were good horses.

At several little suburban shows I saw the horses I had previously seen at Olympia. The day before the Orloffs were sent back to Russia, there was a trial and an award of prizes for them at Ranelagh, which I went to see. Ranelagh is a little, or rather a pretty large park, entirely surrounded by London, and yet the grounds are so well laid out and the trees and lawns arranged with such art that you might suppose yourself to be a hundred miles away in the country. There are some pretty club-houses scattered throughout the grounds. Before one of these many gayly dressed ladies and smart-looking men sat on chairs on the lawn and watched the horses paraded before them. The course was not a track, such as we should see at one of our county fairs, fenced in and with a road-bed of dirt or gravel. There was not even a rope to divide the company from the horses, and the track was the lawn. It was the loveliest of June afternoons. I think there is a charm in the essentially ephemeral character of such weather in England. The landscape lay as if in a trance. The low-lying, thick, white clouds, between which there were great spaces of pale blue sky, the dreaming trees, some elms and oaks, especially one vast oak, pushing out straight from its stem a green and mighty arm, were so delicately passive. It could not be that

anything so lovely should last. The face of nature seemed to say: "I cannot hold these masses of white cloud always suspended in mid-air and the trees always motionless. So enjoy it to the utmost while you may. But I shall have other scenes of beauty and interest for you. Here in this happy land do I spread my verdant lawns, my sylvan glades, for the children of sport and pleasure." How well was this promise redeemed during the later hours of that afternoon. There was a race between three troikas, blacks, chestnuts, and grays, each team with three horses abreast. The race was over a circular course, nearly a mile long, across the lawns and among the trees. As the galloping horses vanished and reappeared now and again, among the trees, you thought you were seeing some painter's vision of the ancient world rather than a show of modern horses. There was

one little vista, or path, to the left, into which the teams emerged on the home-stretch. As the horses came leaping into this glade from the midst of the trees, they made a charming appearance, especially the grays, perhaps from contrast with the dark green English foliage. The scene was very pretty and classic.

I went to yet another little horse show at Ranelagh, where I saw in brief the true nature of the issue between horses and machines. There were some hundreds of motors all about, in which the people had come to see the horses. While we sat on the lawn, looking at an exhibition of ladies' saddle-horses, there was a whirring sound overhead and an aeroplane passed above us. The expression of the people was unmistakable:—"There's that tiresome man again; why cannot we be allowed to sit quietly and see these beautiful horses?"

THE VALLEY OF ROCKS

By Gertrude Huntington McGiffert

HEADLANDS and hills and a world of rocks—
How cares bleach out in the golden weather!
The friendly goat, the breezes and I
Clambering up the crags together.

Inland below the "Witches' cave,"
The "Devil's Cheese Ring" across the valley,
Where the white road coils like a silver snake,
And lazy shadows flit and dally.

Sheer seaward the tide-hounds harry and race,
Salt echoes tingle the mountain passes,
And self like a husk blows forgotten away,
The soul roams naked among the grasses.

And the only sin is to hold aloof—
Hearts should unfold in the shining weather—
And the only prayer is that God may know
How we feel His heart beat in the heather.

Lynton, Devon, England.

ETHAN FROME

BY EDITH WHARTON

VIII



WHEN Ethan was called back to the farm from Worcester his mother gave him, for his own use, a small room behind the untenanted "best parlour." Here he had nailed up shelves for his books, built himself a box-sofa out of boards and a mattress, laid out his papers on a kitchen-table, hung over it, on the bare wall, an engraving of Abraham Lincoln and a calendar with "Thoughts from the Poets," and tried, with these meagre materials, to produce some likeness to the study of a "minister" who had been kind to him and lent him books when he was at Worcester. He still took refuge there in summer, but when Mattie came to live with them he had had to give her his stove, and consequently the room was uninhabitable for several months of the year.

To this retreat he descended as soon as the house had grown quiet, and Zeena's steady breathing from the bed had assured him that there was to be no sequel to the scene in the kitchen. After Zeena's departure he and Mattie had stood speechless, neither seeking to approach the other. Then the girl had resumed her task of clearing up the kitchen for the night and he had taken his lantern and gone on his usual round outside the house. The kitchen was empty when he came back to it; but his tobacco-pouch and pipe had been laid on the table, and under them was a scrap of paper torn from the back of a seedsman's catalogue, on which three words were written: "Don't trouble, Ethan."

Going into his cold dark "study" he placed the lantern on the table and, stooping to its light, read the message again and again. It was the first time that Mattie had ever written to him, and the possession of the paper gave him a strange new sense of her nearness; yet it deepened his anguish by reminding him that henceforth they would have no other way of communicating with

each other. For the life of her smile, the warmth of her voice, only cold paper and dead words!

Confused impulses of rebellion stormed in him. He was too young, too strong, too full of the sap of living, to submit so easily to the destruction of his hopes. Must he wear out all his years at the side of a bitter querulous woman? Other possibilities had been in him, possibilities sacrificed, one by one, to Zeena's narrow-mindedness and ignorance. And what good had come of it? She was a hundred times bitterer and more discontented than when he had married her: the one pleasure left her was to inflict pain on him. All the healthy instincts of self-defence rose up in him against such waste . . .

He bunched himself into his old coon-skin coat and lay down on the box-sofa to think. Under his cheek he felt a hard object with strange protuberances. It was a cushion which Zeena had made for him when they were engaged—the only piece of needlework he had ever seen her do. He flung it across the floor and propped his head against the wall . . .

He knew a case of a man over the mountain—a young fellow of about his own age—who had escaped from just such a life of misery by going West with the girl he cared for. His wife had divorced him, and he had married the girl and prospered. Ethan had seen the couple the summer before at Shadd's Falls, where they had come to visit relatives. They had a little girl with fair curls, who wore a gold locket and was dressed like a princess. The deserted wife had not done badly either. Her husband had given her the farm and she had managed to sell it, and with that and the alimony she had started a lunch-room at Bettsbridge and bloomed into activity and importance. Ethan was fired by the thought. Why should he not leave with Mattie the next day, instead of letting her go alone? He would hide his valise under the seat of the sleigh, and Zeena would suspect nothing till she went upstairs

for her nap and found a letter on the bed . . .

His impulses were still near the surface, and he sprang up, re-lit the lantern, and sat down at the table. He rummaged in the drawer for a sheet of paper, found one, and began to write.

"Zeena, I've done all I could for you, and I don't see as it's been any use. I don't blame you, nor I don't blame myself. Maybe both of us will do better separate. I'm going to try my luck West, and you can sell the farm and mill, and keep the money——"

His pen paused on the word, which brought home to him the relentless conditions of his lot. If he gave the farm and mill to Zeena, what would be left him to start his own life with? Once in the West he was sure of picking up work—he would not have feared to try his chance alone. But with Mattie depending on him the case was different. And what of Zeena's fate? Farm and mill were mortgaged to the limit of their value, and even if she found a purchaser—in itself an unlikely chance—it was doubtful if she could clear a thousand dollars on the sale. Meanwhile, how could she keep the farm going? It was only by incessant labour and personal supervision that Ethan drew a meagre living from his land, and his wife, even if she were in better health than she imagined, could never carry such a burden alone.

Well, she could go back to her people, then, and see what they would do for her. It was the fate she was forcing on Mattie—why not let her try it herself? By the time she had found out his whereabouts, and brought suit for divorce, he would probably—wherever he was—be earning enough to pay her a sufficient alimony. And the alternative was to let Mattie go forth alone, with far less hope of ultimate provision . . .

He had scattered the contents of the table-drawer in his search for a sheet of paper, and as he took up his pen his eye fell on an old copy of the *Bettsbridge Eagle*. The advertising sheet was folded uppermost, and he read the seductive words: "Trips to the West: Reduced Rates."

He drew the lantern nearer and eagerly scanned the fares; then the paper fell from his hand and he pushed aside his unfinished letter. A moment ago he had wondered what he and Mattie were to live on when

they reached the West; now he saw that he had not even the money to take her there. Borrowing was out of the question: six months before he had given his only security to raise funds for necessary repairs to the mill, and he knew that without security no one at Starkfield would lend him ten dollars. The inexorable facts closed in on him like prison-warders hand-cuffing a convict. There was no way out—none. He was a prisoner for life, and now his one ray of light was to be extinguished.

He crept back wearily to the sofa, stretching himself out with limbs so heavy that he felt as if they would never move again. Tears rose in his throat and slowly burned their way to his lids.

As he lay there, the window-pane that faced him grew gradually lighter, inlaying upon the darkness a square of moon-suffused sky. A crooked tree-branch crossed it, a branch of the apple-tree under which, on summer evenings, he had sometimes found Mattie sitting when he came up from the mill. Slowly the rim of the rainy vapours caught fire and burnt away, and a pure moon swung into the blue. Ethan, rising on his elbow, watched the landscape whiten and shape itself under the sculpture of the moon. This was the night on which he was to have taken Mattie coasting, and there hung the lamp to light them! He looked out at the slopes bathed in lustre, the silver-edged darkness of the woods, the spectral purple of the hills against the sky, and it seemed as though all the beauty of the night had been poured out to mock his wretchedness . . .

He fell asleep, and when he woke the chill of the winter dawn was in the room. He felt cold and stiff and hungry, and ashamed of being hungry. He rubbed his eyes and went to the window. A red sun stood above the gray rim of the fields, behind trees that looked black and brittle. He said to himself: "This is Matt's last day," and tried to think what the place would be without her.

As he stood there he heard a step behind him and she entered.

"Oh, Ethan—were you here all night?"

She looked so small and pinched, in her poor dress, with the red scarf wound about her, and the cold light turning her paleness sallow, that Ethan stood before her without speaking.

"You must be frozen," she went on, fixing lustreless eyes on him.

He drew a step nearer. "How did you know I was here?"

"Because I heard you go down stairs again after I went to bed, and I listened all night, and you didn't come up."

All his tenderness rushed to his lips. He looked at her and said: "I'll come right along and make up the kitchen fire."

They went back to the kitchen, and he fetched the coal and kindlings and cleared out the stove for her, while she brought in the milk and the cold remains of the meat-pie. When warmth began to radiate from the stove, and the first ray of sunlight lay on the kitchen floor, Ethan's dark thoughts melted in the mellow air. The sight of Mattie going about her work as he had seen her on so many mornings made it seem impossible that she should ever cease to be a part of the scene. He said to himself that he had doubtless exaggerated the significance of Zeena's threats, and that she too, with the return of daylight, would come to a saner mood.

He went up to Mattie as she bent above the stove, and laid his hand on her arm. "I don't want you should trouble either," he said, looking into her eyes with a smile.

She flushed up warmly and whispered back: "No, Ethan, I ain't going to trouble." "I guess things'll straighten out," he added.

There was no answer but a quick throb of her lids, and he went on: "She ain't said anything this morning?"

"No. I haven't seen her yet."

"Don't you take any notice when you do."

With this injunction he left her and went out to the cow-barn. He saw Jotham Powell walking up the hill through the morning mist, and the familiar sight added to his growing conviction of security.

As the two men were clearing out the stalls Jotham rested on his pitch-fork to say: "Dan'l Byrne's goin' over to the Flats to-day noon, an' he c'd take Mattie's trunk along, and make it easier ridin' when I take her over in the sleigh."

Ethan looked at him blankly, and he continued: "Mis' Frome said the new girl'd be at the Flats at five, and I was to take Mattie then, so's 't she could ketch the six o'clock train for Stamford."

Ethan felt the blood drumming in his temples. He had to wait a moment before he could find voice to say: "Oh, it ain't so sure about Mattie's going——"

"That so?" said Jotham indifferently; and they went on with their work.

When they returned to the kitchen the two women were already at breakfast. Zeena had an air of unusual alertness and activity. She drank two cups of coffee and fed the cat with the scraps left in the pie-dish; then she rose from her seat and, walking over to the window, snipped two or three yellow leaves from the geraniums. "Aunt Martha's ain't got a faded leaf on 'em; but they pine away when they ain't cared for," she said reflectively. Then she turned to Jotham and asked: "What time'd you say Dan'l Byrne'd be along?"

The hired man threw a hesitating glance at Ethan. "Round about noon," he said.

Zeena turned to Mattie. "That trunk of yours is too heavy for the sleigh, and Dan'l Byrne'll be round to take it over to the Flats," she said.

"I'm much obliged to you, Zeena," said Mattie.

"I'd like to go over things with you first," Zeena continued in an unperturbed voice. "I know there's a huckabuck towel missing; and I can't make out what you done with that match-safe 't used to stand behind the stuffed owl in the parlor."

She went out, followed by Mattie, and when the men were alone Jotham said to his employer: "I guess I better let Dan'l come round, then."

Ethan finished his usual morning tasks about the house and barn; then he said to Jotham: "I'm going down to Starkfield. Tell them not to wait dinner."

The passion of rebellion had broken out in him again. That which had seemed incredible in the sober light of day had really come to pass, and he was to assist as a helpless spectator at Mattie's banishment. His manhood was humbled by the part he was compelled to play and by the thought of what Mattie must think of him. Confused impulses struggled in him as he strode along to the village. He had made up his mind to do something, but he did not know what it would be.

The early mist had vanished and the fields lay like a silver shield under the sun.

It was one of the days when the glitter of winter shines through a pale haze of spring. Every yard of the road was alive with Mattie's presence, and there was hardly a branch against the sky or a tangle of brambles on the bank in which some bright shred of memory was not caught. Once, in the stillness, the call of a bird in a mountain ash was so like her laughter that his heart tightened and then grew large; and all these things made him see that something must be done at once.

Suddenly it occurred to him that Andrew Hale, who was a kind-hearted man, might be induced to reconsider his refusal and advance a small sum on the lumber, if he were told that Zeena's ill-health made it necessary to hire a servant. Hale, after all, knew enough of Ethan's situation to make it possible for the latter to renew his appeal without too much loss of pride; and, moreover, how much did pride count in the ebullition of passions in his breast?

The more he considered his plan the more hopeful it seemed. If he could get Mrs. Hale's ear he felt certain of success, and with fifty dollars in his pocket nothing could keep him from Mattie . . .

His first object was to reach Starkfield before Hale had started for his work; he knew the carpenter had a job down the Corbury road and was likely to leave his house early. Ethan's long strides grew more rapid with the accelerated beat of his thoughts, and as he reached the foot of School House Hill he caught sight of Hale's sleigh in the distance. He hurried forward to meet it, but as it drew nearer he saw that it was driven by the carpenter's youngest boy and that the figure at his side, looking like a large upright cocoon in spectacles, was that of Mrs. Hale. Ethan signed to them to stop, and Mrs. Hale leaned forward, her pink wrinkles twinkling with benevolence.

"Mr. Hale? Why, yes, you'll find him down home now. He ain't going to his work this forenoon. He woke up with a touch o' lumbago, and I just made him put on one of old Dr. Kidder's plasters and set right up into the fire."

Beaming maternally on Ethan, she bent over to add: "I on'y just heard from Mr. Hale 'bout Zeena's going over to Betts-bridge to see that new doctor. I'm real sorry she's feeling so bad again! I hope

he thinks he can do something for her? I don't know anybody round here's had more sickness than Zeena. I always tell Mr. Hale I don't know what she'd 'a' done if she hadn't 'a' had you to look after her; and I used to say the same thing 'bout your mother. You've had an awful mean time, Ethan Frome."

She gave him a last nod of sympathy while her son chirped to the horse; and Ethan, as she drove off, stood in the middle of the road and stared after the retreating sleigh.

It was a long time since any one had spoken to him as kindly as Mrs. Hale. Most people were either indifferent to his troubles, or disposed to think it natural that a young fellow of his age should have carried without repining the burden of three crippled lives. But Mrs. Hale had said "You've had an awful mean time, Ethan Frome," and he felt less alone with his misery. If the Hales were sorry for him they would surely respond to his appeal . . .

He started down the road toward their house, but at the end of a few yards he pulled up sharply, the blood in his face. For the first time, in the light of the words he had just heard, he saw what he was about to do. He was planning to take advantage of the Hales' sympathy to obtain money from them on false pretences. That was a plain statement of the cloudy purpose which had driven him in headlong to Starkfield.

With the sudden perception of the point to which his madness had carried him, the madness fell and he saw his life before him as it was. He was a poor man, the husband of a sickly woman, whom his desertion would leave alone and destitute; and even if he had had the heart to desert her he could have done so only by deceiving two kindly people who had pitied him.

He turned and walked slowly back to the farm.

IX

At the kitchen door Daniel Byrne sat in his sleigh behind a big-boned gray who pawed the snow and swung his long head restlessly from side to side.

Ethan went into the kitchen and found his wife by the stove. Her head was

wrapped in her shawl, and she was reading a book called "Kidney Troubles and Their Cure" on which he had had to pay extra postage only a few days before.

Zeena did not move or look up when he entered, and after a moment he asked: "Where's Mattie?"

Without lifting her eyes from the page she replied: "I presume she's getting down her trunk."

The blood rushed to his face. "Getting down her trunk—alone?"

"Jotham Powell's down in the wood-lot, and Dan'l Byrne says he darsn't leave that horse," she returned.

Her husband, without stopping to hear the end of the phrase, had left the kitchen and sprung up the stairs. The door of Mattie's room was shut, and he wavered a moment on the landing. "Matt," he said in a low voice; but there was no answer, and he put his hand on the door-knob.

He had never been in Mattie's room except once, in the early summer, when he had gone there to plaster up a leak in the eaves, but he remembered exactly how everything had looked: the red and white quilt on her narrow bed, the pretty pin-cushion on the chest of drawers, and over it the enlarged photograph of her mother, in an oxydized frame, with a bunch of dyed grasses at the back. Now these and all other tokens of her presence had vanished, and the room looked as bare and comfortless as when Zeena had shown her into it on the day of her arrival. In the middle of the floor stood her trunk, and on the trunk she sat in her Sunday dress, her back turned to the door and her face in her hands. She had not heard Ethan's call because she was sobbing; and she did not hear his step till he stood close behind her and laid his hands on her shoulders.

"Matt—oh, don't—oh, *Matt!*"

She started up, lifting her wet face to his. "Ethan—I thought I wasn't ever going to see you again!"

He took her in his arms, pressing her close, and with a trembling hand smoothed away the hair from her forehead.

"Not seeme again? What do you mean?"

She sobbed out: "Jotham said you told him we wasn't to wait dinner for you, and I thought——"

"You thought I meant to cut it?" he finished for her grimly.

She clung to him without answering, and he laid his lips on her hair, which was soft and yet springy, like certain mosses on warm slopes, with the faint woody scent of fresh sawdust in the sun.

Through the door they heard Zeena's voice calling out from below: "Dan'l Byrne says you better hurry up if you want him to take that trunk."

They drew apart with stricken faces. Words of resistance rushed to Ethan's lips and died there. Mattie found her handkerchief and dried her eyes; then, bending down, she took hold of a handle of the trunk.

Ethan put her aside. "You let go, Matt," he ordered her.

She answered: "It takes two to coax it round the corner;" and submitting to this argument he grasped the other handle, and together they manœuvred the heavy trunk out to the landing.

"Now let go," he repeated; then he shouldered the trunk and carried it down the stairs and across the passage to the kitchen. Zeena, who had gone back to her seat by the stove, did not lift her head from her book as he passed. Mattie followed him out of the door and helped him to lift the trunk into the back of the sleigh. When it was in place they stood side by side on the door-step, watching Daniel Byrne plunge off behind his fidgety horse.

It seemed to Ethan that his heart was bound with cords which an unseen hand was tightening with every tick of the clock. Twice he opened his lips to speak to Mattie and found no breath. At length, as she turned to re-enter the house, he laid a detaining hand on her.

"I'm going to drive you over, Matt," he whispered.

She murmured back: "I think Zeena wants I should go with Jotham."

"I'm going to drive you over," he repeated; and she went into the kitchen without answering.

At dinner Ethan could not eat. If he lifted his eyes they rested on Zeena's pinched face, and the corners of her straight lips seemed to quiver away into a smile. She ate well, declaring that the mild weather made her feel better, and pressed a second helping of beans on Jotham Powell, whose wants she generally ignored.

Mattie, when the meal was over, went about her usual task of clearing the table

and washing up the dishes. Zeena, after feeding the cat, had returned to her rocking-chair by the stove, and Jotham Powell, who always lingered last, reluctantly pushed back his chair and moved toward the door.

On the threshold he turned back to say to Ethan: "What time'll I come round for Mattie?"

Ethan was standing near the window, mechanically filling his pipe while he watched Mattie move to and fro. He answered: "You needn't come round; I'm going to drive her over myself."

He saw the rise of the colour in Mattie's averted cheek, and the quick lifting of Zeena's head.

"I want you should stay here this afternoon, Ethan," his wife said. "Jotham can drive Mattie over."

Mattie flung an imploring glance at him, but he repeated curtly: "I'm going to drive her over myself."

Zeena continued in the same even tone: "I wanted you should stay and fix up that stove in Mattie's room afore the girl gets here. It ain't been drawing right for nigh on a month now."

Ethan's voice rose indignantly. "If it was good enough for Mattie I guess it's good enough for a hired girl."

"That girl that's coming told me she was used to a house where they had a furnace," Zeena persisted with the same monotonous mildness.

"She'd better ha' stayed there then," he flung back at her; and turning to Mattie he added in a hard voice: "You be ready by three, Matt; I've got business at Corbury."

Jotham Powell had started for the barn, and Ethan strode down after him aflame with anger. The pulses in his temples throbbed and a fog was in his eyes. He went about his task without knowing what force directed him, or whose hands and feet were fulfilling its orders. It was not till he led out the sorrel and backed him between the shafts of the sleigh that he once more became conscious of what he was doing. As he passed the bridle over the horse's head, and wound the traces around the shafts, he remembered the day when he had made the same preparations in order to drive over and meet his wife's cousin at the Flats. It was little more than a year

ago, on just such a soft afternoon, with a "feel" of spring in the air. The sorrel, turning the same big ringed eye on him, nuzzled the palm of his hand in the same way; and one by one all the days between rose up and stood before him . . .

He flung the bearskin into the sleigh, climbed to the seat, and drove up to the house. When he entered the kitchen it was empty, but Mattie's bag and shawl lay ready by the door. He went to the foot of the stairs and listened. No sound reached him from above, but presently he thought he heard some one moving about in his deserted study, and pushing open the door he saw Mattie, in her hat and jacket, standing with her back to him near the table.

She started at his approach and turning quickly, said: "Is it time?"

"What are you doing here, Matt?" he asked her.

She looked at him timidly. "I was just taking a look round—that's all," she answered, with a wavering smile.

They went back into the kitchen without speaking, and Ethan picked up her bag and shawl.

"Where's Zeena?" he asked.

"She went upstairs right after dinner. She said she had those shooting pains again, and didn't want to be disturbed."

"Didn't she say goodbye to you?"

"No. That was all she said."

Ethan, looking slowly about the kitchen, said to himself with a shudder that in a few hours he would be returning to it alone. Then the sense of unreality overcame him once more, and he could not bring himself to believe that Mattie stood there for the last time before him.

"Come on," he said almost gaily, opening the door and putting her bag into the sleigh. He sprang to his seat and bent over to tuck the rug about her as she slipped into the place at his side. "Now then, go 'long," he said, with a shake of the reins that sent the sorrel placidly jogging down the hill.

"We got lots of time for a good ride, Matt!" he cried, seeking her hand beneath the fur and pressing it in his. His face tingled and he felt dizzy, as if he had stopped in at the Starkfield saloon on a zero day for a drink.

At the gate, instead of making for Starkfield, he turned the sorrel to the right, up

the Bettsbridge road. Mattie sat silent, giving no sign of surprise; but after a moment she said: "Are you going round by Shadow Pond?"

He laughed and answered: "I knew you'd know!"

She drew closer under the bearskin, so that, looking sideways around his coat-sleeve, he could just catch the tip of her nose and a blown brown wave of hair. They drove slowly up the road between fields glistening under the pale sun, and then bent to the right down a lane edged with spruce and larch. Ahead of them, a long way off, a range of hills stained by patches of black forest flowed away in round white curves against the sky. The lane passed into a pine-wood with boles reddening in the afternoon sun and delicate blue shadows on the snow. As they entered it the breeze fell and a warm stillness seemed to drop from the branches with the dropping needles. Here the snow was so pure that the tiny tracks of wood-animals had left on it intricate lace-like patterns, and the bluish cones caught in its surface stood out like ornaments of bronze.

Ethan drove on in silence till they reached a part of the wood where the pines were more widely spaced; then he drew up and helped Mattie to get out of the sleigh. They passed between the aromatic trunks, the snow breaking crisply under their feet, till they came to a sheet of water with steep wooded sides. Across its frozen surface, from the farther bank, a single hill rising against the western sun threw the long, conical shadow which gave the lake its name. It was a shy secret spot, full of the same dumb melancholy that Ethan felt in his heart.

He looked up and down the little pebbly beach till his eye lit on a fallen tree-trunk half submerged in snow.

"There's where we sat at the picnic," he reminded her.

The entertainment of which he spoke was one of the few that they had taken part in together: a "church picnic" which, on a long afternoon of the preceding summer, had filled the retired place with merry-making. Mattie had begged him to go with her but he had refused. Then, toward sunset, coming down from the mountain where he had been felling timber, he had been caught by some strayed revellers and

drawn into the group by the lake, where Mattie, encircled by facetious youths, and bright as a blackberry under her spreading hat, was brewing coffee over a gipsy fire. He remembered the shyness he had felt at approaching her in his uncouth clothes, and then the lighting up of her face, and the way she had broken through the group to come to him with a cup in her hand. They had sat for a few minutes on the fallen log by the pond, and she had missed her gold locket, and set the young men searching for it; and it was Ethan who had spied it in the moss . . . That was all; but all their intercourse had been made up of just such inarticulate flashes, when they seemed to come suddenly upon happiness as if they had surprised a butterfly in the winter woods . . .

"It was right there I found your locket," he said, pushing his foot into a dense tuft of blueberry bushes.

"I never saw anybody with such sharp eyes!" she answered.

She sat down on the tree-trunk in the sun and he sat down beside her.

"You were as pretty as a picture in that pink hat," he said.

She laughed with pleasure. "Oh, I guess it was the hat!" she rejoined.

They had never before avowed their inclination so openly, and Ethan, for a moment, had the illusion that he was a free man, wooing the girl he meant to marry. He looked at her hair and longed to touch it again, and to tell her that it smelt of the woods; but he never had learned to say such things.

Suddenly she rose to her feet and said: "We mustn't stay here any longer."

He continued to gaze at her vaguely, only half-roused from his dream. "There's plenty of time," he answered.

They stood looking at each other as if the eyes of each were straining to absorb and hold fast the other's image. There were things he had to say to her before they parted, but he could not say them in that place of summer memories, and he turned and followed her in silence to the sleigh. As they drove away the sun sank behind the hill and the pine-boles turned from red to gray.

By a devious track between the fields they wound back to the Starkfield road. Under the open sky the light was still clear,

with a reflection of cold red on the eastern hills. The clumps of trees in the snow seemed to draw together in ruffled lumps, like birds with their heads under their wings; and the sky, as it paled, rose higher, leaving the earth more alone.

As they turned into the Starkfield road Ethan said: "Matt, what do you mean to do?"

She did not answer at once, but at length she said: "I'll try to get a place in a store."

"You know you can't do it. The bad air and the standing all day nearly killed you before."

"I'm a lot stronger than I was before I came to Starkfield."

"And now you're going to throw away all the good it's done you!"

There seemed to be no answer to this, and again they drove on for a while without speaking. With every yard of the way some spot where they had stood, and laughed together or been silent, clutched at Ethan and dragged him back.

"Isn't there any of your father's folks could help you?"

"There isn't any of 'em I'd ask."

He lowered his voice to say: "You know there's nothing I wouldn't do for you if I could."

"I know there isn't."

"But I can't——"

She was silent, but he felt a slight tremor in the shoulder against his.

"Oh, Matt," he broke out, "if I could ha' gone with you now I'd ha' done it——"

She turned to him, pulling a scrap of paper from her breast. "Ethan—I found this," she stammered. Even in the failing light he saw it was the letter to his wife that he had begun the night before and forgotten to destroy. Through his astonishment there ran a fierce thrill of joy. "Matt"—he cried; "if I could ha' done it, would you?"

"Oh, Ethan, Ethan—what's the use?" With a sudden movement she tore the letter in shreds and let them flutter off into the snow.

"Tell me, Matt! Tell me!" he adjured her.

She was silent for a moment; then she said, in such a low tone that he had to stoop his head to hear her: "I used to think of it sometimes, summer nights, when the moon was so bright I couldn't sleep."

His heart reeled with the sweetness of it. "As long ago as that?"

She answered, as if the date had long been fixed for her: "The first time was at Shadow Pond."

"Was that why you gave me my coffee before the others?"

"I don't know. Did I? I was dreadfully put out when you wouldn't go to the picnic with me; and then, when I saw you coming down the road, I thought maybe you'd gone home that way o' purpose; and that made me glad."

They were silent again. They had reached the point where the road dipped to the hollow by Ethan's mill and as they descended the darkness descended with them, dropping down like a black veil from the hemlock boughs.

"I'm tied hand and foot, Matt. There isn't a thing I can do," he began again.

"You must write to me sometimes, Ethan."

"Oh, what good'll writing do? I want to put my hand out and touch you. I want to do for you and care for you. I want to be there when you're sick and when you're lonesome."

"You mustn't think but what I'll do all right."

"You won't need me, you mean? I suppose you'll marry!"

"Oh, Ethan!" she cried.

"I don't know how it is you make me feel, Matt. I'd a'most rather have you dead than that."

"Oh, I wish I was, I wish I was!" she sobbed.

The sound of her weeping shook him out of his dark rage, and he felt ashamed.

"Don't let's talk that way," he whispered.

"Why shouldn't we, when it's true? I've been wishing it every minute of the day."

"Matt! You be quiet! Don't you say it."

"There's never anybody been good to me but you."

"Don't say that either, when I can't lift a hand for you!"

"Yes, but it's true just the same."

They had reached the top of School House Hill and saw Starkfield below them in the twilight. A cutter, mounting the road from the village, passed them by in a

joyous flutter of bells, and they straightened themselves and looked ahead with rigid faces. Along the main street lights had begun to shine from the house-fronts and stray figures were turning in here and there at the gates. Ethan, with a touch of his whip, roused the sorrel to a languid trot.

As they drew near the end of the village the cries of children reached them, and they saw a knot of boys, with sleds behind them, scattering across the open space before the church.

"I guess this'll be their last coast for a day or two," Ethan said, looking up at the mild sky.

Mattie was silent, and he added: "We were to have gone down last night."

Still she did not speak and, prompted by an obscure desire to help himself and her through their miserable last hour, he went on discursively: "Ain't it funny we haven't been down together but just that once last winter?"

She answered: "It wasn't often I got down to the village."

"That's so," he said.

They had reached the crest of the Corbury road, and between the indistinct white glimmer of the church and the black curtain of the Varnum spruces the slope stretched away below them without a sled on its length. Some erratic impulse prompted Ethan to say: "How'd you like me to take you down now?"

She forced a laugh. "Why, there isn't time!"

"There's all the time we want. Come along!" His one desire now was to postpone the moment of turning the sorrel toward the Flats.

"But the girl," she faltered. "She'll be waiting at the station."

"Well, let her wait. You'd have to if she didn't. Come!"

The authority in his voice seemed to subdue her, and when he had jumped from the sleigh she let him help her out, saying only, with a vague feint of reluctance: "But there isn't a sled round anywheres."

"Yes, there is! Right over there under the spruces."

He threw the bearskin over the sorrel, who stood passively by the roadside, hanging a meditative head. Then he caught Mattie's hand and drew her after him toward the sled.

She seated herself and he took his place behind her, so close that her hair brushed his face. "All right, Matt?" he called out, as if the width of the road had been between them.

She turned her head to say: "It's dreadfully dark. Are you sure you can see?"

He laughed contemptuously: "I could go down this coast with my eyes tied!" and she laughed with him, as if she liked his audacity. Nevertheless he sat still a moment, straining his eyes down the long hill, for it was the most confusing hour of the evening, the hour when the last clearness from the upper sky is merged with the rising night in a blur that disguises landmarks and falsifies distances.

"Now!" he cried.

The sled started with a bound, and they flew on through the dusk, gathering smoothness and speed as they went, with the hollow night opening out below them and the air singing by like an organ. Mattie sat perfectly still, but as they reached the bend at the foot of the hill, where the big elm thrust out a dangerous elbow, he fancied that she shrank a little closer.

"Don't be scared, Matt!" he cried exultantly, as they spun safely past it and flew down the second slope; and when they reached the level ground beyond, and the speed of the sled began to slacken, he heard her give a little laugh of glee.

They sprang off and started to walk back up the hill. Ethan dragged the sled with one hand and passed the other through Mattie's arm.

"Were you scared I'd run you into the elm?" he asked with a boyish laugh.

"I told you I was never scared with you," she answered.

The strange exaltation of his mood had brought on one of his rare fits of boastfulness. "It is a tricky place, though. The least swerve, and we'd never ha' come up again. But I can measure distances to a hair's-breadth—always could."

She murmured: "I always say you've got the surest eye . . ."

Deep silence had fallen with the starless dusk, and they leaned on each other without speaking; but at every step of their climb Ethan said to himself: "It's the last time we'll ever walk together."

They mounted slowly to the top of the hill. When they were abreast of the

church he stooped his head to her to ask: "Are you tired?" and she answered, breathing quickly: "It was splendid!"

With a pressure of his arm he guided her toward the Norway spruces. "I guess this sled must be Ned Hale's. Anyhow I'll leave it where I found it." He drew the sled up to the Varnum gate and rested it against the fence. As he raised himself he felt Mattie close to him among the shadows.

"Is this where Ned and Ruth kissed each other?" she whispered breathlessly, and flung her arms about him. Her lips, groping for his, swept over his face, and he held her fast in a rapture of surprise.

"Good-bye—good-bye," she stammered, and kissed him again.

"Oh, Matt, I can't let you go!" broke from him in the same old cry.

She freed herself from his hold and he heard her sobbing. "Oh, I can't go either!" she wailed.

"Matt! What'll we do? What'll we do?"

They clung to each other's hands like children, and her body shook with desperate sobs.

Through the stillness they heard the church clock striking five.

"Oh, Ethan, it's time!" she cried.

He drew her back to him. "Time for what? You don't suppose I'm going to leave you?"

"If I missed my train where'd I go?"

"Where are you going if you catch it?"

She stood silent, her hands lying cold and relaxed in his.

"What's the good of either of us going anywheres without the other one now?" he said.

She remained motionless, as if she had not heard him. Then she snatched her hands from his, threw her arms about his neck, and pressed her wet cheek to his face. "Ethan! Ethan! I want you to take me down again!"

"Down where?"

"The coast. Right off. So 't we'll never come up any more."

"Matt! What on earth do you mean?"

She put her lips close against his ear to say: "Right into the big elm. You said you could. So 't we'd never have to leave each other any more."

"Why, what are you talking of? You're crazy!"

"I'm not crazy; but I will be if I leave you."

"Oh, Matt, Matt—" he groaned.

She tightened her fierce hold about his neck. "Ethan, where'll I go if I leave you? I don't know how to get along alone. You said so yourself just now. Nobody but you was ever good to me. And there'll be that strange girl in the house . . . and she'll sleep in my bed, where I used to lay nights and listen to hear you come upstairs. . . ."

The words were like fragments torn from his heart. With them came the hated vision of the house he was going back to—of the stairs he would have to go up every night, of the woman who would wait for him there. And the sweetness of Mattie's avowal, the wild wonder of knowing at last that all that had happened to him had happened to her too, made the other vision more abhorrent, the other life more intolerable to return to . . .

Her pleadings still came to him between short sobs, but he no longer heard what she was saying. Her hat had slipped back, and he was stroking her hair. He wanted to get the feeling of it into his hand, so that it would sleep there like a seed in winter. Once he found her mouth again, and they seemed to be by the pond together in the burning August sun. But his cheek touched hers, and it was cold and full of weeping, and he saw the road to the Flats under the night and heard the whistle of the train up the line.

The black trees swathed them in night and silence. They might have been in their coffins underground. He said to himself: "Perhaps it'll feel like this . . ." and then again: "After this I sha'n't feel anything. . . ." Suddenly he heard the old sorrel whinny across the road, and thought: "He's wondering why he doesn't get his supper. . . ."

"Come," Mattie whispered, tugging at his hand.

Her sombre violence constrained him: she seemed the embodied instrument of fate. He pulled the sled out, blinking like a night-bird as he passed from the shade of the spruces into the relative clearness of the open. The slope below them was deserted. All Starkfield was at supper, and not a figure crossed the open space before the church. The sky, swollen with the clouds

that announce a thaw, hung as low as before a summer storm. He strained his eyes through the dimness, and they seemed less keen, less capable than usual.

He took his seat on the sled and Mattie instantly placed herself in front of him. Her hat had fallen into the snow and his lips were in her hair. He stretched out his legs, drove his heels into the road to keep the sled from slipping forward, and bent her head back between his hands. Then suddenly he sprang up again.

"Get up," he ordered her.

It was the tone she always heeded, but she cowered down in her seat, repeating vehemently: "No, no, no!"

"Get up!"

"Why?"

"I want to sit in front."

"No, no! How can you steer in front?"

"I don't have to. We'll follow the track."

They spoke in smothered whispers, as though the night were listening.

"Get up! Get up!" he urged her; but she kept on repeating: "Why do you want to sit in front?"

"Because I—because I want to feel you holding me," he stammered, and dragged her to her feet.

The answer seemed to satisfy her, or else she yielded to the power of his voice. He bent down, feeling in the obscurity for the glassy slide worn by preceding coasters, and placed the runners carefully between its edges. She waited while he seated himself with crossed legs in the front of the sled; then she crouched quickly down at his back and clasped her arms about him. Her breath in his neck set him shuddering again, and he almost sprang from his seat. But in a flash he remembered the alternative. She was right: this was better than parting. He leaned back and drew her mouth to his. . .

Just as they started he heard the sorrel's whinny again, and the familiar wistful call, and all the confused images it brought with it, went with him down the first reach of the road. Half-way down there was a sudden drop, then a rise, and after that another long delirious descent. As they took wing for this it seemed to him that they were flying indeed, flying far up into the cloudy night, with Starkfield immeasurably below them, falling away like a speck in space. . .

Then the big elm shot up ahead, lying in wait for them at the bend of the road, and he said between his teeth: "We can fetch it; I know we can fetch it——"

As they flew toward the tree Mattie pressed her arms tighter, and her blood seemed to be in his veins. Once or twice the sled swerved a little under them. He slanted his body to keep it headed for the elm, repeating to himself again and again: "I know we can fetch it;" and little phrases she had spoken ran through his head and danced before him on the air. The big tree loomed bigger and closer, and as they bore down on it he thought: "It's waiting for us: it seems to know." But suddenly his wife's face, with twisted monstrous lineaments, thrust itself between him and his goal, and he made an instinctive movement to brush it aside. The sled swerved in response, but he righted it again, kept it straight, and drove down on the black projecting mass. There was a last instant when the air shot past him like millions of fiery wires; and then the elm . . .

The sky was still thick, but looking straight up he saw a single star, and tried vaguely to reckon whether it were Sirius, or—or— The effort tired him too much, and he closed his heavy lids and thought that he would sleep. . . The stillness was so profound that he heard a little animal twittering somewhere near by under the snow. It made a small frightened *cheep* like a field-mouse, and he wondered languidly if it were hurt. Then he understood that it must be in pain: pain so excruciating that he seemed, mysteriously, to feel it shooting through his own body. He tried in vain to roll over in the direction of the sound, and stretched his left arm out across the snow. And now it was as though he felt rather than heard the twittering; it seemed to be under his palm, which rested on something soft and springy. The thought of the animal's suffering was intolerable to him, and he struggled to raise himself, and could not, because a rock, or some huge mass, seemed to be lying on him. But he continued to finger about cautiously with his left hand, thinking he might get hold of the little creature and help it; and all at once he knew that the soft thing he had touched was Mattie's hair and that his hand was on her face.

He dragged himself to his knees, the monstrous load on him moving with him as he moved, and his hand went over and over her face, and he felt that the twittering came from her lips . . .

He got his face down close to hers, with his ear to her mouth, and in the darkness he saw her eyes open and heard her say his name.

"Oh, Matt, I thought we'd fetched it," he moaned; and far off, up the hill, he heard the sorrel whinny, and thought: "I ought to be getting him his feed. . ."

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The querulous drone ceased as I entered Frome's kitchen, and of the two women sitting there I could not tell which had been the speaker.

One of them, on my appearing, raised her tall bony figure from her seat, not as if to welcome me—for she threw me no more than a brief glance of surprise—but simply to set about preparing the meal which Frome's absence had delayed. A slatternly calico wrapper hung from her shoulders and the wisps of her thin gray hair were drawn away from a high forehead and fastened at the back by a broken comb. She had pale opaque eyes which revealed nothing and reflected nothing, and her narrow lips were of the same sallow colour as her face.

The other woman was much smaller and slighter. She sat huddled in an arm-chair near the stove, and when I came in she turned her head quickly toward me, without the least corresponding movement of her body. Her hair was as gray as her companion's, her face as bloodless and shrivelled, but amber-tinted, with swarthy shadows sharpening the nose and hollowing the temples. Under her shapeless dress her body kept its limp immobility, and her dark eyes had the bright witch-like stare that disease of the spine often gives.

Even for that part of the country the kitchen was a poor-looking place. With the exception of the dark-eyed woman's chair, which looked like a soiled relic of luxury bought at a country auction, the furniture was of the roughest kind. Three coarse china plates and a broken-nosed milk-jug had been set on a greasy table

scored with knife-cuts, and a couple of straw-bottomed chairs and a kitchen dresser of unpainted pine stood out meagrely against the plaster walls.

"My, it's cold here! The fire must be 'most out," Frome said, glancing about him apologetically as he followed me in.

The tall woman, who had moved away from us toward the dresser, took no notice; but the other, from her cushioned niche, answered complainingly, in a high thin voice: "It's on'y just been made up this very minute. Zeena fell asleep and slep' ever so long, and I thought I'd be frozen stiff before I could wake her up and and get her to 'tend to it."

I knew then that it was she who had been speaking when we entered.

Her companion, who was just coming back to the table with the remains of a cold mince-pie in a battered pie-dish, set down her unappetizing burden without appearing to hear the accusation brought against her.

Frome stood hesitatingly before her as she advanced; then he looked at me and said: "This is my wife, Mis' Frome." After another interval he added, turning toward the figure in the arm-chair: "And this is Miss Mattie Silver. . ."

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Mrs. Hale, tender soul, had pictured me as lost in the Flats and buried under a snow-drift; and so lively was her satisfaction on seeing me safely restored to her the next morning, that I felt my peril had caused me to advance several degrees in her favour.

Great was her amazement, and that of old Mrs. Varnum, on learning that Ethan Frome's old horse had carried me to and from Corbury Junction through the worst blizzard of the winter; greater still their surprise when they heard that his master had taken me in for the night.

Beneath their wondering exclamations I felt a secret curiosity to know what impressions I had received from my night in the Frome household, and divined that the best way of breaking down their reserve was to let them try to penetrate mine. I therefore confined myself to saying, in a matter-of-fact tone, that I had been received with great kindness, and that Frome had made a bed for me in a room on the ground floor which seemed in happier days

to have been fitted up as a kind of writing-room or study.

"Well," Mrs. Hale mused, "in such a storm I suppose he felt he couldn't do less than take you in—but I guess it went hard with Ethan. I don't believe but what you're the only stranger has set foot in that house for over twenty years. He's that proud he don't even like his oldest friends to go there; and I don't know as any do, any more, except myself and the doctor. . . ."

"You still go there, Mrs. Hale?" I ventured.

"I used to go a good deal after the accident, when I was first married; but after a while I got to think it made 'em feel worse to see us. And then one thing and another came, and my own troubles . . . But I generally make out to drive over there round about New Year's, and once in the summer. Only I always try to pick a day when Ethan's off somewheres. It's bad enough to see the two women sitting there—but *his* face, when he looks round that bare place, just kills me . . . You see, I can look back and call it up in his mother's day, before their troubles."

Old Mrs. Varnum, by this time, had gone up to bed, and her daughter and I were sitting alone, after supper, in the austere seclusion of the horse-hair parlour. Mrs. Hale glanced at me tentatively, as though trying to see how much footing my conjectures gave her; and I guessed that if she had kept silence till now it was because she had been waiting, through all the years, for some one who should see what she alone had seen.

I waited to let her trust in me gather strength before I said: "Yes, it's pretty bad, seeing all three of them there together."

She drew her mild brows into a frown of pain. "It was just awful from the beginning. I was here in the house when they were carried up—they laid Mattie Silver in the room you're in. She and I were great friends, and she was to have been my bridesmaid that spring . . . When she came to I went up to her and stayed with her all night. They gave her things to quiet her, and she didn't know much till to'rd morning, and then all of a sudden she woke up just like herself, and looked straight at me out of her big eyes,

and said . . . Oh, I don't know why I'm telling you all this," Mrs. Hale broke off, crying.

She took off her spectacles, wiped the moisture from them, and put them on again with an unsteady hand. "It got about the next day," she went on, "that Zeena Frome had sent Mattie off in a hurry because she had a hired girl coming, and the folks here could never rightly tell what she and Ethan were doing that night coasting, when they'd ought to have been on their way to the Flats to ketch the train . . . I never knew myself what Zeena thought—I don't to this day. Nobody knows Zeena's thoughts. Anyhow, when she heard o' the accident she came right in and stayed with Ethan over to the minister's, where they'd carried him. And as soon as the doctors said that Mattie could be moved, Zeena sent for her and took her back to the farm."

"And there she's been ever since?"

Mrs. Hale answered simply: "There was nowhere else for her to go"; and my heart tightened at the thought of the hard necessities of the poor.

"Yes, there she's been," Mrs. Hale continued, "and Zeena's done for her, and done for Ethan, as good as she could. It was a miracle, considering how sick she was—but she seemed to be raised right up just when the call came to her. Not as she's ever given up doctoring, and she's had sick spells right along; but she's had the strength given her to care for those two for over twenty years, and before the accident came she thought she couldn't even care for herself."

Mrs. Hale paused a moment, and I remained silent, plunged in the vision of what her words evoked. "It's horrible for them all," I murmured.

"Yes: it's pretty bad. And they ain't any of 'em easy people either. Mattie *was*, before the accident; I never knew a sweeter nature. But she's suffered too much—that's what I always say when folks tell me how she's soured. And Zeena, she was always cranky. Not but what she bears with Mattie wonderful—I've seen that myself. But sometimes the two of them get going at each other, and then Ethan's face'd break your heart . . . When I see that, I think it's *him* that suffers most . . . anyhow it ain't Zeena, because she ain't got the time . . . It's a pity, though," Mrs.

Hale ended, sighing, "that they're all shut up there'n that one kitchen. In the summer-time, on pleasant days, they move Mattie into the parlour, or out in the doorway, and that makes it easier . . . but winters there's the fires to be thought of; and there ain't a dime to spare up at the Fromes'."

Mrs. Hale drew a deep breath, as though her memory were eased of its long burden, and she had no more to say; but suddenly an impulse of complete avowal seized her.

She took off her spectacles again, leaned toward me across the bead-work table-

cover, and went on with lowered voice: "There was one day, about a week after the accident, when they all thought Mattie couldn't live. Well, I say it's a pity she did. I said it right out to our minister once, and he was shocked at me. Only he wasn't with me that morning when she first came to . . . and I say, if she'd ha' died, Ethan might ha' lived; and the way they are now, I don't see's there's much difference between the Fromes up at the farm and the Fromes down in the graveyard; 'cept that down there they're all quiet, and the women have got to hold their tongues."

THE END



OF ONE WHO WALKS ALONE

By Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

THESE are the ways of one who walks alone,
Sweet silent ways that lead toward twilight skies,
Bees softly winging where a low wind sighs
Through the hills' hollow cool and clover-blown.

These are the ways that call one back again
To old forgotten things in faded years,
Swift on a moment of remembered tears
They stand from out the dust where they have lain.

These are the ways life's simple secrets bless,
Keen homely scents borne by each haunted wind,—
Here in the silence one may ever find
That last strange peace whose name is loneliness.





The Jungfernstieg wears an air of leisurely elegance and pleasure-seeking prosperity.—Page 446.

HAMBURG AND ITS HARBOR

By Ralph D. Paine

THE rise of Germany as a naval power of the foremost rank has been flamboyant and startling. Her battle-ships, afloat and building, recently afflicted England with acute nightmares and have even influenced the United States to share in the ruinous scramble for bigger dreadnoughts, heavier guns, and more of them. With far less noise and alarm, however, the modern Germany has suffered a sea change of another and more formidable kind. Her armed fleet is as yet untried, its prestige is a matter for the experts to calculate on paper, but the merchant marine has challenged the supremacy of British ships and sailors and is waging a pacific war for the commerce of the world, from the Baltic to Zanzibar, and from China to Peru. The industrial empire of the Fatherland, militant, intelligent, and highly organized, has already demolished the ancient doctrine that Britannia rules the waves.

So small is the strip of coast and so few the harbors facing the cold, tempestuous

North Sea that the German people have hammered out a maritime destiny for themselves rather by stress of circumstances than by natural inclination and environment. They were compelled to turn seaward because the land was overcrowded and they must find new markets for their wares. As a result of this economic pressure, the chief seaport, Hamburg, was marvellously quickened by the spirit of the new nation with its slogan "Made-in-Germany," and became the great gateway of traffic in manufactured products outward bound and of raw materials brought home from the ends of the earth. In its tonnage of shipping and merchandise, Hamburg has wrested second place from London, a fact to wonder at.

It is to be regretted that so many Americans hastily scan such statements as these, fight shy of the statistics usually accompanying them, and contemplate Hamburg merely as a port of entry and departure for transatlantic steamers filled with persons bent on going somewhere else with all possible despatch. True, the city has almost

no ruins and somewhat lacks the atmosphere of oderiferous dilapidation so ardently sought and gloated over by those pilgrims who would get their money's worth during a summer abroad. The people are clean, busy, and self-respecting, and they have made a beautiful metropolis of this capital of the Free State of Hamburg, and ancient Hansa town.

In that dimly remote age when Charlemagne wielded the mailed fist, a castle was built on a hill between the Elbe and a confluent little river called the Alster as an outpost of defence against the Slavs. Through the succeeding centuries the shipping sought the deeper water of the Elbe and the road to the sea, and, as elsewhere, the old town huddled close to the wharves and warehouses. In times more modern the city spread around the pleasant, wooded Alster. Instead of dredging this stream and defiling its banks with sheds and docks and bulkheads, a sense of beauty moved the Teutonic mind to transform it into a lake, preserved inviolate for the enjoyment of all good Hamburgers now and hereafter. And so, like a great jewel, the Alster shines in the very midst of the city which looks out upon a sort of fairy-land from its boulevards, hotels, offices, and stores.

There are really two lakes, separated by a bridge of noble architecture, the smaller in the business quarter of Hamburg, the larger extending spaciouly in a region of villas, parks, gardens, and promenades where dwell the wealthy merchants and others on whom fortune has smiled. Small steamers ply between the *Binnen-Alster* and the *Aussen-Alster*, and instead of being shot home through jammed and stifling subways, these favored commuters are wafted over the pleasant water while the bands are playing in the pavilions on shore and the sailing yachts skim to and fro.

Like other North Sea ports, Antwerp and Amsterdam, for instance, Hamburg has a net-work of ancient canals and basins and is a city which seems more or less afloat; but this bright expanse of the Alster, so lovingly conserved and beautified, is unique among the world's great centres of trade. Commerce may be sordid and money-getting a soulless business, but your German, who is eminently successful at both, is in his heart the most sentimental of beings. In proof of which seeming paradox, please

to tarry in Hamburg long enough to descry the Alster. There are great cities, no names need be mentioned, in which this lovely sheet of water would have been regarded as so much waste area to be filled in by the dump-cart of the contractor, plotted and staked by the real estate operator, and blighted with brick and mortar by the building speculator.

As one passes along the Jungfernstieg or the Alsterdamm, handsome thoroughfares which border the smaller lake, it is not easy to realize that the clamorous, grimy business of a vast harbor is surging no more than a few minutes' walk distant. The Jungfernstieg wears an air of leisurely elegance and pleasure-seeking prosperity. The restaurants are crowded, there is much excellent music and hearty eating and drinking, a great display of automobiles and smartly turned-out carriages suggesting Fifth Avenue, Unter den Linden, or Piccadilly. At home or abroad, people with money to spend for luxuries buy things pretty much alike and travel the same merry-go-round of fashions and diversions.

These first impressions veer to another tack as one becomes better acquainted with the life of Hamburg. Its leisure class is much smaller than appears, the glitter is mostly on the surface, and nobody thinks less of his neighbor because he harkens diligently to the gospel of hard work. A hundred years ago our own ports of Boston and Salem, then filled with deep-water ships, were notable for a merchant aristocracy engaged in commerce over seas. The sons of these families went from the solid, square-sided brick mansions to the counting-rooms on the wharves, and thence to fore-castle and cabin, earning promotion step by step until they gained command of East Indiamen and China tea packets, quitting the sea thereafter to become merchants ashore and owners of square-rigged fleets. Before this era had vanished Harriet Martineau, visiting Salem, remarked of its society:

"These enterprising merchants speak of Fayal and the Azores as if they were close at hand. They have a large acquaintance at Cairo. They know the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena and have wild tales to tell of Mozambique and Madagascar and stores of ivory to show from there. They speak of the power of the king of Muscat and are sensible of the riches of Arabia.



View of the Lombards Bridge and the city.



Main Entrance of the Emigrant Station or "model town."

Anybody will give you anecdotes from Canton and descriptions of the Society and Sandwich Islands."

On a far larger scale, for its population falls just short of a million, these social conditions are very typical of the Hamburg of to-day. The manufacturing interests are large and varied but her absorbing affairs are those of the sea and her most powerful citizens are the lords of commerce. New York is the new Babel, so the census tells us, and London houses all races under Heaven, but unless one takes pains to seek out the foreign quarters, the one city appears thoroughly American, the other as completely British. Hamburg is German

to the backbone, but there is a sensible difference. Its spirit is more genuinely cosmopolitan. It is the meeting place of the long trails from everywhere to anywhere. Whether it be in a dingy Rathskeller of the harbor front or in the most pretentious dining hall of the Jungfernstieg, there is talk in other languages than German, there are faces from other climes to pique the curiosity, and there is the tang of romance and mystery inspired by these glimpses beyond the horizon.

The ear becomes accustomed to hearing Spanish spoken wherever people congregate for business or pleasure. A great part of the trade of South and Central America flows through Hamburg, whose steamers are to be found in every port of both coasts. Hither come the cattle kings of the Argentine, the rich merchants of Lima and Valparaiso, the dictators of explosive little republics, the coffee magnates of Brazil, who will talk to you in Portuguese

as well as French and Spanish. Pervasive, too, is the German travelling salesman, as great a rover as the Hamburg sailor, who swings around the globe in a most enchanting orbit and spices the chat of the restaurants with tales of Capetown, Batavia, or Nagasaki. He it is who has caused England much disquietude and gloom, for this ubiquitous person, linguist, diplomat, and trading expert, fills the holds of Hamburg ships with cargoes for the markets of every ocean.

In divers other ways, the people and the interests of distant countries weave themselves into the fabric of one's impressions of Hamburg. New York is the greatest of

seaports, but its maritime atmosphere is bounded by the water front, and small interest is taken in seafaring. Its old men own no ships and its young men have no desire to seek blue water, which has been given over to the foreigner. A hundred of the finest ocean steamers that pass in by Sandy Hook might go to the bottom and if there were no American passengers on board, the only mourners in New York would be the underwriters' agents. The so-called steamship trust or "combine," organized in this country with a great fanfare of trumpets, has passed into English control and recalls unhappy memories of misdirected financial and commercial endeavor.

Hamburg owns great fleets of its own ships and her sons are in them. Ties stronger than those of trade link the homes of this port with isles and roadsteads scattered and remote, east of Suez and under the Southern Cross. All this intimate interest in the affairs of the sea is bound to make itself felt, to take hold of the imagination, before ever you have a glimpse of the shipping itself. That one does not have to go first to the harbor to know he is in an immensely active and prosperous seaport is curious in a way. It could hardly be said of Herald Square or Central Park West.

On the Alsterdamm, facing the inner lake, is a building, vast and dignified, which many a monarch of sorts would deem worthy to be added to his collection of palaces. This is the home of the Hamburg-Amerikanische Packetfahrt Actien-Gesellschaft, a few of whose ships comprise what New



Emigrants bound out to the promised land, America.

York knows as the Hamburg-American Line. It may surprise sundry of our tourists to know that this is only one of *fifty* routes travelled by the vessels of this, the greatest of shipping corporations, whose house-flag flies above the decks of four hundred steamers manned by twenty-three thousand officers and seamen who visit three hundred and fifty ports during the year. When statistics are as large and eloquent as these, it is difficult to pass them by on the other side. It would be something to remember if the four hundred captains of the Hamburg-American ships could be assembled in this building whence they receive their sailing orders that take them



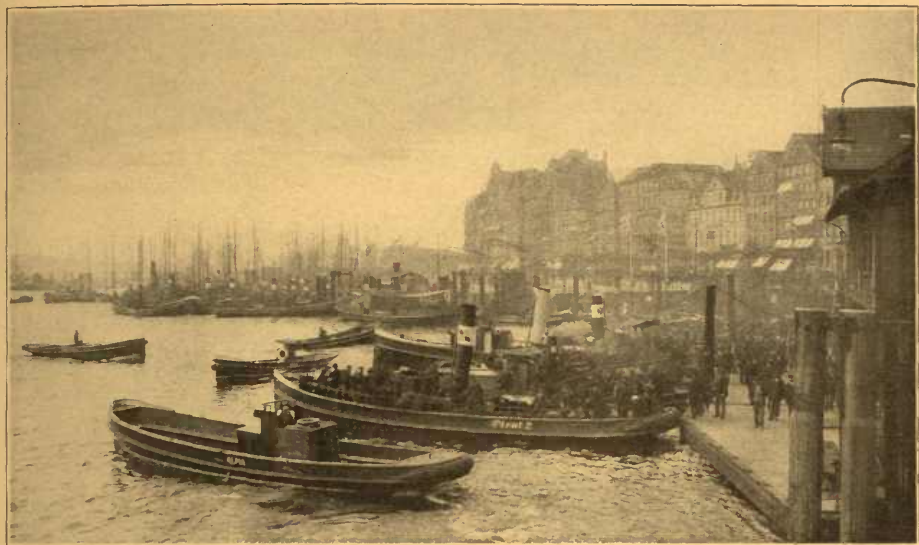
One of the quays and warehouses of the Hamburg-American Company.

to every nook and corner of the watery globe.

Hamburg is the chief European port of departure for emigrants bound to America, and the German government has given this company a monopoly of transporting them. On the water front is the emigrant station in which are gathered, year by year, so many thousands of brave, ignorant, hopeful men and women who seek kindlier fortune in a strange and distant land. The station is, in fact, a model town, planned, equipped, and maintained with that elaborate, scientific thoroughness which is characteristic of the modern Germany. This town, surrounded by a wall of masonry, comprises many small streets adorned with trees and flower-beds and lined with rows of neat, ornamental buildings, detached and resembling cottages. There are several churches, attractive to behold, in which the followers of various creeds may worship with their own priests, pastors, and ceremonials. There are even hotels, apart from the general living quarters, and modestly luxurious, where for a small extra payment the emigrant may lord it over the common herd. A brass band gives daily concerts, and here you have the practical yet sentimental German in another guise. He knows that homesickness swells the hospital list and that music and dancing will cheer the heart of the forlorn, bewildered emigrant.

As these aliens stare wonderingly from the crowded fore-decks of the steamers in New York harbor, they appear unkempt, uncouth, more or less barbarous. But the critical spectator should view them before they have been ground through the Hamburg mill where as many as four thousand at one time may be awaiting shipment. These wild-eyed, shaggy peasants in boots and shawls and furs and sheepskins seem to themselves to be dwelling in a place of enchantment which must be a foretaste of the golden America. There is first an ordeal to be endured, however, after eighteen interpreters have sorted out the jumble of men and women fetched by rail and barge from parts of Europe that are still feudal, mediæval, and unwashed. Polish, Russian, Lithuanian, Bohemian, Croatian, Servian, Dalmatian, Roumanian, Slav, Hungarian, and the rest, they are sifted and inspected and tagged and boiled and scrubbed and disinfected within an inch of their frightened lives, and the transformation makes them look comparatively spick-and-span.

This huge, smoothly-gearred machine for recruiting and shipping these people is most admirably conducted, and perhaps we in America should be grateful that such good care is taken of our citizens in the raw. One cannot help reflecting, however, that such a system is but a part of the traffic of a great shipping corporation which makes



Landing place of the busy little harbor ferry steamers.

emigration as easy and attractive as possible for the sake of the passage money. They are so much human merchandise, and their personal destinies, and the problems created by their great inflow into the slums and ghettos of American cities, are of no concern to the capable officials of the model town on the Hamburg harbor-side, a show place peculiarly interesting yet disturbing because of the very perfection of its operation. It suggests the arrangement of the docks and quays, so devised as to handle every manner of cargo with the greatest economy and efficiency, to stimulate commerce and to divert it from other ports. Whether or not it is for the best interests of the United States that the same kind of ingenious intelligence should be employed in stimulating an incessant tide of emigration from Northern Europe is a debatable question of grave import.

That Hamburg has spent one hundred million dollars in the creation of its modern harbor and is making ready to invest fifty millions more in bettering these facilities conveys in tabloid form an idea of the sheer bigness and boldness of this German competition for the business of the seas. Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe, is seventy-five miles distant, so that Hamburg is far inland and most of this long stretch of river had to be dredged to make a channel for deep-draught ships. It has required some-

thing more than lusty strength and money to achieve such things as these. There has been also the vision, the imagination, the faith in the future, grand strategy displayed not in war, but in peace.

At first sight, this harbor is a confused picture, magnificent for its movement and color, but not to be viewed in passing as one is able to survey the sweep of the Scheldt in front of Antwerp or the Thames below London. The Elbe appears to be lost among the docks which extend gigantic arms in every direction, not as series of enclosed basins, but as stone wharves beside which the ships rise and fall with the small tide, just as they moor at the wooden piers of New York. The port is composed of many *Hafens* or harbors whose banks are the walls of masonry partly enclosing them.

Hamburg and the adjoining city of Altona rise from the water's edge, their situation boldly commanding, and look across the river to this world of modern docks and quays which is reached by means of little ferry steamers that dodge and skitter in and out among the great ships like so many bright insects. They run from one *Hafen* to another, amiably pause to scrape alongside vessels anchored in the stream, perhaps transferring a group of sunburned seamen with their corded sea-chests, and poke into a myriad of curious corners. To board one of these little steamers is to visit far

countries in miniature for the cost of a few pennies, to gaze at the ships and sailors of some sixty-odd different lines, steam and sail, which depart from Hamburg.

Geography flavored with adventure may be studied to advantage merely by stepping

swept, or to creep into torrid lagoons to traffic with kinky-headed natives. Woerman boats, German East-Africa, German West-Africa, and Hamburg-American packets, you must go to Hamburg and board one of these, or catch it en route, as Col.

Theodore Roosevelt did, if you would go steaming away to the ports that run from Aden to Delagoa Bay and from the Bight of Benin to Benguela. And you will readily understand, after a trip around the harbor, why Herr Karl Hagenbeck chose Hamburg as the site of his huge zoological park, or wild animal department store.

That sacred British institution, the "P. and O.," has been seriously disturbed by the audacity of the Germans in invading the ocean trade of the Orient and winning popularity among passengers by treating them, not with haughty condescension, but with genial, solicitous courtesy. Here you may see the large, comfortable steamers, all berthed in a row, which are familiar to the mooring buoys of Singapore, Hong-Kong, and Yokohama. Beyond them lift the masts and funnels of the Kosmos steamers which double the Horn and skirt the west coast as far as Puget Sound, and the German-Australian line which flaunts the tri-color of



The Germans have refused to write the epitaph of the deep-water, square-rigged ship.—Page 453.

ashore and walking along one of these docks between the ranks of ships and warehouses. The outgoing merchandise is stencilled with the names of queer, outlandish ports which you thought existed only to addle the intellects of school children. All around the coast of Africa the Germans send their steamers to wait off sandy beaches, comber-

the Fatherland beside the red ensign of England in the roadsteads of Melbourne and Sydney.

Hamburg harbor makes its appeal *en masse*, as a pageant whose scenes are grouped with a kind of splendid prodigality. One great, indented *Hafen* after another opens to view and out in the fairway are oth-



A bit of the Hamburg water front.

er fleets of steamers, clustered in compact flotillas, as if they could not find room to dock. And by far the greater number of them fly the German flag. The game of world politics is being played to more purpose among these wonderfully industrious docks and quays than in the chancelleries of Europe and these weather-beaten skippers and this great navy of German merchant seamen

are quietly extending the influence and power of their nation to an extent not generally understood.

To see a number of sailing ships in other ports is to mourn that their days are numbered, to feel something akin to pathos. This is not true of the *Segelschiff-Hafen* of Hamburg because the Germans, almost alone among seafaring races, have refused



The fish market and some of the North Sea fleet of schooners.



This Free Port is a large city of warehouses and docks covering more than twenty-five hundred acres of land and water.—Page. 456.

to write the epitaph of the deep-water, square-rigged ship. They have created a modern steel fleet of much larger vessels than any other of their kind afloat, engaged, for the most part, in the South American trade. Of these, the *Preussen* attracted notice not long ago by stranding in the English Channel. Her sister ship, the *Potosi* has broken all sailing records between Peru and Europe during voyage after voyage, her average speed as fast as that of most cargo steamers and surpassing the historic achievements of the American sky-sail clippers of the last century.

Equipped with all manner of auxiliary engines for handling heavy sails, for lighting by electricity and heating by steam, these huge, five-masted ships seem to have revived an almost vanished epoch. Their crews are no broken, drunken pier-head jumpers and greenhorns swept up from the scum of the water front, but sturdy, ruddy German youngers, every man of them. They take fiddle, trombone, cornet, and accordion to sea with them and it does the heart good to hear one of these fore-castle orchestras, perhaps twenty strong, playing lustily and with no small skill wherever these ships cast anchor. American boys forsook the sea largely because American ships were floating hells, an ugly truth too often glossed over in discussing our lost merchant marine.

Any guidebook of Hamburg will supply the ballast of facts and figures concerning the highly developed methods of mechanical helps whereby merchandise is handled between ship and quay with more speed and at less cost than anywhere else. The gist of it is that the port displays the German industrial and commercial efficiency at the very top notch and goes far to explain why the Reichstag has ungrudgingly voted larger and larger naval estimates. The Kaiser's people have wealth and men afloat that are worth protecting, and worth fighting for, if needs be.

The backgrounds of the harbor add much to the impressions of extraordinary vitality and enterprise. Ship-building plants make a continual clangor, the gaunt frames of ocean steamers and battleships in the making tower from the water's edge, and among the serried ribs and girders toil ten thousand artisans. Beyond the funnels of the shipping are the taller chimneys of factories and power-houses. In the city itself, admirable because of the dignified solidity of its architecture, old buildings are being swept away on every hand and from the harbor the scaffolding surrounding the new and larger structures looks like so many gigantic cobwebs scattered here and there, suggesting bits of Manhattan Island as seen from the North River ferry.

Although war and conflagration wiped out much of the Hamburg of the Middle Ages, there still survives the region of the old town called the *Fleete*, in which the streets are all waterways and the inhabitants may fairly be called amphibious. Here the houses are tall and very narrow, leaning toward each other across the tiny canals in a tottering, friendly fashion, like ancient worthies inclined to gossip. Aforetime substantial merchants dwelt among the *Fleetes* and ingeniously hoisted their cargoes from barges floating beside the basement windows. These quaint thoroughfares are still used for traffic of a humbler sort, but the descendants of those early merchants now enjoy their villas on the shores of the sweeter, cleaner Alster.

At low tide, most of the *Fleetes* are streaks of mud, and a kindly government, reluctant to have the denizens drowned or their wares wetted through forgetfulness, takes pains to warn them just when the *Fleetes* will fill with water. On the harbor front is a bastion mounting two guns. As soon as the word comes by telegraph from Cuxhaven that the tide is at the flood, three shots boom

the warning. If the rise at Hamburg is likely to be higher than normal, three more signal guns sound across the city and there is a great scampering in the *Fleetes* and the muddy little streams threading among the narrow chasms of mouldering walls are emptied of humanity in a twinkling. Doubtless many a Hamburg child, cradled in luxury, envies with all its little heart the ragged urchins of the slums of Grimm or the Alte Groninger-strasse down by the river who have only to skip outdoors to paddle in the mud, who shriek with fearsome joy when the cannon thunder the tide signals at the Seewartenhohe, and hang out of their own windows until the *Fleete* is filled and ready for sailing boats made of a bit of board or a discarded wooden shoe.

There are more pretentious canals in Hamburg, but none so enjoyable as those of the *Fleete* quarter, which is neither Dutch nor Venetian but with a flavor of both. One of these larger waterways, the Zoll-Canal, connects the custom-houses with the Free Port into which all merchandise not liable to duty finds its way and can be transhipped unhampered by red-tape.



There are more pretentious canals in Hamburg, but none so enjoyable as those of the *Fleete* quarter.

This Free Port is a large city of warehouses and docks covering more than twenty-five hundred acres of land and water, and wholly distinct from the numerous *Hafens* on

have floated down the upper Elbe from the heart of Bohemia, steam-lighters, North Sea fishing schooners, and what-not, and every one of them bent on catching the



A glimpse of the Old *Fleete* quarter.

the other side of the Elbe. Along this reach of the harbor front, what the people call "an der Wasserkant," moves the jostling river traffic which the idler loves to watch. The tug-boats are small, innumerable, and busy to the verge of frenzy, their temperament more Gallic than Teutonic. It is unfair to chide them for lack of poise, however, because there is such a stupid tangle of market-boats from the Marschlande and the Vierlande, long barges that

turn of the tide. They must be yanked this way and shoved that, and every now and then an ocean-going steamer comes surging through the ruck, like a whale among the minnows.

To the eye, Hamburg and Altona are one and indivisible, although they lie in different German states, the latter in the province of Schleswig-Holstein. A more important fact, which sticks in the memory of every true sailor who knows the ports of the world



Hamburg Harbor makes its appeal *en masse*, as a pageant.—Page 452.



Neither Dutch nor Venetian, but with a flavor of both.—Page 455.

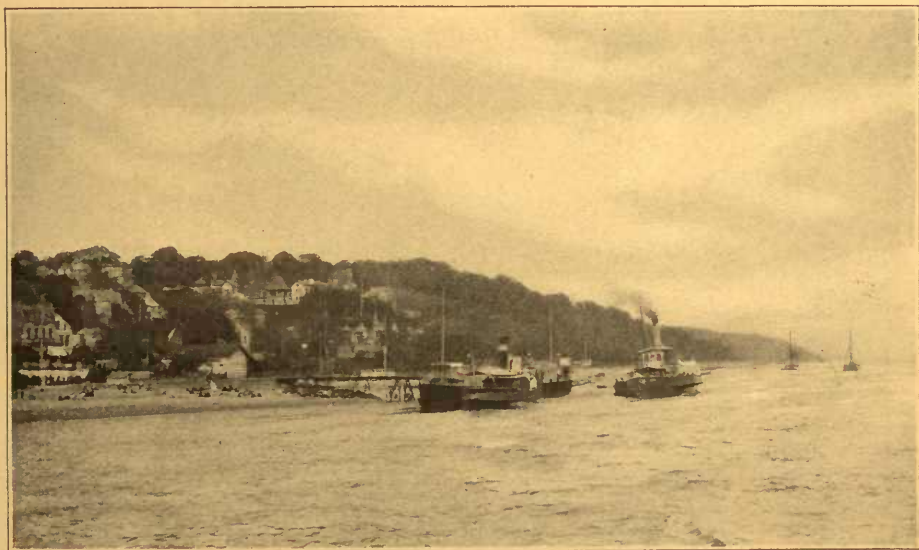
is that St. Pauli overlaps the boundary line between the two. In many a fore-castle you may hear them sigh for a night on the Bowery, or the Skipper Street of Antwerp, or the Ratcliff Road of London River, but mention St. Pauli and all hands will agree, in words strong and fervent, that it is the best of them all. Take Coney Island, several country fairs, a Continental *kermess* or two, pour them together and stir furiously, and the result will be something like St. Pauli, that happy haven of sailor-men weary of the sea. It may be entered by way of the Schlachterstrasse from Hamburg, along streets swarming with hucksters and costermongers selling smoked fish, sweetmeats, penny novelettes, flowers, pictures, and other trumpery wares among which the seafarer lingers to buy a gift for the sweetheart left in the last port.

Thence he must run the gauntlet of the *Judenbörse*, or Jews' Exchange, a street market in which are collected all the discarded odds and ends of things that have been accumulating since the beginning of time, hardware, clothing, fish-nets, old books, shoes, jewelry, and so on. This quarter fascinates the mariner and on any pleasant afternoon he may be seen bargaining among a horde of gesticulating vendors for wholly useless rubbish which chances to catch his errant fancy. I know no more innocently diverting sight than that of a stalwart boatswain or quarter-master drifting toward St. Pauli, a battered bird cage dangling from one fist, a tarnished picture frame clutched in the other, and a bunch of German posies flaunting in his button-hole.

St. Pauli is the playground of the honest working people of Hamburg, a spacious,

harmless place of concert halls and restaurants, theatres and beer gardens, of moving picture shows, wax-works, and shooting galleries, carousels, and booths of infinite variety. The crowds which seek amusement here find a certain childish zest in simple things. In this the Germans are remarkably like that other nation, the Japanese, whose industrial and military expansion, by land and sea, has been likewise notable. And St. Pauli chiefly interests the visitor because of its contrasts and seeming incongruity. Near at hand it is possible to catch glimpses of the harbor, to feel the thrill of its dynamic activities, and to discern the commerce-crowded shores. It appears as if Hamburg must be so strenuously at work that it can find no time for play.

Yet here in St. Pauli are thousands of happy, leisurely townsfolk, and groups of care-free sailors arm-in-arm, and rosy, boyish soldiers not nearly so ferocious of aspect as England imagines them to be, all enjoying themselves as if the world-conquering destiny of the Fatherland was the least of their concerns. The English masses in the great cities have lost this spirit of play, or perhaps it has been crushed out of them. It is the charm of Hamburg, whether you mingle with the populace at St. Pauli or prefer the more exclusive region of the Alster, that the day's work is brightened by a kind of sane contentment in living, of satisfaction in honest endeavor and of simple-hearted pleasure in the leisure hours.



The bank of the Elbe at Blankensee, below Hamburg.

LIFE

By Margaret Sherwood

How the great wheel rolls on the long white way
I marvelled, gazing far, as all men must;
One called unseen, and I, who dared not stay,
Am now become the wheel along the dust.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

As he stood looking down on Mr. Clapp, he allowed one eyelid to flicker.—Page 464.

JUSTIFICATION

By Gordon Hall Gerould

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



HE reputation of Peter Sanders, as he himself bitterly surmised, was infamous. He was not in the way of knowing, to be sure, how many preachers, within the past four years, had taken his nefarious career to point the moral of sermons; and he suspected only vaguely that he was held in admiring dishonor, east and west, as the boldest and wickedest gambler in America. Had he read the newspapers, which he did but seldom, he might have been aware of the number of lives he had blasted. As it was, his long-cultivated distaste for the meaningless scurry of current events had grown to a violent repugnance through seeing his name vilified in the public prints. He knew that he was a pariah; and that was more than enough, for he loved the society of his kind.

He had been hounded from his own house by an over-active district attorney; he had been compelled to quit business operations at all points and to content himself with the modest fortune (not more than a million and a half of productive investments, as he reflected morosely) that he had acquired. He was in the prime of life still, and he resented his enforced inactivity. He realized that only the forbearance, the very politic forbearance, of the officers of the law, who preferred to stop a public scandal quietly rather than probe it in the view of the world, stood between himself and a term of years with shaven head and striped clothing. He was not grateful, however. He regarded himself as the victim of stupid laws; and he cursed the district attorney as a loud-mouthed, hypocritical tyrant, serving up the head of a peaceable man of business to please young Democracy, who danced with mincing steps but was not a very proper young person, after all.

Worse than his retirement from affairs was his exile. If he could have lived, even solitary, in his own house, life would have

been supportable. There he had rows upon rows of books, two great rooms full of them, which he had gathered with industry and intelligence through the years. He had read them, too, as time permitted, intending, as soon as he should be released from business cares, to follow up certain lines of antiquarian research that interested him extremely. He had intended to find out all that could be learned of one or two obscure mediæval figures whom he had stumbled upon: Walter Map of Oxford, for example, and a very shadowy person called Goliardus. Their temper suited him. He had gathered books to these ends as well as for rarity and beauty of workmanship; and he had eked out the inadequacy of his early training in Latin by pretty steady reading of the classics, particularly, in these later years, of the satirists, whom he had come to love. Now, in his leisure enforced, he would have been very glad to spend his days among his books, with no living companionship save of a few trusted friends who for old time's sake would not have minded the loneliness of the once feverishly gay house. They would have made nothing of his passion for the Middle Ages, to be sure, but they would have formed a charming circle, full of reminiscence and yet tactful of reference, for a quiet bachelor dinner.

But the books stood gathering dust on the shelves, and the friends could not meet. Mr. Sanders had received the most positive assurances from the district attorney that any move to occupy the house during his term of office would be regarded as a breach of the truce. Prosecution would begin at once; and the end of a trial, as the laws stood, was not doubtful. So the house had remained empty since the day it had been closed as what the preachers amiably called a "gambling hell." Mr. Sanders was an exile from home. Moreover, he did not dare take another house, either in New York or in any other large town, for that would at once have aroused suspicion and subjected him to annoyance. Hotels

were impossible. The reporters gathered like bees as soon as he registered his name, and no management, he well knew, would regard him with favor as a permanent guest in any set of rooms large enough to suit his exacting tastes. He might have bought a place in the country, to be sure, but he would have had to live in it quite alone. By his soberer neighbors he would have been shunned, while any entertainment of gilded youth or giddy seniors would probably have resulted in a "raid." The prospect was not alluring.

Life at home was impracticable; life abroad proved impossible. He could buy books, and he did so, but he could ship them only to a storage warehouse. Save for his faithful Henry, a personal attendant of tried devotion, he was without companionship. Besides, though he might be an outcast, some simplicity of heart made him abhor the thought of being an expatriate. At Monte Carlo he had been surprised by a couple of his compatriots while repeating audibly:

"Lives there a man with soul so dead—"

Evidently they had recognized the mephistophelian Sanders, for they sniggered as they passed.

That unfortunate encounter had been the end. He determined to break from his isolation, to go where he would be unknown, and to be himself rather than a figure of public scorn. Three weeks later, at the Twenty-third Street Ferry in New York, he changed his name from Peter Sanders to Paul Silcox. The identity of initials was a happy thought of Henry's to avoid the necessity of purchasing new trunks. Sufficiently provided with funds for the needs of many months, and accompanied always by Henry, he entered a state-room on a south-bound express and arrived the following night at an unfashionable town in the heart of Florida, a free but suspicious man.

In Orlando the newly arrived Mr. Silcox soon found himself a figure of importance, but not of notoriety. As the occupant of the best rooms in a well-conducted, quiet hotel and the only resident of the hostelry with a man-servant, he became the centre of interest for the gregarious circle of guests. By his unassuming affability he promptly won their liking and gained their confi-

dence. Persons of simple tastes and ample but not extraordinary incomes, who for reasons of health or idleness had sought this region of orange groves and lakes among the pines, they regarded the newcomer as a most satisfactory addition to their number. They even boasted a little about him to their acquaintances in other small hotels that had no guest with a man-servant. To drivers of motor-cars and other purveyors of comfort Henry gave out discreetly that his master was a New Yorker, who had been in the banking business and had retired early in pursuance of his desire for cultivated leisure. Mr. Silcox, reserved but never taciturn, filled without difficulty the part created for him by his valet. It required little acting. Within a fortnight he basked in the sunshine of popularity and esteem. He had enjoyed a confidential chat with the mayor of the town, and, as a Northerner of wealth, he had been offered the chance to buy two orange groves.

One sunlit morning in mid-January Mr. Silcox was sitting on the eastern veranda of the hotel, reading Juvenal and making mordant reflections upon life.

"They're a pack of fools," he murmured inaudibly, "and I'm a bigger fool than any of them. They would cry with fright, I suppose, if they knew that Peter Sanders was about, damn them! But they're a good sort. I like them, yes; and they treat Paul Silcox just as well as they would a successful manufacturer of chewing-gum. They're nice people, and it's a shame to take them in. But I'm just the same, whether I'm Paul Silcox or not. I'm perfectly fit for Sunday-school, and I always knew it. It's nothing but damnable hypocrisy that got me into trouble. Hypocrisy!"

He gazed across a stretch of dusty grass to a thicket of palmetto trees, pursing up his heavy lips to relieve the agitation of his mind. Except for this slight movement, he presented a figure of somnolent ease as he thrust out his fat legs from the depths of a gayly cushioned willow chair. His flannels of spotless white gave no better evidence, one would have said, as to the care bestowed on his body, than his round, well-shaven face to a conscience free from reproach. What lurked behind the drooping eyelids no observer could well have made out, save that a sudden light sometimes

flashed there. He lifted his eyes now, momentarily, as he heard steps behind him.

"Ah, good-morning, Mr. Silcox, good-morning. I trust that we're not intruding."

At the greeting Mr. Silcox turned his head and made the preliminary wriggle essential to quitting his deep chair. "Good-morning, Dr. Henderson, good—" he began at the same instant.

"Don't, I beg of you, don't rise," said the elderly clergyman, who now stood with out-stretched hand in front of the chair. "Don't let us disturb you, don't. Eh—allow me to introduce to you my friend Mr. Clapp, Mr. Silcox." He indicated by a slight turn of the head a tall young man in blue serge who stood beside him.

Mr. Silcox shook hands gravely with Dr. Henderson, who was said to be the rector of a large church in New England, now enjoying a midwinter holiday to prepare himself for the severe labors of the Lenten season; and he transferred his hand uncomplainingly to the strong grasp of his new acquaintance.

"Very glad to meet you, Mr. Clapp," he said cordially. "A warm morning, Doctor! I've been too languid to stir. Do sit down, both of you. Let me pull up some chairs."

With a desperate struggle he got on his legs, only to find that the young man was already placing two chairs beside his own. Not to be unemployed, and pathetically grateful for company, as always, he suggested that lemonade would be refreshing.

"You are very kind, very kind," responded Dr. Henderson; "that would indeed be delightful."

"Thanks very much," said young Mr. Clapp, fanning himself with his straw hat and brushing back his curly light hair with his hand.

"Pardon me for one moment," said Mr. Silcox. "I'll just step in and speak to my man."

Mr. Clapp looked inquiringly after their host as he disappeared. "Have you known Mr.—Mr. Silcox long, uncle?" he asked.

"Oh—ah, I met him last week, last week, Gresham. Why do you inquire?"

"Oh, pure habit. Looks a bit like a fellow I used to know," remarked the young man, eying with some surprise the copy of Juvenal on the arm of Mr. Silcox's chair. Queer likeness, that's all."

"Not an uncommon type of face," remarked the clergyman, "but a very delightful and intelligent gentleman. Mr. Silcox has lived much abroad, he tells me. Most of us have—eh—forgotten our classics."

At this point their host returned, and all three seated themselves to await the arrival of the lemonade.

"Mr. Clapp," explained Dr. Henderson, "is the son of an old and very dear friend of mine, Jonas Clapp, of Chicago. You may have met him in the—eh—business world? In any case, you will know his name as a merchant prince. A wonderful man, Mr. Silcox, 'not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.'"

"Oh, come, Uncle Joseph!" interrupted Gresham Clapp, fidgeting slightly with the discomfort of the young at hearing their parents taken seriously. "Dad's all right, but he's no Bible character."

"My dear Gresham," returned Dr. Henderson in mild reproof, "perhaps I am quite as good a judge of that as you: I have, presumably, a closer acquaintance with the Word of God, and I knew your father a long while before you were born."

Young Mr. Clapp burst into a generous laugh, in which Mr. Silcox joined tentatively. The conversation seemed likely to stray into regions whither he seldom had ventured.

"Your father's name is, of course, perfectly familiar to me, sir," he began, "and—"

"It would be fairly hard to get into Chicago without seeing it," said the young man, still smiling.

"A most remarkable extension of business, most remarkable!" murmured the clergyman. "Mr. Clapp," he went on, turning to Mr. Silcox, "arrived only this morning, and was good enough to come to see me at once. He tells me that he has been exploring the Everglades, and he has stopped at Orlando on his way northward to look after certain business interests for his father."

"Oh, nothing important!" protested the new arrival. "Just a few things that Son couldn't possibly go wrong in, you know."

"Did you find the Everglades an interesting region?" asked Mr. Silcox politely. "Ah, the—lemonade."

Henry, imperturbable and seemingly oblivious to everything but the dexterous

management of a small silver tray, served Dr. Henderson first. As he stood looking down on Mr. Clapp, he allowed one eyelid to flicker. He glanced hurriedly at his master and resumed his stolidity of expression without delay. Beatific content overspread Mr. Silcox's face. Gresham Clapp, on his part, appeared to find something in the servant's masked features that interested him. From the moment of Henry's approach, he watched the man's automatic movements as if fascinated.

"Jove! but it's good to look at a civilized servant again," he remarked, as if to justify his perhaps observable interest, when Henry had withdrawn beyond earshot. "The hotels where I've been staying—well, their notion of elegance was to keep the chickens out of the dining-room during meal hours."

The talk thereupon drifted into harmless comment upon the deficiencies of hostilities in various parts of the world. Dr. Henderson knew the politer sections of Europe and the regions beloved of pleasure-seekers, north and south; Gresham Clapp had roughed it for a year in the West; while Mr. Silcox contributed eclectic information gathered at home and abroad. He forgot to be cynical in his enjoyment of the oddly sorted friends. To the open-hearted breeziness of the younger man he responded with a gayety that was wholly delightful. Never before, it seemed to him, had he met a youth of this type, at least not on the same terms. Possibly, he reflected in a submerged train of thought that kept pace with the actual conversation, he had been too warily critical of the youngsters who came to his house in the old days. But they had seemed to him, and they seemed to him still, a pack of brainless idiots whose money would be better placed anywhere than in their own pockets. This Clapp was different: straight of mind as of figure, sensitive to the impacts of life clearly enough, and capable of defending his own. Mr. Silcox was a little amused by his sudden impulse to friendliness, but he was by no means inclined to resist it.

He was surprised at the swift approach of the luncheon-hour, and he gladly forsook his solitary table in order to continue his conversation with Mr. Clapp, who was staying on with Dr. Henderson till afternoon. Luncheon ended, they joined a

group of ladies and gentlemen who were paying a leisurely visit to a young and anæmic alligator in a basin across the stretch of lawn. Mr. Silcox relapsed for a moment into the mood habitual with him when he noted that every one not already known to every one else was delighted, or at least pleased, to make the acquaintance; but he pulled himself up with the reflection that he himself liked to be absorbed thus in the company. He noted also that the consideration paid to Gresham Clapp seemed to be due quite as much to his sponsors as to his youthful charm. And he himself, Peter Sanders really, was treated with the same deference as Dr. Henderson.

A delicate reference to the boy's much-advertised father started the conversation in familiar channels as they returned to the veranda. The entire circle seemed to have become fast friends, and they forsook reserve. They chattered trivially of important things, importantly of trivial things—talk in which the amiable Mr. Silcox's soul delighted, even while it revolted him. For the sake of being one with them he could equably endure the descent into empty-headed dulness, which they appeared to love. To be warmed by their appreciative esteem he would huddle with them in the hovels of gossip. They were, after all, the world. Before young Mr. Clapp's departure to go about his business, Mr. Silcox had invited him, along with Dr. Henderson, to make an expedition on the following day to the renowned sulphur springs.

"Henry," he said later, while preparing for his early dinner, "I want you to go over to Smith's and order a motor for me at half-past nine to-morrow morning. I'm taking a couple of friends with me to the sulphur springs they talk so much about, and we shall be gone for lunch, so please have some baskets of things ready."

"Yes, sir. But—beg pardon for my asking, Mr. Sanders—"

"Silcox! Silcox! Henry. Do be careful."

"Mr. Silcox, I beg pardon, sir. But do you mind my asking if they are the gentlemen that were with you this morning, sir?"

"Why, yes, as a matter of fact, they are. But what of that? Didn't you like their looks, Henry? Eminently respectable gentlemen, I assure you, who won't corrupt my morals."



"But—look here, Mr. Clapp, I'm going to trust your discretion and tell you something."—Page 469.

"Only, sir, I think I've seen the younger gentleman before; and you know that I remember faces, Mr.—Silcox."

"I know you do. You've a lynx's eye, Henry. But what's the harm in seeing a man twice?"

"It isn't twice, sir," said Henry earnestly, pausing as he folded a white flannel coat with elaborate precision. "I've seen this gentleman several times, and I think it was in your—you understand—in your house. I hope you'll be careful, sir."

"That's nonsense, all nonsense. You've got the idea on your brain that I'm known everywhere, and you're nervous about it. We both are, for that matter. But this is a very different place from Palm Beach. We're quite safe here. There's not one chance in a thousand of these people connecting me with Peter Sanders. As for Mr. Clapp, he's not a young fool from Fifth Avenue, but a busy young chap from Chicago who knows the Rockies better than Broadway."

"Very good, sir," said Henry in the most

subdued of tones, "but I hope you'll keep an eye on him all the same."

Mr. Silcox laughed amiably. He knew the depth of his attendant's devotion: it was his closest tie with humanity. He felt a genuine affection for the man, and he never resented being fussed over. But Henry was sometimes absurd.

"I'll look out for myself," he said as he left the room.

In the cool quiet of the next morning, while the freshness of the night was still perceptible in the sun's heat, he waited with Dr. Henderson before a blazing fire in the hotel office.

"I trust that Gresham won't be late," fumed the clergyman gently. "Young people are so careless about time—so careless!"

"Oh, I'll bank on Mr. Clapp, and anyhow we've a long day before us," remarked Mr. Silcox calmly.

"Yes, Gresham may be trusted to do whatever he puts his mind on," agreed Dr. Henderson. "Though he was unsuccessful in his collegiate career, which was a

great trial to his family, he has his father's incisive character. A very remarkable man, Mr. Silcox, very remarkable, who has been, I may say, greatly calumniated."

The whir of the motor and the entrance of young Gresham, fresh-faced and shining-eyed, were simultaneous.

"Just in the nick of time!" he exclaimed, shaking hands heartily with the two gentlemen. "A grand day, isn't it? Nothing like it in January this side of Montreal."

Outside, they found Henry stowing away capacious hampers in a rakish touring-car. It was part of his infallibility to provide the last refinements of civilization from nothing at all. In excellent humor they said goodbye to an interested knot of idlers, ladies with the novels and the silken bags that represented their mental resources against dullness, gentlemen with cigars. Out through streets of slatternly houses and along a dusty road that soon darted into the cover of pines they drove at good speed. The larger orange groves, resplendent masses of rich green spotted with the high lights of golden fruit, were soon left behind. Now and again they skirted a blue lake set in white sand; infrequently they roused a desolate village or passed an orange grove that had strayed from its kind. For the most part they were among the pines, or speeding across undulating wilds stripped of trees but not devoid of the fascination luminous air gives to desert spaces. When the day grew hot, they turned from the main road and followed devious trails that led, ill-marked and unmade, into the depths of the forest, where flowers of strange tints grew in ragged clusters and the branches were festooned with moss. At a seemingly perilous rate of speed they twisted their way among the trunks of trees, dashed to the bottom of little gullies, and passed noiselessly across levels carpeted with the cinnamon brown of pine-needles.

"A marvellous country—quite marvellous!" ejaculated Dr. Henderson as they drove through a semi-tropical jungle that gave the effect of a stage picture and emerged on the bank of a crystalline pool surrounded with lofty trees.

"But not a patch on the Everglades," declared Gresham Clapp with conviction.

"I had pictured them as huge swamps, beautiful only to a mosquito," commented Mr. Silcox.

"Not a bit of that," said his young friend. "Oh, of course, there *are* insects; but it's mighty pretty down there, and it's going to be the great orange-growing country."

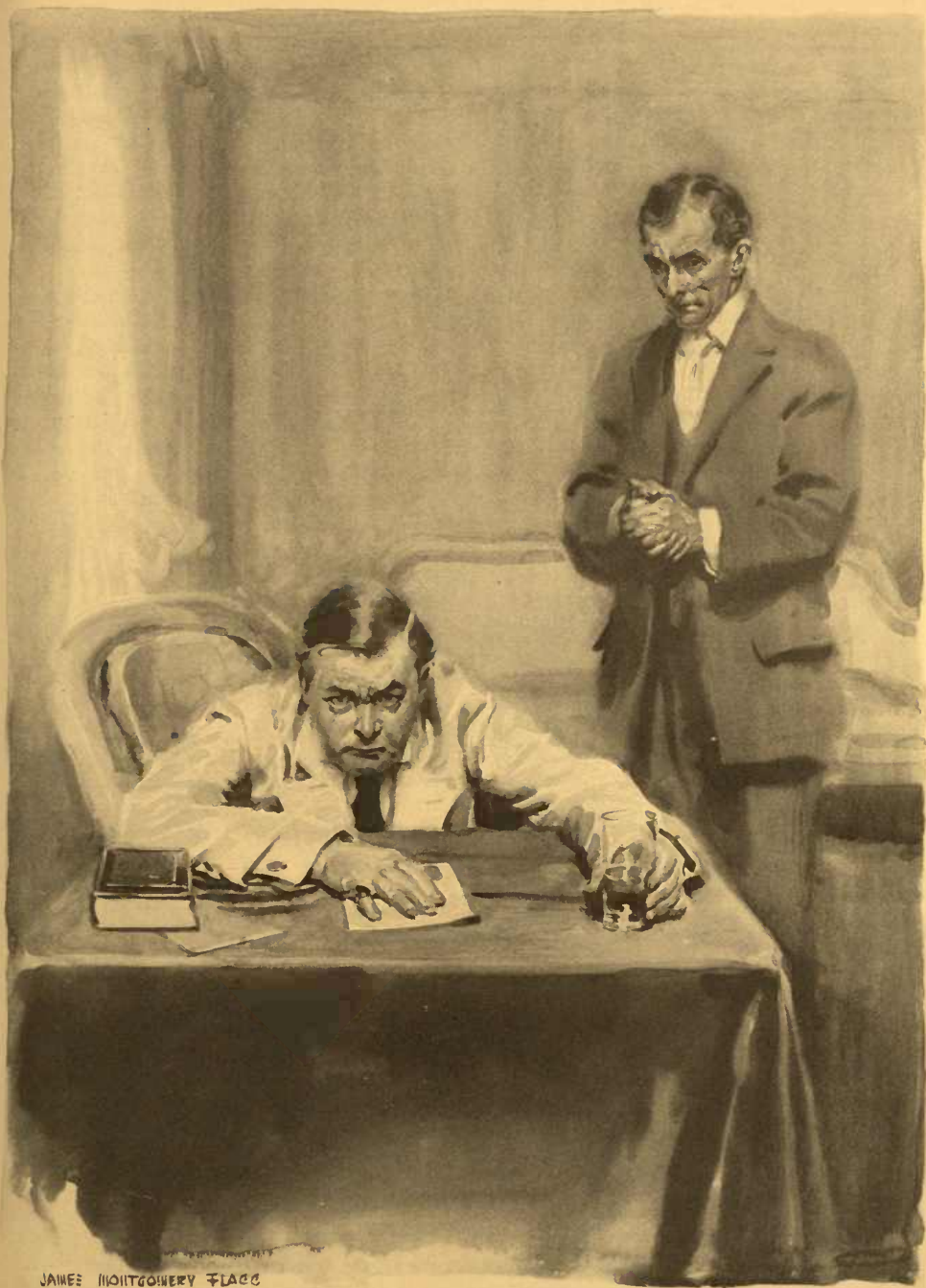
"Ah, I hadn't suspected that," said Mr. Silcox, feeling a genuine interest in his guest's enthusiasm at least, if not in the great marshes. The youth of Fifth Avenue, as he remembered them, were eager only to squander their allowances. This boy gave him a vicarious attachment to the forces that were developing the earth, not plundering it.

"Your father has—eh—investments in the Everglades, has he not, Gresham?" inquired Dr. Henderson.

"He's put in a little money," answered the young man; and he went on with what seemed to be a shade of disgust in his voice: "He'll never sink much anywhere unless he's in a position to run the show. But I'm planning a little haul of my own down there."

While they ate a really excellent luncheon on a wooden platform above the spring, while they drifted in a rude skiff down the stream that emerged, the color of turquoise, from the bubbling pool, Mr. Silcox had no difficulty in drawing Gresham out. Much of the way home he made him talk. He was taken with his new friend, who responded with candor to every advance. Dr. Henderson fell silent, except for occasional heavy comment. Mr. Silcox learned that Mr. Clapp, with the adventurous spirit of his race, was planning to develop a considerable tract for orange-growing in a fertile paradise where frost never came and the scale was unknown. He learned, too, that the boy's father refused to support him in his magnificent enterprise, declaring, so the son said, that he already had sunk enough money in the swamps. Single-handed and with perfectly inadequate capital, but optimistic and energetic like all budding financiers, the heir of the Clapp millions was preparing his own *coup*. Mr. Silcox found himself regretting that he could not take a hand in this exciting game, that circumstances would prevent him even from investing money in it. Silently he cursed the district attorney.

They parted in the late afternoon, the best of friends. Gresham Clapp's busi-



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg

"He's just about broken me—I mean, my heart."—Page 471.

ness in Orlando, he informed the others, would take him a week's time at least. During the following days, morning, afternoon, and evening, whenever he was not busy with orange-growers and orange-packers, he drifted into the hotel. He took his friends to see how the fruit was cultivated, washed, and shipped. He let fall much interesting information about the conditions of raising and marketing oranges. More and more to the exclusion of Dr. Henderson, as the days passed, he was in the company of Mr. Silcox. He was not so discourteous as forever to be talking of his business schemes; he contributed entertainingly to any conversation, and he knew how to listen. In his breezy way he was always respectful to the older man. He asked advice very freely; he spoke of his difficulties with the utmost frankness, though he laughed at caution and blew care to the winds.

Day by day Mr. Silcox's pleasure in the young man's society increased, and with it his interest in orange-growing. Occasionally, when alone in his rooms, he saw the humorous aspect of the situation and laughed at himself rather bitterly for caring so absurdly about the cultivation of oranges. The speedy and sure returns of the roulette wheel were more in his line than the slower bounties of the earth. He put it to himself in this way, whenever he thought of the matter at all, not reflecting that his attitude toward Gresham Clapp was the really remarkable factor in the case. Something like an intimacy had sprung up between the two men despite the disparity in their years and the veil that Mr. Silcox must, of necessity, hang across his own past. From a purely generous motive he regretted the necessity. His heart expanded under the influence of his friend's youthful charm, glowed with a warmth unknown to it for years. At length it had found the human relationship that it had craved.

Mr. Silcox was conscious of wishing to make as much of this as possible, to make it a part of his life. He found himself desirous of becoming a proper associate for young Gresham, and he was astonished. He was willing to pay any price to grapple his friend to him, even to sacrifice opinions and prejudices—even about himself and his career. He rejoiced in the companion-

ship of an unspoiled heart. He wished, moreover, to express his gratitude in some tangible form; he schemed incessantly to fill the young man's hours of leisure with delight. He wanted no return for what he gave—the recompense had come before the benefit, indeed. But he was glad to receive the homage of unaffected comradeship, always so flattering a tribute to middle-age from youth.

For the first time in his sensational career, the conscience of Peter Sanders awoke. Might it not be something more than public hypocrisy that kept him from dealing straightforwardly with this honest youth? Would he care to tell Gresham Clapp that he was Peter Sanders, the notorious gambler? If not, there must be something wrong in the whole business, for obviously his friend took no opinions ready made, and was not prudishly sensitive about the wagging tongue of rumor. But here he was, as Paul Silcox, quite unable to help a man he liked, and at the same time enter upon a business venture of certain profit, simply because he could not bear to disclose his identity to the most charitable and generous of beings. He felt himself bound hand and foot by his own folly. He recalled apothegms he had read about sin's nasty way of recoiling upon its perpetrator. He grew savage with the faithful Henry, who represented his past, and rebuked him severely one night for venturing to renew his warning about Mr. Clapp. Mr. Clapp, it must be understood, was not of their kind: he didn't have to skulk. Henry was wounded, and set his face grimly.

Mr. Silcox had found no peace of mind when, one morning, he sat with the young man on a bench beside the little lake overlooked by the hotel. It was Gresham Clapp's last day in the South; he planned to take the midnight express for Jacksonville and Chicago. They were talking in a desultory fashion about oranges.

"Would it be impertinent of me to ask how much you need to put through your deal?" inquired Paul Silcox hesitatingly. "I—ch—might be able to find some one interested in the proposition, you know."

"Not a bit of it," replied his friend promptly. "I need, with what I've got, just ten thousand. Why don't you come in yourself, Mr. Silcox?" He laughed in a

way that would make it easy to turn off the matter as a joke.

"I—I should be very glad to do so," faltered Mr. Silcox, with great earnestness, "were it possible. As my affairs stand, it would be difficult to arrange, that's all."

"Oh, please don't think of it," begged the youth. "I wasn't asking you for the money. Business is one thing, and friendship's another. You've been awfully kind to me. I must tell you that before I leave."

"The pleasure has been mine, I assure you," deprecated Mr. Silcox with sincerity. "But—look here, Mr. Clapp, I'm going to trust your discretion and tell you something. Do what you please with it. My name isn't Paul Silcox at all. I'm—I'm Peter Sanders. Yes," he went on, noticing his companion's involuntary start, "the notorious Peter Sanders. I don't suppose you could bear to have anything to do with such a rogue as the newspapers say I am, but I'd like to lend you ten thousand with everything understood."

He finished his explanation rather wistfully, and looked straight at the young man, who flushed to the roots of his hair.

"Why, Mr.—Silcox," said Gresham Clapp, pausing as if to deliberate on his words, "I don't know that it makes any difference who you are, I mean whether you are Mr. Silcox or Mr. Sanders. I see, of course, why you prefer not to use your own name here. Uncle Joseph would cut you dead, if he knew he knew you, or preach to you, which would be worse." He chuckled, despite his embarrassment.

"It's very good of you to say so, that is, to say it doesn't matter," returned Peter Sanders. "I appreciate it, and I know I can trust you."

"No, you can be sure that I'll never tell," said the young man, whose composure had returned. "But—excuse me—don't you find life here a bit dull?"

"I hadn't thought of it," answered his companion simply enough. "I—I find I like the people."

Gresham Clapp eyed his companion curiously. "It's queer," he said, "but I believe I understand it."

"If you do," queried Mr. Sanders, "won't you let me invest with you? Of course, I've never lived under a false name till I came here, and I should have to give you a draft on my bankers in New York."

"You're sure you want to do it?"

"Yes, quite sure," was the answer, "both for business and for personal reasons."

"I'd rather have you do it just for business," remarked his friend gravely.

"Well, it's strictly business, then," said Peter Sanders, smiling at last. "Will you come up to my room to arrange about it?"

Three-quarters of an hour later, Gresham Clapp left the hotel with the equivalent of ten thousand dollars in his pocket. He had said good-bye to Mr. Silcox, for it was agreed that convenience would be better served if they did not again meet in public. Peter Sanders sat alone, ruminating. His heart was full. His bitterness was turned, for the moment, into genuine satisfaction. No longer did he feel himself an outcast, wronged, oppressed, down-trodden by a smugly righteous world. He had made his way with an honest man. None of his investments had ever interested him like this, nor had he ever felt the same excitement over any venture. He virtually begged Henry's pardon when Henry next came to him, and he nearly moved the imperturbable servant to tears by his extraordinary kindness. All day long, he went about in this exalted state of mind.

Though his companions of the hotel were unaware of it, the real Peter Sanders had experienced a change of heart. His amiability toward them came no longer from mere good-nature and a craving for the society of beings who should take him at his own valuation. He cherished their respectability and his part in it for its own sake. He would have liked to make a clean confession of his sins before them all, and to be absolved at whatever cost of penitential suffering. Only a lurking sense that his transgressions against the code of these good people were too great to be forgiven without the sacrifice of esteem, withheld him from telling the whole story to Dr. Henderson at least. He chided himself as a moral coward, but he shivered at the possibility of receiving forgiveness mingled with condescension from a righteous man who had treated him as if he had no past. He recognized himself as a leper, but he shrank from crying, "Unclean, unclean!" It would cut him off from what his heart craved, and it was quite unnecessary.

Whatever he had done (and perhaps the district attorney was right in thinking his

establishment in New York a menace), he was doing no harm to any one now. He had even succeeded, once at least, in doing positive good. To be sure, he had in that case revealed his identity, but he could not be sure of finding elsewhere such philosophical acceptance of himself at his real worth. He recalled an admonition of his young friend's, just before they said goodbye: "Don't, for Heaven's sake, let on to Uncle Joseph." And he was silent.

At the same time, the world took on a new aspect for Peter Sanders by reason of his encounter with honest Gresham Clapp, who was clean-souled without mounting the seat of judgment. He felt more assurance in his rôle of Mr. Silcox, now that he had proved himself in the sight of another man to have the essential qualities of the part. He came to feel also, as the days passed, that he was not skulking, but had buried his infamy forever. He enjoyed the sunlight as he had not done before; he relished a rubber of bridge after dinner with a fussy old lady in a white shawl as partner, and no stakes. The Roman satirists he neglected, and he read Montaigne with delight.

One morning, a week after Gresham Clapp's departure, he sat on the veranda with Dr. Henderson.

"I wonder that I have—ah—heard nothing from our friend Gresham," remarked the latter. "You have, I suppose, as yet had no word from him? He certainly should have sent you some acknowledgment of your kindness. For one of his years, he is so singularly thoughtful for others that I should have supposed— He is, indeed, greatly like his father."

"Oh, that's all right," returned Mr. Silcox easily. "There's no reason why he should write to me at once, and probably he'll send you a note soon. I should be very glad to hear."

"Ah!" exclaimed Dr. Henderson, "I see that the boy is bringing the morning post now. If you will allow me, I will see whether he has letters for us."

Two minutes later he returned, reading one letter and bearing another unopened.

"Our young friend has remembered us at the same time," he said with a smile. "He seems to be quite himself, quite, though he writes briefly."

"Thank you," said Mr. Silcox, taking the proffered letter, his face illuminated

with gratification. He tore it open and hurriedly glanced it through. "Yes, quite himself," he echoed, without change of expression. "We will—talk about it later. Will you excuse me now? I have some things that must be attended to before lunch."

With nervous step he went to his sitting-room, wondering dully whether he could support himself all the way. He felt cold, as if death were upon him. He dropped heavily into a lounging-chair.

"Henry," he called to his attentive servant, "some whiskey! Pour it—please."

He gulped down the liquor with closed eyes.

"Go!" he said.

With an effort, he opened the letter and spread it before him. Slowly and painfully, stabbed by every word, he read it.

"DEAR MR. SANDERS:

"It may interest you to know that our meeting in Orlando was not the first occasion on which I had the pleasure of your society. The winter before they closed you up, I visited your place in New York several times, and I dropped a straight ten thousand. I had to tell dad, and he has never forgiven me. He swore I shouldn't go into the business or have a cent more than enough to live on till I'd earned that amount for myself. When I met you, I realized who you were at once, and I made up my mind I'd get it out of you. I played you, and I won. After you were so nice to me, I thought that I couldn't ask you for the money, but I sat tight. You offered it to me, you remember. Uncle Joseph, I suppose, would call the whole business a low trick. But you're a good sport and ought to admit that it was a fair game. After all, I haven't done you as badly as you did me. I'm sending you under another cover a transfer of the property in the Everglades, which may be worth something. I hope you'll like orange-raising! Tell Uncle Joseph if you want to, but I don't believe it would do you any good. I sha'n't tell dad.

"Thanking you very sincerely for the good times you gave me *and* the ten thousand,

"Yours truly,

"GRESHAM CLAPP."

"Henry!" called Mr. Silcox huskily.

"Yes, sir—what is it, sir?" said Henry anxiously, appearing from the next room.

"Henry, I wanted to tell you—" Mr. Silcox gasped with the effort of speech. All the color had left his cheeks, and only his lifted eyelids gave expression to his face. "You were quite right about that gentleman, Mr. Clapp, you know. We *had* met before. It has cost me about ten thousand to find that out. He's like the whole rotten lot of them, and he's just about broken me—I mean, my heart.

You're the only man living who knows I have one, so I'd like you to know."

"I'm very sorry to hear it, Mr. Sanders," said the man, unrebuked. "I seldom do forget a face. I wish I could make it up to you, sir, I really do. Perhaps a little more whiskey before lunch, sir?"

Mr. Silcox made no answer, but sipped the glass that was placed at his elbow. For a long while he sat in deep thought.

SONGS OF A SYRIAN LOVER

By Clinton Scollard

I

WHEN all the sands of night are run,
And dim the stars by slow degrees,
When over Tabor mounts the sun
And gilds with gold my olive trees,—

When skimming swallows dart and wheel
Athwart the azure Syrian air,
Somehow at heart I do not feel
'Tis morning if she be not there!

II

I HAVE stood on Jebel Sannin looking toward the tideless sea;
I have marched to Kerak Moab from the glades of Galilee;
I have trod the gorge of Petra where the ancient wonders be.

I have rested by the waters rilling clear from Ras-el-Ain;
I have lingered where the sunrise sweeps the width of Amir's plain;
I have seen o'er Merom's marshes ride the white wraith of the rain.

I have watched the pink flamingoes where old Nilus' torrents pour,
But give me, at shut of twilight, when all wanderings are o'er
And the vesper star is lighted, just her fair face at the door!

III

WHERE Richard Cœur de Lion shone
In the red lists of Ascalon
The lizard slips from stone to stone;
Templars and turbaned hosts are gone
Like sands from off the sea-dunes blown.

I know that I may one day be
E'en as a sand-grain of the sea
By the rude tempests tossed and swirled,
Yet something says my memory
Will bear her beauty down the world.

GENERAL GRANT'S LETTERS TO GENERAL BEALE

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THESE letters were written by Grant to his friend General Edward F. Beale at intervals from 1877, when Grant left Washington and went upon his travels, down to 1885; the last, indeed, was penned within a few weeks of the heroic end of the great commander at Mount McGregor.

The letters are the living memorial of a friendship which began in California in the early fifties and which twenty years later had a marked influence upon the course of national affairs. Grant had the gift of friendship, and his circle was not small; but to the Washington of the seventies it was no secret that of all his personal friends the one he most admired, the one to whom he always listened (and then did as his own good sense dictated) was "Ned" Beale (a grandson of the gallant Truxtun), who with Stockton conquered California, who fought Kearny's guns in the desperate battle of San Pasqual, who gave up active service in the Civil War at Lincoln's request because the providential President knew that Beale's presence in the debatable State would preserve it to the Union. Beale related that he first saw Grant in 1848 in the Casino on the Plaza of the City of Mexico where the officers used to gather during the American occupation. Beale was on his famous ride across Mexico, bringing the news of the conquest of California and the first specimens of the gold that had been newly discovered. He stopped for a few hours to change horses on his route to Vera Cruz. The friendship of Grant and Beale, however, dates from 1853, when Grant's army career seemed closed, and Beale, having resigned from the navy that he might provide for his growing family, was becoming interested in the wonderful development of the Golden State, which he foresaw like a prophet and by which he profited like a wise man.

In these days, when Grant was unfortunate, Beale stood by his friend with both word and deed. They walked the Long Wharf together and ate their meals at the "What Cheer" House when San Francisco was as uncertain of its name as of its future.

The value of these letters is enhanced by the fact that Grant was a reserved man and a somewhat reluctant correspondent; to few if to any of his circle of intimates did he open his heart as he did to his old comrade and house-friend Beale. The originals of these letters are in the possession of Hon. Truxtun Beale, only son of the General and former United States Minister to Persia and to Greece, to whom we are indebted for permission to reproduce them here.—STEPHEN BONSALE.

INVERNESS, *September 9th, '77.*

MY DEAR GENERAL: I was delighted day before yesterday while visiting the very northernmost part of Scotland by receiving your very acceptable favor of the 15th of August. We have had a most delightful visit both in England and Scotland, and on the Continent. We will remain on this island until about the 20th of October when we will go to Paris to remain some time. If the money holds out—it depends very much on Consolidated Va. Silver Mining stock holding out—I will be able to stay abroad two years very pleasantly.

It has been very gratifying to me—though very irksome to one so little inclined

to speaking—to see our country so respected as it is abroad, and all the people, of all classes, show it on all occasions. The demonstrations on all the lines of railway, when the trains stop, are very much like they were immediately after the close of the rebellion, in the Northern States, when any of the army officers who were in high favor were travelling. But the newspapers bore you enough with this subject without my inflicting anything further.

Travelling as I have I have not been very well able to keep up with affairs at home. Important matters like the great railroad strike are fully reported—and duly exaggerated, of course—but little details I do

not see as I would if receiving our own papers regularly. The progress of Civil Service reform—a very flexible reform, or humbug, that justifies whatever a few dissatisfied politicians want—comes by instalments. There are two humbugs which Mr. Hayes will find out—for I believe he is an honest, sincere man, and patriot—one is Civil Service reform, the other reformers. This is my judgment. Let us see.

Soon after my arrival in England I had the pleasure of driving Kellogg. He came over in fine condition and is as good as ever. I hope Rockey [one of his horses] may prove as good and that either Mrs. Beale or yourself will find enjoyment in using him. I left word before my departure that if Blossom was not in foal you could use her—on the turf or otherwise—as you choose. I will feel more at home back in Washington than any place else, and no place more than in visiting your farm with you. I also thank you and Mrs. Beale—Mrs. Grant joins me in this—for your kind invitation to your house. If we should conclude to remain there we will, of course, endeavor to have a house of our own. But we thank you all the same.

With kindest regards of Mrs. Grant and myself to Mrs. Beale and all your family, I am, sincerely and truly,

Your obt. svt.,

U. S. GRANT.

HOTEL BRISTOL, PARIS, *November 4th, '77.*

DEAR GENERAL: I am just in receipt of your letter of the 19th of Oct. I want you to do with "Bob Acres" just as you would if he was your own. Breed him to just as many mares as you think proper. If I should ever want him I will send for him. It is most likely that when I settle down I shall want a pair to drive, and if he proves fast may want him. In the meantime there will be an opportunity of seeing his colts.

We have been now ten days in Paris, and I have seen pretty well the outside of it. But I have seen nothing here that would make we want to live in Paris, or elsewhere outside of the United States. My preference would be for England of all the countries abroad I have yet seen. It has been a mystery to me how so many Americans can content themselves here, year after year with nothing to do. Houses are not so

comfortable as with us; living is not so good; society is confined—almost—to the colony temporarily residing here, and the only thing I see to commend Paris to foreigners is that everybody minds their own business and do not interfere with their neighbors—if they pay their bills. We have seen Mamie* and have promised to dine with her and husband, quietly, if we get through other engagements in time, before leaving. She is very well and appears very contented—I note what you say about the Administration. I hope all will turn out right, and if it does not that the democracy will do some foolish thing in time to consolidate the republicans by the time of the next Presidential election.

Poor Morton† is dead! He is a great loss to the country. His patriotism never deserted him and the party had no abler expounder of its principles in the Senate. I hope his friends will see that his family do not want.

Please present Mrs. Grant's and my kindest regards to Mrs. Beale and Miss Emma.‡

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *March 6th, '78.*

MY DEAR GENERAL: After a delightful trip through Egypt; up the Nile to the first falls; back to Cairo; to Suez and through the Suez Canal to Port Said; to Jaffa and Jerusalem; to Smyrna and Ephesus, we are now at this historically interesting place. We have been here five days, and leave this evening for Athens. The city is very quiet, but in government circles one discovers a deep gloom. The Russians are but a few miles outside of the city and can come in when they please. But as terms have been signed, and the Russian Minister to Turkey is now in this city, they may abstain from coming in altogether. I feel a great desire to visit the Russian camp, but as the Turks have been very hospitable, and might look upon such a visit with suspicion, I shall refrain.

I was invited to an audience with the Sultan the other day, and to visit his private stable of thoroughbred Arabian horses. A Turkish admiral, who was educated in England, and speaks perfect English, acted

* Mme. Bakmatieff, General Beale's daughter.

† O. P. Morton of Indiana.

‡ Mrs. John R. McLean.

as interpreter. After we had left the Sultan he sent for the admiral, who, on returning, said that "His Imperial Majesty" would send to the ship on the following day one of the horses and equipments. I thanked him very kindly, but declined on the ground that the ship was not coming directly to the United States, that I should not go back soon myself, etc. But in visiting the stables—where there are sixty or seventy of these horses; it may be more—I found the officers were anxious to get my views as to which were the best. There were three, one a beautiful dappled grey, one a blood bay and one a sorrel, which I designated as very beautiful. Dining last night with the Minister of War—at which the Cabinet and many other officials and others were present—I was told that the Sultan would think hard of it if I should decline to receive the horse, and that he would be sent to Marseilles for me. If he is I shall make arrangements to have him sent to Liverpool, to the care of our Consul, Gen. Fairchild, to be shipped by him to Phila., to your care. If he goes I hope you will take him and use him—for breeding purposes or otherwise—as your own until I call for him, which may not be for a year or two. These horses, I am told, have their pedigrees kept for one or two hundred years back, and are of the purest blood. It may be of some value to breeders in the United States to get some of this blood, and if so I will be amply repaid. I will make arrangements for the payment of all expenses in getting the horse to Phila., and when I return will pay all other expenses.

It is more than probable now that I will return to the U. States next fall. But, if so, I shall not go to housekeeping—except at Long Branch in the summer—until the fall of '79, and where I have not yet determined. Washington is my choice, but this I will leave to be determined after my return.

I received your very welcome letter at Smyrna, and one at the same time from Adml. Ammen. I get the home papers now with much regularity, and regret to see politics at home in such a troubled condition. We learn that the Silver Bill*—which I regard as dishonest and very destructive to the interest of the country—has passed both houses by a large majority. I hope the

President will veto it, and that his veto will prevail. Should it pass I look to the best interests of the country rendering it nugatory by refusing to make contracts except on a gold basis. The double standard I regard as wholly impracticable. The currency of lesser value will drive the better out of market. Gold would simply become an article of merchandise, being bought and sold at so much premium. The Supreme Court will no doubt decide that part of the law which makes silver a legal tender in payment of principle and interest on the public debt as unconstitutional—*ex post facto*.

Mrs. Grant joins me in desiring to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Beale and your family.

If you should write to me within a few days of the receipt of this, direct to Rome, I will no doubt get it there. Later direct to the care of Drexel, Harjes & Co., Paris.

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

COPENHAGEN, July 7th, '78.

MY DEAR GENERAL: We arrived here this a. m. and found a mail for us, and with it your welcome letter written after your return home. I wish I could be with you long enough to visit the farm and the colts. I look forward to my return to the States with more pleasure than I do upon any visits yet proposed to countries I have not yet visited. Since seeing you I have done up Holland and North Germany very thoroughly. The Hollanders are a great people, good-looking, industrious, free and rich. North Germany is better than I expected to find, that is, more productive. The people, of course, we know all about. We have them by the tens of thousands at home. On Friday we leave here to go through Norway, where I hope to do some fishing. After that we will go through Sweden, Russia and Austria; after which we will take a run through Spain and then settle down for the winter, some place. In the spring we will go home in time to be an early settler at our Long Branch home—the only one we have.

Now that Congress has adjourned it is to be hoped that business will revive, harmony prevail, and the newspapers become stupid for the want of exciting or sensational topics to write upon. I note what

* Bland Bill.

you say about the prospects for '80, and hear the same thing from other sources—letters and papers. But with the revival of business all this will be forgotten, and I am very sure it will be gratifying to me. I have had all the honors, and would like to avoid the vexations of political life for the future. Although not sensitive to abuse of opponents,—who slander without regard to facts,—I do not care to be a constant antagonist. I have children—and children's children, in a small way—who may be affected by these things, and I want to spare them. I am very glad Phelps has been continued as one of the commissioners for the district. I know a more competent or honest officer could not have been selected. Then he is acquainted with the duties. He has too, large executive abilities, with the strictest integrity behind—qualities inculcated by both the Military and Naval Service. I received a letter from Phelps some time ago—more than a month—which I am ashamed to say I have not answered. Give him my kindest regards and say that I had got into a sort of rut in the way of writing to a few persons,—ten or a dozen outside of my own family,—and that while I intended writing to him I have always found that when I do sit down to write I have more letters to answer than I can get through with.

Remember me to my Washington friends—and Long Branch ones too, where I suppose this will find you—and Mrs. Grant's love to Mrs. Beale and Miss Emily, and my kindest regards.

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

PAU, FRANCE, *December 6th, '78.*

MY DEAR GENERAL: Your letter of the 29th of Oct. reached me—or rather I found it—at Gibraltar about three weeks ago. It made me more homesick than I was to be back again and to be with you in some of your visits to the farm. I shall be sorry if Bob Acres does not turn out a trotter. But my means will not allow me to indulge much in fancy stock.

We have nearly determined to go by the way of India, and to go by the U. S. steamer *Richmond* which leaves for the Mediterranean on the 10th, four days from now. I have cabled to the Sec. of the Navy to-day, accepting his invitation to take passage in her. It would be delightful to have you

along, as you propose,* but Mrs. Grant would not give up the trip for the world. In fact, she has been urging me to go that way ever since I first announced my determination to return by the Atlantic.

We have seen the capitols, and most of the principal towns, and the people of every country in Europe. I have not yet seen any to be jealous of. The fact is we are the most progressive, freest, and richest people on earth, but don't know it or appreciate it. Foreigners see this much plainer than we do. While all other nations are exercised how to raise more taxes out of an over-burdened people to pay the interest on debts already contracted, and to support large armies and navies to protect themselves, we are reducing taxation and paying off our debt.

The results of the Nov. elections, in the North, are very encouraging. I am glad the elections of Conkling and Cameron are insured.

Mrs. Grant sends her love to Mrs. Beale and Miss Emily. Mrs. Grant says to tell Miss Emily that she has heard, away out here, of the swell team she and Buck † attended the Wise-Hopkins wedding with. My kindest regards to the ladies also.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE GENERAL,
SHANGHAI, *May 23d, 1879.*

MY DEAR GENERAL: A mail is just in and brings your letter of the 13th of March. Yours of the 3d reached me at Hongkong. The dialogue which you give that took place between you and a Northern democratic Congressman is discouraging enough. But I have strong faith in the people when real danger comes. The experience of the rebellion is not going to be thrown away. Should there be a second rebellion during the life of people engaged in the last it would be dealt with most summarily, and would be so thoroughly put down as to keep it down for ever. You would not witness again the instigators of rebellion dictating laws for the government of the loyal.

I have now been in this greatest commercial city of China six days. My reception has been the most cordial and most demon-

* General Beale proposed in his letter, to which this is an answer, that Mrs. Grant might stay with Mrs. Beale in some pleasant climate during the journey around the world.

† U. S. Grant Jr.

strative I have witnessed since leaving England. But Young's * letters to the *Herald* will give full description.

We leave in an hour for Tientsin and Peking. After going to the great wall we will go to Japan, where I shall stay five or six weeks. I should like to go back by Honolulu, but doubt whether I will be able to do so.

Mrs. Grant joins me in much love to you and all your family.

Very truly your friend,
U. S. GRANT.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE GENERAL,
PEKING, CHINA, June 7th, '79.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I have now been to the limit of my travels in China. From here we take the back track to Tientsin, and thence to Japan as rapidly as a U. S. vessel of war—seven knots an hour—can carry us. I must say that neither the country nor the people attract the traveller to pay them a second visit. But I have visited the country under the most favorable circumstances to see and study the people, institutions, etc., and have drawn rather a favorable view of their future from all I have seen. In the first place, they are enduring, patient to the last degree, industrious, and have brought living down to a minimum. By their shrewdness and economy they have monopolized nearly all the carrying trade—coastwise—of the East, they are driving out all other merchants; through India, Malay, Siam, and the islands from the shores of Africa to Japan, they are the mechanics, market-gardeners, stevedores, small traders, servants and everything else that goes to mark material progress. They are not a military power and could not defend themselves against even a small European power. But they have the material for a strong, independent nation and may, before many years roll around, assert their power. Their leading men thoroughly appreciate their weakness, but understand at the same time the history of Turkey, Egypt and other powers that have made rapid strides towards the new civilization on borrowed capital, and with foreign management and control. Their idea seems to be to gradually educate a sufficient number of their own people to fill all places in the development of railroads, manufactories, tele-

graphs, and everything new to them, but common—if not old—with us. Then, with their own men and capital, to commence a serious advancement. I would not be surprised to hear within the next twenty years, if I should live so long, more complaint of Chinese absorption of the trade and commerce of the world than we hear now of their backward position. But before this change begins to show itself there will be a change of dynasty. The present form of government gives no State power whatever. It may take off the heads of weak offenders or of a few obnoxious persons, but is as weak against outside powers as we would be if "States' Rights," as interpreted by Southern democrats, prevailed. There are so many powers within the government as to prevent the whole from exercising its full strength against a common enemy.

Mrs. Grant's and my love to you and all your family.

Very truly yours,
U. S. GRANT.

TOKIO, JAPAN, August 10th, 1879.

MY DEAR GENERAL: The time is now near at hand for my departure for the States. On the 27th of this month we sail on the steamer *City of Tokio*. It is my intention to remain several weeks on the Pacific and visit Oregon and Washington territory. On the way home I shall stop over a few days at Virginia City; a few days at Salt Lake, and from Cheyenne I shall go south to Denver where—or at Colorado Springs—I shall leave Mrs. Grant while I run out to Leadville. Returning from the latter place we will go directly to Galena, the only place where I have a residence. I shall not go east probably before the holidays. I will then accept yours and Mrs. Beale's proffered hospitalities for a few days while there. I shall not want to remain in Washington long while Congress is in session.

I have now been six or seven weeks in Japan. The country and people are exceedingly interesting. The progress that has been made in this country in a few years is more like a romance than a reality. They have school facilities for every child in the empire, male and female, equal to the Northern States of the Union. Their Naval and Military Academies, their colleges and their school of science are equal to the best

* John Russell Young.

of ours in the course taught and mode of instruction. In all their higher educational institutions the text-books are in English, hence the students must learn the English. Already the mass of their professors are natives, many of them having been educated in the schools where they now teach.

Remember us all to Mrs. Beale and all your family. Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

GALENA, ILL., May 16th, 1880.

MY DEAR GEN. BEALE: I was glad to receive your letter of the 27th of Apl. I should have written to you from Mexico, but I knew you had gone to California, did not know your address there, and expected your return to Washington before this.—My last trip was quite as pleasant as any that preceded it. Mexico has made no great strides since we were there as young men. But it is just preparing for rapid development. With a peaceable Presidential election this summer, and quiet inauguration following, Mexico will be able to invite foreign capital to build her roads, develop her sugar, coffee, tobacco and mines, and build up a commerce commensurate with her great natural resources. Now that we have roads going to her very borders they should form connections with a whole net-work in that country. We are now paying two hundred millions a year, in sterling exchange, for tropical and semi-tropical products which Mexico could furnish, and would receive largely in exchange the products of our soil and manufactories.

The campaign east of the mountains has been unprecedented. The democratic papers need not bother their heads for matter to fill up their campaign documents. All they need to do will be to republish what the republican papers have said about the candidates whose nomination they opposed. But I hope the election will come out right.

Buck returned two weeks ago. Jesse we hear nothing from. Ere this I hope he is at your house.

I forgot to mention that I did not go to Honolulu, because I found that it would be impossible to get to the Pacific from Mexico with any comfort with ladies and all the interminable baggage they carry.

With kindest regards of Mrs. Grant and myself,

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT.

GALENA, ILL., September 3d, 1880.

MY DEAR GEN. BEALE: Your very kind letter advising against my accepting the position assigned me by the papers with the San Pedro Mining Co. was duly received. I had examined the property and really believe it to be the most valuable piece of mining property now known. I had the offer of the Presidency of the Co. with a good salary, and a part ownership, on favorable terms, with an assurance that the stock would not be put upon the market, nor any of it sold. With these conditions I thought I would accept, but fortunately declined to do so until I should go to New York City in the fall. Soon I saw some of the property was being sold, it apparently having enhanced in value in the estimation of some people as soon as my connection with it was published, and the temptation being too great for some of them to withstand. I at once wrote casting much doubt about my having anything to do with it. Later, learning of at least one person who had purchased on the assurance that I had, or would undoubtedly accept the charge, I wrote, positively declining to have anything to do with it.

Your letter stated that you would go to Washington in a short time. I address this to you there therefore. We will leave here for the east in less than a month, not to return before next spring. Where we will spend the winter is not yet determined, but probably a good deal of it will be in Washington City. That is where I prefer to make my principal home, but circumstances may compel me to locate elsewhere. There are two subjects I wish particularly to promote, if in my power—the construction of an Inter-Oceanic Canal, and the building of railroads in Mexico to connect with ours—and these subjects may possibly fix my location without reference to my preferences. Mrs. Grant and I will certainly meet you and Mrs. Beale during the fall or winter, either in New York or Washington, or both.

With the best regards of Mrs. Grant and I to you and all your family, I am

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, N. Y. CITY,
October, 22d, 1880.

MY DEAR GEN. BEALE: Mrs. Grant received a letter from Emily asking her to ac-

company me when I go to Washington, and be your guest. She will do so, but I cannot say now when we will go. If not so engaged as to detain me here, or elsewhere permanently, we expect to spend the winter from early Jan. in Washington. In that case we will either get a house or make some hotel arrangement. But we will pay you a visit in the meantime. It will probably be shortly after the election. It looks to me now as if the result of the election was assured. This State will certainly go republican, and I rather think all the Northern States will go the same way. I felt as if I could not bear the idea of the democrats getting possession of the Govt. and to show my sympathy with the cause consented to preside at the Warren, Ohio, meeting. It has caused me a world of trouble. Letters and dispatches, and committees are after me day and night to go to this place and that, to some of which I have been compelled, for my own peace of mind, to give my consent. I am glad it will all be over soon. I should not mind so much attending these meetings only that as soon as I make my appearance there is a universal shout for me to say something, and the people will not be quieted without it. Speaking before the public is a terrible trial for me, and being totally without verbal memory I cannot prepare anything in advance to say. But I cut it short and get out the best I can, much to the disgust apparently of the democratic papers, which think that of all the country I am the least entitled to a political opinion. If we had two National parties, neither dangerous to the prosperity and welfare of the country, I would agree with them in saying that it would be much more dignified for me to keep out of the arena of politics. But our sacrifice of blood and treasure has been too great to loose all the good results now to save a little dignity. I sincerely believe that a democratic success now would be almost as disastrous as a war, and that the disaster would be no less to our section or to our party than to the other.

With kind regards of Mrs. Grant and myself to you and all your family,

Very truly yours, U. S. GRANT.

NEW YORK CITY, *November 25th, '80.*

MY DEAR GEN. BEALE: I find now my engagements will keep me here until after

the 9th of Dec. I will, therefore, go to Washington on Monday, the 13th. I am busy to-day trying to get up with a correspondence which gets much behind the best I can do.

When you were here I told you that no one I talked to took any interest in the Canal. The railroad men are indifferent, but say that before the canal could be built, if commenced now, the wheat of California will be coming to the Gulf of Mexico, or New Orleans, by rail cheaper than it could be transported via San Francisco to the Pacific end of the canal. Railroads in Mexico are receiving the enthusiastic endorsement of railroad men with capital to build them, and of capitalists generally. They will be built now as fast as human labor can construct them.

With kind regards of Mrs. Grant and I to Mrs. Beale and Miss Emily,

Yours very truly,

U. S. GRANT.

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.

MY DEAR GENERAL BEALE: I have your letter of Friday asking my endorsement of Gen. Ayres for the Brig. Generalcy to be made vacant by the retirement of Gen. McKenzie. I know Gen. Ayres very favorably, but I must decline from taking part in the contest for that officer. I am very loth to ask anything from this Administration further than can be granted by the different members of the Cabinet, most of whom I regard as personal friends. Then, too, I regard Merritt as coming next in order of services rendered though I am not going to give him—or any one—an indorsement.

We arrived here without any fatigue, though the weather is as bad here as in New York, barring the cold. I do not think we will remain long.

We may go back by way of Washington and stop off for a few days. If we do, however, we will stop at a hotel because of my condition and the number of people who will be calling at my room. We will make you a visit later when I am able to get about. Then too we have a large family now, three of us and two servants. I am writing with a bad hotel pen and a trembling hand.

With kindest regards of Mrs. Grant and

myself and Miss Sharp* to you, Mrs. Beale and Miss Emily, I am

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., *June 26th, '84.*

MY DEAR GENERAL BEALE: Your letter of yesterday just received. It is very good of you to take so much interest in the bill for my retirement. But I cannot suggest any member of Congress for you to see. All the members I know personally, except Rosecrans, are in favor of the bill, and I do not know of but one other, Springer, who opposes it. No doubt there are others who do, but I have not heard of them expressing any particular opposition. I have not felt that the bill would pass this session, if at all. I need it very much and would feel grateful for it, particularly if it should pass the House as it did the Senate. I am not as familiar with the rules of the House as I should be. But my recollection is that a bill cannot be taken from the Speaker's table except by unanimous consent. If I am correctly informed Springer and Rosecrans will not give theirs.

We all hope that Mrs. Beale and Emily are steadily improving in health. It may be that we will run up to Deer Park for a week in August. We have now a large family here. Nellie and family and Fred and family are here. But there is always a spare room for you if you come this way, and for Mrs. Beale and Emily if they are along.

With love from Mrs. Grant to your family,

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

December 16th, 1884.

MY DEAR GENERAL BEALE: Mrs. Grant and I are very much obliged to you and Mrs. Beale for your kind invitation to visit you; but unless I improve very materially from my present conditional (*sic*) I will not be able to leave home this winter. I am now a great sufferer from my throat. It is

* Mrs. Grant's niece.

nearly impossible for me to swallow enough to sustain life, and what I do swallow is attended with great pain. It pains me even to talk. I have to see the doctor daily, and he does not encourage me to think that I will be well soon. Mrs. Grant and I would go to the Hot Springs in Arkansas; but the doctor does not deem it advisable to do so.

With kindest regards to all your family,

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

NEW YORK CITY, *January 6, 1885.*

MY DEAR SIR: Through the press and otherwise, I learn that you, with a few other friends of mine, are engaged in raising a subscription for my benefit. I appreciate both the motive and the friendship which has dictated this course on your part, but on mature reflection, I regard it as due to myself and family to decline this proffered generosity.

I regret that I did not make this known earlier.

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

CYRUS W. FIELD, ESQ.

NEW YORK CITY, *January 24, 1885.*

MY DEAR GENERAL BEALE: Your letter of the 20th was duly received. I am much obliged to Mrs. Beale for her kind expression about my Shiloh article. It will, I have no doubt, be severely criticised. But I have told in it the exact truth as I saw it.

Mrs. Grant says we will accept yours and Mrs. Beale's kind invitation to visit you soon after the 4th of March. But I have no idea that I will be able to go. My throat is giving me much trouble, and I must see the doctor daily. There was about two weeks of last month, and the first of this, when I could not speak, for the pain it gave me. I am now having a similar turn, but not so bad. If I should be in a condition to leave the doctor's care by the 4th of March, or at any time in the spring, I will be glad to go.

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

"FOR EAST IS EAST, AND WEST IS WEST"

By Mary Gay Humphreys

ILLUSTRATION BY H. C. WALL

"**W**HAT in the world has gone with that star?"



We were each in an easy chair on the ranch porch. "We" included two cats; one, who had adopted us, named Thomasita, a black cat with white hind legs which gave him the air of stalking about in pajamas; the other, Little Pink, was a scrub yellow kitten who screamed for everything she wanted and got it; and now had the easiest chair of all. It had a cushion. The third four-footed member of our group was Rollie, our faithful guardian, a dog of no degree, who spent his days in chasing coyotes, also his nights, when he was not dreaming of chasing them. We others were merely four women, three ranchers and their visitor.

Five miles up a lovely but lonely canyon we had no mails, except when some chance wayfarers brought them, since cloudbursts had gashed the roads and made them impassable. Consequently, as we lay back at our ease idly wondering where that star had gone, we were witnessing unwittingly the occultation of Mars, which some days later the newspapers informed us was a performance of wide-spread interest. However, our wonder at the disappearance of the star was merely in passing, our conversation being of another sort.

For twenty-five years these women ranchers, coming from a large city, had lived thus remotely. Now that the open range had passed away they had sold off their excess herds and were their own cowboys. Except on great occasions such as branding, when the neighboring ranches sent help, they lived entirely alone. In this almost inconceivable isolation they kept touch with the great world without by means of those magazines and accommodating periodicals which present the progress of the sphere in tabloid form for the benefit of the busy and the remote, and with stories reflecting the manners and morals of the day.

Even with these aids there were wide gaps in their knowledge of the outer civilization, missing links, new coinage of words, inverted meanings, inexplicable changes in customs familiar in their girlhood, still greater changes in the spiritual and ethical outlook of the day. They went to town to vote at the appointed season, but this was all in the day's work; as to that creature, the new woman, of whom they had read so much, they were sorely perplexed. Thus there was an infinitude of talk as we endeavored to bring our two diverse civilizations within one another's comprehension.

For their environment was as inexplicable to me, just out of the whirlpool in which I had so nearly been engulfed, as mine to them. I had come from the seething centre of things, days and nights of bridge and other lady-like dissipations, of breathless runs in motor-cars to keep pace with my kind; this on my part. On the part of my family, the see-saw of the stock-market on which I was tossed now high, now low by forces beyond my control. One day we were rolling in the wealth of the sanguine, the next buried by the woes of the male Cassandras of the household, who saw the country on the verge of perdition. Now, I was gratifying the caprice of the moment, and now, despairing before the heaping up of the monthly bills. When the warm days came a friendly young doctor took me in hand.

"Your nerves are fiddle-strings. Beat it. You for the simple life. Three months at least, better six."

I took it as all medical advice because it fell in with my inclinations. I came to San Christos canyon, where except in emergencies we did nothing but eat, sleep, and talk; and talk like a rivulet overflowed the islets of eating, and even the longer stretches of sleep. This evening it flowed continuously. Salina had begun lightly enough.

"Do nice women smoke cigarettes?"

"Well, yes."

"You don't."

"Thanks for the implication. I can't. The tobacco always gets in my mouth."

"It seems incredible that women who wear lingerie gowns should smoke like men."

"She's thinking of her latest heroine," Elena suggested.

"What have lingerie gowns to do with it, Salina?" I inquired.

"They seem to me to lack the dramatic instinct," she continued musingly without answering me. "Page in her cowboy dress riding the range with a cigarette in her mouth would look all right."

"Page!" exclaimed Maria. "Don't say that to her. Page would be mightily shocked at the bare suggestion."

"Page? Is that the little girl who breaks broncos? She's awfully fetching in her costume. By the way, Salina, where is your dramatic instinct when you go cowboy-ing in a mother hubbard and a sun-bonnet?" I ventured.

"When she wears a peaked Mexican hat she is the image of the old woman riding a broomstick. I'll show you a snap shot I caught one day up the canyon," laughed Elena.

"I've no time to costume myself when I look for a missing calf or chase cattle thieves."

"No, her appearance scares them off," Elena persisted.

"But, Salina, what may a woman do in a lingerie gown?" I returned to our theme.

"Well"—she gave the matter some thought. "Why, for one thing, fan. Don't women fan any more? The stories scarcely ever mention fans," she turned on me. I gave her question some consideration.

"I don't recall fans except as wedding presents, and those are too fine for action. You see, this is an athletic age," I continued, feeling my way. "Women don't mind getting red; they fairly mop their faces with their handkerchiefs."

"In my days we were brought up to use fans. A fan shows off one's rings, and keeps the blood out of the hands, not to mention its conversational possibilities in critical moments. Humph. So women have laid down their fans and taken up cigarettes, rackets, and bats."

"With Salina one swallow always did make a summer," Elena interposed. "On those cigarettes she will construct the entire fabric of your curious society."

"Certainly." She accepted the challenge. "Cuvier only needed a bone. I have faith in what the French call 'indications.' I am like an old-fashioned doctor. I believe in symptoms. Such things are symptoms. Do cocktails go with cigarettes, and of course gambling at bridge?"

"They've been known to. But, Salina, don't profess to be shocked at cocktails," I protested. "I'll wager that you have sipped the sugar at the bottom of toddy glasses many a day when you were in pig-tails."

"I am not shocked. I am trying to understand. Certainly I was brought up in a land of toddies; but please don't compare those exchanges of courtesy and reminiscence for which toddy merely gave the opportunity with the modern cocktail."

"I thought she would take the medical tack," whispered Elena.

"Not at all," Maria whispered back. "She is making for the upper ether."

"Cocktails, from the stories I read, are an artificial stimulus to the appetite, and are taken by women as well as men," Salina went on in her Johnsonian manner.

"Certainly. Handed about before dinner," I admitted.

"Tossed down, not drank—not a moment for wit or repartee," she supplemented. "Of course, in a healthy state of society such an artificial stimulus would not be needed. Compared with pipes or cigars and toddies, cocktails and cigarettes are sophistications and indicate a sophisticated social state. Women were never given to pipes and toddies when I was in the world, and woman is the barometer of any stage of civilization."

"Both cigarettes and cocktails are brief," I teasingly pleaded in extenuation.

"Yes, they belong to a hurried, breathless age, the age of get-rich-quick schemes, the success of the short story, and I expect one sees it in the culture of the day," she sighed.

"Culture?" I protested. "That's another pair of shoes. Nowadays one only thinks of culture in connection with bacilli."

"There it is again. Liberties with the very language. This constant perversion."

"What do you mean?" Elena, who was the student and read book reviews, broke in. "I always thought culture was such a de-

cent word. Out here we lower our voices when we utter it."

"Then don't do it again. Scream it. Toss it to the high heavens."

"What then shall we say?" she and Maria chimed together.

"Forget it," I cried shamelessly, in what was to them an unknown tongue and with insane gesture.

By these tokens I knew that the crystalline air and ranch life that came so much nearer things elemental than I had ever encountered had laid hold on me—aided, I confess, by something of the hysteria of high altitudes.

Salina had left her chair to suggest to a wandering young rooster that it was time for chickens, at least, to be in bed. When she had settled herself I continued:

"Life with you is a return to simple elements. Here there are no programmes. You meet things when you come to them. Each event is the result of a new combination of circumstances and must be dealt with accordingly. If you have any standards to which things may be referred, I haven't encountered them. It means a lot of responsibility for the individual. The individual is not important with us. Here everything must be decided on the spot, and as if it had never happened before. There are no precedents. Half the time since I have been here I haven't known where I am at. That's all right. Never mind the grammar; it's congressional."

"I haven't an idea of what you mean. Illustrate."

"I will. The other day when we had visitors from town you brought in the lady who does the washing and cooked the dinner, and said: 'Ladies, this is our friend, Mrs. McPhail, who is kind enough to look after us,' and we made a place for her. I must say she was very shy about it."

"Yes, I see. She was born a Scotch peasant. What else?" ignoring explanation. "Your guests last week were a well-known cattle rustler——"

"Yes, who scoured the country one entire night to get a nurse for me when I had the pneumonia. Go on."

"A judge, one of Quantrill's men, who sought seclusion in the valley below many years ago."

"Yes. He is now on the school board." She waited expectantly.

"And Uncle Henry Jacobs, important member of a family of bandits, and has rustled your cattle many a time."

"And notwithstanding is a very good neighbor on other occasions, although I wouldn't leave an axe helve unguarded when he is here. What more?"

"Well, I am no more at ease with your polite society. Your suave composure when Mrs. Augusta Angevine told me that poetry came natural to her because her father was a bosom friend of Hiawatha filled me with admiration while I hid behind my napkin."

"I'll take you over the hill to her ranch," Elena hastened to offer, "and she will show you a photograph of Mr. Roosevelt—'Teddy,' she affectionately calls him—hung by the side of the 'Three Maggies,' and she will tell you how she just loves those old men following the star."

We laughed the laugh of the scornful, but Salina did not mean to be side-tracked by such frivolities.

"It does mean responsibility for the individual—more than you realize. If the law, moral or social, does not meet the situation we make the law what it should be. If a Slav during a strike needs meat for his children and kills one of my calves—well, that is reasonable. After all, the coyotes are only marketing for their families when they haunt the chicken yard. I am bound to defend my property, but I hold the coyotes morally guiltless. But when Jack Hollister kills one of my steers and hides the skin lest my brand gives him away—well, if I could catch him, I would shoot him as I wouldn't shoot a dog."

"Of course, I can see that it is these opportunities for instant decision that make you so resourceful. That also is the reason you are never bored. It fascinates me. You are always on the eve of some situation that counts, and what it is to be you can never anticipate."

Here Rollie growling ominously made for one of his private passageways under the fence. There is no mistaking Rollie's note. This meant danger. Elena reached in-doors for the six-shooter that always lay on the table by the door. The moon, that had been sauntering in and out the dark, rolling clouds, was now shrouded. Grouped together, peering through the darkness, we saw a man with a rifle running from the

hill across the mesa. Salina was the first to speak.

"It's Pedro. Something is up."

Rollie had stopped growling and ran by the side of the man, who opened the gate and came toward us. It was a piteous figure, breathless, water streaming from his face, which beneath was gray and wan, his eyes bloodshot and his coat torn by the underbrush. He sank on the lower step, and the strong arms of Maria helped him on to the porch. Little Pink stood up on her cushion and stretched herself. Elena swept her off and Pedro sank down, unable to speak.

Salina picked up the rifle and examined it.

"Pedro has killed somebody," she said unwittingly, paying a tribute to his skill.

"Si," he whispered.

"Who?"

"Juanita's man. They're after me." He straightened himself in his chair, his eyes trying to pierce the darkness, our eyes following his.

"Keep quiet everybody," Salina commanded. "When you can, let me know all about it. You've been drinking, Pedro."

"Si, ma'am," he breathed. "John Bucks too."

"The Dutchman, your sister's man?"

"Si."

Courage seemed to come back to him, surrounded by friends. We were only four women, but we represented to Pedro the dominating Americanas. Elena had left us; we heard her moving stealthily inside.

"Don't make a light, Elena."

"I'm not such an idiot. Where did you put that cold tea?"

"On the pantry window," Maria interposed.

Pedro, half-breed Apache and Mexican, had been on the ranch at intervals since he was a small boy. For three years he had been the cowboy, and had only left when the fencing of the ranges and the reduction of the herds made him no longer necessary. Since then he had worked in a mining camp. But his devotion to the Americanas was like the fealty of a dog.

"Pedro, they told me you had become 'bad hombre.'"

"Si, ma'am," he said humbly.

"Elena, stop making that noise."

"Drat that footstool," we heard Elena muttering in the dark.

Pedro swallowed the lumps in his throat, and sank back in his chair. His exhaustion was the more piteous now that he had found friends and could yield to it.

"John Bucks lick Juana, one, two times. Then I lick John Bucks, and we have blood together. To-day we both drink, mucho, and we make names between us."

Elena interrupted him with her strong, cold tea, and Pedro gulped it down. The tea tightened up his quivering nerves, and he sat up again.

"Then we fight, and John Bucks knock me down and put foot on me. I bite his leg, and he make for knife on table. Then I get gun, but I can't get John Bucks until I make so far." Pedro took up his rifle and brought it to his eye, to indicate that he had to have sufficient distance. "Then I catch John Bucks."

"Perhaps you did not kill him, Pedro," Maria suggested.

"With gun I miss no man. He no move. I saw people run and I hide in hill. When everybody run to John Bucks, I go other way and get street car to Tertio. Then I 'phone to Jose to bring horses to old coal-mine, and I hear that boy cry loud, very loud. He say officers watching horses—officers there already. Then I run to hills and hide until I find horses."

"Who gave you the horses?" Elena asked.

"I took horses," he repeated.

"One already saddled?" doubt in her tone.

"I took horses." Evidently he did not mean to tell.

"What difference does it make where he got horses, Elena?" To Salina that he had horses was the salient fact, not where he got them.

"My horses better." Pedro added. "You let me have short gun. My gun too long, if men get me."

"No, Pedro. One dead man is enough," said Salina.

Elena stepped inside and I heard her take the six-shooter from its place on the table and move away. Pedro heard too.

"You afraid of me, Mrs. Allen?" he asked.

"No, indeed, Pedro. But, do you know, I think you would get off. If you would like to give yourself up to the officers, I will go to town with you," Elena suggested.

Pedro sank back frightened in his chair and threw up his hands.

"Never. No, I die first. Never they get me alive. Jail too long. Court too long. Never."

"Sit down, Elena, and lower your voice. You wouldn't do it yourself, and what chance has a half-breed," Salina interposed. "There is no time to lose. As I argue, they'll think he'll make for the Americanas to get horses. What direction did the horses go this evening, Maria?"

"Down toward the Point."

"Wherever the horses are the officers will go. I don't think they'll come here, for they know that Pedro's Martini is good for that distance. They will wait for some one to come for the horses. Do you suppose that you could find out if they are there, Elena?" Salina turned to her sisters.

The Point was a quarter of a mile down the canyon where, piercing the arroya, it cut off the view of the house. Between the Point and the house lay the flat vega and above it the lawn-like mesa with its fringe of pinons. These traversed, a short climb to the ridge of the Point and the lower part of the canyon was in view. Immediately beneath was a glen, whose fresh lush grass was a favorite grazing-place for the broncos.

Thus far I had been a silent spectator, too much absorbed in this drama of life and death to do more than look and listen. It seemed to me that I was living as I had never lived before. These were things that counted. The instant rejection of all irrelevance, the close keeping down to the bone of the matter, and the immediate constructive efforts on the part of my friends fascinated me. But with Salina's questioning of Elena had come my turn to do something more than look and listen.

"I'll go with you, Elena."

"You. What are you thinking of?"

"I'm not thinking. It's a bad habit."

"All right. I'm glad of your company. We have no time to lose. Stay back, Rollie, you are not wanted." Disappearing, she came back with a little pistol she slipped in her pocket, and we climbed to the vega to seek the shelter of its trees.

"Look where you step, if you can. Twigs are more fatal than rattlers to-night." I had taken no thought of the snakes, now engaged in sloughing their skins and liable

to be about, but even snakes now seemed to be a trifling matter. The clouds parting now and then sending down rifts of light from the moon now high in the heavens, we pushed nearer the deeper darkness of the trees. Above us on the hills we heard the irritable cry of a pack of coyotes crashing through the underbrush, and welcomed the sounds. Stealthily we made our way over the vega, which the Herefords kept smooth as a lawn, to the Point, which rose precipitately until it sharpened and was lost in the arroya. We dared not speak, but touched one another now and then to assure companionship. A gleeful fear, the most enchanting emotion I had ever experienced, possessed me and gave lightness to my feet. The slopes of the ridge we were about to climb in order to overlook the canyon were covered with young growth. Here we gathered our skirts closely about us and crept beneath. We could hear the soft cropping of a bunch of greedy cattle and the stirring of the horses. These helped to efface the sound of our movements which seemed painfully loud.

"Lie down," whispered Elena. "Flat."

Prone on the earth we drew ourselves up and peered over the ridge, where we could see the dusky forms of the broncos, but nothing more. We lay some time gazing into the darkness, when Elena breathed into my ear.

"Watch that deep black blotch on the other side of the rincon. I am sure it is a horse and buggy." We lay some moments watching it resolve into definiteness.

"I am satisfied they are there. Come."

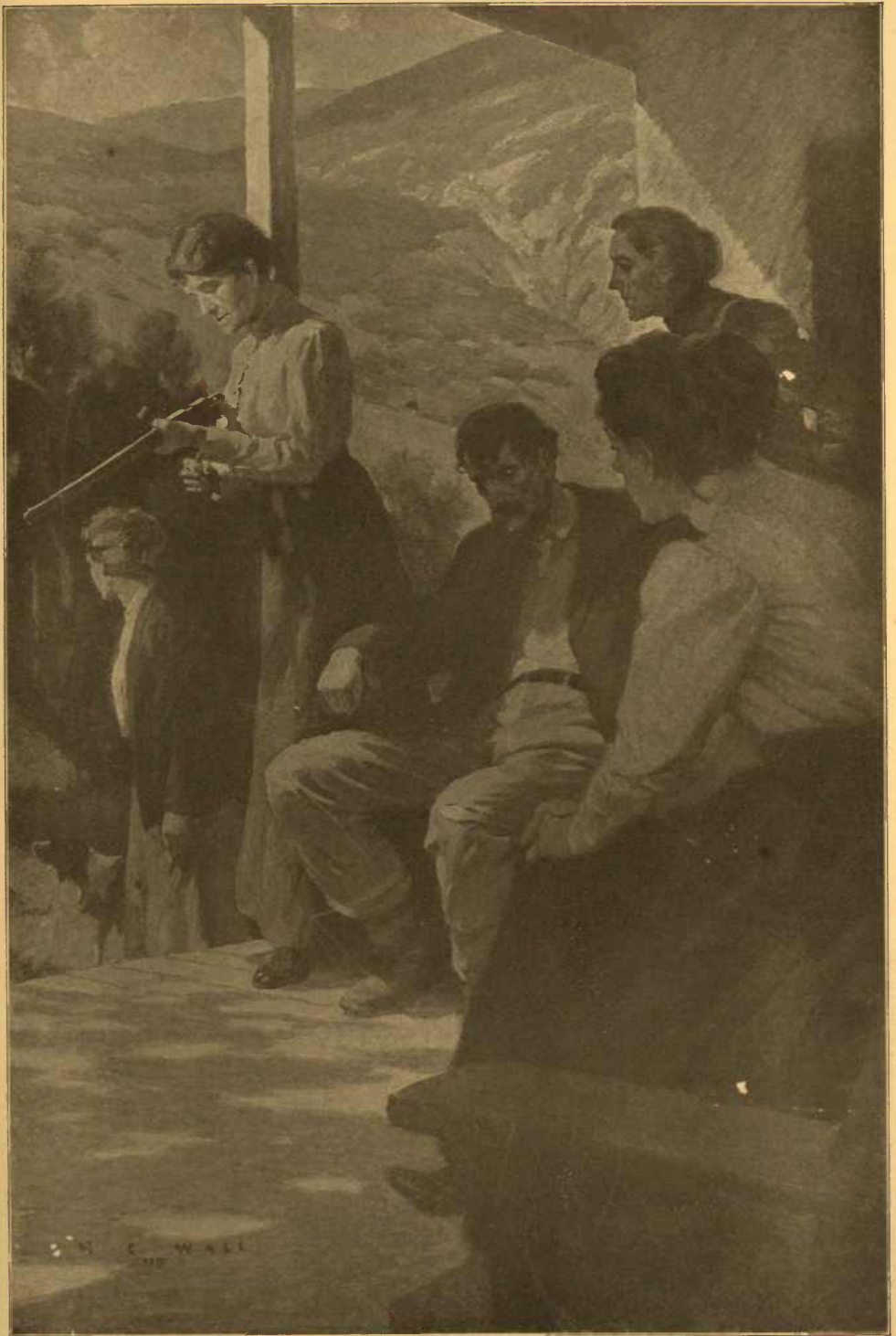
We crept down the slope again and sped quickly along the smooth vega.

"They are watching for some one to come for the horses. They suspect Pedro is here. He must leave as quickly as possible and get over the Divide before light."

We ran light-footed to the house. There Salina and Maria with practised hands in the darkness had secured a flour sack and were filling it. Around them were a can of salmon, the half of a boiled tongue, a loaf of bread, and some potatoes.

"Pedro, have you any matches?" Pedro, with a tray on his lap now being fortified by food, shook his head, and a box of matches was added.

"Salina, there is a buggy around the Point. They are watching the horses. You



Drawn by H. C. Wall.

Pedro sank down, unable to speak. Salina picked up the rifle and examined it.—Page 483.

had better get Pedro away as soon as possible." Elena took the little pistol from her pocket as she came up the step. Pedro reached out his hand.

"You will let me have the leetle gun?" he pleaded.

"No more gun-play, Pedro."

"Let me see, Pedro." Salina got up and fingered his cartridge belt. "Thirty-five steel bull-noses. Those ought to see you through. Pedro, get over into New Mexico as soon as you can. A clear twenty-four hours and you are safe."

"Where did you leave the horses, Pedro?" Maria asked.

"Under the toby tree," he answered, meaning a tree under which Toby, a steer, had been struck by lightning, and was one of the ranch landmarks.

"I'll bring them round to the back of the house, while you make ready to start."

"Pedro, have you any money?" Elena began to look for her purse in the darkness. He shook his head.

"I can scratch together a dollar for you. You know we keep no money here."

"Your coat is in rags. Anybody would know you had been in a scrap. Elena, look behind the door and get my old gray sweater. Yes, it is there. I knew it was. There, put that on, Pedro. That's better. Elena, take the flour sack; Lucy, pick up Pink. Somebody will step on her, and she has the voice of a steam whistle. Come, Pedro. Have you your rifle?"

Rollie and Thomasita seemed to realize the gravity of the situation and followed us quietly through the house. Pedro, like an automaton, appeared to have no volition. Under Salina's command he obeyed like a soldier. Behind the garden fence Maria stood with the horses, where we joined her.

"Make for Old Mexico, Pedro," Salina counselled as they gained the horses, "change your name, stop drinking, and

behave yourself. When it is safe to write let us hear from you, but don't write until it is safe."

There were no waste words, no formal good-byes. We gathered silently about Pedro while he mounted, and watched him until he disappeared up the canyon among the trees.

"Well, that's all we can do," and Salina turned back to the house. "Elena, run ahead and light the lamp. Is there any of that cold pork left, Maria. I'm as hungry as a hunter."

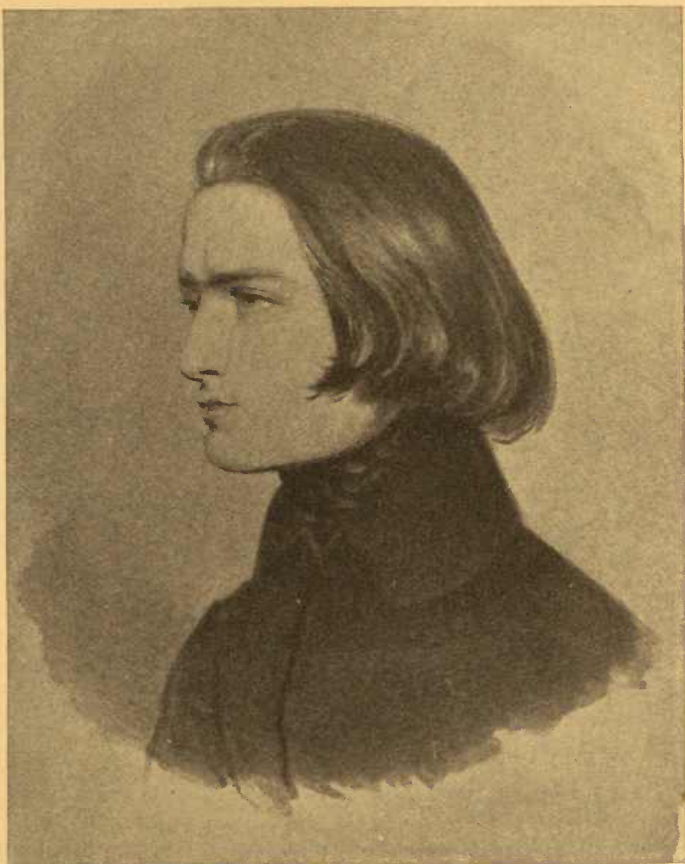
The little adobe kitchen shone brilliantly, and unmindful of deputies around the Point we resumed our usual loud and cheerful tones. My desire to thresh out the affair from every point of view seemed to meet with little response. Except for briefly expressed hopes concerning Pedro's success in eluding his pursuers if he took this road, or mistook that, the events seemed all in the day's work, and at present of no further moment.

I could not let it drop so easily. Helping murderers to escape had not been all in my day's work. I felt as if I had taken a bottle of quinine and iron, and an equal amount of champagne, and the effect on my constitution had been immediate. As we sat around the table, cheeks in hand, amid the wreck of bread, butter, pickles, and pork, I felt that some strength and effervescence must be expended before I could close my eyes.

The situation seemed made up of a network of considerations that we had not begun to take into account, and should furnish no end of conversation. There was, for example, our relation to the matter, of which no one had seemed to have a thought.

"Of course in the eyes of the law we are accessories after the fact," I said.

"Pooh," was Salina's only comment as she took up her candle and started for bed.



The youthful Liszt.

FRANZ LISZT

THE REAL AND LEGENDARY

(BORN OCTOBER, 1811)

By James Huneker

FRANZ LISZT said to a disciple of his: "Once Liszt helped Wagner, but who now will help Liszt?" This remark was made in 1874 when Liszt was well advanced in years, and his fame as piano virtuoso and name as composer were well-nigh eclipsed by the growing glory of Wagner, truly a glory he had helped to create. In youth an Orpheus pursued by the musical maenads of Europe, in old age Liszt was a Merlin dealing in white magic, still

followed by the Vivians. The story of his career is as romantic as any by Balzac. And the end of it all—after a half century and more of fire and flowers, of proud, brilliant music-making—was positively tragical. A gentle King Lear, following with resignation the conquering chariot of a man, his daughter's husband, who owed him so much—and, despite criticism, acknowledged his debt—thus faithful to the end (he once declared that by Wagner he

would stand or fall) Franz Liszt died a quarter of a century ago at Bayreuth, not as Liszt the Conqueror, but a world-weary pilgrim, petted and flattered when young, neglected as the star of Wagner arose on the horizon. If only Liszt could have experienced the success of poverty as did Wagner. But the usual malevolent fairy of the fable endowed him with all the gifts but poverty, and that capricious old Pantaloon, the Time-Spirit had his joke in the lonesome latter years.

As regards his place in the musical pantheon this erstwhile comet is now a fixed star, and his feet are set upon the white throne. There is no longer a Liszt Case; his music has fallen into critical perspective; but there is still a Liszt Case, psychologically speaking. Whether he was an archangel of light or, as Jean-Christophe describes him, "The noble priest, the circus-rider, neo-classical and vagabond, a mixture in equal doses of real and false nobility," is a question that may be answered according to one's temperament. That he was the captain of the new German music, a pianist without equal, a conductor of distinction, one who helped to make the orchestra and its leaders what they are to-day; that he was a writer, a reformer of church music, a man of the noblest impulses and ideals, generous, selfless and an artist to his finger tips—these are the commonplaces of history. As a personality he was an apparition; only Paganini had so electrified Europe. *A charmeur*, his love adventures border on the legendary; indeed, are largely legend. As amorous as a guitar, if we are to believe the romancers, the real Liszt was a man of intellect, a deeply religious soul, in middle years contemplative, even ascetic. His youthful extravagances, inseparable from his gypsy-like genius, and without a father to guide him, were remembered in Germany long after he had left the concert platform. His successes, artistic and social—especially the predilection for him of princesses and other noble dames—raised about his ears a nest of pernicious scandal-hornets. Had he not run away with the D'Agoult, the wife of a nobleman! Had he not openly lived with a married princess at Weimar, and under the patronage of the Grand Duke and Duchess and the Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna, sister of the Czar of all the Russias! Besides, he was a Roman Cath-

olic and that didn't please such orthodox musicians as Mendelssohn and Hiller, not to mention his own fellow-countryman, Joseph Joachim. Germany set the fashion in abusing Liszt. He had enjoyed too much success for one man and as a composer he must be made an example of; the services he rendered in defending the music of the insurgent Wagner was but another black mark against his character. And when Wagner did at last succeed, Liszt's share in the triumph was speedily forgotten. The truth is he paid the penalty for being a cosmopolitan. He was the first cosmopolitan in music. In Germany he was abused as a Magyar, in Hungary for his Teutonic tendencies—he never learned his mother-tongue; in Paris for not being French born—here one recalls the Stendhal case.

But he introduced into the musty academic atmosphere of musical Europe a strong fresh breeze from the Hungarian *pusta*; this wandering piano player of Hungarian-Austrian blood, a genuine cosmopolite, taught music a new charm, the charm of the unexpected, of the improvised. The freedom of Beethoven in his later works and of Chopin in all his music, became the principal factor in the style of Liszt. Music must have the shape of an improvisation. In the Hungarian rhapsodies, the majority of which begin in a mosque and always end in a tavern, are the extremes of his system. His orchestral and vocal works, the two symphonies, the masses and oratorios and symphonic poems, are full of dignity, poetic feeling, religious spirit, and a largeness of accent and manner. Yet the gypsy glance and gypsy voice lurk behind many a pious or pompous bar. Apart from his invention of a new form—or, rather the condensation and revisal of an old one—the symphonic poem—Liszt's greatest contribution to art is the wild, truant, rhapsodic extempore element he infused into modern music; nature in her most reckless, untrammelled moods he interpreted with fidelity. But the drummers in the line of moral gasoline who controlled criticism in Germany refused to see Liszt except as an expiano virtuoso with the morals of a fly and a perverter of art. Even the piquant triangle in his piano concerto was suspected as possibly suggesting the usual situation of French comedy.

The Liszt-Wagner question no longer presents any difficulties to the fair-minded. It is a simple one, for men still living know that Wagner, to reach his musical apogee, to reach his public, had to lean heavily on the musical genius and individual inspiration of Liszt. The later Wagner would not have existed—as we now know him—without first traversing the garden of Liszt. This is not a theory but a fact. Beethoven is, as Philip Hale pointed out, the last of the very great composers; there is nothing new since Beethoven, though plenty of persuasive personalities, much delving in mole-runs, many “new paths,” leading nowhere, and much self-advertising. With its big drum and cymbals, its mouthing, melting phrases, its startling situations, its scarlet waistcoat, its hair oil and harlots, its treacle and thunder the Romantic movement swept over the map of Europe, irresistible, contemptuous of its adversaries, and boasting a wonderful array of names. Schumann and Chopin, Berlioz and Liszt, Wagner—in a class by himself—are a few that may be cited; not to mention Victor Hugo, Delacroix, Gautier, Heine, Alfred de Musset, Stendhal. But Beethoven still stood, stands to-day, four square to the universe. Wagner construed Beethoven to suit his own grammar. Why, for example, Berlioz should have been puzzled (or pretended to have been) over the first page of the *Tristan and Isolde* prelude is itself puzzling; the Frenchman was a deeply versed Beethoven student. If he had looked at the first page of the piano sonata in C minor—the Pathetic, so-called—the enigma of the Wagnerian phraseology would have been solved; there, in a few lines, is the kernel of the music-drama. This only proves Wagner’s Shakesperian faculty of assimilation and his extraordinary gift in developing an idea; he borrowed his ideas whenever and wherever he saw fit. His indebtedness to Liszt was great, but equally so to Weber, Marschner, and Beethoven; his indebtedness to Berlioz ended with the externals of orchestration. Both Liszt and Wagner learned from Berlioz on this side.

Nevertheless, how useless to compare Liszt to Berlioz or Berlioz to Wagner. As well compare a ruby to an opal, an emerald to a ruby. Each of these three composers has his individual excellences. We call Liszt and Wagner the leaders of the mod-

erns, but their aims and methods were radically different. Wagner asserted the supremacy of the drama over tone, and then, inconsistently, set himself down to write the most emotionally eloquent music that was ever conceived; Liszt always harped on the dramatic, on the poetic, and seldom employed words, believing that the function of instrumental music is to convey in an ideal manner a poetic impression. In this he was the most thorough-going of poetic composers; as much so in the orchestral domain as was Chopin in his piano-forte compositions. Since Wagner’s music-plays are no longer a novelty “the long submerged trail of Liszt is making its appearance,” as Ernest Newman happily states the case. The music-drama is not precisely in a rosy condition to-day. Opera is the weakest of musical forms, if form it be; the human voice inevitably limits the art, and we are beginning to wonder what all the Wagnerian menagerie, the birds, dragons, dogs, snakes, swans, toads, dwarfs, giants, horses, and monsters generally have to do with music; the music of the future is already the music of the past. The Wagner poems are uncouth, cumbersome machines. We long for a breath of humanity, and it is difficult to find it except in “*Tristan and Isolde*” or “*Die Meistersinger*.” Alas! for the enduring quality of operatic music. Nothing stales like theatre music. In the not far distant future Wagner will gain, rather than lose, by being played in the concert room; that at least would dodge the ominously barren stretches of the Ring, and the early operas. And the New Zealander is already alive, though young, who will visit Europe to attend the last piano recital; that species of entertainment invented by Liszt, and by him described in a letter to the Princess Belgiojoso as colloquies of music and ennui.

The Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein—one naturally drops into the *Almanach de Gotha* when writing of the friends of Liszt—averred that Liszt had launched his musical spear further into the future than Wagner. She was a lady of firm opinions, who admired Berlioz as much as she loathed Wagner. But could she have foreseen that Richard Strauss, Parsifal-like, had caught the whizzing lance of the Klingsor of Weimar, what would she have said? Ask this riddle of contemporary critics of

Richard II—who has, at least, thrown off the influence of Liszt and Wagner, although he, too, frequently takes snapshots at the sublime. Otherwise you can no more keep Liszt's name out of the music of to-day than could our good Mr. Dick the head of King Charles from the pages of his memorial.

His musical imagination was so versatile, his impressibility so lively that he translated into tone his voyages, pictures, poems—Dante, Goethe, Heine, Lamartine, "Obermann" (Senancour), even Sainte-Beuve ("Les Consolations"); legends, fountains of the Villa d'Este (Tivoli); not to mention canvases by Raphael, Michelangelo, and the insipid frescoes of Kaulbach. All was grist that came to his musical mill.

Wagner praised the music of Liszt in superlative terms. No need of quotation; the correspondence, a classic, is open to all. Once, in a moment of self-forgetfulness, he proclaimed Liszt as the greatest musician who had ever existed. That the symphonic poem was secretly antipathetic to Wagner is the bald truth. After all his rhapsodic utterances concerning the symphonies and poems of Liszt—from which he borrowed many a sparkling jewel to adorn some corner in his giant frescoes—he said in 1877: "In instrumental music I am a *réactionnaire*, a conservative. I dislike everything that requires verbal explanations beyond the actual sounds." And the most copious of commentators concerning his own music, in which almost every other bar is labelled with a leading motive! To this Liszt wittily answered—in an unpublished letter, 1878—that leading motives are comfortable inventions, for a composer does not have to search for a new melody. But what boots leading motives—as old as the hills and Johann Sebastian Bach—or symphonic poems nowadays! There is no Wagner, there is no Liszt question. After the unbinding of the classic forms the turbulent torrent is become the new danger. Who shall dam its speed! Brahms or Reger? The formal formlessness of the new school has placed Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner on the shelf, they are almost as remote as are Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The symphonic poem is now a monster of appalling lengths, thereby, as Mr. Krehbiel suggests, defeating its chiefest reason for existence—brevity. The foam and fireworks of the

impressionistic school, Debussy, Dukas and Ravel, and the rest, are enjoyable; the piano music of Debussy has the iridescence of a spider's web touched by the fire of the setting sun; his orchestra is a jewelled conflagration. But he stems, like the others, the Russians included, from Liszt. Charpentier and his followers are Wagner *à la coule*. Where it will all end no man dare predict. But Mr. Newman is right in the matter of programme music. It has come to stay; modified as it will be in the future. Too much bricks and mortar, the lust of the ear as well as the lust of the eye, glutted by the materialistic machinery of the Wagner music-drama, has driven the lovers of music for music's sake back to Beethoven; or, in extreme cases, to novel forms wherein vigorous affirmations are dreaded as much as an eight-bar melody. For those meticulous temperaments that recoil from a clangorous chord there are the misty tonalities of Debussy or the verse of Paul Verlaine. However, the aquarelles and pastels and landscapes of Debussy or Ravel were invented by *Urvater* Liszt—caricatured by Wagner in the person of Wotan; all the impressionistic school may be traced to him as its fountain-head. Think of the little sceneries scattered through his piano music, particularly in his "Years of Pilgrimage," or of the storm and stress of the Dante sonata.

II

THE year 1811 was the year of the great comet. Its wine is said to have been of a richness; some well-known men were born, beginning with Thackeray and John Bright; Napoleon's son, the unhappy Duc de Reichstadt, first saw the light that year, as did Jules Dupré, Théophile Gautier, and Franz Liszt. There will be no disputes concerning the date of his birth, October 22d, as was the case with Chopin. His parents, according to a terrific family register, were originally noble; but the father of Franz, Adam Liszt, was a manager of the Esterhazy estates in Hungary at the time his only son and child was born. He was very musical, knew Joseph Haydn, and was an admirer of Hummel, his music and playing. The mother's maiden name was Anna Lager (or Laager) a native of lower Austria, with German blood in her veins.

She was of a happy and extremely vivacious nature, cheerful in her old age, and contented to educate her three grandchildren later in life. The name Liszt would be meal or flour in English; so that Frank Flour might have been his unromantic cognomen; a difference from Liszt Ferencz, with its accompanying battle-cry of *Eljen!* In his son Adam Liszt hoped to realize his own frustrated musical dreams. A prodigy of a prodigious sort, the comet and the talent of Franz were mixed up by the superstitious. A gypsy predicted that the lad would return to his native village rich, honored, and in a glass house (coach). This he did. In Oedenburg, during the summer of 1903, I visited, at an hour or so distant, the town of Eisenstadt and the village of Raiding (or Reiding). In the latter is the house where Liszt was born. The place, which can hardly have changed much since the boyhood of Liszt, is called Dobrján in Hungarian. I confess I was not impressed and was glad to get back to Oedenburg and civilization. In this latter spot there is a striking statue of the composer.

It is a thrice-told tale that several estimable Hungarian magnates raised a purse for the boy, sent him with his father to Vienna, where he studied the piano with pedagogue Carl Czerny, that indefatigable fabricator of finger studies, and in theory with Salieri. He was kissed by the aged Beethoven on the forehead—Wotan saluting young Siegfried—though Schindler, *ami de* Beethoven, as he dubbed himself, denied this significant historical fact. But Schindler later pitched into Liszt for his Beethoven interpretations, hotly swearing that they were the epitome of unmusical taste. The old order changeth, though not old prejudices. Liszt waxed in size, technique, wisdom. Soon he was given up as hopelessly in advance of his teachers. Wherever he appeared they hailed him as a second Hummel or a second Beethoven. And he improvised. That settled his fate. He would surely become a composer. He went to Paris, was known as *le petit Litz*, and received everywhere. He became the rage; but was refused admittance to the conservatoire. He composed an opera, "Don Sancho," the score of which luckily disappeared. Then an event big with consequences was experienced by the youth—he lost his father in 1827. (His mother sur-

vived her husband until 1866.) He gave up concert performances as too precarious and manfully began teaching in Paris. He fell in love with a girl of noble family, Mlle. Saint-Criq, and was quickly informed that a piano teacher was no match for one of her birth and prospects. He took the lesson to heart so seriously that he languished for a year indifferent to everybody and everything. The revolution started his pulse to beating again and he composed a revolutionary symphony. He became a lover of humanity, a socialist, a follower of Saint-Simon, even of the impossible Père Prosper Enfantin. His friend and adviser was Laménais, whose "Paroles d'un Croyant" had estranged him from Rome. (A wonderful, unhappy man.) Liszt read poetry and philosophy, absorbed all the fashionable frenzied formulas and associated with the Romantics. He met Chopin, and they became as twin brethren. François Mignet, author of "A History of the French Revolution," said to the Princess Cristina Belgiojoso, of Liszt: "In the brain of this young man reigns great confusion." No wonder. He was playing the piano, composing, teaching, studying the philosophers and mingling with enthusiastic idealists, who burnt their straw before they moulded their bricks. As Francis Hackett wrote of the late Lord Acton, Liszt suffered from an "intellectual log-jam." But the currents of events soon released him.

He met the Countess d'Agoult in the brilliant heyday of his artistic success. She was beautiful, accomplished, though her contemporaries declare she was not of a truthful nature. She was born Marie Sophie de Flavigny at Frankfort-on-Main, in 1805. Her father was the Vicomte de Flavigny who had married the daughter of Simon Moritz Bethmann, a rich banker, who originally came from Amsterdam and were converted Hebrews. She had literary ability, was proud of having seen Goethe, and in 1827 she married Comte Charles d'Agoult. But social sedition was in the air. The misunderstood women—no new thing—became the fashion. George Sand was changing her lovers with every new book she wrote, and Madame, the Countess d'Agoult—to whom Chopin dedicated his first group of Études—began to write, began to yearn for fame and adventures. Liszt appeared. He seems to have been the pur-

sued. Anyhow, they eloped. In honor he couldn't desert the woman, and they made Geneva their temporary home. She had in her own right 20,000 francs a year income; it cost Liszt exactly 300,000 francs annually to keep up an establishment such as the lady had been accustomed to—he earned this, a tidy amount, for those days, by playing the piano all over Europe. Madame d'Agoult bore him three children: Blandine, Cosima, and Daniel. The first named married Emile Ollivier, Napoleon's war minister—still living at the present writing—in 1857. She died in 1862. Cosima married Hans Von Bülow, her father's favorite pupil in 1857; later she went off with Richard Wagner, married him, to her father's despair—principally because she had renounced her religion in so doing—and to-day is Wagner's widow. Daniel Liszt, his father's hope, died December, 1859, at the age of twenty. Liszt had legitimized the birth of his children, had educated them, had dowered the girls, and, all three, they proved his direct sorrow.

He quarrelled with Madame d'Agoult and they parted bad friends. Under the pen name of Daniel Stern she attacked Liszt in her souvenirs and novels. He forgave her. They met in Paris once, in the year 1860. He gently told her that the title of her souvenirs should have been "Poses et Mensonges." She wept. Tragic comedians both. They were bored with each other, their union recalling the profound reflection of Flaubert, that Emma Bovary rediscovered in adultery all the platitudes of marriage. Perhaps other ladies had supervened. Like Byron, Liszt was the sentimental hero of the day, a Chateaubriand René of the keyboard. Balzac put him in a book, so did Sand. All the painters and sculptors, Delaroche and Ary Scheffer among the others, made his portrait. Nevertheless, his head was not turned, and when, after an exile of a few years, Thalberg had conquered Paris in his absence, he returned and engaged in an ivory duel, at the end worsting his rival. Thalberg was the first pianist in Europe, every one cried. And the Princess Belgiojoso calmly remarked that Liszt was the only one. After witnessing the Paderewski worship of yesterday nothing related of Liszt should surprise us.

In the meantime, Paganini had set his brain seething. Chopin, Paganini, and Ber-

lioz were the predominating artistic influences in his life; from the first he learned to know the exotic, learned the resources of the instrument, and the value of national folk-song flavor; from the second he gained the inspiration for his transcendental technique; from the third, orchestral color and "new paths" were indicated to his ambitious spirit. He never tired, he always said there would be plenty of time to loaf in eternity. His pictures were everywhere, he became a kind of Flying Hungarian to the sentimental Sentas of those times. He told Judith Gautier that the women loved themselves in him. Modest man! What charm was in his playing an army of auditors have told us. Heine called Thalberg a king, Liszt a prophet, Chopin a poet, Herz an advocate, Kalkbrenner a minstrel, Madame Pleyel a Sibyl and Doehler—a pianist. Scudo wrote that Thalberg's scales were like pearls on velvet, the scales of Liszt the same, but the velvet was hot! Louis Ehlert, no mean observer, said he possessed a quality that neither Tausig nor any virtuoso before or succeeding him ever boasted—the nearest approach, perhaps, was Rubinstein—namely: a spontaneous control of passion that approximated in its power to nature . . . and an incommensurable nature was his. He was one among a dozen artists who made Europe interesting during the past century. Slim, handsome, brown of hair and blue-eyed, with the years he grew none the less picturesque; his mane was white, his eyes became blue-gray, his pleasant baritone voice a brumming bass. There is a portrait in the National Gallery by Lorenzo Lotto, that of Prothonotary Giuliano, which suggests him, and in the Burne-Jones picture, Merlin and Vivien, there is certainly a transcript of his features. A statue by Foyatier, in the Louvre, of Spartacus is really the head of the pianist. As Abbé, Liszt was none the less fascinating; for his admirers he wore his *soutane* with a difference.

Useless to relate the Thousand-and-One Nights of music, triumphs, and intrigues in his life. When the Countess d'Agoult returned to her family a council, presided over by her husband's brother, exonerated the pianist, and his behavior was pronounced to be that of a gentleman! Surely the Comic Muse must have chuckled

at this. Like Wagner, Franz Liszt was a tragic comedian of prime order. He knew to the full the value of his electric personality. Sincere in art he could play the grand seigneur, the actor, the priest, and diplomat at will. Pose he had to, else abandon the profession of piano virtuoso. He bitterly objected to playing the rôle of a performing poodle, and once publicly insulted a Czar, who dared to talk while the greatest pianist in the world played. He finally grew tired of Paris, of public life. He had been loved by such various types of women as George Sand—re-christened by Baudelaire as the Prudhomme of immorality; delightful epigram!—by Marie Du Plessis, the Lady of the Camellias, and by that astounding adventuress, Lola Montez. How many others only a Leporello catalogue would show.

His third artistic period began in 1847, his sojourn at Weimar. It was the most attractive and fruitful of all. From 1848 to 1861 the musical centre of Germany was this little town immortalized by Goethe. There the world flocked to hear the first performance of Lohengrin and other Wagner operas. A circle consisting of Raff, Von Bülow, Tausig, Cornelius, Litolf, with Berlioz and Rubinstein (in 1854) as an occasional visitor, to mention a tithe of famous names, surrounded Liszt. His elective affinity—to use Goethe's phrase—was the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein, who with her child had deserted the usual brutal and indifferent husband in fashionable romances. Her influence upon Liszt's character has been disputed, but unwarrantably. Together they wrote his chief literary works, the study of Chopin—the princess supplying the upholstered local color, and the book on Hungarian gypsy music, which contains a veiled attack on the Jews, for which Liszt was blamed. The Sayn-Wittgenstein was an intense, narrow nature—she has been called a "slightly vulgar aristocrat"—and one of her peculiarities was seeing in almost every one of artistic or intellectual prominence Hebraic traits or lineaments. Years before the Geyer and the Leipsic Judengasse story came out she unhesitatingly pronounced Richard Wagner of Semitic origin; she also had her doubts about Berlioz, and several others. The Lisztian theory of gypsy music consists, as Dannreuther says, in the merit of a la-

bored attempt to prove the existence of something like a gypsy epic in terms of music, the fact being that Hungarian gypsies merely play Hungarian popular tunes in a fantastic and exciting manner, but have no music that can properly be called their own. Liszt was a facile writer and did more with his pen for Wagner than Wagner's own turbid writings. But a great writer he was not—many-sided as he was. It was unkind, however, on the part of Wagner to say to a friend that Cosima had more brains than her father. If she has, Bayreuth, since her husband's death, has not proved it. Wagner, when he uttered this, was probably in the ferment of a new passion—having quite recovered from his supposedly eternal love for Mathilde Wesendonck.

Liszt had first met his princess in February, 1847, at Kiew, Russia. She was born Ivanowska, in 1819. She became a favorite at the Weimar court with the reigning sovereigns, and Maria-Pavlowna. A masterful woman, though far from beautiful, she so controlled and ordered Liszt's life that he quite shed his Bohemian skin, composed much and as Kapellmeister produced many novelties of the new school. They lived on a hill in a house called the Altenburg, not a very princely abode, and there Liszt accomplished the major portion of his works for orchestra, his masses and piano concertos. There too Richard Wagner, a revolutionist, wanted by the Dresden police, came in 1849—from May 19th to 24th—disguised, carrying a forged passport, poor, miserable. Liszt secured him lodgings and gave him a banquet at the Altenburg, attended by Tausig, Von Bülow, Gille, Draeseke, Gottschalk and others, nineteen in all. Wagner behaved badly, insulted his host and the guests. He was left in solitude until Liszt insisted on his apologizing for his rude manners—which he did with a bad grace. John F. Runciman has said that Liszt ought to have done even more for Wagner than he did—or words to that effect; just so, and there is no doubt that the noble man has put the world in his debt by piloting the music dramatist into safe harbor; but, while ingratitude is no crime according to the new code of immoralism, there seems a limit to amiability, and in Liszt's case his amiability amounted to weakness. He

could never say "No" to Wagner (nor to a pretty woman). He understood and forgave the Mime nature in Wagner for the sake of his Siegfried side. There was no Mime in Liszt, nothing small nor hateful, although he could at times play the benevolent, ironic Mephisto. And in his art he mirrored this quality to perfection—the Mephistopheles of his Faust symphony.

Intrigues pursued him in his capacity as court musical director. The Princess Maria Pavlovna died June, 1859; the following October Princess Marie, daughter of Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein, married the Prince Hohenlohe, and Liszt, after an opera by Peter Cornelius was hissed resigned his post. He remembered Goethe and his resignation—caused by a trained dog at the same theatre. But he didn't leave Weimar until August 17, 1861, joining the Princess at Rome. The scandal of the attempted marriage there with the princess again riveted the eyes of the world upon Liszt. His very warts became notorious. Some say that Cardinal Antonelli, instigated by Polish relatives of the princess, upset the affair when the pair were literally on the eve of approaching the altar; some believe that the wily Liszt had set in motion the machinery; but the truth is that, at the advice of the cardinal Prince Hohenlohe, his closest friend, the marriage scheme was dropped. When the husband of the princess died there was no further talk of matrimony. Instead, Liszt took minor orders, concentrated his attention on church music, and henceforth spent his year between Rome, Weimar, and Budapest. To Weimar he had returned (1869) at the cordial invitation of the archduke, who allotted to his use a little house in the park, the *Hofgärtnerci*. There every summer he received pupils from all parts of the world, gratuitously advising them, helping them from his now impoverished purse, and, incidentally, being admired by a new generation of musical enthusiasts, particularly those of the feminine gender. There were lots of scandals, and the worthy burghers of the town shook their heads at the goings-on of the *Lisztianer*. The old man fell under many influences, some of them sinister. He seldom saw Richard or Cosima Wagner, though he had attended the opening of Bayreuth in 1876. On that occasion Wagner publicly paid a magnificent tribute to

the genius and noble friendship of Liszt. It atoned for a wilderness of previous neglect and ingratitude.

With Wagner's death in 1883 his hold on things began to weaken. He taught, he travelled, he never failed to pay the princess an annual visit at Rome. She had immured herself behind curtained windows, and to the light of waxen tapers led the life of a mystic, also smoked the blackest of cigars. She became a theologian in petticoats and wrote numerous and inutile books about pin-points in matters ecclesiastical. No doubt she still loved Liszt, for she set a spy on him at Weimar and thus kept herself informed as to how much cognac he consumed daily, how many pretty girls had asked for a lock of his silvery hair, also the name of the latest aspirant to his affections.

What a brilliant coterie of budding artists surrounded him. D'Albert, Friedheim, Joseffy, Rosenthal, Reisenauer, Grieg, Edward MacDowell, Stavenhagen, Sofie Menter, Toni Raab, Siloti, Pachmann, Saint-Saëns, Rubinstein—the latter not as pupil—and other distinguished names in the annals of piano playing. Liszt's health broke down, yet he persisted in visiting London during the summer of 1886, where he was received like a demigod by Queen Victoria, and the musical world; he had been earlier in Paris, where a mass of his was sung with success. His money affairs were in a tangle; once in receipt of an income that enabled him to throw money away to any whining humbug, he complained at the last that he had no home of his own, no income—he had not been too shrewd in his dealings with music publishers—and little ready cash for travelling expenses. The princess needed her own rents, and Liszt was hardly a charity pensioner. During the Altenburg years, the *Glanzzeit* at Weimar, her income had sufficed for both, as Liszt was earning no money from concert tours. But at the end despite his devoted disciples, he was the very picture of a deserted, desolate old hero. And he had given away fortunes, and played fortunes at benefit concerts into the coffers of cities overtaken by fire or flood or in need of musical monuments to Beethoven or Hummel. Surely, this is the seamy side of success. "*Wer aber wird nun Liszt helfen?*" This half-humorous,

half-pathetic cry of his had its tragic significance.

Liszt last touched the key-board July 19th, 1886, at Colpach, Luxemburg, in the castle of Munkaczy, the Hungarian painter. Feeble as he must have been, there was a supernatural aureole about his music that caused his hearers to weep. (Fancy the piano-forte inciting to tears!) He played his favorite Liebestraum, the Chant Polonais from the "Glances de Woronicz" (the name of the Polish estate of the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein), and the sixteenth of his Soirées de Vienne. He went on to Bayreuth, in company with a persistent young Parisian lady—the paramount passion not quite extinguished—attended a perform-

ance of "Tristan and Isolde," through which he slept from absolute exhaustion; though he did not fail to acknowledge in company with Cosima Wagner the applause at the close. He went at once to bed never to leave it alive. He died of lung trouble on the night of July 31st or the early hour of August 1, 1886, and his last word is said to have been "Tristan." He was buried in haste—that he might not interfere with the current Wagner festival—and, no doubt, was mourned at leisure. His princess survived him a year; this sounds more romantic than it is. A new terror was added to death by his ugly tomb, designed by his grandson, Siegfried Wagner; also a composer, as well as an amateur architect.

THE MIRROR-SELF

By Edith M. Thomas

In Childhood's world, of a rainy day,
When nothing, outside, the child could do,
There still remained one weirdest play,
Which I played till I shivered through and through!

Two pieces of mirror, and I between—
There was the Self that smiled as I smiled;
Beyond, a second—a third—was seen,
And last, oh, last, was an Elfin Child!

Each face in the mirror (mirrored, too)
Gazed at its image—and all at me;
But each reflection less like me grew—
And I shut my eyes, that I might not see!

Those broken shards they were cast away,
Dropped, with so many a childish game.
Yet, still, at the mirror-charm I play—
With no glass at all, it is just the same;

For Thought, now, serves me mirror-wise;
And, whenever within I list to gaze,
There, frankly looking me in the eyes,
Is the wonted Self, of my current days!

But, back of that wonted Self of mine
(Just as it happened so long ago),
Are the Other Selves; and, last in the line,
Is the Mocking One I do not know.

CLEVELAND'S ADMINISTRATION

By James Ford Rhodes

I



PURPOSE writing two articles on Cleveland, and in my treatment of his two administrations I shall not confine myself to the chronological order, but shall develop each principal topic by itself. Entirely logical as this method would seem in the consideration of any other President, it needs perhaps a word of apology in the case of Cleveland, whose two terms, unlike those of any other re-elected President, were not continuous. The first Democrat to occupy the White House since 1861, he served his first term from 1885 to 1889. In 1888 he was defeated by Harrison, but, four years later, he in turn was the victor and served his second term from 1893 to 1897. In his "Presidential Problems," published seven years after he had laid down the responsibilities of office, he considered, as presumably his most important work, four subjects: his contest in 1886 with the Republican Senate over the suspensions of officials; his action during the Chicago strike of 1894; his preservation of the gold standard, and his conduct of the Venezuelan boundary controversy. These last three fall within his second administration, which is, undoubtedly, the more important of the two. For my part, though of his mind in respect to three of these subjects, I regard two others as surpassing in importance his quarrel with the Senate about the offices, viz., his action for the reform of the civil service and for the reduction of the tariff.

To begin, then, with civil service reform: No account of this momentous struggle is adequate without reference to what Ostrogorski calls its Magna Charta, the act of January 16, 1883. This was drawn up by Dorman B. Eaton, an early and intelligent servant of the cause, and introduced into Congress by Senator George H. Pendleton, who zealously urged its enactment. It required open competitive examinations

as a requisite for admission into certain classes of the public service, made a classification of a number of offices mandatory, and empowered the President to continue the classification, that is, to extend the operation of the law to additional places in the civil service. It forbade political assessments on office-holders, and established a non-partisan Civil Service Commission, whose duty was to make rules for carrying the act into effect and in general to look to its enforcement. President Arthur appointed Eaton as head of the commission and correctly enforced the law, so that when Cleveland came to the White House there were 15,573 persons in the classified service.

It now seems curious that the question was ever raised whether or not Cleveland was advancing the cause of civil service reform, but a consideration of his attitude under two aspects may enable us to understand the varying opinion before it settled down to a final judgment. Did he enforce steadfastly the Pendleton law? Was he actuated by the spirit of the reform in dealing out the offices beyond the classified service? To the first question there is only one answer. President Cleveland gave a faithful and honest enforcement of the law. But the other matter demands some discussion.

As head of the municipal government of Buffalo, Cleveland had been known as the "veto mayor"; as governor of New York, he had shown himself, by precept and example, a good civil service reformer. The Mugwumps, former Republicans who had bolted the nomination of Blaine and who had proved themselves an important factor in his first election, were warm advocates of the reform and entertained high hopes of the new President. The different civil service reform associations throughout the country and the National Civil Service Reform League included in their membership many Mugwumps, from whose influence largely their deliberations derived a highly critical tone. These bodies not only

watched closely the enforcement of the Pendleton act but made their lofty ideal of the duty of a reform President to apply rigorously to his disposition of offices that did not fall under the operation of this law. When Cleveland was inaugurated there were about five thousand presidential offices, whose incumbents were appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and there were also, in round numbers, forty-nine thousand fourth-class post-offices to which appointments were made by the Postmaster-General, who, of course, is under the authority of the President. While some of the Democratic leaders had warmly advocated civil service reform, the rank and file of the party believed that "to the victors belong the spoils" was good Democratic doctrine, and, after the inauguration ceremonies were over, they expected the turning out of Republicans to begin and the faithful and long-suffering, who had waited twenty-four years for their share of the good things of the government, to be rewarded. Though aware that Cleveland was a so-called civil service reformer, they failed to realize either the meaning of the doctrine or the sincerity of its champion; for, as one of their Senators (Eustis) expressed it, they felt that the civil service reform for which they had voted at the presidential election meant the turning out of office of Republicans and putting honest Democrats in their places.

Before his inauguration, however, Cleveland had gone on record. In his Christmas Day (1884) reply to a letter of the National Civil Service Reform League, which he had invited, he said that he should enforce the Pendleton law "in good faith and without evasion," and he outlined his proposed course with regard to offices which, though not within the letter of the law, were at the same time unrelated to the political policy of an administration. Reference was here made to district attorneys, collectors and surveyors of customs, and other specified civil officers who, by an act passed in 1820, had a four years' tenure of office; a later statute (1836) placed under this rule the first-, second-, and third-class postmasters of the present classification. These Cleveland said he should not remove until the expiration of their terms unless they had failed to be "decent public servants" and had proved "offensive partisans." In his in-

augural address he repeated, in more general terms, this outline of his administrative policy. George William Curtis, the president of the National League, at their annual meeting (August, 1885) made a plea for the repeal of the four-year tenure law, in which he undoubtedly represented an opinion largely held among reformers; and while this law may at the present time be proving obstructive of the effort to extend the merit system to the class of offices that it covers, yet, in the change of party control from Republican to Democratic in 1885, it was a help to Cleveland in his effort for good administration. At that time, according to both theory and practice of Democrat, Whig, and Republican since Andrew Jackson, practically every office, except the 15,573 in the classified service, belonged, by the decision of the people in the preceding November, to the Democratic party. Cleveland's construction of the four-year tenure law gave him time to inquire, to investigate, and to reflect before he made a large number of new appointments, and this opportunity for leisurely proceeding was of immense advantage, as is evident when we consider Lincoln's, Pierce's, and Taylor's trials on their accession to office.

When the Democratic politicians and party workers, who had waited twenty-four years for an inning, came to understand the construction which Cleveland put upon his own words, they were grievously disappointed, and disappointment was soon followed by rage. Within two months from his inauguration he had lost popularity and standing in his party. The President, said the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, has not, so far as I know, a friend among Democrats except perhaps some one whom he has appointed to office. Nor were men of the Democratic rank and file who had no desire for place, especially pleased. They would have liked him to put in force "the good old Democratic doctrine" of Andrew Jackson; but now, having exuberantly rejoiced over their victory in November, they were puzzled that no effort was made to gather its fruits. Senator Vance, of North Carolina, was indignant at the indifference and even disrespect with which he was treated by the President with regard to the patronage of his own State, but he saw the humorous side of the situa-

tion well enough to be reminded of one of his own legal cases which concerned a small estate left by an old man to his two sons. The settlement was repeatedly put off by the court, to the disgust of the heirs, until at last the elder son broke out: "Durned if I ain't almost sorry the old man died."

"In the first year and a half of my administration," said Cleveland to a *New York World* reporter, "the same battle was fought day after day." A study of the conditions enables us to realize this and to sympathize with the President. At first the reformers were pretty well satisfied. The reappointment of Henry G. Pearson, the efficient Republican postmaster of New York City, and the reinstatement of Silas W. Burt, another Republican, in the naval office, were considered excellent moves as showing high regard for the merit system; and such selections were evidence of resistance to an enormous amount of pressure from political friends and supporters. The appointments of a Democratic business man* for collector of the port of New York and of a Democrat, who had declared for reform, as surveyor, and the advancement to the appraisership of a deputy and expert, were also proof of the President's sincerity. When Eaton tendered his resignation as Civil Service Commissioner (July 28, 1885) he gave testimony of the faithful enforcement of the Pendleton law and of the rules made in accordance therewith. But as time went on and removals of Republicans and appointments of Democrats, outside of the classified service, were made, especially in the Post-Office, Treasury, and Interior Departments, the reformers became lukewarm in approval of their President. Stating that during the first six months of Cleveland's administration 524 out of 2,300 presidential post-offices had received new postmasters and 6,309 changes among 49,000 fourth-class postmasters had been made, the *Civil Service Record* said with truth, "This is something of a sweep though far from a clean sweep." Working on the theory that as fast as vacancies occurred or could be made, Democrats should replace Republicans, it was natural and easy for a zealous Democratic Secretary or Postmaster-General to regard a Republican

office-holder as an unworthy official and offensive partisan, and, helped by Democratic Senators and Congressmen, to wield with considerable effect the political axe. There was much available administrative talent in the United States, which was by no means confined to the Republican party, and competent Democrats might have been had for the lucrative positions, had Senators and Representatives based their recommendations on merit instead of on personal fealty and party work. They followed, instead, the custom which had been in force since Andrew Jackson's time, with the result that many bad appointments were made. The Indianapolis post-office under the management of the new Democratic postmaster was an example of offensive partisanship. Senator Gorman, of Maryland, was one of the evil geniuses of the Cleveland administration; his influence was potent, and his recommendations were generally bad. The Federal service in Baltimore was filled with spoilsmen and ward-healers, and it is charged that even criminals found places, so that Maryland became the worst blot on the President's record as a civil service reformer.

Cleveland complained bitterly of having been deceived by "lying and treacherous representations." For instance, after his appointment of a certain territorial judge, wherein he had been influenced largely by a petition in the man's favor, he was surprised to receive a letter from one of the signers, a politician, saying that the community and especially those who had put their names to the petition had received advice of the appointment with "astonishment and regret, if not pain." I signed the petition, he went on to say, "thinking it would never be considered, and not for one moment believing the appointment was possible." For the man was utterly unfit for the place.

The enthusiastic approval of the civil service reformers during the first few months of the administration was succeeded by criticism which Cleveland felt keenly. As early as September, 1885, he showed his irritation in a letter to Eaton, in which he spoke of "the supercilious self-righteousness" of certain civil service reformers who "discredit every effort not in exact accord with their attenuated ideas, decry with carping criticism the labor of those actually

* The collector turned out to be a poor selection; he was unbusinesslike in his administration.

in the field of reform, and, ignoring the conditions which bound and qualify every struggle for a radical improvement in the affairs of government, demand complete and immediate perfection." In his annual message of December, 1886, he returned to the subject again and spoke of "the misguided zeal of impracticable friends." This brought forth an emphatic letter from Carl Schurz, who had been a warm supporter of Cleveland and was now a sympathetic coadjutor of Curtis. "Until recently," he wrote, "the worst things laid to your charge were construed as mere errors of judgment. . . . But . . . this confiding belief has been seriously shaken. Your attempt to please both reformers and spoilsmen has failed. I warned you more than once that your principal danger was to sit down between two chairs. I am afraid you are virtually there now." This letter and the persistence of the two men in their opposite views caused a break in the intimate relations between Cleveland and Schurz, which had existed since the year of his candidacy for President. The President's exasperation was so great that he forbade a prominent custom-house official to attend the annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League, in 1887. He afterward apologized for this order, confessing that, when he sent it, he was greatly irritated.

Doubtless reformers should hold steadfast to their highest ideals—an obligation which probably justifies the criticism by Curtis and Schurz, who were broad-minded men; Schurz, moreover, had a rather good comprehension of Western sentiment, now so important a political force. Nevertheless, Cleveland had both a better knowledge and saner view of the conditions. He felt that for enduring results he must educate the people to a belief in the practicability of the reform. Like Lincoln, although in a much less degree, he understood the plain people. Living for a number of years as a young man at a hotel in Buffalo, a favorite resort for drovers and farmers, he learned from them the same lessons that Lincoln got from the loungers in the country taverns of Illinois. The history of the progress of civil service reform shows that Cleveland was right in his belief that in 1885 the doctrine was so unfamiliar to the public mind that its application must be gradual, cau-

tious, and moderate. If the whole constituency had been that which Curtis and Schurz represented, the educated and cultivated men of the country, he might well have pursued a different course. It must also be borne in mind that Cleveland was a sturdy Democrat, and felt that the education of his own party, difficult as it was under the circumstances, was necessary to sustain him in the work of reform.

James Russell Lowell, who, as he himself said, "*did* divine Lincoln earlier than most men of the Brahmin caste," had now a just appreciation of Cleveland. He was our minister to England at the time of Cleveland's election and was willing to stay on, but the President naturally desired to give his place to a Democrat. On his return home he went to Washington (August, 1885) and paid his respects to Cleveland, drawing forth a hearty laugh by saying, "I come to you like St. Denis, with the head you have cut off under my arm." "Don't you think," Lowell asked at a dinner to Dorman B. Eaton (December, 1885), "it would be better and make for the progress of civil service reform if equality—I mean numerical equality—could be introduced into the public service before President Cleveland's term expires? I am very strongly of that opinion. I certainly never objected to my own removal. It was certainly necessary." At the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of Harvard College (November, 1886) Lowell, looking directly at Cleveland, ended his oration: "'Justum ac tenacem propositi virum,' who knows how to withstand the 'civium ardor prava jubentium.' He has left the helm of State to be with us here and so long as it is intrusted to his hands we are sure that, should the storm come, he will say with Seneca's pilot, 'O, Neptune, you may save me if you will; you may sink me if you will; but whatever happen, I shall keep my rudder true.'" The audience knew that "*civium ardor prava jubentium*" meant in this case "politicians yelling for spoils," and gave orator and President their hearty applause. It may be that Lowell had in mind the emotion Cleveland betrayed at the time of this felicitous reference when he wrote in a private letter, "To me Cleveland's personality is very *simpatico*. He is a truly American type of the best kind—a type very dear to me, I confess."

Let us now sum up the progress of civil service reform under Cleveland's first administration. The Pendleton law was much strengthened and may be said to have been firmly established. While the sections of the law regarding political assessments might be easily evaded, the assessment of office-holders in Washington had wholly ceased and the practice had elsewhere largely disappeared. Through extensions as well as in the ordinary course of national growth, Cleveland left 27,380 places in the classified service against the 15,573 which he found there when he took his seat. His work in the unclassified service shows that in becoming a reformer he had not ceased to be a Democrat. In the presidential post-offices he had made practically a "clean sweep"; and, taking no account of appointments due to decease or "vacancy," he had made changes in nearly one-half of the other presidential offices. Moreover, almost all of the fourth-class post-offices had been filled by Democrats. There were likewise inconsistencies in his displacements; mistakes were made, and, in some cases, injustice was done. Yet it is true, as Curtis said in his frankly critical annual address of 1887, "Under this administration much has been gained for reform." And Charles F. Adams wrote judiciously (July, 1892): "Upon the issue of a reformed civil service, Cleveland showed himself as much in advance of both parties as it was wise or prudent for the recognized leader of one of those parties to be."

Cleveland entered upon his second term under favorable conditions for civil service reform. Though Harrison, in respect to the unclassified service, had not been as sound as his predecessor, he had, in the classified service, given strength to the movement and had made an important contribution to its progress in the appointment of Theodore Roosevelt as member of the Civil Service Commission. Cleveland was now thoroughly independent. His third nomination had been emphatically demanded by the people and his election was a triumph. His party owed him more than he owed his party. He was the most popular man in the country and seemed to stand in the position of a great leader, needing only to urge a policy to have it adopted, yet the reformers were not so well satisfied

with the first year of his second administration as they had been with the same period of the first. This was partly due to his not giving the same attention to appointments that he had given four years previously. He was now occupied with weightier matters and left the disposition of the offices mainly to his subordinates. Josiah Quincy, who had been regarded as favorable to civil service reform and had received the appointment of Assistant Secretary of State, was a diligent wielder of the political axe. Indeed, Schurz, who had become president of the National Civil Service Reform League on the death of Curtis, said in his annual address of 1894: "No spoilsman in that office had ever turned over the consular service from one party to the other with greater thoroughness and despatch." Quincy defended himself by saying that he had turned out bad and put in good men and Cleveland stood by his subordinate with Grant-like fidelity and tenacity. The Treasury, Interior, and Post-Office Departments were unable to withstand the eager importunities of office-seekers and were censured at length by the reformers. The Postmaster-General had their confidence, but his assistant so swung the axe among the fourth-class postmasters that, during the first year, he exceeded by 1,143 Harrison's record of changes for the same period, which were made by a master of the politician's art (the number under Harrison was over 24,000; on percentages the Democratic showing is better, 34 to the Republican 37; the difference is owing to growth). During the first year of the new administration Cleveland changed 1,720 presidential post-offices to Harrison's 1,698 although, because of the increase in the number of offices, his percentage was 53 to Harrison's 65. Yet this large number of displacements is evidence that Cleveland was employing the patronage to advance his financial and tariff policies. During the first nine months of his administration, the reformers were so sharp and persistent in their censure, that we must deem charitable even the remark of the *Springfield Republican*: "President Cleveland's civil service record to date is a maze of theatrical contradictions" (December 2, 1893). Exasperated at the fault-finding, the President could not refrain from retort, and, in his first annual message, spoke of

"the querulous impracticability of many self-constituted guardians" of civil service reform.

I am not concerned with striking a balance between the reformers' criticisms and the President's defence. Despite Quincy's old-fashioned and ruthless decapitations and the partisan activity of the Treasury, Interior, and Post-Office Departments, Cleveland, in both public and private utterances, remained faithful to the principle of civil service reform. It must be remembered that twelve years previously all these removals and new appointments would have been considered a matter of course and that the quickened public conscience was largely due to the civil service reform associations, to the representative body, the National League, and to Grover Cleveland. The National League was fortunate in its first two presidents, Curtis and Schurz, who, to their other strong qualities, joined a power of literary expression, so that they had the ear of the whole public as well as of the believers in reform.

It is fortunate for Cleveland that the decision does not rest on the written word, for his ponderous and labored sentences in contrast with Curtis's and Schurz's telling statements would surely lose him the case. When good and true men fall out, the lover of righteousness may well be puzzled, but the historian has an advantage over statesman and reformer in his knowledge of the end. The backslidings due to "offensive partisanship" bulk small in comparison with the impetus Cleveland gave to good administration by his work for the classified service. He retained Theodore Roosevelt as member of the Civil Service Commission; the two worked together in harmony, and the President was keenly sensible of his loss when Roosevelt thought a higher duty called him to New York. During 1894 Cleveland added 5,468 places to the classified service, and next year made several extensions and revisions of the rules, all in the line of an enlargement of the merit system. He issued an order which required the filling of vacancies of a certain grade in the consular service by persons of proved capacity and fitness. During his last year he made a general revision of the rules which added to the classified service 32,095 new places. On his second accession to office he had found 42,928 places

under the civil service rules; he left 86,932, of which only 1,513 were due to growth. Truly did he say in his last annual message: "A most radical and sweeping extension was made by executive order dated the 6th day of May, 1896, and, if fourth-class postmasters are not included in the statement, it may be said that practically all positions contemplated by the civil service law are now classified." Schurz was almost ready to say *nunc dimittis*.

In conclusion, it may be safely affirmed that Cleveland did more for the cause of civil service reform than any President except Roosevelt, whose work both as commissioner and as President mark him as the chief promoter of this phase of good government; but Cleveland's task in his first administration was the more difficult.

Cleveland was not as successful in his effort to reform the tariff as in his work toward the reform of the civil service. The one might be accomplished by executive action; for the other he had to depend upon Congress and he was not entirely happy in his influence on legislative action. As soon as he was established in his office, he found himself confronted by the fact of a formidable surplus lying in the treasury. The excess of revenue over expenditure for the year ending June 30, 1885, was sixty-three millions and for the next year ninety-four millions. In his first two annual messages he stated the condition and urged a reduction in the revenue from customs, but Congress did not heed his recommendations. More money than was needed for the administration of the government continued to be collected and the hoard in the treasury grew. In the summer of 1887, Cleveland was so perturbed by the threatening financial evils, due to the constantly accumulating surplus, that he determined on the unprecedented course of devoting the whole of his annual message to the one subject. On December 6, 1887, confronted by another excess of revenue over expenditures, this time of one hundred and three millions, he presented his views to Congress in one of his most notable State papers, the most remarkable message Senators and Representatives had heard since the days of Lincoln. During the three years ending June 30, 1887, one hundred and thirty-eight millions had been contributed to the

sinking fund by the calling in of outstanding three per cent bonds, these being payable at the option of the Government; in addition to the sinking fund requirements, nearly eighty millions of the surplus had been applied in the same manner. Since June 30, 1887, nearly nineteen millions, which retired all of the three per cent bonds, had also gone into the sinking fund. In the current fiscal year about twenty-eight millions had been used in the purchase of four and four and a half per cent bonds not yet due. Still the excess of revenue would, it was estimated, reach one hundred and thirteen millions and the surplus in the treasury on June 30, 1888, one hundred and forty millions. "Financial disturbance" was threatened; "schemes of public plunder" were invited. After dismissing some suggested measures for disposing of the surplus, Cleveland argued that the people ought to have relief by a reduction of taxation, but that the internal revenue taxes, being confined to tobacco and spirituous and malt liquors not "strictly speaking necessities," should not be touched. The relief should come therefore from a reduction of the tariff. Care should be taken not to injure in any way the working-man and not to sacrifice any proper interest of the manufacturer. It is not a question of "protection and free trade," he said; "it is a *condition* which confronts us, not a theory."

The message with its direct and pertinent argument was certain to appeal to the plain people, yet the singling out of wool from among the raw materials for "a removal or reduction" of duty, though from the free-traders' stand-point strictly logical, was a political mistake. This is much to be regretted, as Cleveland's courage, in defining plainly an issue and standing forth as a leader of his party, is entitled to the large measure of commendation which it received at the time. But his intelligence did not equal his courage. As he himself had said in a previous message, "our farmers and agriculturists number nearly one-half of our population"; to carry a measure of tariff reform, they must be his chief reliance and the Western farmers already favored it. Yet his recommendation of free wool made of every farmer who owned a sheep a protectionist. The experience of political life and his study during the four

years of his retirement proved illuminating, for, in his denunciation of the tariff bill framed by the Democratic Senate of 1894, he termed it an "inconsistent absurdity" that "the wool of the farmer be put on the free list and the protection of tariff taxation be placed around the iron ore and coal of corporations and capitalists." But it does not appear that in 1887 he took counsel with any one on the policy of such a message as he finally wrote. A conference of Independents in New York, among whom were George William Curtis, Carl Schurz, and E. L. Godkin, all three tariff reformers, sent him word that they thought it inexpedient to urge a reduction of the tariff until after the presidential campaign of 1888, as such a recommendation would imperil his own re-election and would be more politic at the beginning than at the end of a presidential term.

The House, with its Democratic majority of thirteen, passed a bill on the lines of the President's message, but the Senate, with its Republican majority of two, substituted for it a bill enforcing the policy of high protection. Neither became a law during Cleveland's administration. The contest was transferred from Congress to the country where the issue was clearly made between Cleveland and his policy and the Republican platform adopted by the convention which had nominated Harrison. McKinley reported the platform and read in his most eloquent tones: "We are uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of protection. . . . We condemn the proposition of the Democratic party to place wool on the free list." The national revenue should be reduced "by repealing the taxes upon tobacco" and "the tax upon spirits used in the arts and for mechanical purposes," and, should these reductions not be sufficient, "we favor the entire repeal of internal taxes rather than the surrender of any part of our protective system." Cleveland said in his letter accepting a unanimous renomination that our opponents offer to the people "free tobacco and free whiskey" while we propose to relieve them from "the undue and unnecessary burden of tariff taxation now resting upon them." Few students of history and economics will hesitate to assert that Cleveland's was the better economic and business policy, the one tending to the greatest good

of the greatest number. But the country thought otherwise and elected Harrison. New York, which Cleveland had carried in 1884, was again the pivotal State; but now he lost it by thirteen thousand and Indiana as well by twenty-three hundred. It is generally conceded that the message of December, 1887, caused his defeat and it is not unlikely that the advocacy of free wool was the predominant factor. New York farmers owned one and a half million of sheep and produced annually six million seven hundred thousand pounds of wool. Indiana had over a million sheep producing five million pounds. The Oregon State election in June, an indication of November, gave a largely increased Republican majority; and this was a clear protest against the Democratic policy of free wool, the clip in that State being ten million pounds.

The Republican Congress under Harrison undertook the reduction of the surplus while giving adequate protection to American manufactures. McKinley in the House and Aldrich in the Senate were the leaders, and their efforts resulted in the McKinley bill, which was justly characterized as "protection run mad." The Republican legislators did not offer free whiskey, at which their platform had hinted, but they reduced the tax on tobacco and further, sacrificing a revenue of fifty-four millions, made raw sugar free. As free sugar would, however, ruin the sugar planters of Louisiana, a step backward in fiscal legislation was taken by giving a bounty of two cents per pound on all sugar produced in the United States. Lavish pensions legislation completed the obliteration of the surplus, so that on Cleveland's second accession to office, it was only two and a half millions, and the following year (ending June 30, 1894) there was a deficit of seventy millions, to which the panic of 1893 contributed in some measure. Fate had decreed that Cleveland should be tried by a varied experience; that he should grapple with a surplus during his first and with a deficit during his second administration, for neither of which was he responsible. Indeed it is obvious that had he been re-elected in 1888, there would have been no deficit in 1894. From the continual stormy scenes of his second administration I shall for the moment isolate his action concerning the tariff. This

method will possess the advantage of brevity, even though failing to present a comprehensive view of the diverse conditions surrounding his efforts to carry out any single policy.

The country repudiated the McKinley bill in the congressional elections of 1890 by an emphatic Democratic landslide; the Democrats chose 235 members of the House to the Republicans' 88 and the Populists' 9. As the Senate remained Republican, no reduction of the tariff could be effected, but the election of 1892 resulted in a Democratic Senate as well as President and House, so that, for the first time since the vote of 1856, the Democrats had full control of the executive and legislative departments of the government. As the verdict of 1888 had moderately favored protection, so the elections of 1890 and 1892 had been unmistakable indications that the country demanded urgently a substantial downward revision of the tariff. The President and the House of Representatives were eager to carry out the will of the country and the House, under the leadership of William L. Wilson and with Cleveland's sympathetic co-operation, passed by a vote of 204 to 140 a bill (February 1, 1894) which, though notably defective in certain details, supplied, on the whole, an honest and consistent programme for reduction of the tariff, and deserved a fair trial. It had the striking and readily comprehensible merit of placing iron ore, coal, and lumber on the free list, the more doubtful advantage of free wool; it retained free sugar, the great boon of the McKinley act to the people (although now questionable as a revenue measure), but it repealed the sugar bounties.

The action of the Senate shows how strongly entrenched was the system of protection. While a majority of the Democratic Senators were willing to agree to the Wilson bill, a number of them were secretly opposed to it and two were open and determined in their opposition. These two, Gorman of Maryland and Brice of Ohio, were as good protectionists as McKinley and so convinced that the bill meant ruin to many manufacturing industries that they preferred no legislation whatever to any that did not safeguard certain interests. Gorman was a good parliamentary leader and, having both avowed and silent support

in his party, he dictated the policy of the Democratic Senate and eventually that of Congress. "I can afford to oppose this bill and beat the President," he said to Andrew Carnegie, "but I cannot afford to oppose and be beaten by him." The open confidence of Carnegie and other Republican manufacturers in Gorman and Brice, ought to have aroused the suspicion and partisanship of the Democrats and Populists who were devoted to tariff reform, and incited them to resent dictation by two of their number and to demand that their majority of seven be employed to register the will of their party as presented in their platform, as declared at the polls, personified in their President, and as formulated by the House. That this was not the result was due to circumstances well illustrated by the remark of the London fish dealer: "I am in favor of free trade in everything but herring." The Senators from Maryland, West Virginia, and Alabama were against any bill placing coal and iron ore on the free list, and they were upheld by well-known Democratic magnates at the North who were largely interested in the production of these minerals. The Senators from Louisiana insisted that her sugar planters should not be sacrificed, and Senator Murphy of New York, who lived at Troy, demanded that the industry of his town be protected, and obtained a duty on linen collars and cuffs almost as high as that in the McKinley bill (McKinley bill thirty cents per dozen and forty per cent ad valorem; Wilson bill thirty-five per cent ad valorem; Senate bill thirty cents per dozen and thirty per cent ad valorem.) Gorman worked on these different local interests astutely and with marked success.

Thus far he framed his bill according to Republican precedents, but there was worse behind. The words of the President and of Wilson, and a mass of facts supporting their guarded utterances, indicate that the sugar schedule, which was rendered unduly favorable to the Sugar Trust, was secured by that corporation's method of indirect bribery and corruption.

The Senate made six hundred and thirty-four amendments to the House bill and then passed it by 39 to 34 (July 3, 1894). It went as usual to a conference and the decided disagreement between the House and the Senate was aggravated by a quarrel

between the President and the Senate, which came to a head from Wilson's reading in the House a letter from Cleveland, in which he denounced the Senate bill as a disregard of Democratic pledges and an abandonment of principles to the extent of "party perfidy and party dishonor." The letter was not tactful but honest; bad politics, yet, if we take its measure not at the moment but in the long run, good statesmanship. It gave rise to an angry discussion in the Senate in which Gorman had the sympathy of most of his brother Democratic Senators and it seems to have strengthened his leadership. Had Cleveland understood Congress and possessed the art of facile negotiation that belonged to his successor, McKinley, he could undoubtedly have brought the contest between himself and Gorman to a drawn battle and so secured a better bill. He might, it is true, have been more flexible and serene, yet his bold grapple with the opponents in his own party is an inspiration now to those who wish to apply sound economic doctrine to the conduct of our national affairs.

The Committee of Conference wrangled for eleven days but failed to come to an agreement. A second conference was had. Gorman stood firm on the ground that it must be the Senate bill or nothing, and in the end compelled the House to surrender. This chapter of tariff reform ended ignobly. The bill that was passed was like the old Republican article, differing only in degree, except that wool and lumber were placed on the free list. Truly did Cleveland write in a public letter, "the livery of Democratic tariff reform has been stolen and worn in the service of Republican protection." Gorman was the father of the law posing as the conservative protector of American industries against what was regarded as the revolutionary designs of the President and the House. Yet if the history and traditions of the party and the platform of 1892, on which the Democrats came into possession of the government, are the test, the faithful Democrat is Cleveland, not Gorman.

The President pursued a dignified course. He could not sign a bill which he had denounced. If he vetoed it, the McKinley bill, which he deemed the worse of the two, remained on the statute book. He therefore allowed it to become a law without his signature (August 27, 1894).

• THE POINT OF VIEW •

DOUBTLESS, as was suggested in the August magazine, many phases of our pursuit of culture are folly, and it is true that in countless instances our search for beauty is confounded with the pleasures of the chase. Pages have been written about the skip-hop-and-jump of our progress through past centuries and across continents, and there is always more to tell. I once saw a tourist party of our fellow countrymen hurried through the Louvre, with an impatient cry on the part of the conductor: "Now, ladies, and gentlemen, you haven't time to stop to look at anything! Just walk on as fast as you can! This gallery is an eighth of a mile long!" It was only last summer that a motor-car was driven rapidly to the portal of Wells Cathedral; the American at the wheel jumped out, crying: "Now you do the inside, and we'll do the outside, and it won't take us more than fifteen minutes!" I am willing to admit, lest I seem to fail to understand that point of view with which I thoroughly disagree, that even funnier than our haste is the bewildering thoroughness of our search. "Through bush, through briar," we go at full tilt, some queer survival of the Puritan conscience leading us on in Puck fashion, and with a Puck-like plan, to treat with the same superficial conscientiousness art and architecture, history, music, all visible and invisible phases of human achievement. A friend of mine tells of an American lady who once rushed up to her in the Vatican, asking breathlessly: "Can you tell me—have I seen the Pantheon?" The response: "Madam, you must know that better than I," brought a second swift question: "Has it a hole in it?" The admission that it has a hole in it elicited a quick sigh of gratitude. Then, said the tourist, with the relieved air of one who has one dash the less to make,—then she had seen it. Perhaps the future will reveal to our inventive minds, a method of absorbing the value of the old masters by flying over them in aeroplanes, outdoing the motor-car in the matter of "making time" in the quest of the ideal, yet surely no phase of absurdity should shatter our faith in

the validity of the quest. Search under all the grotesque manifestations of our passion for "going to all," and going to see all, and you cannot fail to feel the pathos of it, the blind, dumb, wistful sense that there is something in the world besides machinery, and modern improvements, and the thin and tinkling phases of our civilization. Subtract the vanity that leads many, the joy of being seen; eliminate the restlessness, the American desire for perpetual motion; discount the passion for doing as the others do, one of the most potent passions of our lives—disregard all this, and you have at the heart of this folk-wandering, something deeper, a sense of dissatisfaction with that which we have achieved, a profound striving of the instinct for perfection.

How else, stranded between sea and sea, with no older and subtler civilization near to send us a deeper challenge, are we to acquire a sense of values? That we have worn out an intolerable deal of good shoe leather without fully acquiring it, I am ready to admit. I can still recall a vigorous western lady who loudly declaimed upon the deck of a returning steamer, that she had seen in her three months' journey, "all the big galleries in Europe," as she phrased it, Berlin, Dresden, Paris, London, and she had not seen any pictures that could for a moment compare with those at the art exhibition at Boulder, Colorado, the year before. Doubtless she was right, and for her the trail is long before she will find out wherein the difference consists, yet I thought that, in the loudness and the positiveness of her assertion lay some dim misgiving of real beauty, and a fear that all was not as she said in the world of art. We are still young, and have much to learn; it is fitting that we should trudge diligently to that dame-school where Europe sits and patiently teaches us the alphabet of the arts. It is at the shrines of dead genius, before the great pictures and the great cathedrals that we learn the failure of our own success, and in such sense of failure lies our only hope.

As for the assertion that it is folly to search out the places associated with the great, there are innumerable ways in which the sight of the

eyes does mean "vision," and, standing where you can see the actual stream and meadow that the poet saw, you enter in wholly new fashion into his work. Meanings which escape you on the written page are made delicately clear by grass and tree and flower. For reasons that can never be fully explained, a glimpse of the ancient church and of the slow river at Stratford, the walk across the fields to Ann Hathaway's cottage bring deeper knowledge than can be gained from studying the German commentators. The stile, the foot-path way, have not vanished; lark and swallow help you understand, as do pleasant faces that make you feel that you are looking with Shakespeare's eyes at the moment when he first saw Bottom or Autolycus. At every step you draw nearer the poet of Hamlet's deepest questioning, the young poet of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the older poet of the *Winter's Tale*, lover of primroses, violets, and daffodils. It needs neither mouse nor daisy to make the fields about Ayr betray Burns, and the passion and the pain of his love songs find out undiscovered depths within you as you watch the country lovers strolling arm in arm through the summer dusk. Still

"Come rigs, and barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonnie";

and

"Green grow the rashes, O;
Green grow the rashes."

What unexpected, humorous revelations your wayward steps in a foreign town may bring! London never wears a greater charm than when it is lending you Lamb's "sweet security of streets!" "O her lamps of a night! her rich goldsmiths, print-shops, toy-shops, mercers, hardware men, pastry cooks, St. Paul's Church-yard, the Strand, Exeter Change, Charing Cross. These are thy gods, O London!" The British profiles on a single British 'bus have shown me in the flesh Mr. Micawber, Uriah Heep, Sairey Gamp, and Mr. Carker. Did glass and stone ever take on such human resemblance as Thackeray's house in Young Street, London? It is a visible interpretation of him. Its very shape and contour; those two wise upper windows, so like the kindly eyes that must often have looked out of them; the graciousness of the front door; the hospitality of the whole face, bidding one welcome to the cosy nooks, mental or others, to be found within, made it, for the moment, identical with its vanished occupant. I never before saw a house look as if enjoying at length some kindly

joke. Was it fancy, or did the upper windows wink slightly, while a suggestion of a smile rippled over the façade? Such an experienced little house it is, with such a look of pluck and endurance, I really half expected it to speak, saying something brave and kind and funny. Never before had I realized the spiritual possibilities of brick and mortar; never since have I doubted that houses are inhabited by the souls of those who have lived visibly there.

"Dull would he be of soul who could pass by" a sight so touching as Grasmere without comprehending more fully the way in which the poet-spirit reached out and found spirit working through the beauty of nature. Who would stay at home, idly dreaming, when he might go to see, if but once, those pale green slopes that touch the clouds, the moss-grown stone fences crumbling back into the hills among the grazing sheep, the shining fern, and know the enchantment of that loveliest valley, forever set to the music of swift rippling streams and bird songs, as well as to the "still, sad music of humanity"?

NOT arrogance, but humility may lead you to wish to walk in the very footsteps of the great, lift your eyes to their hills, touch reverently the trunks of the trees under which they have rested. Crossing the threshold of the birthplace of genius may have deep symbolic value, giving hint or promise of crossing the threshold of the soul. There are places in which one glance will do for you what no amount of imagination musing over lives and letters will do. Go to Haworth, clinging with its gray-black stones to the green Yorkshire hill-side and climb the steep and narrow street past the Black Bull, whose name spells deeper tragedy than any biographer has yet recorded of Branwell Brontë. Enter the church-yard, where the shadows of the tall trees fall upon the flat tombstones. Where else, except upon the desolate, sunlit moor, will you meet the soul of Emily Brontë?

The Footstep
of the Great

"I'll walk where my own nature would be leading;
It vexes me to choose another guide:
Where the gray flocks in ferny glens are feeding,
Where the wild wind blows on the mountain side."

A step, and lo! you understand as you had not dreamed of doing. The very air is interpreter, and out among the heath and harebells of which she loved to write, the soft wind

breathing through the grass, the bees humming dreamily about, larks singing high in the blue sky, you discover something of the depth and the breadth of that nature. Surely it is well to be privileged to see the horizon line which taught Emily Brontë:

"There is not room for death,
Nor atom that his might could render void—!"

Homeliest, most uncompromising of birth-places, open and bare to the sky, in level country where there is no obvious leafy picturesqueness, is Thomas Carlyle's Ecclefechan. In this hard little foreign-looking village, with house walls of stone or of plaster close to the street, no grace of tree or flower between them and the cobble-stone pavement, "encircled by the mystery of existence; under the deep heavenly firmament; waited on by the four golden seasons, did the child sit and learn." Where can you find another spot which the look of things betrays more fully the beginning of a life-struggle—soul against the material world? Where else can you learn so well Carlyle's message of the unreality of visible things, the wonder of the unseen? The little trudging legs adown the village street to-day suggest the beginning of his life-long pilgrimage, and, far across the level green, blue Skiddaw to the south lends the look of ethereal distance that is nearest heaven.

Sometimes the mere sight of a place betrays more than an individual, reveals a nation, faith, forgotten, or half known, or potent still. The Druid stones at Carmac, set in soft grass, or at Salisbury upon the downs, start your thoughts wandering farther than you can follow them. If modern Greece is disillusioning, and it may be to people who lack imagination to see in dust and stone—and think, what stone, Pentelic marble!—the glory of past days, who could stand at ancient Delphi and fail to comprehend the worship of Apollo, the sun-god? As, in earliest morning, the light through the cleft steals from peak to gray peak, touches the mountain side, and flows, a flood of glory through the deep gorge to the wide olive plain and Itea, far by the sea, visibly to his temple walks the god. The shrine clings to the steep mountain side, where wonderful Delphi still stands on the lower slopes of Mount Parnassus, whose peak is hidden, though perhaps the circling eagles about the grim heights see; and standing here one wonders how any people could have failed to worship the splendor thus revealed each day at dawn. Even so, to a wan-

derer in another land, may the softer slopes about Assisi, the nibbling sheep, the barefooted poor, reveal St. Francis, and a deeper faith.

Happy are we if hands and feet can serve us in this quest, through which we are drawn by vague misgiving and sense of lack to the dim and hoary corners of antiquity. When one may go to listen to the "beauty born of murmuring sound," why should one stay stupidly at home and try to make it up? Why think that one can invent out of one's inner consciousness that to whose making a nation's faith, the endeavor of a race, has gone? Can you sit on your own door step and erect the Taj Mahal? Or raise the cunning walls of St. Sophia? Does not the charge of arrogance and conceit better fit this case than the other? If eye and ear and finger-tip may minister to the soul; if certain humble sense impressions may help the vision of that "inward eye which is the bliss" of the true disciple of beauty, were it not strange to ignore them? What is art but the creation for eye and ear of inner thought and feeling, the ministrant whereby the senses may become handmaidens of the spirit? Even so may the visible and tangible loveliness of places betray the "very sky and sea line" of a poet's nature; "nor soul helps sense," in this way, more than "sense helps soul."

A BRITISH friend sent me several months ago the report, in the *London Times*, of Lord Rosebery's speech in Edinburgh against the proposed abolition of the House of Lords. It is germane to the criticism which I am about to make that no American reader can have knowledge of such an address from his own compatriotic newspapers. He must know it from the page-long report in the *London Times*, or he will not know it at all. And such a speech is so very well worth knowing. The chiefest emotion it excited in my own mind was one of patriotic envy. "Is there any public man in the United States," I said to myself, "who could have made that speech to save his life?" The scholarship, the candor, the wit, the courtesy, almost above all what Boswell, speaking of Topham Beauclerk's way of telling a story, calls "a lively elegant manner, and that air of 'the world' which has I know not what impressive effect, as if there were something more than is expressed, or than perhaps we can perfectly understand." These are the qualities of British parliamentary eloquence, no doubt, and

As to
"Survivals"

have been, and will apparently continue to be, beyond the reach even of the athletes of American parliamentary eloquence. I comforted myself, in reading a speech otherwise so wounding to my patriotic self-love, with thinking that the American public speakers who could have come nearest to it—I need not name them—would have been the first to allow that they could not have equalled it. Very likely they would have attributed their admitted inferiority to the inferiority of their audiences, whether in the Senate or on the “hustings,” to the audiences of the noble lord, whether his immediate auditory in the hall at Edinburgh, or the greater secondary audience in the apprehension of which every British orator goes in fear, of the readers of the *London Times*.

But, of course, this deprecation, so far from attenuating the criticism, at once sharpens and enlarges it. Even if an American orator could make as “great” a speech, the deprecation would import he could not get an equal hearing. Manifestly, this impeachment of the auditory, immediate or secondary, is a more serious national impeachment than would be the mere confession that we had not, at present, any orators of Lord Rosebery’s rank; because it is a confession that we cannot furnish an equally intelligent audience. Doubtless there is no newspaper in the United States which would report an American speech as important as that of Lord Rosebery at Edinburgh, with a fulness equal to that of the *London Times*. We cannot afford the space, would be the explanation. But when you consider the ephemera and the trivialities to which the newspapers of wide circulation would postpone the full presentation of a “great argument,” involving large present and future issues of national destiny, the explanation is an aggravation. Meanwhile, it is consolatory to the believer in democracy to reflect, the doleful vaticinations of the British Conservative Cassandras have been sufficiently refuted by the fact that such a speech as this should have been fully reported in a “leading organ” in 1911, and disseminated throughout the English-reading world to fulfil its proper mission with intelligent, candid and conscientious

readers of the English language. While the Reform Bill of 1832 was under discussion, its opponents were predicting that its passage would be the end of statesmanship. Still more doleful were the vaticinations of the Cassandras of 1866, upon the what, to American readers, seemed very moderate extension then proposed to the very moderate reform of 1832. Upon ears not even yet stricken with surdity fell the eloquent deprecations of Robert Lowe: “Democracy you can have at any time. Night and day the gate stands open which leads to that bare and arid plain where every ant-hill is a mountain, and every thistle is a forest tree.” And yet, forty-five years later, comes evidence that, to the enlarged British constituencies, the ant-hill and the mountain, the thistle and the forest tree, are very much where they were.

It is true, there is some evidence to the contrary. Mr. Asquith himself must have grinned, though perhaps ruefully if not grudgingly, at the epigram which appeared in a London paper most Britannically without title or explicit comment:

I hold the office held by Pitt;
Where Peel and Gladstone sat, I sit;
You pay me fifteen pounds a day;
And yet I say the things I say.

But, upon the whole, one would be rash to assert that the public life of England reflects less accurately the national movement than the public life of America, which is theoretically so much more “advanced.” From the point of view of a merely theoretical political evolution, Lord Rosebery, in his capacity of hereditary legislator, is an anomaly and a “survival,” and the average American senator, the average American M. C., whatever else he may be, is at least the accurate representative of “the Spirit of the Age.” This theoretical conclusion will hardly survive the shock of the facts. For, almost at the same moment when Lord Rosebery was approving himself at Edinburgh the most enlightened of the moderns, there were emerging, into such light as is afforded by the comparatively illegible reports of the debates in Congress, strange pleiosaurs and pterodactyls, survivals of an antediluvian world, heaved up out of due time from “the dead and most untouched deep water of the sea.”

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

THE PRINT—ITS CHARM AND ITS QUEST

AMID the multitude of exhibitions of paintings which are offered us every season, the apparently increasing interest in prints does not make itself felt with any striking force, but it is yet evidenced unobtrusively. The elements of color and tone and comparative completeness of effect give the painting a hold on the public, an appeal to larger circles, which the print cannot readily attain. Its size and nature, and the fact that it must be studied at close range, make it a thing to be enjoyed in a small exhibition gallery, in the quiet of a print room or of a private collector's study.

Like any work of art, the print demands the thought and sympathy of the beholder, in order to insure full appreciation. There must be as thorough a conception as possible of the artist's viewpoint and intention. Two general principles which govern all good art are in force here as well: the artist must respect the limits of his medium, and he must tell something worth saying. In other words, the expression of individuality should manifest itself within the limitation set by the tools used.

The field of the print may seem restricted at first sight, but even the slightest survey of four centuries of achievement discloses an enormous variety of artistic individuality, of subject, of

style, and of technical methods. The last plays an important part in the charm of the print. As in painting we have oil and water color and pastel each with its distinct characteristics and potentialities, so in black-and-white prints (not to speak of color work for the present) etching, line engraving on copper, mezzotint, aquatinting and other like methods, wood-en-

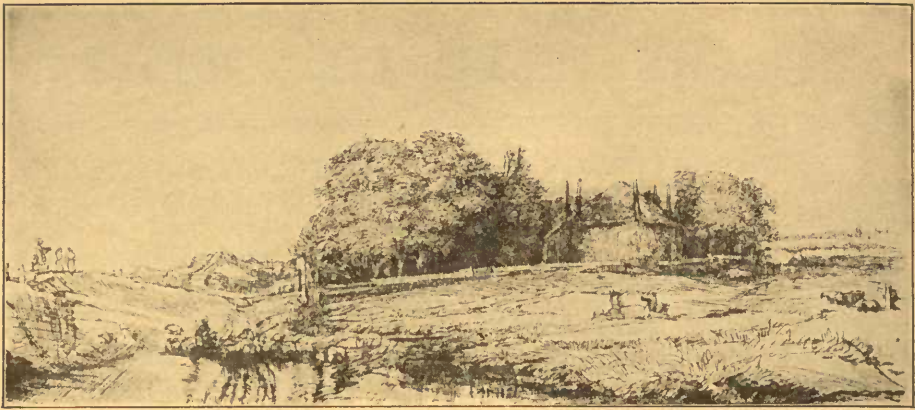
graving and lithography, each presents quite different effects and possibilities. The limits that each medium imposes on those who use it yet leave great freedom within their bounds. Witness such obvious contrasts as Whistler's Thames series and his later Venetian scenes in etching (or, say, Meryon's visions of Paris and Bracquemond's glorification of "The Old Cock," if comparison of different personalities be preferred), Sargent's unctuous blacks, the bravura of Isabey, and the silver-point delicacy of Legros in lithography, the

severe restraint of Mantegna, and the brilliant *tours de force* of Drevet in line engraving; the Teutonic vigor of Dürer (who worked with a full understanding of the possibilities of facsimile cutting on the block), the sensitive decorativeness of the Japanese or the remarkable American translations of paintings into the language of the burin in wood-engraving. Each medium, then, has its own distinct character and attraction.

The taste for prints may be more or less a specialized one, but how broad a specialty it is,



The Nativity.
From the wood-engraving by Dürer.



Landscape with a flock of sheep.
From the etching by Rembrandt.

and what a wide range of varied delights it offers! Many collectors are attracted by, and procure, mainly work in a particular medium, and in that again by preference the productions of a particular group of artists. One may be devoted especially to line engraving, with its formality in statement and distinction of utterance, which fitted it so well for the reproduction of works of art in the period of its greatest development. In his portfolios we may find the earlier work, by Raimondi, translating Raphael with adaptability, reserve and beauty of line, or by Dürer (delineating with loving care the German interior in which he places St. Jerome), or the stately portraits by Nanteuil, Edelinck, Masson, the Drevets, or other French engravers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Perhaps the reproductions, by Raphael Morghen and other Italian burinists, of canvases by their compatriots, or even the minutely delicate plates by later Englishmen after Turner. Another is particularly attracted by the painter-etching, with its often summary statement of essential fact, its spontaneity, its direct expression of the artist's self. Among the various media used in the production of prints, etching holds a high place. It has offered so much to the artist and has become, above all others, a vehicle for the direct conveyance of his impressions.

For that reason the field of painter-etching is particularly broad and inclusive. It offers an astonishing array of individualities, differing in their message, in their manner of expression, in the variety of effect which they draw from the combination of copper-plate, etching-ground, etching needle, and acid. The manliness and mastery of Rembrandt, the deft and

delicate sureness of Whistler with his touch of feminine intuitiveness, Meryon's sombre yet living interpretation of the spirit of old Paris, Hayden's incisive and sympathetic presentation of English landscape, the straightforward views of Dutch life given by Ostade, the landscapes of Claude, the portrait etchings of Van Dyck, are so many outlooks on strong individualities seen at close range. And the minor men, from the seventeenth century to the present day, offer a wealth of material.

Lithography has a strong attraction for some. Not so incisive as the etching, it yet offers a ready response to the artist's touch; a suppleness, a pliancy, that adapts it equally well to the pearly grays of the early masters of the stone, the joyous lightness of a Whistler, the vigorous yet free crayonnage of Gavarni the little giant Menzel's masterly handling of brush and scraper.

A similar range of effects may be exhibited in wood-engraving, a reproductive art ever close to the people from the early block-books to its extensive use for book illustration in the nineteenth century. To-day it, too, serves as a painter art, a means of original production, a vehicle for the direct expression of an artist's own ideas.

There is also the eclectic collector, who procures the good thing of any time or country, who possesses lithographs by Whistler, plates from Turner's mezzotinted "Liber Studiorum," etchings by Hayden, Morghen's "Last Supper" after Da Vinci, and examples of the seventeenth century French portraitists.

Æsthetic enjoyment of prints and the appreciation of technique are closely con-

nected, and the subject interest likewise plays an important part in the charm of the print. To the delight in the sympathetic craftsmanship of the British mezzotinters who, in the second half of the eighteenth century, were per-

Kaufmann. Similarly the eighteenth century French prints form a pictorial comment on national characteristics shown in the light-hearted, charming frivolity of Fragonard and Boucher, and the veiled voluptuousness of



Mrs. Robinson.

From a mezzotint by J. R. Smith, after the painting by G. Romney.

petuating and reproducing the record of stateliness, dignity, and beauty, which their compatriots painted, there is added the interest in the very life of the day which is thus pictured. The mezzotinters of this period, especially in the widely popular plates after Morland, gave form also to British scenes of country life, just as Bartolozzi and other stipple engravers of his day expressed the sentimentality and taste for allegory as shown in the designs of Angelica

Greuze's idyls of home life and youthful innocence. The French color-print of that period, again, has its distinct special note of charm. The quest of the collector may be directed toward the subject without regard to medium or school or period of art. Such tendency to specialization has many outlets: Portraits of some individual (Washington, Napoleon, Franklin), a period of history (the American Revolution), some phase of human activity

(ballooning, transportation), some aspect of social life (costume), views of particular places, sporting prints.

All of this is of necessity the barest indication of the varied pleasures that the study of prints holds out. The collector's opportunities are many and they are adapted to pocket-books of various sizes. It is the unusually big price that gets the most publicity, but we cannot all, nor need we, think of acquiring the most expensive prints. They are not the only ones worth having. Rembrandt, Whistler, Meryon are great figures in the annals of etching, but they are not the only artists who etched. We do not read Shakespeare or Goethe or the Bible or even a "hundred best books" exclusively. The graphic arts are living arts, practiced to-day by men whose work is worthy of notice. There is certainly a wide diversity in prices and a large field to choose from. The lover of art who cannot afford paint-

ings has a wide and inexpensive field in which to cultivate, gratify and show his artistic tastes.

We cannot all hunt big game. To Hayden's advice to collectors of very moderate means—namely, that they hunt in old numbers of English magazines for wood-engravings after the noted British illustrators of the sixties—there may be added the hint that examination of American magazines of the seventies and eighties will disclose much work by the wood-engravers whose productions caused such *éclat* in those days, and that back numbers of art publications such as Hamerton's *Portfolio*, *L'Art*, *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst* will yield many an interesting etching. Discrimination is necessary, of course.

Tastes vary, and it is well that each one of us should exercise his own freely, provided he does it thoughtfully. The collector who can afford to gratify his desire for the unique early state, for the series of trial proofs of a particular print, gives himself pleasure and certainly adds to the documentary material for the history of the individual artist's development. The one

of less ample means will direct his attention toward such "states" (usually the early finished ones) of a given print as represent the artist's final intention. Rarity and merit may or may not be coincident. The early state does not always show the print at its best.

The average collector of moderate means will wisely seek the good impression whether it be the early or rare state or not, and rest content to let the curiosity go to those that want it.

And if he furthermore keeps his head in print shop and auction room, and makes haste slowly, he will be in a fair

way to prove the truth of the statement that even to-day a collection can be formed on a comparatively small outlay. And the best, most satisfactory selection will always be based on the collector's mental response to the individuality and intention of the artist. The whole secret then is to see with understanding eyes and an unprejudiced mind. Possession is, after all, a secondary matter. The rich source of pleasure is the loving study of the print, the entrance into the world of beauty and human interest which it offers, the acquaintance with the mind and heart that lie back of its production and make it a human document.

FRANK WEITENKAMPF.



Molière.

From an engraving on copper by Ficquet,
after the painting by Coypel.





From a painting by H. R. Poore.

A MEET OF THE CASTLE HILL HOUNDS.



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FOX AND DRAG HUNTING IN THE UNITED STATES

By Henry Rankin Poore

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR



THE fox-hunter is the last relic of the knight of old, the survivor of that chivalric type of Spenser, the only one who now comes "pricking o'er the plain" benign and independent, albeit with a certain necessitous altruism imposed by the land-holder. Modern life and wire hamper him, so that the complete joy of the former time, that of roaming care-free and at will, is not entirely his; yet it is safe to say that he, astride of a well-bred hunter, takes less heed to his imposed environment than any other man who inhabits the earth.

The countryside, in a neighborhood where hounds are quartered, quickly comes to count the spectacle a part of its own diversion. Despite the wear and tear of hunting, when approached with courtesy and tact the land-owner, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, *becomes a sport*, sufficiently, at least, to aid and abet it. The hundredth man is he who in the law of averages is so constituted as to reject all delights which do not include him—and every hunt club can name its misanthrope.

There is no effort in the range of sport fraught with keener nervous delight than to negotiate at rapid intervals, in a fair hunting country, every obstacle set to oppose and stop one. Here is a combination of flying and running. The aeronaut sits in tranquil inaction and without effort arrives at his destination. He experiences, therefore, only the sensation of superiority, the impression of action being lacking. The wheelman and automobilist may show greater speed, but they travel every man's

road, making no way of their own, and their locomotion is endowed with neither variety nor hazard.

For those who demand moral qualities in any sport, cross-country riding abounds in them. The nerve displayed in riding straight, the courtesies of the congested panel, the consideration of property rights, so constantly on his mind, bring forth a virtue which no other game develops, and it is markedly noticeable with respect to all masters of hounds and members of the field of long experience, that their actions are measured between the chances of getting there at present and of coming again in the future. The thought of the farmer on whose land the hunt is trespassing and the liberal weighing of his rights, not only in actual damage by the field, but in what he suffers from the fox, which in his consideration he slays not, become discipline in ethics.

The fox-hunter, therefore, comes to be generous. Drilled in this large gymnasium where twice or thrice weekly after a twenty-mile ride he has the cobwebs swept clean from his brain, the cross-country knight is not likely to go down to his business and play a close or unworthy game in an effort to overreach the other man.

The annual "breakfast," with the countryside invited and every farmer furnished with game-pie and a good cigar, has not a tithe of the influence for keeping his "country" open as has the undercurrent of consideration for his rights which the farmer *feels* emanating from the club-house. Certainly when the hounds are in full cry and the farmer or his wife and daughter run to open the gate, the fact that a cordial "thank

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you," with hats raised, is shouted from almost every huntsman is proof of both manners and motives, the latter forgotten in the cordiality of the farmer.

One hard-riding master of Virginia, in an open letter addressed at the close of the season to the farmers and land-owners of Loudoun County, remarks:

"The hounds run to kill the fox and my place is behind them, and if at any time I have seemed rude by not stopping to pass a pleasant word or two it was simply because my duty was ahead, and for such apparent rudeness I now offer apology. Time, tide, and a pack of hounds wait for no man."

A final quality developed in the cross-country man who is quickly initiated into the school of hard knocks is complaisancy to bear and initiative to avoid the traps and pitfalls which beset him. The huntsman and whips are ever taking risks to live with their hounds, pressing into the unknown and frequently making a line where horse and man have never been. The field which follows have also to think it out, each for himself, a man's gray matter divided between his own needs and those of his horse, who often requires more than nature allowed him, his first thought being rather to keep up than any intelligent consideration for either himself or rider. When the crash comes as to many a hunter it does once or twice a season, when stirrups, breast-plate, reins, mane, and finally, an arm-clutch of the neck have all been tried without avail, the last resource is to fall like a drunken man limply into one's hat and roll for all he is worth. The *fitness* which a hunting man attains may be known when it is possible for one nearer sixty than fifty to fall head-long, as the writer has seen, over a stone wall and onto a rocky New England road and to his question, "Are you hurt?" jump up and reply, "Not a bit."

How many men of that age, without this hardening discipline, could have survived and turned up at the club dinner with no other concern than that his wife should not hear of it.

The position of master is filled with anxieties making it one which deserves every consideration accorded it. Like the shepherd of old the good master has watched and coddled every dog bred in the kennels, calling each by name. He likewise bears his field on his mind, especially if his be a drag

hunt, and must decide on the safety of a day whether too hard or too greasy for safe jumping. Furthermore, the good master goes over his drag, carefully safeguarding the hazards and diligently ridding both take-off and landing of all pitfalls which might ruin the pleasure of a run. In the Massachusetts country his trials increase, for the stony pastures give the riders all the anxiety a quick flight across the country should have; but what lies on the far side of a stone wall should not be a subject for dread, and it is no unusual sight to see at the drag hunts of Norfolk and Myopia, the master with his whips on the day before the run clearing these places of loose rock or wire.

At Myopia, Mr. Mandell, the master, has succeeded in rendering parts of his country so fit as to be safe enough for the youngsters. A pony drag during July and August has become one of the institutions of the club and a prettier sight could scarce be found among the hunt clubs of America than the large field of boys and girls, from eight to eighteen years of age, bowling along over stone walls and hedges, following a slow drag and experiencing all the thrills of their elders in the chase.

Two or three mammas are usually present and a mounted groom or two to pick up hats and open gates, or when necessary catch a horse and find its owner. All the safety devices for saddles and breast-plates are in evidence and the master, far ahead with his hounds, has little concern for what is happening behind him.

The popularity of the sport depends indeed so much upon the master, that when one is found who really fills this post of honor he is held there by acclamation and frequently against his protest.

Let no one suppose the killing of the quarry is an important part of fox-hunting. Experience in due time makes this clear. In fact, the fox-hunter is probably the happiest hunter in the world and largely because he seldom kills. He looks elsewhere for his recompense and by his failure the mind becomes philosophical, dissecting the whole situation and disclosing the means to be in reality the desideratum, the true and enjoyable end.

The new member who has swapped his roadster for a hunter, takes a few lessons over the bars at a riding-school, sits up late with Mr. Jorrocks and Whyte Melville, has



From a painting by H. K. Ivora.

Gone to Earth.

(The Middlesex Hunt.)

With Reynard "gone to earth" after ten or fifteen miles, the field assembles. Page 215.



The Pony Drag
(Myopia Hunt.)

A prettier sight could scarce be found among the hunt clubs of America.—Page 514.

the “lingo” at his tongue’s end, and cherishes a secret ambition to “die with his boots on”; begins to think he has been defrauded when, after the first half-dozen runs, he jogs home with the hunt, empty-handed. The vision of eventually having a trophy hung up in his den gradually fades away. He believes the hounds are not bred right, that his gallant efforts at the risk of life and limb are misplaced energy and he considers his next move may be to swap the hunter for an electric, when suddenly the light breaks and he agrees that it is not necessary, after all, that something should die in order to make him happy. In fact, the respect he begins to entertain for the little animal that can outwit a pack of hounds, the huntsman, two whips, and a master and keep on top of earth while all these and a score of riders are seeking his life, is such that he gladly gives him his bill of health and a godspeed when he either throws off the hunt completely or seeks asylum.

With Reynard “gone to earth” after ten or fifteen miles, the field assembles, girths are loosened, cigarettes produced, the incidents of the run discussed and everybody appears satisfied. The leisurely joghome is the relaxing anti-climax. The keen clarion note from

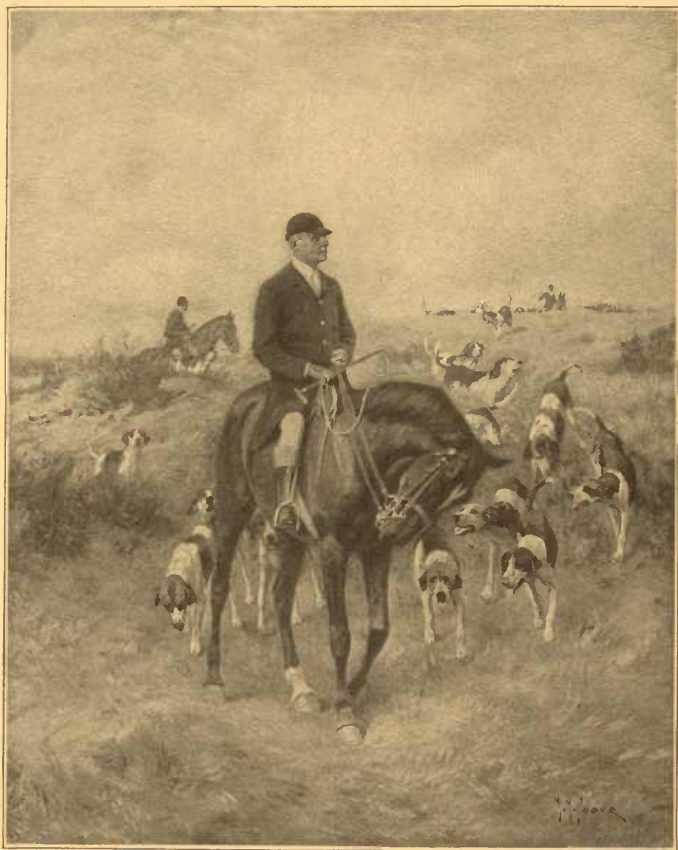
the hunting horn, heard long before the field may be seen, is waited for by the club *chef*, who has his meats broiling and everything in readiness when the field appears.

This in time comes to mean a complete experience to the average fox-hunter. But for the occasional “bleeding” of the pack, the far-sighted master prefers to save his foxes. He knows almost to a certainty where he may find this one or that; he learns in time, pretty nearly, how any particular fox will run, at least, at the start; indeed, he is on such good terms with some of them as to furnish names the more easily to communicate their prospective manoeuvres.

The “public” has a short and vexed notion of fox-hunting. They denominate it a cruel sport and ridicule the sight of a troupe of men and women chasing to its death a defenseless little creature with a pack of hounds. As a fact, however, the American red fox feels himself so fitted for the conditions that he accepts a challenge with evident relish. That he enjoys a run there can be no reason to deny. Like a good general he usually seeks a vantage point and looks over the field. He listens and observes and when satisfied drops leisurely from the fence-post or rock and trots away.

When assured the hounds are firmly on his line he begins to show speed and if he feels there is any danger of not outfooting them he then negotiates one of his numerous strategies. He may gain time by a check and if water is near he trots up or down

would be a killing experience for both horses and riders which few could survive. The clean-bred hound is about the only thing that can keep the pace without cessation for sixty miles, for, during the checks, and while the fox is at rest, he is feverishly busy.



The position of master is filled with anxieties; . . . he must decide on the safety of a day, whether too hard or too greasy for safe jumping.—Page 514.

stream and then sails away over a hill-top, leaving the pack baffled. If there be no water, a fence may answer as well and a scramble along the top rail of a worm fence with a drop into the bushes and a quick flight beyond will give him a breather. If the country be open and given to grazing, a flock of sheep or a few cows serve him as well. As he passes among them their hoof-prints leave little of his trail and the hounds must circle and cast before recovering it beyond. Thanks to these interruptions, horses and riders have a chance to live in the chase. A fox-hunt without checks

In fact, when, as is so frequently the case with American hounds, the pack runs away from all the field and holds to their quarry, the chase often continues all night. When heated and fagged, Reynard dislikes to go to ground, preferring to stay above if possible and so, although he may lead back to his den, he frequently avoids it and continues. The "all day and night hounds" are such as command the admiration of every fox-hunter and after acknowledging his chagrin in not returning with the pack he finds consolation in the fact that, at any rate, they and the fox were the *game sort*.



From a painting by H. R. Thore.

Lifting the Pack.
(The Brandywine Hounds.)



The Drag Hunt.
(Norfolk Hunt Club.)

Some years ago the writer occasionally hunted with the Springfield, Pa., hounds. They were kennelled in an ample barn. A fox dwelt in the loft where, through the chinks in the floor, he could look down on his friends, the enemy. The writer has more than once chased this fox for many miles and has seen him comfortably sleeping in his nest of straw an hour after the hounds were kennelled up.

Such an incident is cited in disproof of the impression that the fox chase is an uneven sport with the odds against Reynard. The fact is he doubtless plumes himself in the thought that the hounds are maintained quite as much for his pleasure as for the paying members of the hunt. But, of course, accidents occasionally befall him, as with these others. Any American master will tell you, however, that unless he is "headed" or meets with the unexpected, very rarely does an *adult* red fox find his death before a pack of hounds, the kills in this country usually occurring in the early part of the season.

The death of an old fox is a rare event and the possibility of witnessing a fair kill in the open is what keeps an edge on the enthusiasm of the true fox-hunter.

The English sportsman is no such man to do without his trophy. He must account for his run and he usually does. Every good pack of hounds in England has an average of a fox for every day's hunting.

The writer has inspected the huntsman's book in some of these kennels and has found entries of three, five, seven, and even eleven foxes killed in a day, the latter during cubbing season. The secret is a simple one. While Reynard is abroad on his nightly foraging tour a man with a lantern comes along and "stops his earth." When hunted he may know of another and another asylum, but each refuses him shelter. He is therefore kept on top and with his calculations upset he loses heart and falls an inevitable victim to the hounds. The climatic conditions are also an aid to the English hound, the normal humidity of the British Isles affording a stronger and more enduring scent.

Besides this, also, is the difference in the fox, which is a home-bred and often a well-fed creature. Instead of a feed circuit of ten or twelve miles, the English fox takes no such constitutional, and in consequence is frequently fat and out of condition. Another point accounting for the disparity in

the kills of the American and English fields is the small coverts of the British hunting country. These are easily surrounded and Reynard flushed out and viewed away. The American hound and rider must frequently bore his way through a dense tangle of trackless woodland. It is in such a case that the voice of the American hound is particularly valuable. In the forest hunting of France and Germany the whips provide the signals with their melodious horns. As soon as one has finished the refrain is taken up by another and following him by another. The rider in a blind country may thereby know how runs the hunt away.

Not only does the voice of the American dog tell of his whereabouts, but also of what he is doing. Some may be babblers, but when an old hound talks he usually communicates the status and prospects of the hunt. The lack of this continuous report to the huntsmen, experienced in working an English pack in cover, is to many of his admirers the objection lying most heavily against him. To supply this lack to the mute English pack occasionally one finds a good American dog or two introduced to do the talking.

By comparison, therefore, with the English fox-hunter his American cousin is quite out of it in the matter of trophies, and few masters of American packs seem eager to discuss their record in "kills."

It is with evident pride that Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, who hunts one of the most difficult of countries in the sandy soil of South Carolina, states his record not only for the past year, but for ten years. During that period the highest number of kills was seventeen; eight reds and nine grays; the lowest record two, one red and one gray. While master of the Loudoun Hunt, Mr. Harry Smith nailed to the kennel door fourteen masks, ten killed in the open.

Mr. Redmond C. Stewart, one of the most painstaking and competent among the brilliant coterie of masters, states last year's record as follows:

The Green Spring Valley Hunt since August 15th has killed one fox, has holed fifty, and has lost seventy-three. There has been but one "blank day." He makes no record of several "dropped" foxes killed. The hounds are American bred, with from one-half to one-eighth English blood.

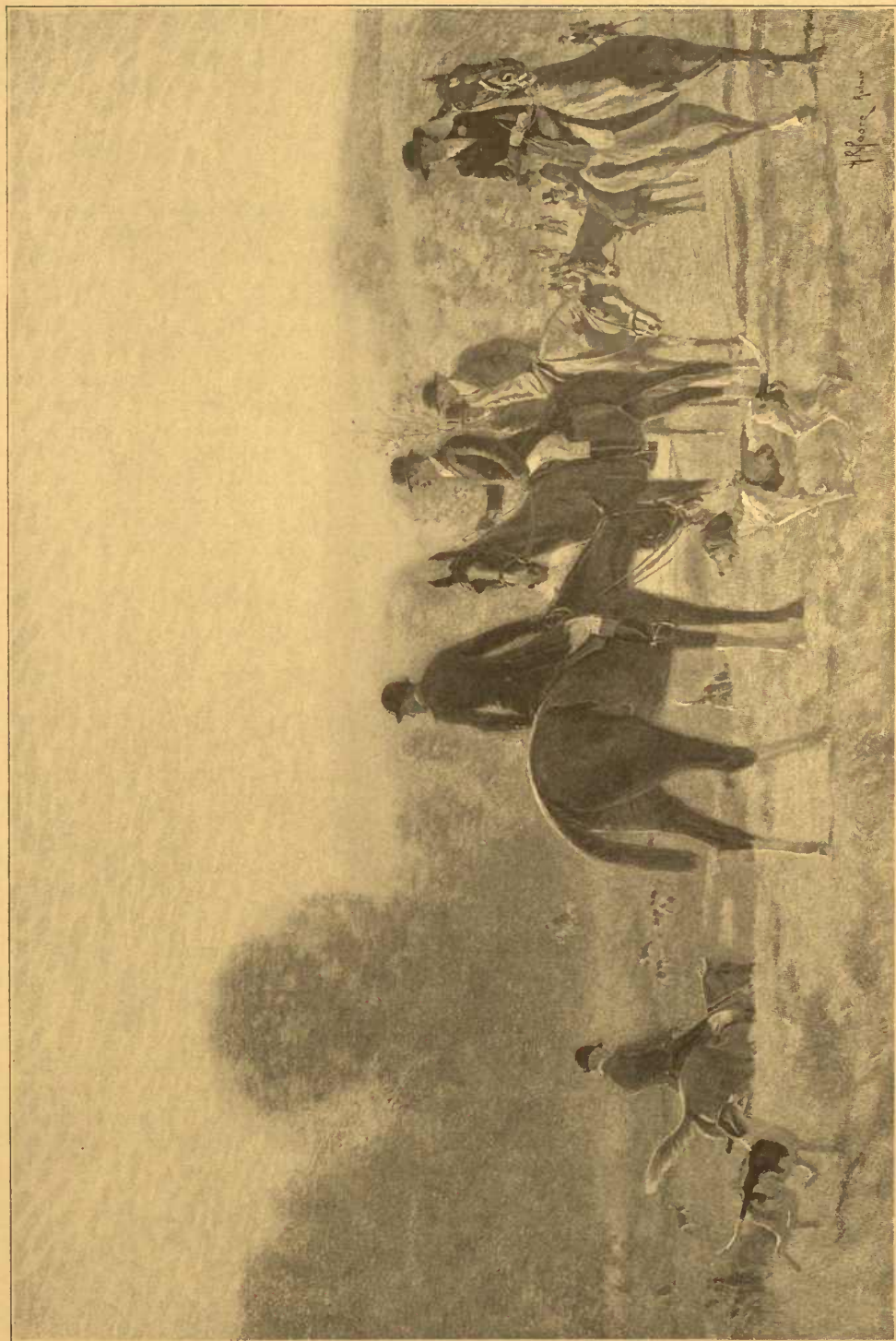
The record of the Brandywine Hounds for the past season is three "kills." This is an American-bred pack of pure English stock—the Belvoir. Bred in this country, the English dog becomes fitter and more adaptable to our hunting than the imported animal.

A consensus of opinion from masters all over the country is that the "kill" is not regarded an essential feature of fox-hunting. The rapid increase of hunt clubs in the face of the low average for perfectly equipped establishments being evidence sufficient that the sport is in nowise dependent upon it.

In New England, which of all sections of the country is least fitted to cross-country riding, hunts have multiplied fourfold within the past five years.

Fox-hunting has its varied appeal. To one man it is the flight across country on a horse that can carry him straight. To another the horse is of minor importance and the hound the absorbing object of interest. The true fox-hunter, especially if he be a Southerner, is almost entirely engrossed with this side of it. Any horse will do, and as for jumping fences, pshaw! give him a long tie-strap and a head-stall and when he has climbed the fence the horse will jump to follow him. In fact, the Southerner loves the fence and is perfectly willing to sit there and listen to the hounds, lost to sight in the thicket or working the trail against yonder hillside. He knows his country well enough to clip the corners and is not taking it out of either himself or horse by following the whole circuit. The homing instinct of the hound contains such measure of satisfaction as to disarm discipline, and the easy-going Southerner who starts forth with a full pack does well to arrive home with a corporal's guard.

This lawless behavior, permitted and continued for generations, leaves the American hound far this side of what a well-regulated kennel demands. With his superior nose acknowledged, his advocates among the more important hunts have spared no pains in discipline to correct his waywardness, and that this is possible has been proven not only at hound shows in competition with English packs, but in the field by the Grafton pack of American hounds, which not only show manners equal to the average English pack, but are also trained on the whistle to range within its hearing



From a painting by H. R. Poore.

and respond with a promptness which would please the most fastidious of masters.

From this standard one finds the American hound is learning his lessons in obedience and discipline throughout most of the recognized hunts which employ him. Excellent results are seen at the Rose Tree, Chester Valley, the Lima, Blackstone Valley, Blue Ridge, Keswick, Millwood, the hounds of Messrs. Okie and Maddux, of Virginia, the Oak Ridge, Orange County, Warrenton, Riverside, Tomahawk, Mr. Thomas Hitchcock's kennels, the Upland, the Midlothian, the West Chester, and Portsmouth Hunts. These stick to the American hound and continue, with all his faults, to love him still, working and praying over him in hopes of his regeneration.

With a desire to assemble in one dog the qualities of these two, Dr. Heffinger, of Portsmouth, one of the oldest and most enthusiastic of American sportsmen, some twenty years ago commenced a series of experiments by crosses with the Southern hound of the Walker, July, Wildgoose, Maupin, and Robinson strains together with the English hound. As a result his conclusion that the hound best suited to the rugged New England country is one in which the American blood largely predominates. Among other clubs which are striving to develop, by crossing, an animal best suited to the peculiar conditions of our country are the Elk Ridge, Green Spring Valley, the Keswick, the Missouri, the Piedmont, the Orange County, the White Marsh Valley, the Genesee Valley, the Harkaway, and the Radnor. The above organizations own both English and American types, and hunt them together and, on occasions, separately.

An opinion worth quoting is that of Davis, the huntsman, who, after forty years' experience with the pure English hounds, declares the Radnor half-bred animal outclasses him.

The Rose Tree, whose membership shows not a few Radnor men, have been content to watch the experiment across the border of their territory. In a district so filled with the votaries of the fox it is of frequent occurrence that two or more clubs meet and join on the same trail. A practical demonstration of the qualities of English, half-bred, or American dog behind the

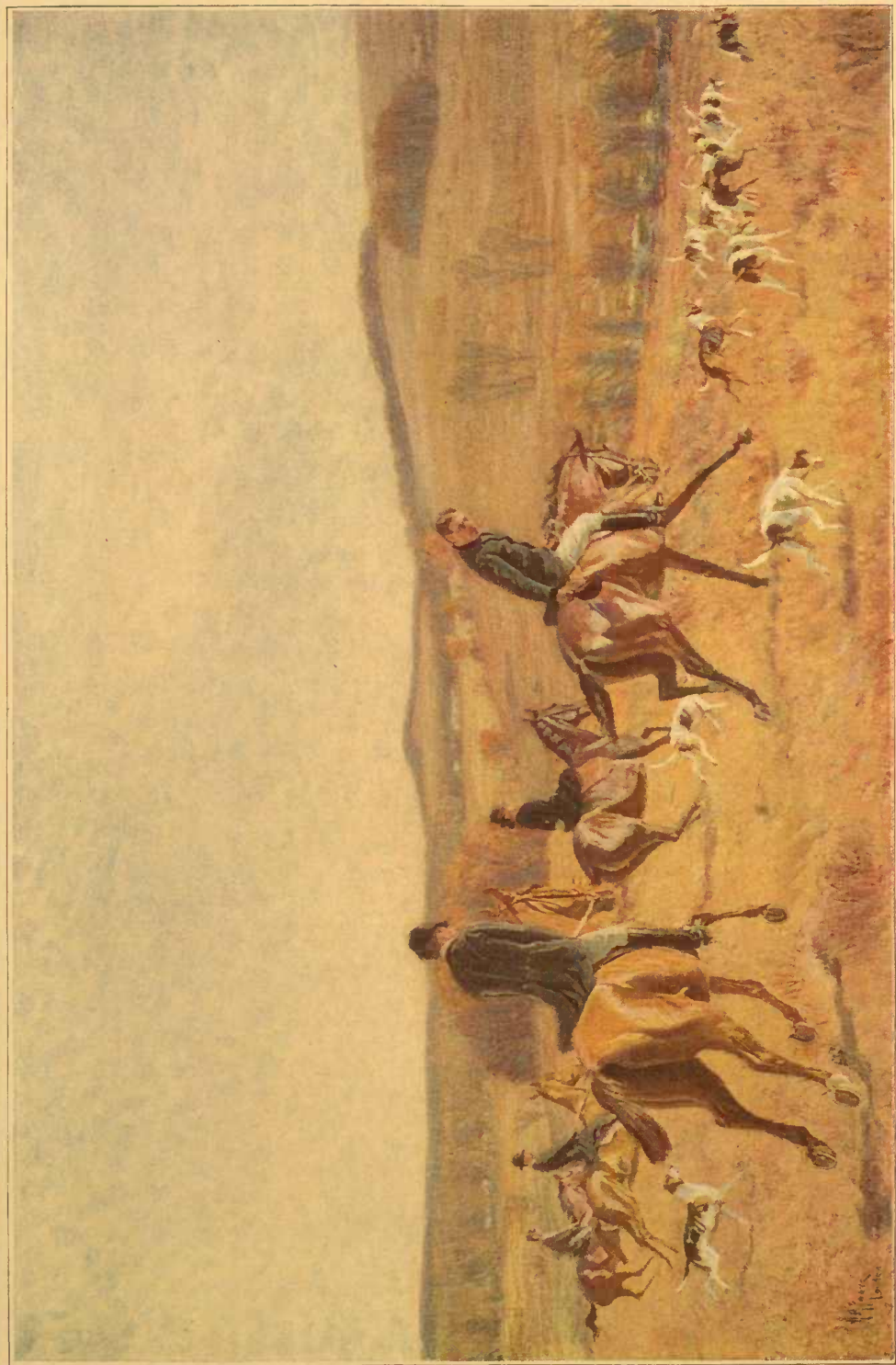
same fox has, therefore, occasionally been made, but it is not on record that any one has ever changed his mind and the laudations and denunciations are just as forcible on the way home as before the chance meeting. In fact, this is the absorbing topic of the fox-hunter; the best hound, where to find him, and how to preserve him; and if the conversation before the open fire of the club-house ever flags it is only necessary for some one to say a good word for the English dog at Lima, at Aiken, or the Rose Tree, or for the American dog at the Middlesex or Brandywine, when every one wakes up and renews the contest with abated fervor until bedtime. The difference just here exists no less in the men than the hounds. The advocates of the imported animal are conservative and exacting sportsmen, who admire discipline, decency, and order, and if they dwell in England would doubtless be members of the constitutional party and exhibit at Peterborough.

The lovers of the American dog are real fox-hunters, preferring initiative to discipline, music to silence, fitness to form, and the knowledge that their dogs are still going, to the fact that "every one is in."

In order to bring to a practical conclusion this long-drawn argument a meeting was arranged under the auspices of the Piedmont Hunt, of Virginia, between the English pack of Mr. Henry Higginson, of the Middlesex Hunt, and the American hounds of Mr. Harry W. Smith, of the Grafton Hunt. The packs were hunted alternately for twelve days, Mr. Smith using six couple, Mr. Higginson eighteen couple. No fox was killed during this period, but the judges decided in favor of the Grafton pack.

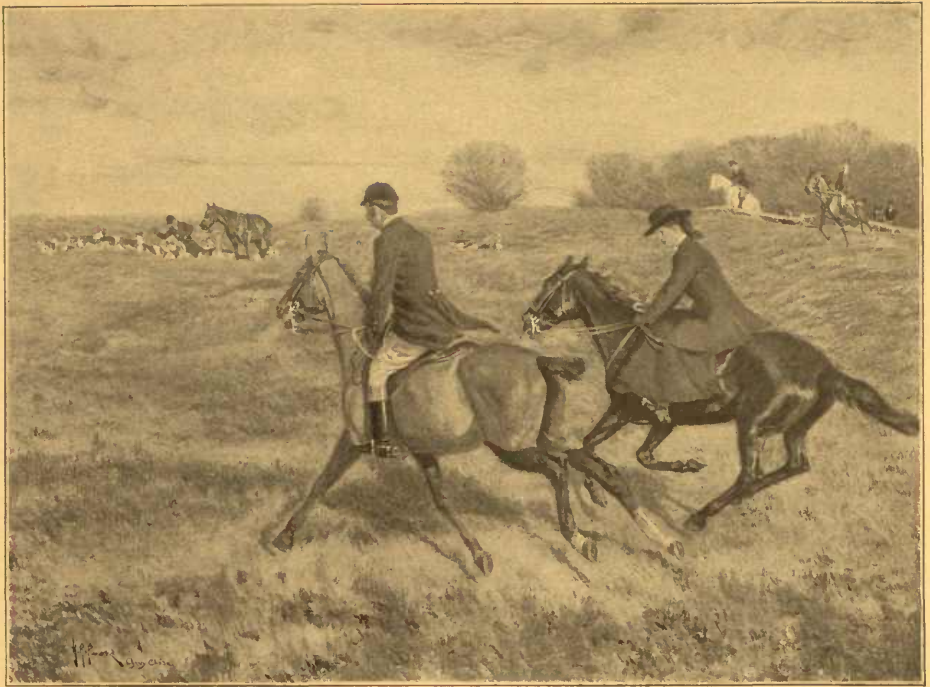
The establishments which seem irrevocably pledged to the English dog are the Middlesex, the Brandywine, the Blue Run, the Castle Hill, the Deep Run, the Essex, the Green River, the Meadowbrook, the Shelburne, the Westchester County, and the Watchung.

The supporters of fox-hunting are of two distinct classes: the metropolitan fox-hunter and the land-owner. The first class forms groups representing certain cities. There is the Boston group, including the Myopia, at Beverly; the Norfolk, at Medfield; the Middlesex, at Lincoln, and the



From a painting by H. R. Poore.

Hitting the Line.
(The Grafton Hounds.)



A Race for the Brush.
(The Chevy Chase Hunt.)

Millwood and Owl's Nest, of Framingham. The members of these organizations are Bostonians, either owning country seats in the club's vicinity or coming regularly from town on hunt days.

The New York group includes the Meadowbrook, without doubt the best-known organization in America, showing sport over the stiffest of countries with drag and fox-hounds and maintaining likewise its well-known polo team; the Suffolk and Smithtown hunts, also of Long Island; the Watchung, of Plainfield; the Essex, of Morristown; the Millbrook, the Westchester, the Monmouth, and the Orange County, the latter having joint kennels; the Plains, Virginia. The membership of these organizations is largely of New Yorkers.

The Philadelphia group includes the Rose Tree, the Radnor, the Chester Valley, the Springfield, the Brandywine, the Upland, the White Marsh Valley.

The Baltimoreans take a just pride in the Elk Ridge Hunt, the Green Spring Valley, and the Patapsco.

The Chevy Chase for the past twelve years has given to the cross-country riders of the capital and many visiting diplomats

an opportunity to engage in the sport of kings.

On the Potomac, at Leesburg, is the Loudoun Hunt and along the south-west range of the Blue Ridge are the Keswick, Castle Hill, the Tomahawk, Gaston, and Albemarle, while Petersburg, Lynchburgh, Charlottesville, and Richmond each has its distinctive organizations, the State in all numbering twelve important hunts. While the South teems with fox-hunters zealously breeding notable strains of hounds few of their hunts have applied for recognition, and below Virginia, the Aiken, S. C., hounds (Mr. Hitchcock's) and the Savannah and Eleventh Cavalry Hunts, of Georgia, are alone listed. Turning west into Kentucky, one comes to the land of horses and hound enthusiasts, where the field again shows as many women as men. Notable among the breeders of the American hound in the Southwest are General Roger Williams, Colonel H. C. Trigg, and the Walker brothers and the indefatigable Byewaters.

The Northwest is timidly developing a love of the sport. Pittsburg has an excellent club, with F. M. Lowry as master; Cleveland, O., has recently organized a

hunt at Chagrin Valley; Chicago has a good organization in the Midlothian; Toronto and Montreal turn out their field in an exceptional manner with the exacting spirit demanded by the mother country. At Geneseo, Major Wadsworth, the dean of American fox-hunting and first president of the Masters of Foxhounds Association, has hunted his estates as did his father before him, after the manner of the English landlord.

Once a year the "masters" of America meet and discuss matters pertaining to their sport—its preservations, its extension, its popularization. The hound, a matter of fundamental concern, has his lion's share of consideration, and during the convention a bench show is held. Types from various

localities are shown and discussed and the arguments at close range concerning the favorite seem not nearly so insistent and conclusive as before arrival or after departure, and without any special designation of the kind, as to whether it be English, or half-bred, or American, the meeting is adjourned to the refrain:

"Then drink, puppy, drink;
Let every puppy drink
That's old enough to lap and to swallow,
For he'll grow into a hound
With his nose upon the ground,
And merrily we'll whoop and we'll holloa."

***The author acknowledges the assistance in the preparation of the pictures accompanying this article of the following Masters of Hounds: Mr. Harry W. Smith, Grafton; Mr. Henry G. Vaughan, Norfolk; Mr. A. Henry Higginson, Middlesex; Mr. Horace Hare, Radnor; Mr. Charles E. Mather, Brandywine; Mrs. Allen Potts, Castle Hill; Mr. Clarence Moore, Chevy Chase.

PHILIPPINE EXPERIENCES

THE CAPTURE OF EMILIO AGUINALDO

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON

Brigadier-General, United States Army

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN



IT was the 8th day of February, 1901, and in the room that served as an office in the head-quarters building at San Isidro, I was going over the morning's work with the adjutant-general of the district, Captain E. V. Smith, when there arrived a telegram that for the moment disturbed our equanimity—a brief message that was to have no small part in the making of the history of the Philippine insurrection. It was signed by Lieutenant J. D. Taylor, Twenty-fourth Infantry, commanding the company of that regiment that constituted the garrison of the town of Pantabangan, about sixty miles to the north-east, at the foot of the western slope of the massive mountain range that separates the great central plain of Luzon

from the Pacific coast of the island, and was to the effect that a small band of insurgent soldiers had voluntarily presented themselves to him, and that the man in command had stated that he was the bearer of dispatches from Emilio Aguinaldo to certain subordinates in central and southern Luzon. The letters addressed to Baldomero Aguinaldo, Alejandrino, Urbano Lacuna, Pablo Tecson, Simon Tecson, Teodoro Sandico, and other insurgent leaders, were in cipher and so could not be read, and evidently signed fictitiously, though in a handwriting that seemed to resemble that of Aguinaldo.

For more than a year the exact whereabouts of the elusive chieftain of the insurgent Filipinos had been a mystery. Rumor located him in all sorts of impossible places, but those best qualified to judge thought that he was somewhere in the great valley of the Cagayan, in the northern part of the island,

***General Funston's volume, soon to be published, will contain much additional matter, including that part of the narrative between the chapter in the September number and this.

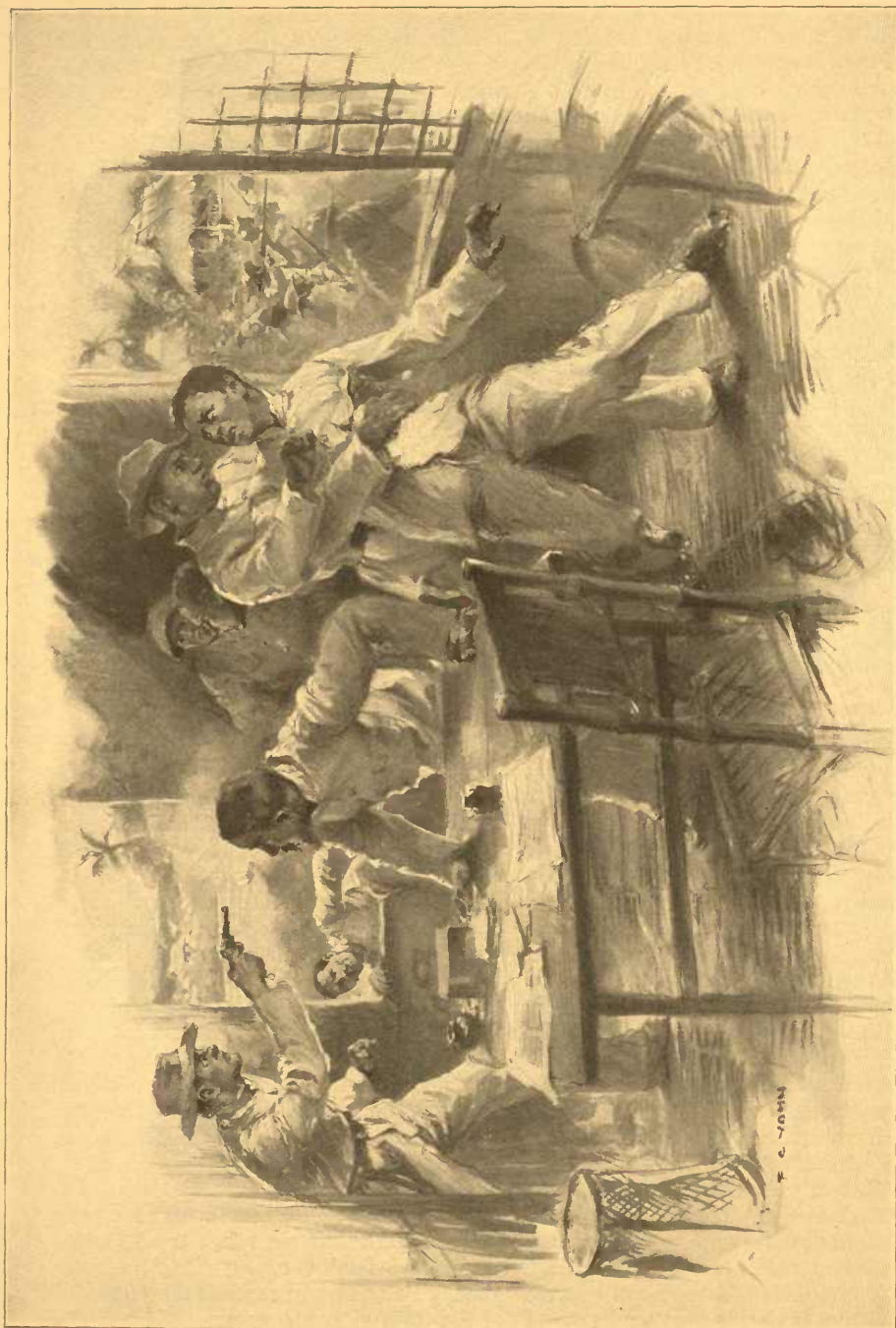
or in one of the extensive mountain ranges on either side of it. Probably few if any of those in high command among the insurgent forces knew where he was, as he was taking every precaution against treachery, or the disclosure of his hiding-place by the capture of correspondence, having gone so far as to forbid that the name of his temporary capital should be put on paper in any of the letters sent out by himself or staff. A few trusted men saw that letters to him reached their destination.

The period of guerilla warfare that had succeeded the heavier fighting of the earlier days of the insurrection had now lasted more than a year and a half, and it must be confessed that from our stand-point the results had not been satisfactory. Scattered all over the Philippines we had more than seventy thousand troops, counting native auxiliaries, and these in detachments varying in size from a regiment to less than a company garrisoned every town of importance and many places that were mere villages. Through the country everywhere were the enemy's guerilla bands, made up not only of the survivors of the forces that had fought us earlier in the war, but of men who had been recruited or conscripted since. We had almost worn ourselves out chasing these marauders, and it was only occasionally by effecting a surprise or through some streak of good fortune that we were able to inflict any punishment on them, and such successes were only local and had little effect on general conditions. These guerillas persistently violated all the rules that are supposed to govern the conduct of civilized people engaged in war, while the fact that they passed rapidly from the status of peaceful non-combatants living in our garrisoned towns to that of men in arms against us made it especially difficult for us to deal with them. It was realized that Aguinaldo from his hiding-place, wherever it might be, exercised through their local chiefs a sort of general control over these guerilla bands, and as he was insistent that the Filipinos should not accept American rule, and as he was still recognized as the head and front of the insurrection, many of us had long felt that the thing could not end until he was either out of the way, or a prisoner in our hands.

Therefore it was but natural that the telegram from Lieutenant Taylor should have

created no little excitement, though as I now recollect the circumstances I do not believe that it occurred to any one of us that we would be able to do more than transmit the information for what it might be worth to higher authority, the plan which afterward worked so successfully being evolved later. It was directed that the leader of the surrendered band, with the correspondence that he had given up, be sent to San Isidro with all possible speed. With an escort of soldiers he arrived in less than two days, and proved to be a very intelligent Ilocano, giving his name as Cecilio Segismundo. After being well fed he told me the story of his recent adventures. During this recital he looked me squarely in the eyes, answered all questions frankly and apparently without reserve, and seemed to be telling the truth and keeping back nothing. This conversation was carried on in Spanish, which the man spoke quite well.

According to his story, he was one of the men attached to Aguinaldo's head-quarters and had been with him many months, his principal duty being such errands as the one that he had now been sent out on, that is, carrying official mail between the insurgent chief and his subordinates. On the 14th of January, accompanied by a detachment of twelve armed men of Aguinaldo's escort, he had left with a package of letters to be delivered to Urbano Lacuna, the insurgent chief in Nueva Ecija province, who was to forward to their final destinations those that were not meant for him. After a terrible journey down the coast and through mountains he had, in the vicinity of Baler, encountered a small detachment of our troops out on a scouting expedition and had lost two of his men. It subsequently developed that this was a detachment of the company of the Twenty-second Infantry garrisoning the town of Baler, and was commanded by Lieutenant Parker Hitt. After this encounter Segismundo and his little band had made their way across the pass through the mountain range to the westward, and finally, twenty-six days after leaving Palanan, had reached the outskirts of the town of Pantabangan. Here, foot-weary and hungry, he communicated with the local *presidente*, or mayor, who had formerly acted in the same capacity for the insurgent government that he was now filling under American rule. Segismundo not



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Before he could turn around Hilario had grasped him about the waist, and said, "You are a prisoner of the Americans."—Page 536.

unnaturally thought that this man, like practically all of the Filipinos who in those days took office under us, was a double dealer, but this one was true to his salt. He told Segismundo that he was in the service of the Americans, and strongly counselled him to present himself to the commander of the local garrison, give up the correspondence in his charge, and in fact attach himself to the chariot of progress and be an *Americanista*. I don't suppose the loyal *presidente* put it just that way, but that is what he meant. Segismundo was loth to take so radical a step, and with his band remained in hiding in the woods. It took much diplomacy on the part of Lieutenant Taylor, the *presidente* at first acting as go-between, to get him to surrender, but he finally did so. Lieutenant Taylor deserved the greatest credit for the excellent judgement he used in the whole matter. Of course, any attempt to capture the band would have spoiled everything, as the most of them would probably have escaped. Segismundo then went on to tell of conditions at Palanan. Aguinaldo with several officers of his staff and an escort of about fifty uniformed and well-armed men had been there for several months, and had been in constant communication with his various subordinates by means of messengers. The residents of the town and most of the soldiers of his escort were not aware of his identity. He passed as "Capitan Emilio," and by those who did not know him to be Aguinaldo was supposed to be merely a subordinate officer of the insurrection.

So far we had no evidence beyond the word of Segismundo that the man who had sent him on this long journey was really Aguinaldo, and it was not impossible that the man himself might be mistaken. Our attention was now given to the surrendered correspondence. All the letters were addressed to the persons for whom they were meant, but those not in cipher contained little of importance. What there was, however, tended to bear out Segismundo's story. All official communications were signed by what were evidently fictitious names. A number of personal letters from soldiers of Aguinaldo's escort to their friends and families helped us some, as two or three of them referred to "Capitan Emilio," and one or two to the "Dictator," and stated that the

writers were still with him. Not one of these referred in any way to the town of Palanan, so that we were entirely dependent on Segismundo's word so far as that place was concerned.

The cipher letters completely balked us for many hours. They seemed to be made up of a jumble of letters of the alphabet, making words in no particular language. Captain Smith, Lazaro Segovia, the versatile and courageous Spaniard who for nearly a year had done such excellent secret service work for me, and I took off our coats and even other things, in fact stripped for action, and with pencils and pads of paper seated ourselves around a table and racked our brains, while Patterson, our negro soldier cook, from time to time brought in copious libations of hot and strong coffee in order that we might be able to keep awake, for daylight became darkness, and dawn was at hand before the peerless Segovia, whose knowledge of both Spanish and Tagalo now stood us in such good stead, found the key word of the cipher, which was in the latter language, having done it by ransacking his brain for every word in that Malay dialect that he had ever heard of. Among us, we then slowly unwound the mess, and mess it was when there are taken into consideration the difficulties of reducing a cipher and of rendering it through two languages to get the letters in which it was written into English. When it was over, tired and sleepy as we were, we had left enough energy to be wildly enthusiastic over the result, for it was realized that there had been laid bare the plans of the one man who, for what seemed to be a long time had been the head and front of the insurrection against the authority of the United States. Before we had finished it was nearly noon, and despite Patterson's administrations of hot coffee we were nearly done for. We had been without sleep or food for twenty hours. Some of the cipher letters were signed "Colon Magdalo" and others "Pastor," this apparently depending on to whom they were addressed, but from their context these communications could come only from one who was recognized as the leader of the insurrection, as they gave positive orders to officers of the highest military rank. But besides that I had once heard that Aguinaldo had used "Colon Magdalo," as a *nom de plume*. The body of all of these

letters had evidently been written by a secretary, but the handwriting of the signatures very much resembled several of Aguinaldo that I had seen in captured correspondence.

Not one of the communications, either official or personal, intimated the name of the obscure town in which Aguinaldo had taken his refuge. Two, those to Lacuna and Baldomero Aguinaldo, stated that the trusted messenger knew the name of the town where he had his head-quarters. The most important letter, and the one that was the final undoing of its writer, was to his cousin, Baldomero Aguinaldo, then in command of the insurgent bands operating in Cavite province just south of Manila.

This directed the person to whom it was addressed to proceed at once to the "Centre of Luzon," and, using this communication as authority, to supersede in command José Alejandrino, who evidently was not giving satisfaction to his chieftain. As soon as he had established himself in command, Baldomero was to direct his subordinates, that is Lacuna, Mascardo, Simon and Pablo Tecson, and possibly one or two others, to send him detachments of men until the aggregate should reach about four hundred.

These were to be made up of picked troops, and might be sent by whatever routes their respective commanders thought best. A letter to Lacuna contained nothing of importance, but was of interest for the reason that for more than a year the troops under my command had been trying to break up the guerilla bands that recognized him as chief.

After translating the letters we went to bed, but I had great difficulty in sleeping, as plans began to evolve themselves. About four o'clock I got up and sent for Segismundo. I thought the best way was to go at him boldly, now that he had apparently cast his lot with us, and told him that I was going to capture his chief and expected him to help in the operation. He had already told me that the trail leading eastward from the valley of the Cagayan was so carefully watched by outposts that any advance from that direction would be discovered days before it could possibly reach Palanan. Some months before a company of our troops had, after a most trying march, entered Palanan from that direction, but

Aguinaldo, his staff and escort, had leisurely retired to the mountains in the vicinity, taking with them all their archives and records, and compelling all the inhabitants to accompany them. As we learned afterward, this was a company of the Sixteenth Infantry, commanded by Captain Cochran. According to Segismundo, the trail along the coast to the south was so carefully watched by the Negritos and Ilongotes, primitive savages, that the same conditions existed. In reply to a question as to whether an expedition from the sea, landing at night on the beach about seven miles from Palanan, would have any chance of success, he stated that the presence of any vessel off the coast would to a certainty be reported, and that, even if such an expedition succeeded in landing, it would be discovered before reaching Palanan. The prospects did not seem any too bright, and I went to bed to sleep it over. In the meantime I had taken into my confidence Captain Smith, Lieutenant Mitchell, my aide, and Segovia, and had discussed the matter with them. By morning I had thought out the general features of the plan which was eventually to succeed, and on asking Segismundo whether it was in his opinion practicable, he replied in the affirmative. There were now all sorts of details to work out, and in these matters I had much assistance from those who had been taken into my confidence. We knew exactly where Aguinaldo was, at the obscure and isolated village of Palanan, a few miles from the east coast of Luzon and very near the north end of the island. We knew that he would be expecting reinforcements from the guerilla bands in central Luzon, he having sent orders to that effect. It was settled beyond the possibility of a doubt that no force the nature of which was known could get even within several days' march of him. So the only recourse was to work a stratagem, that is to get to him under false colors. It would be so impossible to disguise our own troops, that they were not even considered, and dependence would have to be placed on the Macabebes, those fine little fighters, taking their name from their home town, who had always been loyal to Spain and who had now transferred that loyalty to the United States. As it would be absolutely essential to have along some American officers to direct matters and deal with such emergencies as

might arise, they were to accompany the expedition as supposed prisoners who had been captured on the march, and were not to throw off that disguise until there was no longer necessity for concealment.

This plan was briefly outlined in writing and sent to the Department Commander, General Wheaton, who was stationed in Manila. This officer ordered me to Manila for immediate consultation, and approved the project, as also did the Division Commander, General McArthur. The latter was to arrange with Admiral Remy, commanding the Asiatic Station for a small naval vessel to transport the expedition to the east coast of Luzon. After a few days in Manila I returned to San Isidro to complete the plans.

On the 24th of the preceeding October, while out with a detachment of scouts and Troop A of the Fourth Cavalry, I had after an all-night march "jumped" Lacuna's camp, and after a brisk little fight in which that individual escaped we had found ourselves in possession of all his personal effects, besides much correspondence, records, and his official stationery. This last had been kept and now proved to be of the utmost value.

In order to pave the way for the bogus reinforcements, which were supposed to be those from Lacuna's command, it was considered essential to have them preceded by letters from that individual. In fact had this not been done the expedition would without a particle of doubt have met a disastrous end. Aguinaldo himself afterward told me that it was the supposed letters from Lacuna that threw him entirely off his guard and caused him to welcome the supposed reinforcements. The stationery captured in Lacuna's camp had at the top of each sheet the words *Brigada Lacuna*, in English, Lacuna's Brigade, they having been put on with a rubber stamp. It would be necessary, if we were going to utilize supposed letters from Lacuna, to imitate his signature, which was without doubt known to Aguinaldo. In captured correspondence we found several examples to serve as models, and had at hand the man to do the work. Nearly a year before an insurgent officer by the name of Roman Roque had voluntarily presented himself to me, and since then had been employed at district headquarters as interpreter and clerk. He

was an expert penman, and I set him to work practising on Lacuna's signature. I, of course, did not inform him as to the object of this work. The faithful Roque kept at it with such success that in a few days his work could not be distinguished from the original. After he had reached this degree of perfection, one of the bogus signatures was placed at the foot of each of two of the sheets of writing-paper that had at the head the stamped words "*Brigada Lacuna*." The bodies of the two letters were not to be filled in until we were at sea.

It was now necessary to make up the personnel of the expedition. Captain Smith was exceedingly anxious to be taken along, but the nature of his duties was such that he could not be spared from San Isidro. I selected as one of the officers captain Harry W. Newton, of the Thirty-fourth U. S. Volunteer Infantry, now a captain in the Coast Artillery Corps. Captain Newton had had some experience at sea, and, besides, while stationed at Baler, about a year previously, had made a boat expedition from there to Casiguran, a town that we would necessarily have something to do with. Of course, I took along my efficient aide, Lieutenant Mitchell. Segovia and Segismundo would be very necessary, and in fact proved invaluable. But it would be necessary to have some Tagalos, as Lacuna's force, from which this detachment was supposed to come, was made up entirely of men of that race. The selection of these men was a very delicate matter, as they would have it in their power to ruin us by disclosing our real character. As will be seen they were absolutely faithful. But I would never again take such a risk, as I believe that we could have succeeded without them. None of them was informed as to what we were going to do, they merely being told that I wanted them to accompany me on an expedition. The men were Hilario Tal Placido, who was to be the supposed chief of the expedition, he being personally known to Aguinaldo. He had been badly wounded in a fight with the Twentieth Kansas at Calocan, in 1899, and had been captured with his chief, General Panteleon Garcia, in the town of Jaen, by Captain Smith, in May, 1900, and had been released after taking the oath of allegiance. He had on several occasions shown that he was friendly to the Americans by giving me information of

value. The other two Tagalos were young men, Dionisio Bató and Gregorio Cadhit, both former insurgent officers. The former had been captured and the latter had surrendered, both having voluntarily taken the oath of allegiance. All of us went to Manila ready to sail. General Wheaton had selected as the main part of the expedition Company D of the First Battalion of Macabebe Scouts. This organization contained about one hundred men, and had seen much service in the field. The two officers on duty with it were Captain R. T. Hazzard, of the Eleventh U. S. Volunteer Cavalry, and his brother Lieut. O. P. M. Hazzard, of the same regiment, the latter now an officer of the regular army. A weeding out of the Macabebe company so that we would have in it only men who could speak Tagalo, and so pass themselves off as belonging to that race, and the leaving behind a few who it was thought might not be able to make the long march anticipated, brought the number actually embarked down to eighty-one. Of course, it was absolutely essential for them to discard everything in the way of their equipment as American soldiers, or any attempt to pass themselves off as insurgent troops would have been worse than futile. So before sailing we obtained a sufficient supply of the clothing of the country, the most of it being second-hand material, as it would not do for the men to look neat. Even if it had been thought advisable to do so, it was considered unnecessary to clothe the Macabebes in insurgent uniforms, as the time when the great body of insurgent troops wore uniforms had long gone by. There was also obtained from the Manila arsenal a sufficient number of Mauser and Remington rifles with the necessary quantity of cartridges, all of this being material that had been captured in the field. An insurgent company armed exclusively with Krags would indeed have been a most unusual sight. Admiral Remey had designated the gun-boat *Vicksburg*, Commander E. B. Barry commanding, to carry the expedition, the object of which even he did not know. The clothing and arms that would enable the Macabebes to pass off as insurgent troops were quietly placed on board at night. The greatest secrecy had been maintained, as outside of Generals MacArthur and Wheaton, two or three officers

of the district staff left behind at San Isidro, the officers who were to go on the expedition, Segovia and Segismundo, not a single man had been informed. I felt that it was incumbent on me to tell all to Mrs. Funston, who had accompanied me from San Isidro, and all through the long three weeks that we were absent from Manila the poor woman had to keep her counsel. During this time she was the guest of our old friends, Captain and Mrs. George P. Ahern.

At last everything was ready. No precaution had been omitted, and nothing was forgotten. On many occasions while in Manila I had been in consultation with Generals MacArthur and Wheaton, and when I made my last call on the former, just before sailing, he said: "Funston, this is a desperate undertaking. I fear that I shall never see you again." At the same interview he told me that some days before he had received from the War Department by cable an order to return me to the United States for muster-out of the service, but had cabled for and received permission to retain me for a short time for some special duty. Of course, as a volunteer officer, I was subject to muster out at any time, but this, coming at the time that it did, filled my heart with bitterness, and nothing but a feeling of the loyalty that I owed to my division and department commanders made me willing to go on with the apparently thankless and all but hopeless task.

On the night of March 6 the *Vicksburg* slipped out of Manila Bay, and steered south in order to pass through the straits of San Bernardino.

There was no longer any occasion for secrecy, and Commander Barry and the other officers of the vessel soon knew the object of the expedition that they were transporting. The next morning, having Segovia to assist me in order that everything would be well understood, I sent for Tal Placido, Bató, and Cadhit, the three ex-insurgent officers with us, and told them that we were going after their old chieftain, and that they would be expected to play their part, as they had all of them without compulsion taken the oath of allegiance to the United States. If they were faithful they would be well rewarded, if not, there would be but one penalty and that would be inflicted, if it was the last thing done. They seemed thunderstruck, but soon regained

their composure, promised to do their part, and did it. They even showed no little interest and enthusiasm as we outlined to them the complicated plan which it was hoped might bring success. As they were to have important parts to play, it was necessary to confide in them fully and give them complete instructions as to what they were to do. Next came the Macabebes. No one who ever served with them would doubt their loyalty, even to the last extremity, but many of them were men of not a great deal of intelligence, and so they had to be instructed very carefully and thoroughly. This work was done mostly by Captain Hazzard, Lieutenant Hazzard, and Segovia. The little "Macs," as we called them, were quite enthusiastic over the whole proposition. Their first sergeant was Pedro Bustos, a little shrivelled old fellow who had spent his life since boyhood in the native regiments of the Spanish army, and had been decorated for gallantry in the wars with the Moros of Mindanao. He had not an atom of fear in his whole system, and when I asked him if they would stand by us until the end, he replied: "I cannot speak for the others, but I am a soldier of the United States." It was not necessary to make any further inquiries from him. Day after day the instruction of the Tagalos and the Macabebes went on, and they were often tested to see how well they knew their parts. According to the elaborate yarn that they had been instructed in, they constituted one of the companies of Lacuna's force operating against the Americans in the province of Nueva Ecija. Some time in February they had started on the march to the northward. In the course of this they had crossed the mountains between Pantabangan and Baler, and on this part of their journey had encountered a party of ten American soldiers making maps of the country. They had succeeded in surprising these men, and after a brief fight had killed two and wounded three, all of whom they had left on the ground. The remaining five had surrendered, and they had brought them along as prisoners, as they could not detach men to take them back. They were drilled over and over again in the story of this fight and march until all of them seemed to know it by heart. The Macabebes were further instructed that they must at once begin to communicate with each other in the Tagalo

dialect, and not use their own under any circumstances until the job was finished. This would, of course, be absolutely necessary after we had landed and got into touch with people who were still insurgents, as they would know mighty well that there were no Macabebes on their side of the war. In the meantime every vestige of their equipment as American soldiers was taken from them and stored on the vessel, and they were rigged out in the lot of nondescript clothing obtained in Manila, and armed with the job lot of Mausers and Remingtons from the Manila arsenal. There were however, ten Krag carbines, supposed to have been captured from the unfortunate map-makers. In their new rig the Macabebes did not know whether to feel sheepish or to take a humorous view of the situation. When he saw them Hilario Tal Placido's fat sides shook with laughter, and he assured me that they would pass as real insurgents.

One of the things that Segismundo had impressed on me was that if any steamer approached the east coast of Luzon, even as far south of Palanan as a hundred miles, Aguinaldo would soon be informed of the fact by runners, and would be on the lookout. For this reason it was determined to call at some port on the east coast of Luzon and obtain several large *bancas*, native sailing boats. We were to be loaded into these some thirty miles at sea and then cast adrift, the *Vicksburg* immediately getting out of the way, so that her smoke could not be seen from shore. We were to run in to the coast at night, land through the surf the best we could, and then begin the march northward. Even if the *bancas* should be seen they would not cause alarm. Accordingly, in a couple of days the *Vicksburg* called at the town of Antimonan, on the east coast of the province of Tayabas, and I sent Lieutenant Mitchell ashore with the necessary funds, but no *bancas* were to be had except a few that were too small for our purpose. So we sailed for the island of Polillo, and there were more successful, obtaining three that among them were large enough to hold all of us, each of them having two masts with the necessary sails. These boats were taken in tow of the *Vicksburg*, and on the 12th of March, six days after leaving Manila, we headed to the northwest, bound for the mouth of Casiguran Bay. Two Macabebes were placed on each

boat to steer them and to clear the towing lines in case they should become fouled. They had provisions and water for two days. The wind had been rising and soon began to blow a gale. The sea ran very high, the first of the two *bancas* was swamped, and went down, the two men on it crawling along the rope to the second. By four in the afternoon the sea had increased to such an extent that it was necessary to lower the ship's boats and rescue the six men, who were hanging onto the two remaining *bancas*. The *Vicksburg* was rolling and pitching fearfully, and it looked to the most of us like a hopeless job. But the gallant men of the navy went at it in fine style, and in two hours of gruelling and dangerous work had accomplished their task. Shortly after the rescue the last of the *bancas* went down, and the tow ropes were cut. So that was one part of the game that did not work. It was now necessary for us to change our plans to the extent of landing in the ship's boats at night, trusting that before daylight the vessel would be far enough away from shore to prevent her being seen.

The time had now come when it was necessary to write the two bogus letters from Lacuna to Aguinaldo, these to be on the sheets of paper that bore at their head the stamp of the former and his imitated signature at the foot. I made out a rough draft of what I wanted said, but left the actual composition and writing to Segovia, as his knowledge of Spanish was much more comprehensive than my own. One of them was dated February 24, 1901, at Buloc, a locality in the mountains of eastern Neuva Ecija, and acknowledged receipt of Aguinaldo's two letters of January 13 and 14, and at the same time thanked him for his confirmation of his, Lacuna's, appointment as brigadier-general, made some time previously by Alejandrino. There was also some news as to how the campaign was progressing, and some "airy persiflage" about the things the writer was doing to the hated invader. The second letter, dated February 28, stated that the writer had received orders from Baldomero Aguinaldo who had just assumed command of the "Centre of Luzon," to send one of his best companies to report to the Dictator. It should be noticed that the first of these letters referred to the two communications received from Aguinaldo, giving their dates as well as

making reference to their contents. The second was in the line of what Aguinaldo would expect as the natural result of his letter to his cousin, Baldomero Aguinaldo. This latter letter said that the force was in command of Hilario Tal Placido, whom the Honorable Dictator doubtless recollected as one of his former officers. He had been some time previously compelled to take the oath of allegiance to the Americans, but on orders from Lacuna had returned to active service. (This was put in for fear that Aguinaldo might have heard that Tal Placido had taken the oath.) According to the same letter, the second in command was the gallant Spaniard, Lazaro Segovia, who had shown himself so much addicted to our cause. (Segovia chuckled as he wrote this.) The other two were Dionisio Bató and Gregorio Cadhit. And then there was some mere rubbish, just to fill in space down to the bogus signature. These letters were held until the opportunity should come to send them in advance of us.

Fortunately for us, the weather was thick and squally, and at one o'clock on the morning of the 14th, the *Vicksburg* having very carefully approached the coast, with all her lights screened, we were landed in the ship's boats. We were inside the entrance to Casiguran Bay, and so fairly well protected, with the consequence that we had no surf work. The darkness was intense, however, and it was raining, so that we did not feel particularly comfortable or cheerful. It would have been impossible to carry out the plan of deception if we had landed with a supply of the food ordinarily used by American soldiers, so that we brought ashore one day's ration of rice. All of us Americans were dressed as private soldiers of our army, that is in campaign hats, blue shirts, khaki breeches, and leggings. As I looked our crowd over the next morning I thought that we were a pretty scrubby looking lot of privates. There is a lot in clothes, after all. In going ashore one of the Macabebes accidentally cut himself so badly with his bolo that we had to send him back to the ship, and another got "cold feet," and hid himself in the hammock nettings. It is a safe guess that life was a burden to him after his exultant comrades returned to their native village. So it happened that eighty-nine of us, counting Filipinos and white men, landed on that dreary coast. I do not recall that

we had any particular emotions or sensations, as we were too busy trying to make ourselves comfortable. All realized the hazardous nature of the undertaking, and without any agreement having been entered into on the subject, it was thoroughly understood that we would never be taken alive. Loyalty to our Macabebe comrades, who could not expect quarter, marked but one course for any men who made even a pretence at being soldiers.

The several hours until dawn were passed in simply sitting about and trying to keep out of the rain as much as we could. With the first daylight we made a short march in order to find fresh water. Here, with no little difficulty, fires were built, and some rice was boiled in some vessels that we had brought along for the purpose. At seven o'clock we began the march. For a while it was not half bad, despite the fact that we had not had a wink of sleep during the night. Our progress was slow owing to the nature of the beach, for it should be understood that we were following the west side of Casiguran Bay, and there were no trails through the woods. We had landed at about the same point that a force coming across-country from Nueva Ecija would have struck the beach, and this was a part of the game.

Everything was now in our favor, as we felt positive that our landing had not been discovered. I very much doubt whether a straight line drawn from the point of our landing to the town of Casiguran would show the distance to be greater than ten miles; but we could pay no attention to straight lines, as some of them would lead through water up to our necks or over considerable ridges. In other words, we had to follow the sinuosities of the coast. We waded about a dozen streams, none of them over hip deep, but the greatest nuisance was the fact that during the greater part of the march it was high tide, which, owing to the fact that the mangrove bushes came down to the water's edge in dense masses compelled us to wade pretty well out in the bay. Our salt-water wading during the day aggregated certainly five miles, and naturally added greatly to our fatigue and discomfort. About noon we discovered a small *banca*, capable of holding half a dozen men, in the mouth of a small creek. It was very desirable to send word of our coming to Casiguran,

not only that the inhabitants of the village might not be alarmed by the approach of an armed force, but that supplies might be collected for us. It must be remembered that this was a town that recognized no authority except that of the insurgent government, and no Americans had ever been in it except the few who had been with Captain Newton on his boat expedition from Baler in a futile attempt to rescue a Spanish friar, held prisoner by the insurgent officials. As soon as we discovered the *banca* we concocted another letter. This was addressed to the *presidente* of Casiguran, and was written by Segovia. This communication stated that the writer was in command of a body of insurgent troops belonging to the command of Lacuna and on their way north to report to the "Dictator." It was requested that the recipient would immediately send a guide to meet the column, and have all arrangements made for the housing and provisioning of the force. After the letter had been got up I invited my corpulent friend, Hilario, to sign it. This he did without batting an eyelash. I doubt if he ever read it. We sent this missive by Segismundo, he being accompanied by Gregorio Cadhit and two armed Macabebes. The last named men had their instructions as to what they were to do in case of treachery. But Segismundo and Cadhit seemed to enter into the spirit of the thing, and took a lot of satisfaction out of fooling their former compatriots. The four men sailed straight across the head of the bay, delivered the letter to the *vice-presidente*, the *presidente* being absent, and then became the guests of the village. Really, there were some ridiculous features about the whole business. In the meantime the little column had resumed its march. At four o'clock the guide sent out by the *vice-presidente* of Casiguran met us, and we knew that so far all was well, or he would not be "among those present." We had to make a considerable détour around the head of the bay, and then entered a forest along a fairly good trail. Naturally, there was much excitement in the little town of Casiguran, and crowds of people came to meet us. Of course they thought that they were greeting some of their own victorious soldiers bringing in prisoners that they had captured. The village band was pressed into service, and we entered the town in

great style. We had had a hard time in impressing on the Macabebes the fact that as soon as we came in contact with insurgents they must treat us as real prisoners. This was a terribly hard thing for these men to do, as from their long service in the Spanish army, as well as the few years they had spent in our service, they regarded a commissioned officer as a being almost sacred. By considerable cussing on the part of the officers of the company as well as by Segovia it was finally drilled into them that they were to obey orders regardless of their personal feelings. Among those who met us as we entered the town was the badly fooled *vice-presidente*. He was a man of good appearance and address, and seemed somewhat solicitous regarding the welfare and comfort of the supposed American prisoners. I am glad to be able to state that the general attitude of the people of the town toward us was not hostile. Of course, we were a great show, being the first Americans they had ever seen, for all of them had fled when Newton's boat expedition reached the town during the previous year. They crowded around us, and there were some black looks, and some remarks not of a complimentary nature, but in general there was nothing in their conduct to criticize. Finally we entered the plaza, the local band exuding some lively, if not very inspiring, music. The whole situation was so ludicrous that it was with difficulty we could keep from laughing, despite the peril of our position. The *vice-presidente* had directed that a number of buildings be vacated in order that the recently arrived patriots and their prisoners might be properly sheltered. I had impressed it on Segovia that it would be necessary for him and me to be so situated that we could communicate without difficulty, and he accordingly informed the *vice-presidente* that as he was personally responsible for the safe-keeping of the prisoners, he wished to be near them. This was arranged without difficulty. We were confined in a room in the municipal building, our guards being our own Macabebes, while Segovia, Segismundo, and the Tagalo officers were accommodated in a room across the hall-way. In the meantime, Segovia and Tal Placido had been talking with the *vice-presidente*. This official informed them that the march to Palanan would have to be made under great diffi-

culties unless we could wait several days until he could collect a sufficient quantity of cracked corn to furnish us with food for the journey. We now learned to our surprise that rice is not raised to any extent in the vicinity of Palanan, but that the people subsisted almost entirely on cracked corn, fresh fish, and sweet-potatoes. For reasons that will occur to any person of reasonable intelligence, the last two named were out of the question for a long journey. The *vice-presidente* thought that in four or five days he might be able to collect enough corn to see us through the nearly a hundred miles of uninhabited wilderness that still lay between us and our goal. But it had already been arranged with Commander Barry of the *Vicksburg* that he was to reach Palanan Bay on the 25th, and, if he did not find us awaiting him on the beach, land a force and march to the town to ascertain if possible what had become of us.

We Americans were lying on the hard floor, talking in low tones as to the possible outcome of the adventure that we were now hopelessly committed to, when Segovia sneaked in, lay down by my side, and, speaking Spanish in whispers, made me acquainted with the situation. There was one comforting thing, and that was that our disguise was evidently perfect, as nobody seemed to suspect our real character. As to the question of food, we discussed the matter among ourselves, and it was unanimously agreed to push on after a stay of two days, trusting that our luck would not desert us.

In the meantime the Macabebes were being entertained by the people of the town. It can scarcely be imagined what uneasiness we felt lest one of them should have his tongue loosened by some of the *bino* that was being passed around, and ruin everything. But they simply filled up the yokels of Casiguran with wonderful yarns of their service under Lacuna in far-away Nueva Ecija, with the story of their great march across the mountains, the capture of the American soldiers now in their hands, and, in fact, most anything that would make the people proud to associate with them. The next day, the 15th, was spent in our prison, resting as well as the hard boards that we were lying on would permit. One most disquieting piece of news, fortunately false, that we received here was to the effect that the well-known insurgent general, Tinio,

had joined Aguinaldo with four hundred well-armed men. The story did not seem at all improbable, and we did not know that there was nothing to it until we were within eight miles of our goal. The Macabebes, who also heard the story from their Casiguran friends, who thought they were telling them something pleasant, were badly worried, as it looked as if we would be outnumbered five to one; but we succeeded in convincing them that by means of a surprise we could win. Everybody in Casiguran and the surrounding country came to see us, among them being some of the Ilongotes, the most treacherous and cruel of all the head-hunting savages of Luzon. The Macabebes, supposed to be rigidly guarding us, laid it on pretty thick in telling how they had captured us. Once I saw a sergeant whose eye I had caught, start to laugh, but he got a look and a shake of the head that brought him to his senses. It would be essential, in order that Aguinaldo and those with him might not be alarmed at the approach to Palanan of an armed body, to send word to him in advance. So Segovia and I concocted another letter, supposed to come from Tal Placido, stating that the writer, in accordance with orders from his chief, Lacuna, was on his way to join him with a company of troops under the command of Captain Lazaro Segovia; in crossing the mountains he had surprised a small detachment of American soldiers, had killed two, wounded three, and was bringing five prisoners, as he could not detach men to send them back. As the main body of the two bogus letters from Lacuna was in the handwriting of Segovia, we had Tal Placido copy as well as sign this missive. In the meantime, the *vice-presidente* obtained two of his townsmen and an Ilongote to carry this letter and the two supposed ones from Lacuna. They started on the morning of the 16th and beat us to Palanan by two days. The second day of our captivity passed without especial incident. The guileless *vice-presidente* had all of this time been working like a beaver to hustle enough cracked corn to at least start us on our journey, and succeeded in obtaining about four hundred pounds, which might be considered a rather short four days' ration for our force. There was also a small quantity of dried carabao meat and half a dozen live chickens. Of course, these last would have to be eaten

very soon. Early on the morning of the 17th, a gloomy and rainy day, we started on the last and longest leg of our fateful journey. We were told that the march was usually made in a week, and that but one white man, a Spanish friar, a generation before, had accomplished it. In order to carry our food supplies and cooking pots, twelve men of the town were obtained, with an Ilongote to act as guide. The *vice-presidente* and a number of the principal men of the town accompanied us for a couple of miles, finally saying *adios* and *buen viaje* to all, including the "prisoners." I wonder what this simple and really good-hearted fellow thought when he found how he had been tricked. Of the numerous ones that we made fools of, he was the only one that I ever had the slightest qualms about. I hope he is gifted with a sense of humor. The first half day lay along a muddy trail through the woods to the sea beach. Here the rascally Ilongote deserted us, but one of the Casiguran men said he felt confident he could act as guide. The presence of these men made it necessary for us to keep up the deception on the march and in camp, as the slightest word might send one of them scurrying ahead to Palanan, and the poor Macabebes were under the necessity of continuing to converse in the Tagalo dialect.

From here our course generally followed the beach, though we were occasionally compelled to make détours over mountains because of cliffs coming down to the sea. The most of the beach was soft and deep sand, though we had two days over boulders of every size from a watermelon to a freight car. I do not believe it necessary to go too much into the details of that horrible march, as it is not pleasant reading. The rain never ceased pouring, and from the morning we left Casiguran we were drenched to the skin for a week. We waded more than sixty streams, some of them mere brooks, but others so deep and swift that we had to put our hands on each other's shoulders and go in up to our armpits. The food, soaked through and through, became a soggy and fermenting mass. The usual programme was to start at daybreak and march until ten o'clock, then stop for breakfast, resuming the march about one o'clock, and keep it up until darkness, when we would have the second and last meal of the

day, exactly a duplicate of the first. From the start we went on half rations, and in a few days were ravenous with hunger. Of sleep we could get very little, as our bed was the bare ground, and we were exposed without shelter to the never-ending torrents of rain. Of course, the building and maintaining of fires for cooking was a matter that taxed to the utmost the ingenuity of our Macabebes, used as they are to taking care of themselves under all sorts of conditions. To eke out our food supply, a few small fish were caught in their hands by the Macabebes, and they scraped limpets from the rocks and gathered snails. All of these things, however, could not help out much with the now one hundred and one of us including the Casiguran men. The snails, limpets, and small fish were stewed up with the corn, and made a revolting mess. One funny thing happened, and gave us all a much-needed laugh. It was a pitch dark night and the Macabebes had just set before us on this occasion a stewpot containing this delectable mixture. Mitchell, who was ravenously hungry, drew a fish about three inches long, and had downed it before he realized it had not been dressed. Then and there his gorge rose and he became violently "sea-sick." We laughed at him so much that his temper rose perceptibly. On the night of the fifth day out of Casiguran we lay down supperless. Segovia had developed a terrible abscess in one of his feet, but the plucky Spaniard never faltered. (When we finally got on board the *Vicksburg*, the surgeon opened up his foot and gave him relief.) All day of the 22d we stumbled along in a half dazed condition, marching the entire day without food. Our men were scattered for a mile along the beach, some of them so weak that they reeled as they walked. It was plain that the end was at hand, but we were approaching our destination. It seemed impossible that the madcap enterprise could succeed, and I began to have regrets that I had led all these men to such a finish, for it must be remembered that we still expected to have to fight Tinio with his four hundred men, and it did not now seem that there was any fight left in the outfit. Every mile during this afternoon we expected the crackle of rifle fire from some cliff. About five o'clock we saw a man ahead of us along the beach, evidently watching us. The crisis was at

hand, and Segovia went to meet him, while we made some attempt to close up the column. We breathlessly watched Segovia and the man while they were talking, and saw the latter hand the former a letter. Segovia came limping back down the column, and as he passed us Americans said in Spanish, "It is all right. We have them." What a load it lifted off our minds! We were now within ten miles of our quarry. The letter, which Segovia opened and read at once and then passed to me, was from Simon Villa, Aguinaldo's chief of staff, and was addressed to "Lieutenant-Colonel Hilario Tal Placido." Although it showed that our ruse was working and that our real identity was not even suspected, there was in it one thing that disturbed us greatly, this being an order that the five prisoners should not be brought into Palanan, as they might find out that the "Dictator" was there, but would be left under a guard of ten men at the place known as Dinundungan. Just think of living in a place with such a name as that! We had in some way to circumvent this plan, and succeeded, though it brought us nearer to disaster than any other thing connected with the expedition. We marched two miles further up the beach and reached Dinundungan, which was not a town but merely the name of a locality, it being the point where a trail from Palanan, eight miles distant, reaches the beach. Here we found an old Tagalo in charge of a few Negritos just completing a couple of small grass-roofed open sheds, one of which was for the prisoners and the other for their guard. It was already dark, and again we lay down supperless to bed, if one could call the water-soaked ground by such a name. In whispers we discussed the situation, and before going to sleep had worked out our little scheme. But we had to have food, or the march of eight miles would be out of the question, so Hilario wrote a note to Villa reporting his arrival at Dinundungan, and stated that in the morning he would resume the march to Palanan, but that food was necessary, as his men were so weak from hunger that they could go no further. The orders directing that the prisoners be left where he then was had been received, and would be complied with. This letter was sent to Palanan by one of the Negritos, and by daylight a sufficient quantity of cracked corn to give us all a fairly satisfac-

tory meal had arrived. This incident was the basis of the charge afterward made and harped upon by certain people in the United States, that being in a starving condition we had begged Aguinaldo for food, and had then violated his hospitality by using the strength thus given us to capture him. We had simply fooled him into supplying us, as he thought he was rationing his own troops. Had we, disclosing our identity, asked for quarter, and that food be furnished us, and had then turned on him, the case would have been entirely different. I would be very much interested in seeing the results of a surgical operation performed on the skull of a man who cannot readily see the radical difference between the two propositions. I do not think that even "sweet-breads" would be found. At last, morning came on the great day, nine days after we had landed from the *Vicksburg*, and we set to work to pull the wool over the eyes of the old Tagalo who had constructed the sheds, and who knew that the prisoners were to be left with him. It was taken for granted that if we boldly disobeyed the instructions he would light out to Palanan with the news. An attempt to seize him was considered too risky, as some of the Negritos might get away and give the alarm. So we again had recourse to the pen, which certainly is sometimes mightier than the sword. We picked out one of the most intelligent of the Macabebe corporals as the man who was to be left in charge of us with a guard of nine men, and gave him his instructions. A letter to him from Segovia was then prepared informing him that a messenger from Palanan had been met on the trail with a letter from the chief of staff revoking previous instructions relative to the prisoners, and directing that he immediately follow with them. At eight o'clock the main column left on the trail to Palanan, leaving us with our guard. In about an hour two of the Macabebes came running down the trail and very ostentatiously handed to the corporal a note, which he showed the old Tagalo, who was able to read it, it being in his dialect. The old fellow merely remarked that he did not see why they had put him to so much trouble if they did not intend to use the shelters. This disposed of him, and with our guard we set out along the trail, the two Macabebes who had brought the bogus letter ac-

companying us. Fortunately, we now had with us only our own people, and were relieved from the trying necessity of watching every action for fear it would arouse suspicion in the minds of the Casiguran men, who were with the main body. The trail led in a north-westerly direction and was very muddy, as the sunlight seldom reached the ground in those dense and gloomy woods. Despite our breakfast, we were very weak, and were six hours in covering the eight miles. Of the Americans, Mitchell and I were in the worst shape, the Hazards and Newton standing it better. I had to lie down flat on the ground every few hundred yards to get a rest of a moment or two. We crossed and recrossed many times by wading a small branch of the Palanan river. About half-way to the town we were disturbed by meeting a Macabebe sergeant and one of the privates, coming back along the trail as rapidly as they could. The two men were out of breath, and simply motioned frantically to us to get off the trail and hide in the woods. This we did, and they joined us. The sergeant quickly explained that some real insurgent soldiers were on the way to Dinundungan to take charge of us, in order that all the men of our party might be able to come to Palanan. Soon we heard the men come splashing along laughing and talking. They passed within thirty feet of us, as we lay close to the ground, almost fearing to breathe. If they had met us in the trail or discovered us in our hiding place it would have all been off then and there, as they would have insisted on taking charge of us and conducting us back to Dinundungan. A fight would have been the result; the firing would have been heard in Palanan, and the least that could happen was that the quarry would escape. For we now knew, having been so informed by the old Tagalo at Dinundungan, that the story of Tinio having reached Palanan with four hundred men was a myth, the only troops there being about fifty men of Aguinaldo's escort. Anyhow, this was the closest call the expedition had, and it owed its salvation to the quick-witted Segovia. The main body that he was with had met the detachment in the trail, and upon inquiry had learned from the non-commissioned officer in charge his instructions. Detaining the man in conversation for a moment, he man-

aged to step aside and whisper to one of the sergeants to hurry back down the trail and warn us.

We resumed our march, having had a fine scare. It was not desirable to catch up with the main body, as we correctly presumed that some officers might come out from Palanan to meet it, and see that the orders regarding the prisoners were not being carried out, so that we kept some distance behind it until we realized that we were approaching the town, and then hurried on as much as possible.

The main interest now centres in the adventures of the main column, the one by which the actual capture was made. About a mile outside the town it was met by a couple of insurgent officers, who escorted them the remainder of the distance. About three o'clock they approached the Palanan River, here about a hundred yards wide and quite deep, and saw the town on the other side. The only way to cross this stream was by means of a rather good-sized *banca*. Hilario and Segovia crossed with the first load, leaving instructions for the men to follow as rapidly as they could, form on the opposite bank, and then march up to Aguinaldo's house, where they would find him. The boat was to be sent back to await our arrival. Segovia and Hilario now had a most trying half hour. They called on Aguinaldo at his head-quarters, and found him surrounded by seven insurgent officers, all of them armed with revolvers. Outside, the fifty men of the escort, neatly uniformed and armed with Mausers, were drawn up to do the honors for the reinforcements that had made such a wonderful march to join them. Segovia and Hilario entertained those present with stories of the march from Lacuna's head-quarters, and were warmly congratulated on having made it successfully. Segovia took his position where he could look out of one of the open windows and see when the time had arrived. Finally, the Macabebes under Donisio Bató and Gregorio Cadhit marched up, Segovia stepped to the head of the stairway outside the house, for they were in the second story, and signalled to Gregorio, who called out, "Now is the time, Macabebes. Give it to them." The poor little "Macs" were in such a nervous state from their excitement over the strange drama that they were playing a part in that they were pretty badly

rattled. They had loaded their pieces and were standing at "order arms," as were the men of the escort facing them on the other side of the little square. They fired a ragged volley, killing two men of the escort and very severely wounding the leader of Aguinaldo's band, who happened to be passing between the lines when fire was opened. Aguinaldo, hearing the firing, and thinking that the men of his escort had broken loose to celebrate the arrival of the reinforcements, stepped to the window, and called out, "Stop that foolishness. Don't waste your ammunition." Before he could turn around Hilario had grasped him about the waist and thrown him under a table, where he literally sat on him, and Hilario was a fat man. I had given the most positive orders to the effect that under no circumstances should Aguinaldo be killed, and that no lives should be taken unless it was absolutely necessary. But as Segovia dashed back into the room several of the officers started to draw their revolvers, and he opened fire on them, hitting Villa three times, who was tugging to get a Mauser automatic pistol out of its holster, and also wounding Major Alhambra. Villa surrendered, as did Santiago Barcelona, treasurer of the so-called republic. Alhambra and the other officers leaped from one of the windows into the river, the house standing on the bank, and escaped by swimming. As Hilario grasped Aguinaldo, he had said, "You are a prisoner of the Americans," so that the fallen "Dictator," as he now called himself, had some sort of a vague idea of what had happened to him.

In the meantime we Americans with our supposed guard had reached the river, jumped into the *banca* waiting for us, and had paddled across in frantic haste. Running up the bank toward the house, we were met by Segovia, who came running out, his face aglow with exultation, and his clothing spattered with the blood of the men he had wounded. He called out in Spanish, "It is all right. We have him." We hastened into the house, and I introduced myself to Aguinaldo, telling him that we were officers of the American army, that the men with us were our troops, and not his, and that he was a prisoner of war. He was given assurance that he need fear no bad treatment. He said in a dazed sort of way, "Is this not some joke?" I assured him that it was

not, though, as a matter of fact, it was a pretty bad one, on him. While naturally agitated, his bearing was dignified, and in this moment of his fall there was nothing of the craven. He is a man of many excellent qualities, far and away the best Filipino I ever was brought in contact with. It was well known that he was a man of humane instincts, and had done all he could to prevent the horrible atrocities committed by some of the guerilla bands that now made up his forces, but under the circumstances his control over them was limited. The wounded Villa was more inclined to stand aloof, but we dressed his wounds, thereby mollifying him somewhat. Barcelona was as mild as could be. There was some difficulty in getting under control the wildly excited Macabebes. A lot of them insisted in throwing their arms about us.

Aguinaldo's escort in their flight had dropped eighteen rifles and about a thousand rounds of ammunition, and these we now gathered up. It was regrettable that two of these men had been killed, but there was no help for it. The escort had to be surprised and quickly scattered. If we had sent our cards to them, told them who we were, and invited them to retire, as some lady-like persons in the United States afterward insisted that we should have done, it would merely have exposed our own men to a volley from them, and it scarcely could have been less fatal than the one that they received from us. The lives of these two men were of small moment counted against those that would have been lost had the insurrection continued. Few men have died to better purpose.

We supposed prisoners now took command. Aguinaldo, Villa, and Barcelona were confined in a room in the house and made as comfortable as possible. We posted guards all about the building and searched it thoroughly, finding great quantities of the correspondence of the insurgent government, showing that Aguinaldo had all of the time been in touch with his subordinates, even with those in the far-away Visayan Islands. We recaptured the two bogus letters from Lacuna and the one from Hilario at Casiguran. We had now no further suffering from food, as we found cracked corn, rice, sweet potatoes, and chickens. The inhabitants of the town had fled to the last man, woman, and child, so that

we merely helped ourselves. There was no destruction of property and we left the town in as good shape as we found it. Lieutenant Mitchell had a small camera, carried on the march for him by one of the Macabebes, and took some interesting photographs. Aguinaldo, whose gameness and general bearing won our hearts, wrote and handed to me a brief note, congratulating me on the outcome of the perilous expedition. In fact, the pleasantest relations were soon established between captors and captured.

We had made careful estimates of the distance marched each day, estimating at the rate of a mile and a half per hour, certainly conservative enough, and found that since landing from the *Vicksburg* we had covered one hundred and ten miles: twenty from the point of disembarkation to Casiguran, eighty-two from there to Dinundungan, and eight from the latter place to Palanan. It could not be less and might be ten or more miles farther.

The *Vicksburg* was not to be in Palanan Bay to take us on board until the 25th, so that we were compelled to wait over one day but, owing to our condition, this was a godsend. We spent the day in resting, sleeping, and eating. One of us American officers remained in the room with the prisoners all the time, day and night, this being at their request because of a wholesome fear of their hereditary enemies, the Macabebes. Early on the morning of the 25th we set out for the beach at Palanan Bay to meet the *Vicksburg*, the direction being northeast. The distance was two miles less than that over the trail to Dinundungan, being only six miles. But there was such a multiplicity of trails leading in all directions that we lost much time, as we had no guide, and none of the prisoners knew the way. Many of the Macabebes suffered severely from their bruised feet, and Segovia had a hard time of it. But all things end sometime, and at noon we again saw the Pacific, and far out on it a wisp of smoke, the *Vicksburg* coming in. We had brought from Palanan a bed sheet to be used in signalling, and when the vessel was two miles out Captain Newton wigwagged the message, "We, have him. Send boats for all." Soon came the reply, "Well done." Finally she anchored and we could see the boats being lowered. It will be remembered that in

the firing at Palanan the leader of Aguinaldo's band had been badly wounded. It was considered only right to take him to Manila for treatment, and he had been brought down the Palanan River in a canoe by two of the Macabebes, they being furnished with a pass by Villa in order to protect them in case they should fall in with insurgents. They arrived about this time, the place where we had reached the beach being not far from the mouth of the river. The surf was very ugly, but the boats came bucking through it, Commander Barry being in the first one. One of them was upset and we had great difficulty in getting into them, and were all drenched, but that was nothing. The greatest difficulty was with the wounded man.

As we rowed alongside the crew cheered time and again. We were soon on board and en route for Manila, sailing around the north end of the Island. The prisoners were treated with the greatest courtesy, being entertained in the officers' messes, and sitting about on deck whenever they desired. On the morning of the 28th we entered Manila Bay with all our lights screened, as it was desired to keep the return of the expedition secret. At six o'clock I left the *Vicksburg* in her steam launch, being accompanied by Lieutenant Glennon, executive officer of the vessel, Lieutenant Mitchell, and the three prisoners. We steamed into the mouth of the Pasig River and up through the city to the Malacanán Palace, the home of the division commander, where we all went ashore. General MacArthur was just rising, and came out in

a wrapper to meet me. He shook hands, looked at me in a quizzical way, but did not ask a question. I said, "Well, I have brought you Don Emilio." The general could scarcely believe it, and asked, "Where is he?" I replied, "Right in this house." As soon as he could dress the general came out and greeted cordially all of the three. We all sat down to breakfast, but Aguinaldo was not very talkative, being apparently somewhat overcome. But the general put him at his ease finally, and told him that he would immediately send for his family, whom he had not seen for a long time. The general got off his official despatch, and then the news was made public. To say that the city was wild with excitement mildly expresses the condition. It was now the opinion that the war that had wasted the country for so long a time was at its end. In the meantime I had hurried to tell the news of my return to the poor woman who for three long weeks had waited in an agony of suspense. A few days later General MacArthur sent for me, and as I entered his office said with a very serious look on his face, "Well, Funston, they do not seem to have thought much in Washington of your performance. I am afraid you have got into trouble." At the same time he handed me a cablegram announcing my appointment as a brigadier-general in the regular army. The other officers, all of whom had splendidly done their parts, were also given commissions in the regular army, while Segovia, Segismundo, the three Tagalos, and the Macabebes were given appropriate rewards in various sums of money.



JOHN FLINT, DEPUTY-CHIEF

By Lawrence Perry

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS



HE new fire commissioner, lounging in swivel chair, concluded his remarks to the deputy-chief with a wave of his hand and a shrug of his shoulders.

"You know, Flint," he said, "there is such a thing as being too careful. Keeping up a record of never losing a man and not obeying your superior officer don't go together, always, remember that."

John Flint, who was on his way out of the office, turned abruptly.

"The floor fell, sir, didn't it?"

"You told Chief Ronan you had ordered your men off that floor." The commissioner had swung around to his desk and was speaking over his shoulder. "He told you to put them back again; you didn't, and the fire jumped to the next building—and that's the answer."

The commissioner watched Flint as he flushed and walked silently to the door.

"That's the answer," added the commissioner as a parting shot. "And next time you'll be up on charges."

As the door closed the commissioner glanced at the chief, who had been standing rigidly in the middle of the room.

"Was that right?"

"It'll do," was the short reply. "Next time, though, I'll press the charge. John Flint nor nobody else will make a monkey of me."

The commissioner regarded him with keen, humorous eyes. He was "green" and he was young, but he knew neither fear nor Tammany, which are one and the same thing—sometimes.

"You're right, Ronan, nobody's going to make a monkey of you if I can help it. . . . I can't save you from yourself, though. If Flint had carried out your orders you'd a' had two lost companies—thirty-two dead men—to answer for. That's carrying professional jealousy too far, chief."

"He had the floor overweighted with water," blazed the chief.

"You didn't prove that and Flint's men"—the commissioner tossed his hands and picked up a letter. "Now chop it all out. The incident's closed. Flint's a great fireman and you're a great chief. The city should be proud of you both. Let it go at that. There's plenty of room for both of you in the department. But there won't be if this keeps up, believe me." The commissioner turned to the letter and Chief Ronan walked to his own office, muttering that there was not sufficient space for both of them as it stood, and that he had his own idea as to the one who would have to make room.

John Flint sat for a minute as his gig drew up in front of his home on East Fifteenth Street. Then climbing down to the sidewalk he turned to his driver with a soft look in his steel-gray eyes.

"Hit the gong, Tom," he said.

Before the clanging had ceased to sound, the front door opened and a little boy dashed down the steps and made a flying leap into his father's arms, who, without breaking the motion, lifted him deftly up to his shoulder.

"Ho!" cried the boy, kicking his heels delightedly, "that was the time, daddy. Wasn't it a fine jump?"

"I should say so," laughed the father. "Some day, Jackie, if you keep growing like you have, you'll jump clean over my head."

He looked up at his wife, who stood framed in the light of the doorway, smiling down at them.

"Come, John," she said, "you give me little enough of your company without wasting it all there on the sidewalk."

Flint chuckled, waved to his driver, and then ran up the steps.

Nights when his big, wonderful father dined at home were banner nights for Jackie. For then his mother permitted him to skip his bedtime hour and remain

at the table until dinner was finished and his father was free to put him to bed. And all this was a great event in the life of that little five-year-old and a great, golden event for John Flint, ordinarily. But to-night he was not himself, altogether. Jackie, of course, didn't notice it, but the mother did and her eyes were filled with concern. She had a sweet, youthful face; a striking face, beautiful, if only because of its spirituality; physically she was not strong.

"Dad," said the boy, "I dreamt last night you was caught in a black place—o-oh awful black and dark and—and—then I woke before you got out."

Flint laughed abstractedly and reaching over tousled his son's head. But the face of his wife turned toward the two was marked by a strange dread.

"You mustn't dream such things, Jackie," she said sharply.

"No, Towser," said the father, "a boy like you should dream of fairies and Santa Claus and things."

Something in their tones made the child feel something and he looked at them with blinking eyes for a moment until his mind ran to other thoughts.

The ticker in the hall sounded an alarm and the wife's lips moved, as was her wont in an invocation of safety for those responding to the summons.

Flint moved impatiently.

"I'm glad the commissioner has ordered those things taken out of the houses!"

His wife looked at him for a moment in surprise.

"What's the matter, John," she asked in a low, quick voice.

"Why that jigger has bothered you—and other women——"

"I didn't mean *that*," she interrupted. "Your mood—I——"

She stopped with a questioning look.

"Ronan had me before the commissioner," he said responsively. "The commissioner was too straight and too wise to take up charges, but the chief is down on Fourteenth Street with Scanlon, now."

His wife did not speak for a moment. At length:

"I wish you were out of the department, John. You've served twenty years; they'd let you retire—and you have that fine offer from the hose supply company. Please,

John. I said I wouldn't mention it again, but please!"

Flint's eyes became steel and his jaws bulged. Then his face softened and arising he walked to her chair and caressed her hair.

"It's not because of Ronan, dear, you know that," she added.

"I know, but you mustn't be silly, girl. I can't retire, now, with things this way. I've tried to be white with Ronan, but what's the use. I won't any more. I'm going to fix him now—and I think I know how to do it." He looked at his watch. "I must be out awhile to-night—at my quarters." He turned to the boy.

"You won't mind, old man, if I put you to bed to-morrow night instead? I've got a lot to do."

The child tried to be brave and succeeded, but his lip quivered. The mother jumped up with quick concern.

"Not to-night, John. Oh, don't leave it for to-morrow. Just fifteen minutes, something makes me af—" she compressed her lips. "It will only delay you fifteen minutes. He's been talking about it all day."

Flint glanced at his watch again and laughed in the hearty way she loved.

"All right, Towser," he said, "you and I are booked for a dandy scrap." And they had it while delighted squeals from a very small boy and great, deep chuckles from a very big man filled the house.

"Now ain't you nearly broke in two?" queried the boy at length, sitting astride his father's chest. "You should say so?" he suggested as Flint lifted him to the bed.

"Yes, I should say so, you little giant-killer. . . . Now then off you go to sleep if you want to grow up to be a big man."

And so the boy went to sleep while the father sat for awhile looking out over the street where the gloom of twilight was beginning to settle.

As he kissed his wife at the door she looked up at him.

"Aren't you glad you waited? Come back soon to me, John."

"Yes. Good-by."

She turned on the sill.

"John!"

"Yes?"

"Good-night, John."

"Good-night."

She closed the door lingeringly.

The evening life of a hot, humid street on the lower East Side was beginning when Flint arrived at the truck house where he made his head-quarters. From the windows of the tenements overhead and from the fire-escapes came an intermittent murmur of voices, pierced sometimes by the sharp cry of a sick baby or the harsh admonition of a mother to her children; the clatter of crockery falling and breaking on iron escape landings.

A hurdy-gurdy was rattling away in front of the tawdry notion store next the station, and half-clad youngsters, hand in hand, were skipping, pirouetting, swaying in rhythmic abandon. There were women, babes in arms, seated in chairs and boxes on the sidewalk. The dull roar of the elevated railroad came from Allen Street a block eastward and the gong of an ambulance out on a heat case clattered insistently and then died away. Above the street the walls of the houses were amorphous shapes, punctuated by faint blurs of light and thin, watery stars hung vaguely in a characterless sky. Everything seemed

from a cold, moisture-beaded bottle of milk. The deputy had one of those wonderful faces in which strength, kindliness, and sweetness are perfectly joined. None of his division

feared John Flint, but all respected him as strong men only can respect a stronger man. The company captain joined him as the horse was taken from the gig, and the two moved to the open doors, conversing. A woman who had been waiting there advanced diffidently, holding her small son by the hand.

"Thought I'd come out and tell you that the boy is all well, Chief, thanks to you and the milk you been sendin' around and the doctor——"

Flint's big, genial voice interrupted.

"Now, now Mrs. Maguire, that's all right. So here he is, eh?" rubbing his hand over the child's head. "Sure, sure he's all right now; such a little husky couldn't be under the weather long, could he, Billy?" And how proud that boy was as his mother led him away!

Old Giulio, the ice-cream man, who smiled on all children whether they bought or not, came up pushing his cart before him



John Flint turned abruptly.—Page 539.

and the captain called the probationer, gave him fifty cents and told him to round up the dancers and the other children and buy them hokey-pokeys until the money ran out. Then he and the chief stood for awhile chuckling deeply as they saw the urchins scrambling and scuffling about the lovable old Italian and the tall young fire-

Everything seemed adrip: in the heavy atmosphere a myriad odors were merged, the reek of the street, which neither lifted nor disintegrated. The deputy-chief replied absently to the salute of the man at the desk and glanced with a faint smile at a young probationer, who sat on the running-board of the truck, drinking

man who was beginning to learn what it meant to eat smoke.

For half an hour thereafter Flint sat in his office, the door closed, his eyes fixed vacantly out of the window. Finally, he leaned over the desk and drew the telephone to him, calling the number of a great newspaper on Park Row.

"You remember sending a man to me last month on that Prince Company hose contract," he said to the city editor, "Flint—yes. If you send your man Arnold around here about ten o'clock I think I can give him some information. Good-by."

He took from his desk a sealed envelope, opened it, and carefully perused a report, which one of the heads of the clerical department had secretly compiled and forwarded to him.

It involved one of those official discrepancies that sound worse than they really are—something which a slight deviation from correct analysis would permit the formulation of charges sufficiently serious, to annoy Ronan and make him squirm but not calculated to hold water on trial. As Flint read them over he recognized this and he sat back with eyes closed, casting about for the best method of giving the facts as revealed their worst complexion. Suddenly he leaned forward and cast the papers into a drawer with a gesture of contempt.

"A new sort of business you're in," he muttered. "You ought to be proud of yourself!" For a few seconds he sat silent, then started in his chair. "You'll not play with cards under the table, anyway," he said, seizing the telephone. He had started to call the chief's office when a fireman entered with word that young Talbot, a settlement worker of the district, was downstairs with a party of French noblemen.

An alarm outside the district had come in as the visitors entered and they were just in time to see the three big horses dash to their places and the firemen to drop one after another down the sliding poles, standing grouped about the heads of the animals in accordance with the regulation that "second-out" companies shall remain in readiness for a possible second alarm. Flint had just flashed down the pole and was shaking hands with the settlement worker when the indicator sounded a few sharp

strokes. Figures darted here and there; there was a pounding of hoofs, a glitter of metal and woodwork, a hurried apology from Flint, and Talbot and his guests were, with the exception of the keeper, alone in the house.

As Flint's gig, with its clattering gong, dashed across the Bowery, a lurid flare lightened the heavy smoke, which was pouring over the thoroughfare from a big six-story building a block to the westward. The deputy's jaws set tight.

"It's the Dungan Paper Warehouse," he said to the driver. "The boys——"

The sharp clanging of a bell caused him to turn just in time to see a low red motor-car turning sharply in from the main thoroughfare and driving straight for the rear wheels of the gig. The officer at the steering wheel lurched heavily sidewise, pulling the wheel sharply to avoid the impending accident, at the same time shutting off the power, which was wise, for the steering gear went awry and the car lumbered up to the curb and stopped with its radiator crumbling against a brick wall.

Flint, who more than once had been beaten to a fire in his own district by Chief Ronan's automobile, could not stifle a derisive laugh as he witnessed the accident, and in another half minute he was alighting from his vehicle in front of the burning warehouse.

"Where's your chief?" he asked of a battalion chief's driver.

"He went up the stairs with the first company," was the reply. "I'll get him." As he spoke that officer came out the door, his eyes streaming, panting for breath.

"It's on the fourth floor, Chief," he said, "and going like hell. I've got the first company with a line on the stairs leading to the floor and the third company, too. The second's up there on the fire-escape."

"All right," replied Flint, and he was turning to order the second-alarm companies to stretch in from the water tower and the others to go round to the rear when Chief Ronan ran up, his white hat in his hand.

"I'll look after this," he said. He glared at his deputy. "Why didn't you send in a third alarm?"

"We don't need it yet," growled Flint, touched on his professional pride.

"Yet! The hell we don't. What do you know about it? Have you been in the

building? Not you," sneeringly. "Here, Howard, ring in the third and hurry. This is no fire to fool with—although some seem to think so."

viewless. Flint reached out his foot and was guided to the stairway by the lines of hose. On the third floor landing the glow of his acetylene lantern fell on the ghostly forms



"Now ain't you nearly broked in two?"—Page 540.

Without waiting for further words from his chief, Flint dashed into the warehouse. The pungent smell of dry paper was all about and little wisps of smoke were swirling through the offices. On the second floor the smoke rendered everything

of the relief lines and three firemen who had just come back from the nozzles above sat on the stairs fanning themselves with their hats and sucking air from water-soaked sponges which they carried suspended from strings from their suspender buckles.

Picking up a lieutenant Flint went on up the stairs to a point where the men at the pipes lay, their faces pressed close to the nozzles, drinking what air the water brought. He could not see the pipemen. He could not see the lieutenant standing at his elbow. It was a bad smoke, full of carbon and a dose even for Flint's practiced lungs. There was a movement at his feet and the body of a probationer, deserting his comrades at one of the pipes, lurched against him. He was coughing and gagging and sobbing. Flint caught him, preventing him from pitching downstairs, and pushed him to the lieutenant.

"Take him, Pete," he said. "Get him out of this. He's gone. Send one of the relief line up."

As the officer, stumbling and grunting, dragged the half unconscious fireman down the stairs, Flint turned to the others.

"It's all right, boys," he said, and picking his way over the recumbent men he started up ahead of the nozzles.

He could catch the impression of movement below as the big two-inch streams tore through the murk, and above a hectic flush rose and fell with pulsating fury. All about was a fierce sound, a sort of reverberating growl, the sweep of a tempest, against which rose the crash of caving timbers, the swift rattling and crackling of the flames and the sharp hissing of water. Flint's breath suddenly stopped and he could not regain it. Strangling, he threw himself on his stomach, gasping for air which always runs along the bottom of the smoke and got it. One of the streams soused him and it felt cool and good. As he worked his way slowly down to his men a long tongue of flame appeared out of the lurid flush above and shot over the prone figures at the hose. Two solid streams sought its source, but it came once more, lazily, this time licking at the helmets of the firemen and searing their cheeks. Flint's voice rose huskily.

"Come on out of this, boys," he yelled. "Take your lines down to the next floor."

Grumbling, but knowing they were beaten, the men wriggled down the stairs and rallied on the third floor landing with the desperation of strong and brave men facing defeat by an element which they had been taught to hate. Flint found a battalion chief here. He had come from

the ladders in through the third story rear window at the head of two engine companies with hose and a truck company with axes.

"Look here, Chief," he said, grasping Flint by the arm and leading him down the hall and into a small storeroom with plastered walls. Here he bent down and pointed with his lantern to the floor. Flint crouched for an instant and ran his hand along the surbase; it was almost red-hot. Like a surgeon engaged in diagnosis he straightened up carrying his fingers with light touch up the wall. Suddenly his hand paused and hitting the plaster a resounding smack he turned to the shadowy figure of a great raw-boned axeman who stood at his elbow.

"Punch a hole in there," he said.

A crunching blow followed and then another. Out of the hole a long, blood-red quivering tongue of flame appeared and puffed off into the smoky limbo behind, as though sentient with desire to locate and ignite some gas-laden ball of smoke, setting free the death-dealing back draft. Then came another tongue, which licked up to the ceiling and then withdrew like the flashing tongue of a snake.

Again the big truckman's axe smote the wall and the hose men dragging in a line thrust the pipe into the hole, holding it in place on a Bonner partition tripod.

Stumbling along to the west side of the building, Flint found that Deputy-Chief Ryan had discovered similar conditions. He went down the stairs shaking his head. As he came out to the sidewalk, filling his lungs with pure air, he saw Ronan in the middle of the street, by the water tower, watching the men on the fire-escapes who, as in the case of those on the inside of the building, had been driven downward. There were groups of them crouching against the third-floor wall, their helmets reversed, their heads bent low. The long, ghostly arm from the search-light engine occasionally ceased its wanderings over the face of the burning building and rested upon them. On the sidewalk white-coated young ambulance surgeons were working over the prostrate figures of firemen who had eaten more smoke than they could digest. Reporters were everywhere, taking matters in a business-like manner, but plainly interested in potentialities. The



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams.

The door crashed inward . . . with the big form of Chief Ronan sprawling across it.—Page 548.

number of firemen overcome had already made their stories worth half a column more than might otherwise have been the case and they were hungry for further developments.

Ronan was intolerant, irascible, a man with every combative instinct aroused, from the moment he tackled a big fire until it was under control. Flint was always more approachable.

"How is it going, Chief?" asked one of the reporters of him as the deputy made his way toward Ronan.

"It's a fire, son," smiled Flint.

Ronan's quick eye caught the passing dialogue, and as his deputy came up they sparkled with a venomous light.

"Did you give him your picture for the paper?" he said.

Flint did not give the chief even the satisfaction of an expression.

"The fire's backed the men down to the third floor," he said. "And—well you know the building."

The chief did know it. When he was a deputy in this district he had gone through the warehouse and made the prediction that if it ever got going good it would mean the death of a company or two, and a battalion chief at the least. But the last thing in his mind was to admit that to his assistant.

Overhead there came a soft, seething noise and a flare of light. A low-drawn exclamation arose from the throngs held in leash by the police reserves at intersecting corners. Ronan glanced upward at the great gouts of flame pouring up through the roof of the building and then looked impatiently down the street whence came the throaty whistles and jangling bells of the fourth and fifth alarm companies.

"They've kicked it up through the roof," Ronan glanced triumphantly at Flint.

"The fire's going down through the partitions and is under the third floor now," said Flint simply. "I told Ryan to get the men down to the second floor and hold ready to leave the building. Is that all right! You—!"

"Is that all right!" The chief glared at Flint. He took off his hat as though to dash it to the ground, the veins in his neck swelling. "You've ordered—them—down another—floor—and is it all right! You—!"

He paused as three firemen lurched out the door and fell unconscious on the sidewalk. A truck company standing grouped at the curb, leaning on the hooks, looked curiously at the ambulance surgeons as they rolled their comrades over on their backs and applied restoratives and then at the chief who ran past them to meet the newly arrived companies just stretching in.

"Go on in there if you've got any chests on you," he yelled. "Go to it—and cut the heart out of that fire. What are you doing to-night, anyway! Why, damn it, I'll lick this fire or—or—" he paused as a captain, a box-built man with grizzled mustache, dripping with water, hurried out of the building to their side; "well," he said, "what do *you* want?"

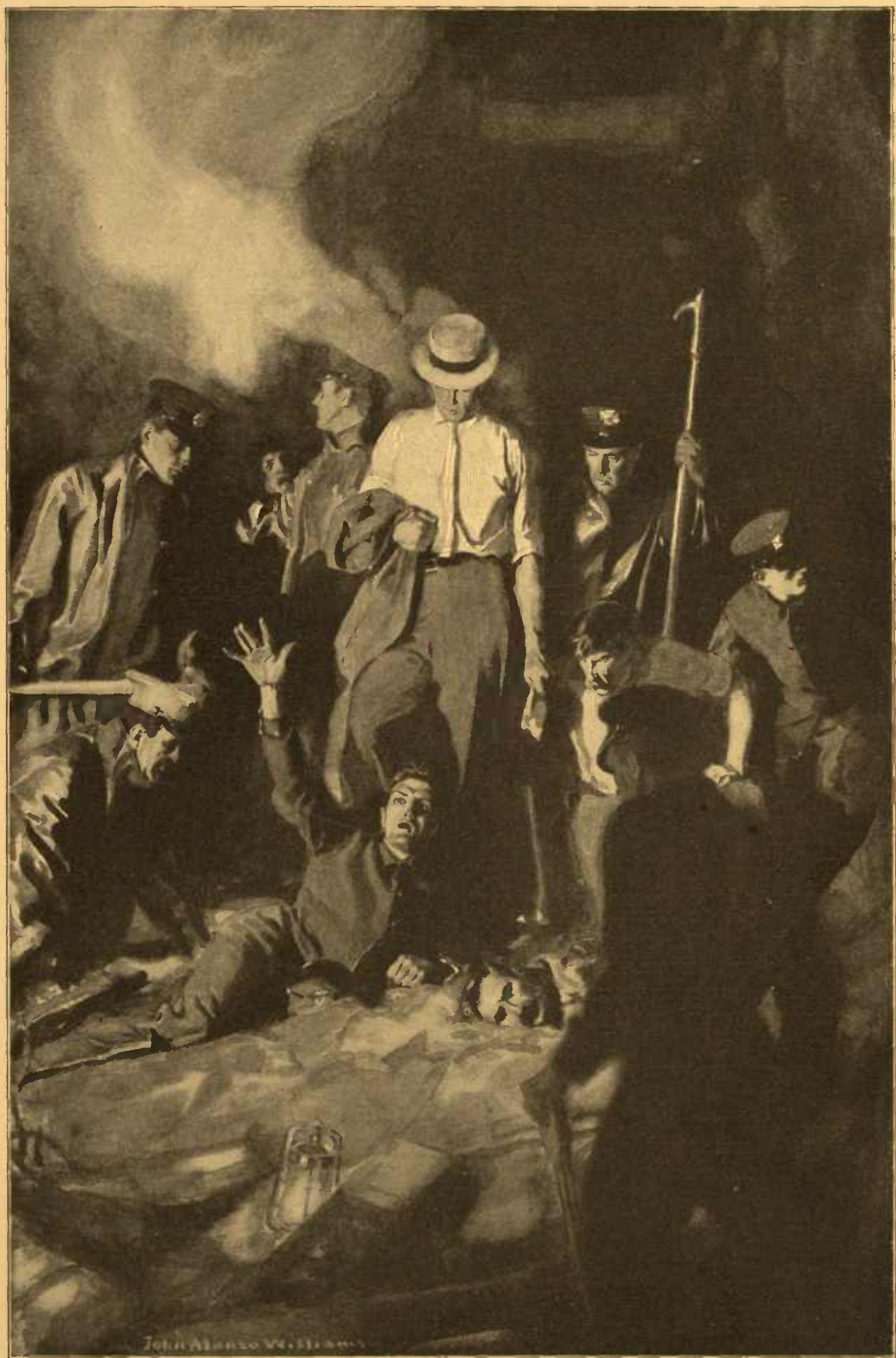
"Third floor's in bad shape, sir; looks like its going to come through. All the companies have been backed down to the second floor. Chief Ryan says shall he order out?"

Ronan turned his face slowly toward Flint, but the deputy had not been listening. His eyes were directed to the third floor where a great cloud of flame was bellying out of a window, tugging like a balloon at its fastenings. Instinctively Flint turned to the opposite building, a tenement, the doors and windows open. He could see the beds, pictures on the walls, and tables with their red checkered cloths set with half-finished meals. There was a lurid flash over their heads and when Flint looked at that tenement again all the signs of habitation had disappeared, the windows revealing naught but blackened walls, flaming shreds of curtains, and crumbling furnishings. A company or two were piling in, but there was little for them to do. The wave of heat had not kindled fire; it had incinerated.

Ronan came out of the tenement and Flint met him with flushed face.

"How much longer are you going to leave the boys in that warehouse, Chief Ronan?" he asked.

"What's that to you?" sneered Ronan. "You ain't in there, are you? Not you!" he added. Then suddenly out of the clogging welter of jealousy and hate and spite his professional judgment emerged clear. "Hey, Flint," and his words came like bullets, "Get every man out of this building, quick."



Drawn by John Alonzo Williams.

"Eighteen," screamed the driver. "Eighteen truck! Our head-quarters!"—Page 550.

Like a shot the deputy went across the sidewalk and into the doorway. Through the viewless, choking floors, filled with red spluttering embers, went the orders that meant defeat:

"Everybody to the sidewalk!"

Slowly the men staggered out, bearing their burdens of heavy, water-filled hose, assembling by companies and listening with straining ears as the lieutenants called the rolls. Four times the quick, staccato calling of a name met with no response, and like a clammy wind word went round that men were still in the building. One of them was Flint.

Before Ronan's mouth had opened to hurl forth the rescue orders a dozen men, headed by two captains, were piling through the doorway. As they fought their way up to the second floor the stairs seemed to heave and the very building was quivering and sighing like a living thing. In the rear hallway a fireman, gasping and feeling his way with his boot, stumbled over the leg of a prostrate comrade. In a flash he bent, thrust one hand under the unconscious man's neck, the other under his shoulders, and dragged him like a sack of meal to the stairs. Two or three of the party, hurrying to the spot whence the truckman's cries that he had found a man came, ran into the deputy-chief, walking half crouched, an insensible fireman across his shoulders.

"Here, take him," he said, lifting the man from his back like a child and pushing him toward the group whose voices alone told him of their near proximity. "Two we've got; take 'em down and report to the chief. How many more?"

"One more, but he can't be got," cried an officer. "The floor's rocking now."

But there was no reply. The next instant the chief's voice bellowed up: "Every one out on the sidewalk. Flint, bring your men down! Burke's not in there! Went to the hospital. We've got 'em all. Hurry!"

As the men reached the sidewalk Ronan met them.

"All here?" he cried; "where's Flint?"

Impulsive always and from his first day as a fireman prone to do that which no other fireman had ever done, the chief ripped out an oath as the reply came that they thought the deputy was with them and that he had been on the second floor. Bounding for

the stairs and calling over his shoulder that he would break the man who followed him, he jumped into the smoke and disappeared, leaving the men standing, wondering, undecided what to do.

Flint's quest for the man he supposed to be lying somewhere on that floor led him through a succession of rooms, leading to the rear of the building. In each he had circled and recircled, kicking right and left, in hope of locating the missing man, but, of course, without success. As he proceeded he knew that the way whence he had come was being closed by intervening sheets of flame, but in figuring out his course he had no thought of leaving the warehouse over the entering route. His only chance, he knew, lay in fighting clean through the building and going down the ladders or the fire escapes, or, if the necessity arose, even dropping the twenty odd feet to the ground.

As in the case of every building in his district, Flint knew it like a book, and this knowledge and his sense of direction made acute in many such emergencies as this combined to carry him along, until the smoke began to get into his brain, and the heat to clog his senses. Many times as a private he had fought fire two or more hours in smoke which rendered his side partner invisible, as many other big-lunged firemen have, but to-night his nerves were not good and experienced firemen will tell you that it is generally the nerves that go when a man succumbs and not primarily the heart and lungs.

So this stalwart veteran of constant fire-fighting suddenly brought himself up with the realization that for the past few minutes he had been wandering mechanically, without the stimulus or direction of the mind. He found himself in a room, not large, with his hand on the knob of a door which had not opened as he turned it. Ten feet from the floor a small dull square patch revealed the location of a ventilator window. The door was locked.

Instinctively he turned to retrace his steps, but the doorway he had entered framed a red glow like the mouth of a furnace. He faced about, drew back his boot and kicked the door a mighty blow. The panel cracked. As he swung his leg backward there came an answering crack from the other side and the next instant the door

crashed inward, torn from its hinges, with the big form of Chief Ronan sprawling across it.

Quickly springing to his feet Ronan seized his deputy by the arm.

"Come on out of this, John," he said gruffly. "Remember your wife and kid-die. Come on, every one's out."

Flint heard him vaguely. Memory of the enmity which Ronan had held for him in the past year and shown upon all occasions filled his dulled brain with smouldering emotion. He tore his arm from Ronan's grasp and looked at him swaying.

"You—you, man-killer," he said. "You told the commissioner I was afraid of fire. . . . Now, damn you, see who'll leave this building first, you or me."

With an exclamation, not of anger, Ronan sprang for his deputy to drag him to the window not ten feet away. But before he could fling his arm around his neck the floor under their feet seemed to shift sidewise and all about them was the impression of a great wind rush, a horrible pressing down of an irresistible but impalpable force, which few firemen have felt and lived to tell the experience. Hurrying along the swaying floor, pulling Flint by the arm, Ronan had gained the window-sill, when there came the shriek of inrushing air; followed a rending and crackling, a succession of deafening reverberations and Ronan dizzily straddling the window-casing saw the floors come through, screaming, grinding, hissing, crunching—a fearful noise and a fearful sight, like the fall of a great city into the bottomless pit.

Flint, who had pulled away from Ronan's grip, went down in the middle of the floor. Paper bales which had been piled about the room tumbled over about him, protecting him from the impact of the overhead beams and rafters, so that as he went down and down, clear to the cellar, he experienced in all their flashing reality, the horrors of his descent and its significance. Then came the impression that he had landed lightly as a feather, as of a man falling from a tower, in a dream. Then there was darkness and a great silence. . . .

Flint moved uneasily. He heard the voice of his boy, frightened by a dream of the night. Yet there was an impression of a lapse of time. A pain shot down his back. He moved uneasily and with an

instinctive movement brought his hand to his face. Then came knowledge that water was flowing upon it, water that felt gritty. He opened his eyes; there was nothing but blackness pierced by a thread-like lance of light. He closed his eyes for a second. He shivered. As in a dream he tried to rise to a sitting posture. But he could not, for a weight lay across his stomach. His hands were free, though, and they plucked feebly at the big, charred beam. Slowly he reached upward, the fingers striking against something soft. Then he let his arm fall heavily, splashing in the water, every sense awakened under the shock of realization. The paper bales had arched above him. He was buried alive.

He lay still for a few minutes and listened to the inrush of jets of water. The sound brought fear to him. Water was laving his ears; a few minutes before, as he lay with the back of his head in the water, it had not come up to his ears. Evidently the outlet had closed. With frenzied desperation he kicked out sidewise and his boot struck against something which seemed to give. Again he kicked and forced an opening through which the rising water found vent and flowed out gurgling. Flint's head fell back upon the black ooze and he gave thanks to his God. Then his arm reached out again and fell upon a metal implement, a hose spanner. His fingers closed upon it. Thus he lay for awhile.

It was the night of the next day. The wife, with a face of death, but lighted by a brave smile and a little boy, were standing on the street in front of a smouldering, blackened shell, through the gaping holes of which the search-light rays were playing, and forms of men in rubber coats and battered blue fatigue caps, and wreckers from the building department, were working feverishly with pick and shovel and bar. Chief Ronan came up in his motor, and with a grave face approached the pitiful little group.

"Nothing yet?" he said in his gruff voice.

The woman shook her head.

"You ought to go home," said the chief. "This ain't any place for you two. We can—let you know."

"But why don't you get him?" said the woman in a low, monotonous voice, with

eye that looked at Ronan, but seemed not to see him.

"We're tryin' to," said Ronan.

"But you must hurry," she said. "For he's alive. Oh, I know it! John Flint is living."

Ronan looked at her curiously, a great lump in his throat, which, never having felt before, he could not understand.

"Why don't you get him. He is alive," she repeated. "Why I have heard his voice all the time." She closed her eyes. "I hear it now."

"She's been saying that since last night," whispered a fireman who had just ceased work with a shift of men.

Ronan put his hand on the woman's shoulder.

"We'll get him if he's alive—or if he's—he stopped abruptly, "we'll get him."

"Then why don't you," replied the woman, and she sat on the curb and took her drowsy boy in her arms.

And on worked the men as only men can work who are seeking the body of a loved leader. One group was lifting charred beams and carrying them carefully to one side. Others were burrowing down among the litter, crawling through slimy black lanes and caverns which the moving of sections of debris opened.

Ronan entered the building and stood grimly watching the men. A reporter joined him.

"Is there any chance he's alive?" asked the newspaper man.

"Alive!" Ronan looked at the man. "Alive! And you've been covering fires fifteen years, Max? Why——"

A voice wild with excitement interrupted him, the voice of Flint's driver.

"Stop all work; everybody!" The words rang thrillingly clear throughout the shell of building. Every figure straightened. Ronan hurried to the driver's side.

"What's up, Tom?" he said. His voice was even, but his eyes were glistening.

"Listen!" The driver had flung himself upon the blackened pile and Ronan did likewise.

Then to their straining ears there came with gentle distinctness a faint tapping, an orderly tapping like a fire-alarm jigger.

"One"—counted Ronan with husky voice. He waited. Then: "One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight."

"Eighteen," screamed the driver. "Eighteen truck! Our head-quarters!"

Ronan arose and there was a sweet dignity in his voice that no one had ever heard before.

"Boys," he said, "John Flint—is—right—down—there. Get him!"

As electricity travels, so the news that John Flint, missing for nearly twenty-four hours at the bottom of that mountain of twisted beams, shattered timbers, and charred bales of paper, was still living, spread throughout the district. Telephones buzzed in newspaper offices; late evening extras heralded the dramatic development and the city editors of the morning papers hurried out their best men on the star assignment of the day. The commissioner came and he took the woman and the boy, sleeping now, in his automobile and kept them there, his hand resting heavily on her shoulder.

But of all these things the little groups of men, working in tense silence under the glare of the search-light engine and acetylene lanterns, knew nothing. The tapping had ceased and Tom, the driver, still lying with his ear on the blackened mound of debris, turned a strained face to the chief and shook his head. But they had located the spot and a long bar of iron with a red lantern hanging thereon marked it.

There was need of great care and that prevented haste; the premature dislodgment of a beam might well end everything. With the deliberate touch of watchmakers, the men rooted out twisted lengths of iron-work and armfuls of indeterminate substance. Something suddenly gave under the feet of three building department laborers and they went down up to their necks, landing upon something which seemed to spring under their feet. The men above ceased their work and looked expectantly at an inspector, who, having ordered the men out of the hole which had so suddenly opened under their feet, was on his knees, peering into it, his lantern suspended at arm's-length.

There was hardly a breath during the inspection. Men looked at the silent black heaps all about, filled with the awe of the thought that anything living really could be lying beneath it. Still the inspector did not stir. To and fro moved his lantern, resting here a moment, then there. At

length, protruding from beneath a blackened bale, he discerned the uncharred end of a beam with a section of floor planking attached. He rose to his feet and pointed to it.

"Get a wall-hook and line," he said in a low voice.

A slim young building wrecker slid down into the hole, jammed the hook around the beam, and climbed out. Like spectres, twenty, thirty, forty men tailed on to the line and stood waiting. The atmosphere of tenseness communicated to the throng outside the building and there was a general surging forward which the police did not attempt to check.

"Pull gently," came the command.

The line strained and then gave a bit. There was a creaking and rending below. Another pull and the beam and the floor and the bales upon it, arose half a foot, like a trap-door.

"Stop pulling! Hold what you've got!"

Ronan could wait no longer. With lantern hooked under his arm he dropped into the hole, and then placing his face close to the fissure which the lifting beam had opened called aloud.

"John Flint, are you there?"

There was no reply and a great sigh swept among the men. Ronan thrust his arm into the opening in an effort to ascertain its size. His fingers swept against

something soft. The next instant something in that limbo of darkness seized the chief's hand with a weak pressure and the voice of Ronan sounded out of the pit like a trumpet blast:

"For the love of God, pull on that line!"

After that nothing was clear—a great upheaval, the disappearance of Ronan, his sudden reappearance, dragging by superhuman effort a form as heavy as his own, his cries for help, a surging knot of figures and then a slim ambulance surgeon worming to the centre of things with flashing deftness. Flint's driver, Tom, had only one impression. Ronan had said something to his deputy, who had nodded faintly and smiled.

And outside a woman waited serene. And her boy was still sleeping in her arms.

As they bore John Flint out to the waiting ambulance she advanced and touched his face softly. And her voice was that of a great love triumphant—a love that knows no mistrust, nor faltering, nor fear.

"John, I *knew* you were alive. I heard you when you told me."

Flint smiled wearily. When a little boy's fingers closed on his hand his eyes half opened.

"Dad," said the boy, "I been dreaming again about that black place one more time. And—and—I dreamed you got out. Didn't I, mother?"

"IT HATH BEEN ALREADY OF OLD TIME"

—Ecclesiastes, 1 : 10.

By Elizabeth E. Cardozo

OH strange and very beautiful was Love,
New-found and radiant; yet was I aware
Of an unspoken meaning, vague as air,
That dimly with the wonder interwove;
So that in vain my groping senses strove
To fix the fleeting picture,—when and where?—
Then Love, "That distant life we twain did share,—
Hast thou brought hence no memories thereof?"

Half-hid and half-suggested, Love and Fear
And Pain still meet me with familiar ways,
And delicate meanings spoke beneath the breath.
Shall not these hinted messages grow clear
In that divulgent hour when my gaze
Shall meet the unforgotten eyes of Death?

THE TURNSTILE

BY A. E. W. MASON

V

THE REAPER



HE great reaping-machine came swaying over the uneven ground toward her, along the edge of those glistening acres. A huge arm rose and fell, catching up the swathes of wheat and flinging them into the machine, whence they rolled out tied. Six horses harnessed behind pushed it and a man, perched in the front upon a tiny saddle, steered and controlled it. The machine was about twenty paces from her when it came suddenly to a stop. The driver leaped down from his seat. It seemed to Cynthia that the mechanism had gone wrong. She expected to see him bend over a joint or a spring. But he did not stoop. The moment his feet touched the ground, he ran straight toward her and very swiftly.

He ran with his head down, and his shoulders bent. It was a heavy rush rather than a run. Cynthia recoiled. The words of Richard Walton sprang into her mind, and her hand rose instinctively to her throat. Could she have forgotten after all to remove the string of pearls? But she had removed it. And still the man was running toward her. The fear that she wore the pearls, and the proof that she did not, had followed so immediately upon his rush that he had as yet covered only half the ground between them. It was herself he aimed at then. She cast a rapid glance toward her cart. The Gaucho was leaning down over the opposite side, and talking to some one who stood by the wheel. A cry would not bring him to her side in time. She turned, with half a mind to run. But, though her white skirt reached only to her ankles, it would still impede her. She turned back and with a beating heart faced him. And a few feet from her he stopped.

He looked at her, drew a great breath, and cried "Ah!" like a man who has reached his goal.

"What do you want?" asked Cynthia, and in spite of her efforts her voice shook.

A South American harvest finds no use for the weak. The man who stood opposite to her was broad and powerful, with a heavy, coarse face, burnt to the color of brick by the sun. The sweat streaked it, and the dirt of many a day clung to it, and it was seamed by exposure. He was of the men who move from estancia to estancia, while the harvest lasts, working from sunrise to dark, living upon *matte* tea and roasted sheep, and earning a pound a day, and thereafter lying soddened in some den until the last centavo has been squandered. A battered black hat was pressed low upon his clotted hair; a month's growth of beard straggled over his chin and cheeks. And his eyes were evil. That, more than any other quality of the man, Cynthia noticed. Their quick glance held her. She was terrified.

"What do you want?" she asked a second time, and her voice wavered still more audibly.

She stood in front of him, her lovely brows, under the big brim of her straw hat, troubled, and her great eyes wide and alert with fear. She was in the poise for flight like a startled deer, yet did not dare to turn to fly. And in the man, as he looked at her, there came a change.

He did not answer her question. But very slowly he smiled, and the smile was spiteful. He nodded his head at her; a malicious contentment overspread his face; and from head to heel his eyes inspected her. They approved her beauty and the simple daintiness of her clothes; they took note of her slenderness of hand and foot; they remarked the lines and supple youth of her figure; and through her white frock they seemed to make sure of the roundness of her limbs. Cynthia grew suddenly hot with shame. This man was appraising her—nothing less. Appraising her as if for a market! Her fear dropped from her. She cried a third time, but with spirit:

"What do you want of me?" and if her voice shook now, it was with a quiver of indignation.

She heard the thud of horses behind her. The reaper heard it, too. Without a word, and without any hurry, he turned away from her and slouched back to his machine. Cynthia's cart the next moment was driven up to her side. She climbed into it and took the reins. The encounter had shaken her more than she had known. She was trembling, and she drove over the ground quickly, until she saw the slate roof of the house, flashing like silver, from a clump of dark trees quite near.

Then she reined in her horse and turned round. Far away at the edge of the wheat, the man and the machine and the six horses stood out black like a little toy. The clank and rattle of the iron came to her ears through the still air, faintly, like the mechanism of a toy. But Cynthia shivered as she looked back.

"Who is he?" she asked of the old Gaucho. He shrugged his shoulders:

"I do not know him, *Senorita*. I do not think he was here last year. They come in herds and go in herds when the corn is stacked."

Up and down, along the glistening line, the man drove his horses, and manipulated his machine. He stopped no more. With each journey a wide band of wheat went down. Thus he had been working balanced in his saddle since daybreak. So, with but a two hours' rest, he would go under the burning afternoon sun until darkness came and bade him stop. To the Gaucho he was one of a herd of men who did the like; for a few weeks here; then for another few weeks on another estancia further down the line. But for Cynthia this man stood strangely out from the herd. He had stopped her, and she did not know why. She sat and watched his slow, obstinate progression. The persistence, the physical strength of the man daunted her. There was something of nature's own relentlessness in his capacity to endure and work. She magnified him and was, at the same time, interested and alarmed. For of this she was sure. He had not stopped her merely because she was a girl, and alone. He had stopped her because she was herself. She remembered his smile, his nods of the head, his malice. He had a

personal feeling, a personal animosity. She could not understand it, yet she was sure.

"How long will he stay?" she asked.

"A month," said the Gaucho.

"He was not here last year?"

"I do not recognize him."

"Why, then—" she began and did not finish the question. It was in her mind to ask, "Why does he hate me?" But she was aware at once that the Gaucho could not answer it. "And he will stay a month?" she asked again, uneasily.

"Yes, unless the *Senorita* wishes him to go. It will be, of course, as the *Senorita* wishes."

Cynthia nodded her head. There was a way out of the trouble, to be sure. But, on the other hand, she would have to say why she wished the man to go. At the recital of her story Mr. and Mrs. Daventry would be excited and alarmed. She herself would henceforth be surrounded with precautions. She determined to say nothing at all about her adventure. She would be careful during this month where she roamed. The man would be at work and it would be easy to avoid him. She gathered the reins again in her hands and drove to the house.

VI

A VISITOR AT THE ESTANCIA

CYNTHIA accordingly held her tongue. Nevertheless, that evening Richard Walton said to her across the dinner table:

"So you were, after all, molested by one of the hands, Miss Cynthia."

"Molested!" cried Robert Daventry, indignantly.

Cynthia's face flamed.

"Who told you?" she asked of Richard Walton.

"Pedro."

Cynthia had not thought of the Gaucho. He had seemed so entirely uninterested, so utterly unalarmed.

"'Molested' is too strong a word," she said hastily. She now meant to make as light of the encounter as she possibly could. "It was very likely my fault. I got out of the trap and walked toward the wheat. It may be that the man fancied I wished to speak to him."

"What did he do?"

The question came from Joan Daventry.

"He sprang from his seat, ran to me, and stopped in front of me. That was all."

"Quite all?"

Cynthia nodded.

"He just stood and stared at me until Pedro drove up."

"Did he say nothing?"

"Not a word."

In spite of her resolve to treat the adventure lightly, Cynthia's voice grew troubled as she answered the questions. For she answered them with her eyes upon Joan Daventry's face, and she saw the perplexity there deepen into disquietude and misgiving. She turned toward Robert Daventry. Upon his face uneasiness was still more evident. He was plainly agitated. He sat listening in suspense. His indignation had gone.

Cynthia's fear revived under the stimulation of their anxiety. She continued slowly:

"But although he did me no harm, although he threatened none, there was something strange. He saw me at once. He ran so very quickly to me the moment I was within reach. He seemed almost to be looking out for me."

Joan sank back into her chair with a gesture of helplessness, which was all the more alarming because it was so singularly out of keeping with her character. Her eyes sought her husband's and sought them in dismay. Cynthia noticed both the gesture and the look. They kindled a vague terror in the girl. The wide brown plain was as a picture before her. She saw the great wheat-field glistening in the heat, a wind-wheel in a corner above a well, and this man with the evil eyes and the face of malice looking her over from head to foot.

"Yes," she said. "He seemed to be expecting me, and there was something else. He seemed to hate me"; and Robert Daventry with a cry sprang sharply to his feet.

Joan raised a quick warning hand. But the cry had been uttered; and with a sob Cynthia buried her face in her hands.

"I am frightened now," she said. "You frighten me."

Robert Daventry stood over her, clumsily remorseful, and laid his great hand on her shoulder.

"There's nothing to fear, Cynthia," he began. "Joan and I—" he broke off ab-

ruptly at a second warning from his wife. "We will pack that man off about his business to-morrow."

"Yes," said Mrs. Daventry. She had mastered her agitation, and now affected carelessness. "We can't really have Cynthia's birthday spoilt in this way."

"No, of course not," cried Robert Daventry, seizing upon this explanation of his distress. But he could not leave it in its simplicity. "It's abominable that Cynthia should have her birthday spoilt. She has only one a year, poor girl. That's what's troubling us, Cynthia. Nothing else. But it's enough to upset us, isn't it? To think that you should actually have your birthday spoilt—by one of my men, too."

So he went on, like a commentator on an ancient text, expanding the explanation, underlining it, and forcing upon Cynthia's intelligence its complete improbability. Even in the midst of her fears she could not but look with amusement toward Joan; and the two women exchanged the smile of their sex at the perennial clumsiness of man.

"He shall go first thing to-morrow morning," cried Mr. Daventry; and Richard Walton quietly rejoined:

"He has gone already. I paid him off this morning."

Mr. Daventry ceased abruptly from his vociferations.

"Thank you, Walton," he said. "Then that's ended," and he sat down.

But he had hardly taken his seat when the door opened and the parlor-maid brought to him upon a salver a folded slip of dirty paper.

"A man came with this to the door, sir. He is waiting for an answer."

Robert Daventry unfolded the slip and read the message written within it. He did not lift his eyes when he had read. He sat staring at the paper like a statue. And he sat amidst a deep silence. The cloud which had but now been lifted, had gathered once more above the heads of that small company. Though Robert Daventry did not speak, his long silence spoke for him; and though he schooled his face to composure, it was plain that he schooled it. A vague disquiet held the others at the table. Not one of them but had a conviction that this dirty, insignificant, scrap of writing announced a catastrophe.

Joan was the first to move. She walked round the table and stood behind her hus-

band. He did not hear the rustle of her gown; and he was not aware that she leaned over him to read the message until the pressure of her hand upon his shoulder reminded him that she was his ally.

"You had better see the man, Robert," she said. "He calls late, but probably he needs help."

Thus she sought to pass the message off.

"Very well, I will," said Robert. He turned to the parlor-maid. "Bring him to my study when I ring the bell."

"I will come with you," said Joan, as the servant went out from the room.

Richard Walton rose from his chair.

"Perhaps you would like me, too?"

"No, I don't think that's necessary," replied Joan Daventry. "But, perhaps, you would stay within sound of the bell. We don't know who this man is, or what he wants. If we ring again, you would know that we needed your advice."

"Certainly, I will be upon the lookout," said Walton, and he went from the room and crossed the hall to the servants' quarters. There he would hear the bell at once should it ring for him. Joan meanwhile turned with a smile to Cynthia.

"We will leave you here for a few minutes," she said, and the composure of her voice almost reassured the girl, would indeed have quite reassured her but for Robert Daventry. She saw that his hands trembled so that the paper shook in them, even as her hands had trembled this morning when she climbed up by the edge of the wheat into her cart.

"Yes, wait here, Cynthia," said Robert Daventry, as he got to his feet; and Cynthia noticed that while he spoke to her he altogether avoided the glance of her eyes. The old couple went out of the room together, leaving her alone, and carefully latched the door behind them. In the hall for a moment they stood resting from their pretence. A broken word or two burst from Robert Daventry:

"What shall we do, Joan? This is what we have dreaded always."

Joan raised her finger to her lips.

"Hush! Speak lower. What I said was true. We don't know who he is, or what he wants. He may not be the man who stopped her in the field at all."

Robert Daventry shook his head. It was rather his nature to run to meet misfortune if he saw its shadow in his way.

"What shall we do?" he repeated.

"Money will send him away," said Joan.

"And bring him back again," replied Robert hopelessly. "Sooner or later she will know"; and Joan threw up her head at his words.

"No," she said vigorously. "No."

At her left hand a door stood open upon a dark room. This was the smoking-room. She entered the room and crossed it to the opposite wall. Then she opened a door, and, advancing into this inner room, felt for the switch in the darkness and turned on the light. Bookcases, filled for the most part with books on agriculture, lined the room, a round table, littered with papers, occupied the centre, in the recess of a window stood a writing-desk. This was Robert Daventry's study. Her husband followed her, and saw that her finger was already on the bell.

"Let us decide what we are to do," he said, "before you ring."

Joan shook her head.

"We can't. We must be guided by what the man knows, and by what he wants. Only we admit nothing," she declared resolutely; and she pressed the bell. It rang in the passage by the kitchen, but Cynthia, left alone in the dining-room, heard it too.

The moment she heard it, Cynthia rose from her chair, and ran silently to the door. She unlatched it without a sound, and drew it toward her until it was just wide enough open for her to see through. There she stood grasping the door-knob, and in a moment a heavy foot sounded in the hall. Cynthia set her eyes to the chink. She saw first a maid-servant cross the hall, and pass into the smoking-room, and after the maid a man. The man was the reaper who had leapt from his machine and rushed toward her that morning. The maid-servant came back alone and crossed the hall again to the servants' quarters. A door was shut loudly—the door of Robert Daventry's study—and then another door opened noiselessly, and opened wide—the door of the dining-room. Cynthia came out into the hall. All the color had gone from her face, her eyes were wide with terror. The man meant her harm—not a doubt of it. He had some power to inflict the harm—that was sure. Otherwise why was he admitted, why were her friends in such concern?

Cynthia was quite alone in the hall now. Voices sounded faintly from the kitchen and in the room behind her a clock ticked. But there were no other sounds. She crossed to the threshold of the smoking-room and looked in. At the other end a bright bar of light on the floor held her eyes. The light came from the study. Cynthia watched it for a moment irresolute. But the temptation grew. She was sure that beyond that bright bar of light, behind that closed door, here in this far-away corner of Argentina, good and evil were at grips for her. A sense of loneliness suddenly possessed her, she longed for the neighborly noises of a city. And while she stood she heard her own name pronounced by Robert Daventry, and at once a harsh, strange voice rose in a laugh, loud and arrogant. She looked about her in a panic. She must fly, or she must know the truth, the whole of it, the worst of it. She stole swiftly and noiselessly into the room. Close by that bar of light a big, low chair stood against the wall. Cynthia crouched in the chair, her frock a blur of misty white in the darkness. There she remained, very still and quiet; and every word spoken in the study came clearly to her ears.

VII

BOTH SIDES OF THE DOOR

WITHIN the room the three people were standing, the reaper upon one side of the table, Joan and Robert Daventry close together upon the other. The reaper was still laughing.

"Cynthia!" he cried, repeating contemptuously the name which Robert Daventry had used. "There's no Cynthia. There's a very pretty little girl I saw this morning in the corn. But her pretty little name is Doris Challoner. And, taking all in all, it's the better name of the two."

He spoke with an easy and most disquieting assurance, but Joan had enough of that quality to meet with him in the gate. She had always been a good fighter; she had stood by her husband often enough in the early days of the estancia, when his nerve would have failed him but for her; and she was for putting up to-night the best fight of her whole long, active life. Money,

to her thinking, they could make again, old as they were, if the need came. But they could not open their hearts to a second Cynthia, even if they could find one.

"Nonsense," she answered, boldly. "Her name is Cynthia Daventry."

"Where was she born, then?" asked the reaper.

"In Patagonia."

"Never in this world," cried the man. "She was born in Concepcion, and that's her farthest south."

Joan shrugged her shoulders.

"We ought to know. She is my husband's niece."

A grin overspread the reaper's face.

"And is that so?" he asked, in a mock surprise. "I wasn't aware of it."

"Well, you are now," said Joan.

"Yes, and the news alters our relations altogether, doesn't it?" he said pleasantly.

He tossed his battered hat upon the table, pulled out a chair, and sat down in it at his ease, his legs stretched out, his hands deep in his pockets. He nodded familiarly to Joan.

"How do you do, sis?" He turned his face toward Mr. Daventry, "You have got a nice little place, brother Robert. Shows what honest work can do if persevered with day after day for a great number of consecutive years. Quite a nice little place. You haven't, by any chance, got a nice little cigar too, have you, Robert, for your long-lost brother?"

Robert Daventry's face grew red, and the veins swelled upon his forehead. He was a man quickly moved to passion, and quick, too, the passion exhausted, to swing back into doubts and hesitations. He blew either hot or cold, and, sooner or later, he was sure to blow cold. Now, however, his temper was up, and he brought his great fist down with violence upon the table.

"What do you mean by your insolence?" he shouted. "Stand up!"

Joan laid a hand upon the old man's arm, to restrain him. The reaper, for his part, never budged from his attitude.

"You have got a nerve," he said. "You tell me a pack of lies—that's all right, you've got money. But when I take you at your word, it's 'insolence' and 'stand up.' How's that, if you please?" He sat and laughed for a little in contemptuous jerks. "Your niece, indeed! The girl's my daughter."

Neither Joan nor Robert believed him for a moment. They thought of Cynthia, and compared that image at their hearts with the actual man who sprawled on the chair in front of them. Robert counted him up, his heavy features, his grime-engrained, spoilt hands, the whole degraded, unkempt look of him. Cynthia's father! The claim was preposterous.

"Her father!" cried Robert Daventry, leaning across the table. "Look at yourself in the glass!"

The sneer stung the reaper to a fury. He sprang to his feet, and from habit his hand slipped to the knife at the back of his waistband. But he mastered himself in a second or two. He was there for other ends than violence, and he withdrew his hand.

"I sha'n't forget that," he said, in a perfectly quiet voice, which contrasted in the strangest way with the convulsion of his face. "You got home there. Right home"; and he sat down again.

Joan interposed before her husband could say another word, and used soft words. The man was not Cynthia's father to be sure, but he knew something of the girl's history. That was certain—and more than either Joan or Robert knew themselves. If she was to fight her battle with success, she must know what he knew.

"You could not expect us to accept your mere statement," she said.

"No, that's reasonable," said the reaper, and he began his story. But the insult rankled in his breast, and as he spoke he kept turning a murderous eye on the man who had inflicted it.

He told the story of the earthquake at Valparaiso, and the flight of James Challoner across the Andes. It was a story told with a wealth of detail, and difficult altogether to discredit. Neither Joan nor Robert did altogether discredit it. It might be true or it might not. This man might have obtained it from James Challoner, or might somehow have come across it by himself. But they were still convinced he could not be James Challoner himself.

"We shall want more proof than that," said Joan calmly, and Robert nodded his head. Neither of them had felt more confidence than at this moment since the crumpled slip of paper had been brought into the dining-room.

But outside the door Cynthia, huddled in the great chair with her ear to the door, listened with a growing terror. She had never doubted until this hour that she was the daughter of Robert Daventry's brother. She had been secure in that belief. Now the security was going. She clutched the arms of her chair, feeling the whole world slipping from beneath her feet—even as it slipped at Valparaiso. For certain memories, quite clear in her mind, were being explained to her. An open hill-side at night, a strange red light upon the world, the crash of houses, little flames creeping, and ships quietly at anchor on the smoothest of seas—that was one picture in her memories which had often puzzled her, which would puzzle her no longer if she believed the story which was being told on the other side of the door. She remembered too a long journey amongst mountains, and a bridge over a deep and narrow torrent, and many people with kind faces who spoke to her.

"Of course, it isn't certain," she pleaded to herself, desperately; and the husky voice behind the door began again:

"I travelled down to Buenos Ayres by train. I had little money, and no prospects, and a child on my hands. I couldn't make a home for her. So I went straight to the foundling hospital. It stands back in a garden, and is kept by some wealthy sisters. There's a turnstile in the brick wall of the garden, a little iron turnstile—but you know it well, both of you"; and he broke off with a laugh.

Inside the study Joan and Robert Daventry, still remained unconvinced. Outside Cynthia was persuaded.

"It's true then," she whispered to herself. "It's quite true"; and she wrung her hands in the darkness, and her voice broke in a sob. She had no longer any shadow of doubt. The turnstile in the brick wall was for her the overwhelming proof.

Examined in a court of law by the rules of evidence, it might seem flimsy enough. To Cynthia, it was complete corroboration of the testimony of her memories. The turnstile in the brick wall—the one ugly thing in her imagined wonderland of heroes—the turnstile which had always been there before the land was—how had it come there, she asked herself? And she was in no doubt

as to the answer. The turnstile was a memory too. It was the turnstile of a founding hospital, where her father had left her and gone his way. No wonder, she reflected bitterly, it was the one ugly thing in her world of fancies.

She leaned back, shivering, with her hands covering her face. She was humiliated, but she was still more terrified. Shame cut deep, but fear touched the very nerves of her heart. The man who had rushed this morning at her was her father, and she remembered the malice of his smile, and the evil, covetous look of him as he appraised her. She grew hot, now, as she thought upon it.

"What harm does he mean?" she asked; and suddenly she sat forward on the edge of her chair, quivering from head to foot like a spring some touch had released. For her father's voice rose again:

"I tied a bootlace round the child's arm. I can't say that I ever thought to come back for her. But there's a convention in these things, isn't there?" he added with a grin. "I have been a conservative all my life, and now I have found the advantage of it."

"How?" asked Joan. "Even if your story were true, your daughter wouldn't be wearing a bootlace or even the mark of it round her arm now."

"No, from the look of her she'd be more likely to be wearing a diamond bangle, bless her! But all the same the bootlace helps."

"How?"

Again the implacable question was uttered by Joan. She must know all that this man had upon his side by way of argument. That was her first necessity.

"How does the bootlace help?"

"It helps because the child wearing that bootlace was received by the same old ladies who allowed you a few months afterward to adopt her—that's how. Don't you leave those old ladies out of your reckoning, Mrs. Daventry, or you will run up against a snag. I went back to the founding a year ago and claimed my daughter."

"You did?" cried Joan. She was startled. For a moment, too, she was disconcerted. She herself knew nothing of any such visit. But the statement was so easily capable of proof that the reaper would hardly have made it, had it not been true. And she was quick to see how strong a presump-

tion such a visit would create, that he was the girl's father. Then she sprang to the weak point in the statement.

"If it were true that Cynthia was your daughter, and that you claimed her a year ago, how is it that you wait until a chance meeting in a field brings you face to face?"

"There's no chance about it, believe me," James Challoner returned. For it was he. The delicate manners had been rubbed off him, the gentle voice, which had charmed so many dollars from reluctant pockets long ago at Punta del Inca, had thickened and grown husky, the well-knit figure had spread to heaviness. But this was James Challoner, after fourteen years had told their tale. "The old ladies lied to me. Yes, actually lied to me," and he spread out his hands in indignation. "Lie to a father about his daughter! They were religious people too!"

"If they did lie," Robert Daventry burst in, "they did the best thing they ever did in all their good lives."

James Challoner waved Robert Daventry and his outburst aside. He kept his eyes fixed upon Joan's face.

"Yes, they lied to me," he said. "I gave them the day and the month and the year, when I placed Doris on the turnstile. They pretended to make inquiries, and they lied to me. They told me she was dead. Ah!" and he suddenly leaned forward and pointed an accusing finger at Joan, "You are glad to hear that. Yes, I thought you would be."

Try as she did, Joan had not been able to keep a flash of joy out of her face.

"It's a matter of indifference to me," she replied, "since Cynthia is not your child."

She still clung obstinately to that belief. He might have heard the story from James Challoner, and James Challoner might be dead. Any hypothesis was possible in her eyes, except the one which was true. She would not have it that this man was Cynthia's father.

"Oh, is it a matter of indifference to you!" said Challoner ironically. "I will tell you something that won't be. Those old ladies lied just as clumsily as I have ever seen it done. Poor old souls, they were rattled out of their senses at the thought of the sin they were committing. A child could have seen they were lying—as I did who am no child. And I began to

cast about for a reason for the lie. It wasn't very difficult to find it. Some one had adopted her, some one they didn't want me to discover, some one rich, then, I reckoned, who could give the girl a position."

At the word "rich" Robert and Joan exchanged a glance. So much were they disconcerted by Challoner's knowledge and assurance that now they hoped rather than feared that blackmail was the end he had in view.

"So I began to make inquiries," continued Challoner. "I found out who were the patrons, who took most interest in the institution, and amongst them who had adopted a child. I came upon you in the end." And again he began to laugh. "Those poor innocent old women had actually given me the date when you took Doris away as the date of the child's death. It took me a little time to find out all about you; and when I had found out I had no money. So I had to work my way along until I reached you. But I have reached you," he exclaimed, lolling back in his chair, "and, by George, the very first day I am at work here, out the girl comes to meet me. Why, I recognized her in a second"; and Joan slipped in, as she thought, under his guard. With a thrill of delight she believed that he had made a mistake, and a mistake which would discredit every word of his story.

"Recognized her!" she repeated scornfully. "And the last time, when, on your own showing, you saw her she was three years old!"

Challoner, however, merely smiled at her.

"If you had a family at your back, old lady, you wouldn't be so high," he said; and once more Robert Daventry interposed.

"Speak respectfully to my wife," he cried.

"What, are you butting in again?" asked Challoner, with a look of surprise. "You didn't do any good, you know, the last time you interfered."

Once more Joan was called upon to restrain her husband. She saw the man convicted of a lie, and she did not mean to lose the advantage of that conviction.

"How did you recognize her?" she asked, smiling in her turn. "How did you recognize in the girl of seventeen the child of three?"

"I'll tell you," said Challoner confidently. "And, by the way, she's not seventeen to-day. It might interest you to know that. She's seventeen and a half. She was born on the seventeenth of July."

"Keep to the point," said Joan.

"Certainly, I will," replied Challoner, "though it's by no means necessary to substantiate my authority—yes," and his voice suddenly rang out loud upon the word, so that Cynthia in the darkness on the other side of the door shivered as if she had been struck, "yes, my authority. I don't say that she's like what she was when she was three. I don't even say she's like her mother. She isn't. She's a Challoner—and in the Challoners' home, by Wareham in Dorsetshire, there are some pictures worth looking at. I sat opposite one of them at the dinner table all through my boyhood, and whenever I was at home afterward—until I came out here. It was the portrait of my great-great-grandmother, painted by Romney, when she was a girl; and I tell you the girl who came stepping so prettily across the field this morning, in her white frock and big straw hat, might have stepped right out of that picture frame. That's how I recognized her."

He ended on a note of triumph, and for the first time Joan's confidence failed her altogether. It was not, of course, a conclusive piece of evidence, gauged by any laws of reasoning, but just as Challoner's description of the turnstile had convinced Cynthia outside the door because of the particular illumination it lent to an obscure fancy, so this detail of the picture did more to convince Joan Daventry than the rest of the story. Some portions of that story she knew to be true: the bootlace, the abandonment of the child. But what she had obstinately been combating was the contention that it was true of this man who sat before her. He might have learnt it all from the real father; he might now be seeking to make his profit out of the knowledge. That had been her hope. But it failed her now. For the particular detail of the girl's resemblance, now that she was seventeen, to the Romney portrait in the Challoners' dining-room he could not have learned from another. It did suggest that the man in front of her was the Challoner he claimed to be. Of course the detail might have been invented. But it did not sound to her

invented; and, so far as her knowledge could test it, the rest of his story was true. She looked him over again with new eyes.

"But you can't prove that," she said. "Even if it were true, you couldn't prove it."

"Should I need to?" asked Challoner. "After I had put those old ladies from the Foundling into the witness-box, should I need to, Mrs. Daventry? Would they stick to their lie? Any tenth-rate attorney could turn 'em inside out as easy as an old glove, if they tried to. But they wouldn't try—and you know it as well as I do."

Challoner had put his finger on the danger-spot of the Daventrys' position. Those two old ladies would have suffered much heart-searching before they told their lie, and not a little remorse afterward. Questioned upon their oaths they would speak the truth, and the whole truth. Of that Joan felt sure.

"There are men, too, in Buenos Ayres who knew me when I was in Chile," Challoner continued; and then once more Robert Daventry interposed.

"But you wouldn't be mad enough to go to law with us," he cried, and Challoner laughed.

"Oh, yes, I would, and I would put you into the witness-box, too. A pretty figure you would cut, with your Patagonian brother, eh? I wouldn't bring my action here, of course, in this district. You've got your local syndic in your pocket, I grant you. But the law runs in Buenos Ayres nowadays, and don't you forget it."

Robert Daventry turned aside to hide his discomfiture, and walked once or twice across the room. He had no doubt that this man was James Challoner and Cynthia's father. His story was too circumstantial to be disputed. Moreover, neither he nor Joan could publicly dispute it. There had been no brother in Patagonia. He turned abruptly to Challoner: "How much do you want?"

Joan moved quickly to his side with a cry of protest. Money it might be necessary to pay, but it must be asked for, not offered. To offer it was to admit the claim.

"What are you saying, Robert?" she cried.

Robert turned to her quietly.

"It must come to that in the end. Why not now and have done with it? How much?"

A smile of triumph broadened over Challoner's face. Outside the door Cynthia leaned forward, her hands clasped over her heart in an agony of suspense. Why didn't he answer? Why was he so long?"

The answer came at length:

"I want my daughter, nothing else. She is not of age. I have a right to her I'll take her away with me to-night."

Cynthia crouched back in her chair, clasping its arms tightly with her hands, and making herself very small. To Joan and Robert Daventry the demand was incredible, even though their ears had heard it. Challoner could not mean it. It was an expedient to raise the price. But Cynthia had caught a note of malice in his voice which brought back before her eyes the malice of his looks as he had stood before her in the field. He meant to take her away, and that night. She glanced toward the door. To leave her home, to be swallowed up in the darkness with this stranger for her companion! She clung to the chair in a panic of terror. Then she heard Robert Daventry repeating the words in a daze:

"You want to take her away? Cynthia?" And as though the meaning of Challoner's demand for the first time broke in on him, "Never!" he cried violently.

"I want to take her away to-night"; and now the malice in Challoner's voice was audible to Joan too. She stared at him over the table. He sat nodding his head at her with little quick movements, his eyes very bright, and a horrid smile about his mouth. She remembered what Cynthia herself had said: "He seemed to hate me."

"You grudge her her happiness, her life with us!" she exclaimed; and Challoner beat his fist upon the table in a sudden anger.

"Is it strange?" he cried. "All these years here she has been sitting soft and walking daintily. What have I been doing? 'Look at yourself in a glass'—That's what you said," and he turned to Robert Daventry. "I told you I'd remember it, and I do. A fine life I have had of it for fourteen years. *Matte* tea and enough work a day to throw a trades-unionist into hysterics! No wonder I've lost my looks."

All the bitterness of his fourteen years of degradation seemed to be concentrated in

his words. The easy good-humor with which he had begun had vanished. He was a man venomous with grievances. He was still the old James Challoner in this; he had enemies, only now the enemies were not a few to be searched for through a list, but all who had a sixpence in their pockets. Joan herself was frightened. She realized the mistake which she and her husband had made in their eagerness to disbelieve the story of this man. She understood now that when she had thought of Cynthia and compared her with the reaper, she had been thinking only of the flower and had omitted her own assiduous cultivation of the plant. She recognized now that the look of race which fourteen years of luxury had refined in the girl, fourteen years of degradation might well have obliterated in the man.

"I have had enough of it," cried James Challoner. "It's now her turn."

"But we offer you freedom from that life," said Joan, and her voice began to plead.

"I want my daughter," Challoner retorted implacably.

"But you can't make a home for her," said Robert Daventry.

Challoner chuckled, and his voice lost its violence.

"You must take me for a softy," he said with a drawl of amusement. "I mean her to make a home for me, where I can do a bit of sitting soft and recover my good looks."

"But she can't make a home for you," said Joan.

"Oh, yes she can."

"How?"

Cynthia outside the door waited in a despairing bewilderment. The changed tones of those whom she had looked upon as her parents assured her that the reaper had authority and rights, could claim her, could take her away. But how, she asked herself, was she to make a home for him? She had learned no profession, practised no art. The tears rose to her eyes and flowed down her cheeks; and the answer came.

"She's a rare one for looks," said Challoner. His eyes narrowed to slits and his face became mean and despicable to look upon. "You'll not find her equal strolling under the lamps of Buenos Ayres."

Joan flinched and uttered a cry. The movement was that of one who has been

slapped in the face. Cynthia felt her heart stand still within her breast. She had lived in Buenos Ayres, where knowledge comes quickly to women. She was neither ignorant nor a fool. She understood, and once more her eyes went to the door. It was all quiet in the hall. A few quick steps and she would be out of the house. She rose from her chair. For the dark night, which a minute before had so appalled her, now appealed to her as a friend and refuge. But as she turned, she heard Robert Daventry say in a choking voice:

"Go! or I'll have you thrown out"; and the bell rang violently.

"Oh, is that the game?" replied Challoner.

Daventry strode round the room.

"Not a word! Go! I loathe you."

And the door was wrenched violently open. Cynthia had just time to drop into her chair. She heard her father's voice close to her, and no longer through the panels of a door. She cowered down, covering her face with her hands, and drawing in her feet.

"All right, I'll go," said Challoner. "I can afford to go. For I have the law on my side."

"The law! Try it!"

"I will."

Challoner was standing in the doorway now. He was looking back into the study. But he had only to turn his head to see that blur of misty white in the chair, only to bend down and draw the trembling hands from the girl's face to find his daughter in his grasp. Cynthia lay holding her breath, ready at a touch of him to swoon.

"She's my daughter. All your money won't get over that. Just wait and see. I'll come back with the law at my side, and take her away—yes—if I have to tie her hand and foot to take her."

He flung out across the smoking-room, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Joan and Robert Daventry followed quickly behind him, afraid lest he should force his way into the dining-room, where they had left Cynthia. Not one of them saw the girl huddled in the great chair in the dark room. Richard Walton came into the hall.

"I'll see you off the premises," he said to Challoner, and a moment afterward the front door slammed.

With the slamming of that door Cynthia seemed to swim back into life; and all at once there came upon her a great longing for comfort and kind words. She was hurt and humiliated as she had never thought to be. It seemed to her that she was tainted, and she was terribly afraid. She took a swift step toward the door, and there Joan's voice speaking in a whisper arrested her.

She was standing with her husband by the dining-room, and seeking to compose her agitation before she entered it. Her voice was still shaking from her encounter.

"Not a word to Cynthia," she said. "We sha'n't let her go, Robert," and her voice was very wistful, and appealed for confirmation of her words. "So there's no need to trouble her—as this story would trouble her."

"No, we'll not say a word to her," replied Robert. He made an effort to be hearty, but it quite failed to hide his distress. "We shall find a way out somehow when we think it all over. No, we'll not breathe a word, my dear. Cynthia's birthday mustn't be spoilt," and, thoroughly miserable, the old couple went into the dining-room and closed the door behind them.

Cynthia made up her mind. Since they wished her not to know, since it would add so much to their distress if they learned that she did know, she would keep her knowledge to herself. It seemed to her then a small return to make to them for their devotion, but it was to cost her much more than she imagined. She would wait, schooling herself to patience, hiding her fears. But she could not face her friends to-night and keep her secret. For that she had not the strength. She ran swiftly and silently up to her room and flung herself upon her bed and buried her face in the pillows. There she lay trembling until the thought came to her that Joan would not retire without coming to ask why she had gone upstairs so early. She undressed and was hardly in bed before Joan knocked on the door.

"I had a headache," said Cynthia. "It is the heat, no doubt. I shall be myself in the morning."

"You are sure? You wouldn't like the doctor?" Joan asked anxiously.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Cynthia.

Joan put her hand to the switch of the light, and Cynthia started up in bed with a wild gesture.

"Don't turn the light out, please, mother," she cried; and the next moment feared that Joan would have heard the terror underneath her words. But Joan herself was occupied. She kissed Cynthia and left her alone with the light burning in her room.

VIII

THE FLIGHT

BUT though the light burned in her room, Cynthia did not sleep till daybreak. For the first few hours there was a strange bustle about the passages of the house, for which she did not seek at all to find a cause. She welcomed it for its companionship. Familiar voices informed her that her friends were awake about her, and she was comforted. She tried to fall asleep before the noise should cease, but gradually the estancia sank into silence, and she was still awake. Then began her hours of terror. Her window was open, and every flutter of the night air which shook the curtains was her father's coarse, strong hand upon the sill. If she closed her eyes for a moment, his dark and evil face was already bending over her, as she lay helpless in her bed. If she heard a wardrobe crack it was he stepping clumsily about the room. Half the night she spent crouching up in her bed, her eyes wild with fear, her heart racing and stopping, while she listened for the sound of his footsteps outside the house. And she heard them; did a twig snap on a tree in the garden, she heard them. There was he, prowling about the walls, watching, perhaps, for just her light to be put out before he slipped in through a window to take her away. If she heard no sounds, then he was already in the house, creeping along the corridor toward her door. From the moment that particular fear seized hold upon her, her eyes were fixed in an agony of suspense upon the long mirror in her room. The door was at her right hand, set in the wall against which the head of her bed was placed. A high screen stood by the side of the bed and hid it from her altogether. But across the room the long mirror faced her, and by looking at its

bright surface she could see whether the door opened or not. It was a white door, with a round brass handle, and, continually, she was very sure that she saw the handle turn. In her frantic imaginings her father's very semblance changed. Gross though he was, still more she distorted him, making his likeness fit with the knowledge which she had of him. He meant to drag her away, and batten on what she had of youth and freshness and good looks; and this, out of malice almost as much as for profit, and to punish her for the happiness of her life. He swelled into some grotesque and corpulent thing of evil with a fat, loathsome face and gripping hands.

The night was a night of disillusionment for Cynthia. Romance was stunned in her. All her pretty dreams, wherein she shyly walked with the bright ones of the earth, were rent and blown to space like gossamer. She seemed separated from them by a generation of years. She looked back upon them with derision. A fine heroine she was to be if that door opened. She was to walk—yes—but under the gas-lamps, and not shyly, and with any who would. That was the plan deliberately conceived for her and conceived by her own father. The mere thought of it seemed to sully her, to make her unworthy. She remembered that only that morning she had sent a telegram to Captain Rames, with a thrill of excitement, as though she were doing a remarkable thing. She had actually *dared*. She sat up, and in the bitterness of her heart laughed at the great significance she had set upon herself. Her father had a different view of her importance, and from head to foot she ached with the pain of her humiliation.

Thus through the long hours she swung between terror and abasement, each one mastering her in turn. Once she started up with a despairing cry as she imagined her father driving her out into the street with blows.

Could she make her living? "I shouldn't know what to buy or how to use it," she cried miserably, bethinking that at the worst she must kill herself. At another moment she would recall with a pang of contempt her enchanted garden and scorch its flowers with her ridicule. She would walk in that garden no more. It was closed. She had been an imposter in it always. It was a

place of falsities. There was but one true, real thing in it all—the turnstile in the wall which gave admission to its precincts. Yes, that was true, and the turnstile, with all it meant of shame and indifference, became to her a new epitome of life.

Gradually the night wore through. A finger of gray light slipped through the curtains, and was laid upon the ceiling of the room. Birds began to sing in the garden. Cynthia turned out her light and fell asleep at last. She slept late and woke to just such another day of heat as yesterday. She lay for a moment, happily convinced that all which had occurred last night had occurred only in a dream. But she looked into the mirror across the room and saw the door, and the truth was made known to her. These things had happened.

Certainly the door was still closed, the night had passed. But other nights would follow, and through the closed door, not her father, but fear and shame had passed to bear her company. She came down to breakfast pale and heavy-eyed, and found Joan and Robert Daventry already at the table. She was afraid lest they should remark the alteration in her looks, and set herself to counterfeit an air of gaiety. It was not very successful, but Joan and Robert Daventry were making precisely the same pretence, with still poorer results. They could not meet her eyes any more than she theirs; and they were trying for the sake of her happiness to hide from her a catastrophe, the knowledge of which for the sake of their happiness she was trying to hide from them. Thus they all talked with great speed about things of no importance, and laughed noisily whether laughter was appropriate or not, until Robert Daventry suddenly turned to Cynthia and blurted out with an affected blitheness:

"I hope, my dear, that you haven't made many absolutely unalterable arrangements for the summer." And Cynthia turned as white as the table-cloth and looked suddenly down to hide the terror in her eyes. They were going to give her up, then! That was her first despairing thought. No doubt it could not be helped. They were compelled to.

"No," she answered faintly. "No arrangements that cannot be altered. I was going to stay for a week with—" and as she compared the summer which she had

planned with that which awaited her, she stopped, lest the choking of her voice should betray her.

"That's well," continued Robert, "for you have a journey to make, Cynthia. I have had a telegram this morning from England. I bought some property in Warwickshire a few years ago. We thought you would not perhaps want to live all your life in the Argentine after we had gone. So we bought it for you. But it appears there's some sort of lawyer's trouble over the title."

"We have known there was some trouble," Joan hastened to explain, "for quite a long time. But until this telegram arrived we did not think it very serious."

"Now we know that it is," continued Robert, "and I am afraid that we must go to England and attend to it. Luckily, we have Walton now to look after the estancia." And since Cynthia made no reply, but still looked upon the cloth, he continued in some perplexity: "I hope, my dear, you won't be disappointed. Joan and I, indeed, were inclined to be confident that you would enjoy the trip."

"And, of course, I shall," cried Cynthia; and now she raised her head and gazed at her friends with shining eyes. She had not dared to yield her face to their scrutiny in the first revulsion of her feelings. Even now the room whirled about her. "I shall be delighted to go with you. When shall we start?"

"Yes, that's the point," said Mr. Daventry uncomfortably. "The telegram is very urgent, and there's a boat sailing from Buenos Ayres to-morrow. I am afraid, Cynthia, that we must catch it. There's certain to be no difficulty about cabins just at this time of the year, and, in fact, I have already telegraphed to retain them. So you see we must leave Daventry by the night train. Can you be ready?"

"Of course," said Cynthia.

The color came again into her pale cheeks and made them rosy, and the smile returned to her lips. No telegram had come. The bustle in the corridors during the early hours of the evening was explained to her. Over night, Robert and Joan had made up their minds to an instant flight, and had set about their preparations. Cynthia drew her breath again. She resumed life and some part of her faith in life.

The world was not peopled with James Challoners, as, in the shock of her horror, she had almost been persuaded. Here were two who, for her sake, were abandoning their home and the place which their labors had made for them in the country of their adoption. Her great trouble during that day of hurried preparation was to avoid blurting out to her two friends her gratitude and her knowledge.

They travelled by night and, reaching Buenos Ayres in the morning, drove straight along the Docks to their ship. Once on board, Cynthia noticed that Joan made this and that excuse about the arrangement of her cabin, to keep her from the deck until the steamer had warped out into the basin. Then she gave a sigh of relief and sat down in a chair.

"You won't mind, dear, will you?" she said. "We shall probably be kept some time in England. But you will soon make friends. Robert was speaking about it last night. He said it was a good hunting country, and that we could get you some fine horses and—" and suddenly she felt Cynthia's arms about her neck, and the girl's tears upon her cheeks.

"My dear, my dear, you are too kind to me!" cried Cynthia. "I don't mind about the horses, if only you'll keep me with you."

"Of course, of course," said Mrs. Daventry. "What should we do without you ourselves?"

The screw was churning up the mud of the River Plate, the flat banks dotted with low trees were slipping past the port-holes.

"Let us go out and get the steward to arrange our chairs on deck," said Mrs. Daventry. She put Cynthia's outburst down, not to any guess at the true reason of their flight, but to a young girl's moment of emotion.

The steamer put into Monte Video, and Santos, and Rio, and glided northward along the woods and white sands of Brazil. It passed one morning into the narrows of the Cape Verde Islands, and there was dressed from stem to stern with flags.

Cynthia asked the reason of the first officer, who was leaning beside her on the rail; and for answer he pointed northward to a small black ship which was coming down toward them, and handed to her his binocular.

"That's the *Perhaps*, bound for the South," he said; and he saw the girl's face flush red.

She put the glasses to her eyes, and gazed for a long while at the boat. The *Perhaps* was a full-rigged ship, with auxiliary steam, broad in the beam, with strong, rounded bows. She had the trade-wind behind her, and came lumbering down the channel with every sail set upon her yards.

“But she’s so small,” cried Cynthia.

“She has to be small,” replied the first officer. “Length’s no use for her work. Look at us! We should crack like a filbert in the ice-pack. She won’t.”

“But she’s out for three years,” said Cynthia.

“There’ll be a relief ship with fresh stores, no doubt. And there are not many of them on board, twenty-nine all told.”

Cynthia looked again, and held the glasses to her eyes until the boats drew level. She could make out small figures upon the bridge and deck; she saw answering signals break out in answer to their own good wishes; and then the name in new, gold letters came out upon the black stern beneath the counter.

“Thank you,” she said as she handed back the glasses. But her eyes were still fixed upon that full-rigged ship lumbering heavily to the unknown South.

“I am very glad to have seen the *Perhaps*,” she said slowly.

The first officer looked at her curiously. There was a quiver of emotion in her voice.

“Perhaps you have friends on board,” he said. “If you have, I envy them.”

“No,” she said slowly. “I know no one on board. But I am glad to have seen the ship, for I was interested in it in a part of my life which is now over.”

The first officer was about to smile. Here was a remarkably pretty girl of seven-

teen or so, talking about a part of her life which was over! But the big, dark-blue eyes swept round and rested gravely on his face, and he bowed to her with a fitting solemnity.

Cynthia exaggerated, no doubt, taking herself seriously as young girls will. But the shock of that last night in the estancia had wrought something of a revolution in her thoughts. Though James Challoner no longer seemed to grip her hand, she walked in the chill shadow of his presence. Nor did that shadow quite lift even when she had landed in England.

They travelled into Warwickshire, and so came to that white house behind the old wall of red brick on the London road which Robert Daventry had once coveted for himself and had afterward bought for Cynthia. The Daventrys made it their home now. Though Cynthia never read a word about it in the papers, that disputed title took a long while in the settling. Robert Daventry resumed the old ties. Joan, with Cynthia at her side, found the making of new ones not the laborious business she had feared, and Cynthia had her horses and as many friends as she had room for in her life. But the shadow was still about her. James Challoner might have found the means to follow them to England. At any corner of a lane she might discover his gross and sinister figure upon the path. A few miles away, the ancient city of Ludsey lifted high its old steeples and its modern chimneys. She was always secretly upon her guard in its climbing streets. There was always in her life a mirror facing a closed door, and at her heart a great fear lest she should see the door open.

(To be continued.)

“REPROACH NOT DEATH”

By Florence Earle Coates

REPROACH not Death, nor charge to him, in wonder,
The lives that he doth separate awhile;
But think how many hearts that ache, asunder,
Death—pitying Death—doth join and reconcile!



The Thames barge is as distinctive of rigging, design, and seamanship as the Yarmouth smack.—Page 569.

THE PORT OF LONDON RIVER

By Ralph D. Paine

THE Thames that most of us know is a toy river in a fair country of lawns and meadows wonderfully green, of gray manor-houses and parks of ancient oaks, where

the levels between the locks are crowded with skiffs, punts, and small pleasure steamers, and every nook and bight of shaded shore has its picnic party. This is astonishingly unlike the Thames that sailors know. Where it meets the brown tide which swirls up from the sea they call it London River and as such it was famed in their chanties when the Yankee packets were storming across the Atlantic and the tall East India-men swung abreast of Gravesend or dropped down past the Nore. No bright plaything for summer holidays is London River but a crowded road of empire, the turbid thoroughfare of a seaport great and ancient.

Much of this commerce is hidden from the casual eye because the shipping is scattered along twenty-five miles of the stream. In the heart of the city itself the waterfront contains so many stretches of archaic

picturesque dilapidation and such compelling associations with a storied past that Elizabethan England is rather suggested than the age of steel and steam and the wireless telegraph. There is no line of modern quays and wharves, no spacious harbor. The river is a great deal too small for its traffic and large ships must seek the inland docks dug out of the flat landscape far below London.

The coastwise craft and steamers trading with the ports of Europe huddle in the Upper and the Lower Pool from London Bridge to the reach on the seaward side of Tower Bridge, or moor beside dingy warehouses that lip the tide, or are tucked away in secluded, obsolete basins behind walls and tenements where you would never dream of looking to find anything afloat. It is this antiquated part of maritime London which can be seen in glimpses from the bridges or the Embankment, the close packed steamers painted in many colors, the drifting barges, the agile tugs, and over all a haze, blended of smoke and mist, which softens and mellows without concealing.

Because the fairway is so narrow and incredibly congested, the sense of movement, of an incessant coming and going, is enhanced. All day long spars and funnels are sliding past, and at night winking lights, red and green and white, are arrayed in shifting constellations. Vessels under way literally shove through the press, and a din of whistles, imploring, warning, and scolding, swells the hubbub of winches, derricks, and the creak and whine of running-gear which of all sounds is most suggestive of the sea. The palpitant industry of the river is quiet only when a fog smothers it in a gray blanket.

To gain even a passing acquaintance with the Thames below London Bridge one must go on a pilgrimage afloat. The ancient fraternity of Thames watermen still flourishes, although its members no longer sport tall hats, full-skirted red coats and great silver badges. The waterman must serve his long apprenticeship as of yore, however, before he can lay claim to this honorable title of his calling, and he may be trusted to take his skiff through the turmoil of shipping without mishap. Passengers are scarce these days and he earns his living hardily, poking about at all hours, dredging for lost anchors, fishing up coal from overset barges, releasing fouled moorings, and picking up up stuff gone adrift.



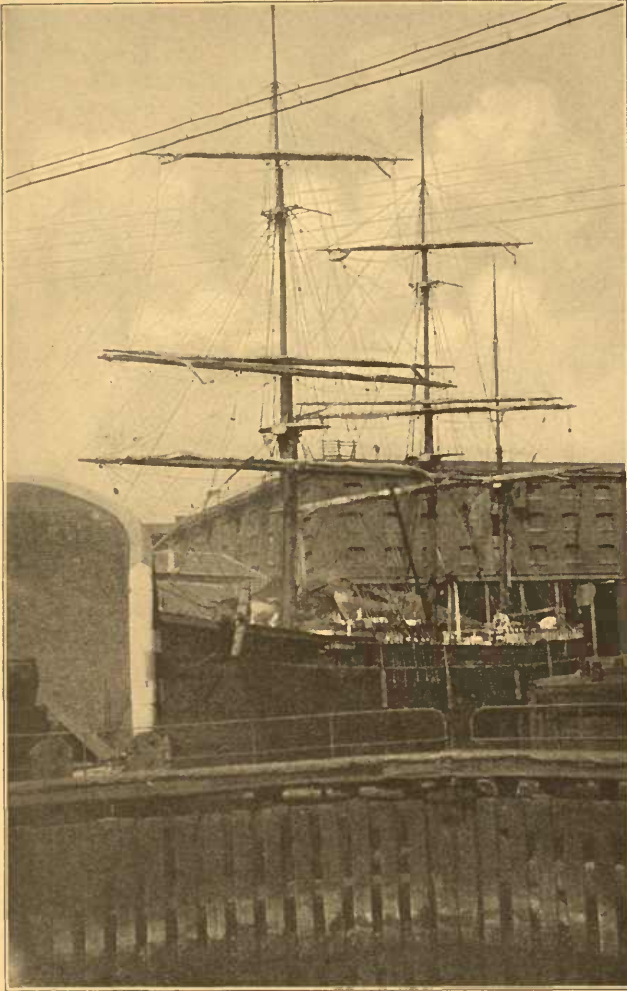
The ancient fraternity of Thames watermen still flourishes.



Two schooner sailor-men of Limehouse.

Likely enough he is an elderly man, strong of arm and slow of speech, his weather-beaten countenance puckered about the eyes from much squinting into smoke and fog. A handy place to set out with him for a leisurely voyage down river is the landing stage hard by London Bridge. As he ships his oars and the skiff shoots out of the eddy which makes inshore, the London of the landsman vanishes as abruptly as if a curtain had been lowered. The waterman deftly steers through the gloomy, echoing arch of this London Bridge which stood in ruder form a thousand years ago, and then, as now, the vessels passed beneath its causeway. Danish galleys with oars double-banked, Anglo-Saxon merchantmen spreading one huge square-sail amidships, Kentish herring-fishermen, traders from France and Flanders, and the clumsy little men-of-war of King Edgar's "grand navie" of four thousand sail.

Near the herded steamers of the Upper Pool rise Billingsgate Market buildings and the fleet of sea-scarred fish carriers from the Dogger Bank. The breeze brings a whiff of peat smoke from the cabin chimneys of the bluff-bowed, red, yellow, and blue eel-schuits, or sloops, which come from Friesland. They suggest a land of dykes and pollards, of placid waters and slowly revolving windmills. These homely ves-



Below Tower Bridge are the gates leading to Saint Katharine and London Docks.—Page 571.

sels, almost unchanged in models and rigging, have been supplying London with Dutch eels since the time of Edward III, who granted a special charter to this effect. And inasmuch as this monarch began to reign in 1327, these are eels with pedigrees and some claim to historical notice.

Billingsgate is a place of strong smells, but the language is not as strong as of yore. The expletives of the booted, scaly fishermen and porters, as heard in passing, lack fire and originality, and one feels reprehensible disappointment. The waterman catches hold of a trailing rope at the stern of a Spanish fruit steamer and listens ad-

miringly to the dialogue which floats from the decks of a "dumb barge" (this time misnamed), and a bawley-boat loaded with shrimps. They have collided with a prodigious bump and the skippers are employing profanity which has the spark of true invective, the kind that crackles and stings. "Billin'sgate is a ladies' parlor alongside o' that," says the waterman. "A bargee with a gift o' langwidge like that blighter yonder had ought to be in Parliament, so help me. He makes 'is meanin' quite clear, don't he, sir."

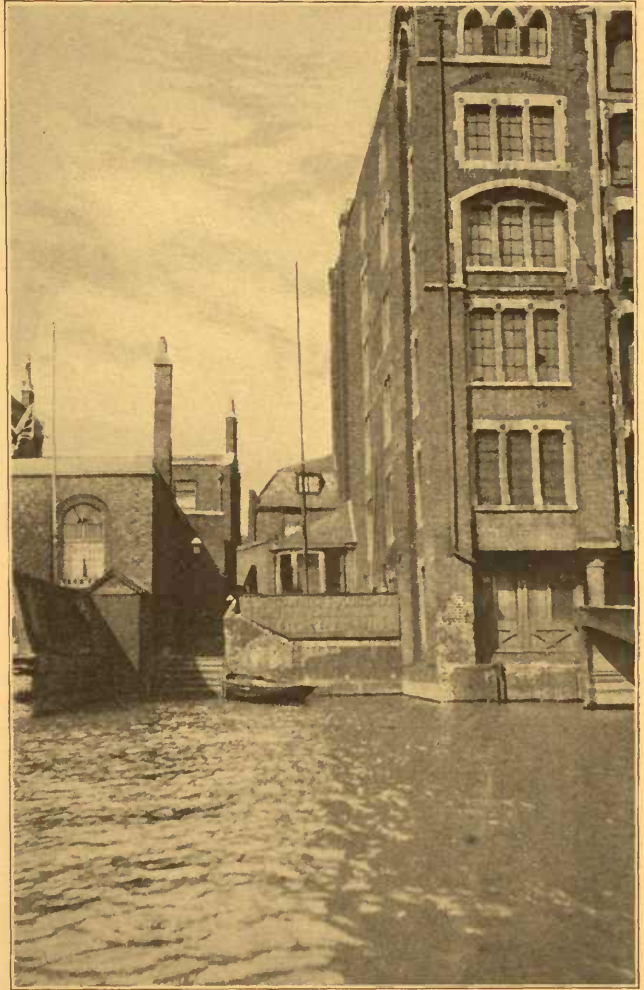
A Swedish tramp, riding high in ballast, threshes her way among the other craft, and through the lane in her wake it is possible to discern the Water Gate of London Tower and the passage ascending from the tide by which so many great and gallant men and women took their last sight of the city and of all else than the stone walls, the prison guards, and the headsman with his block and axe. On Tower Hill stands Trinity House, conspicuous

from the river, the seat of the "Master Wardens and Assistants of the Guild, Fraternity, or Brotherhood of the most glorious and undividable Trinity," what we in prosaic America call, by way of anti-climax, the Lighthouse Board. It has somewhat more of romance, it harmonizes more nicely with the atmosphere of this time-hallowed London River to have the lights, beacons, and buoys of the British Isles safeguarded by the Elder Brethren of Trinity House who undertook these duties in 1515 and were incorporated by Henry VIII. The anxious shipmaster, making his landfall off rocky cape or chalk foreland has to thank, not the

government, but a private company, for the flashing lights that guide him safe to port. And the Elder Brethren of Trinity House, like the Warden of the Cinque Ports, or the Admiral of the Blue, is one of those resounding English phrases which give a fillip to the imagination.

At the further end of the Upper Pool, like a portal of singular majesty, looms the lofty arch of Tower Bridge whose giant arms rise and fall to let the ships go through. Beyond it the river widens in a series of curves and reaches and begins to take on the semblance of a seaport. The sailing barges which have lowered their masts flat on deck to jostle through the up-stream bridges now hoist them and catch the wind which gushes salt across the marshes. The transformation is a kind of marine marvel. Instead of a clumsy hulk of a canal-boat, rowed and pushed and scraped among others of her kind, she becomes a weatherly vessel snoring along with lee deck awash or working to windward on the flood of the tide. Smartly kept and well handled, with mainsail, top-sail, jibs, and jigger aft, she spreads as much cloth as a coastwise sloop. White sails may be cloud-like and all else that poesy calls them, but every painter who gazes upon the Thames is grateful for the lovely splotches of color contributed by the dull red canvas of the innumerable barges which rest upon the water like flocks of great birds.

The Thames barge is as distinctive of rigging, design, and seamanship as the Yarmouth smack, the Lowestoft drifter, the Deal galley, the Bristol Channel pilot-boat, or the Manx lugger. Give her room to make

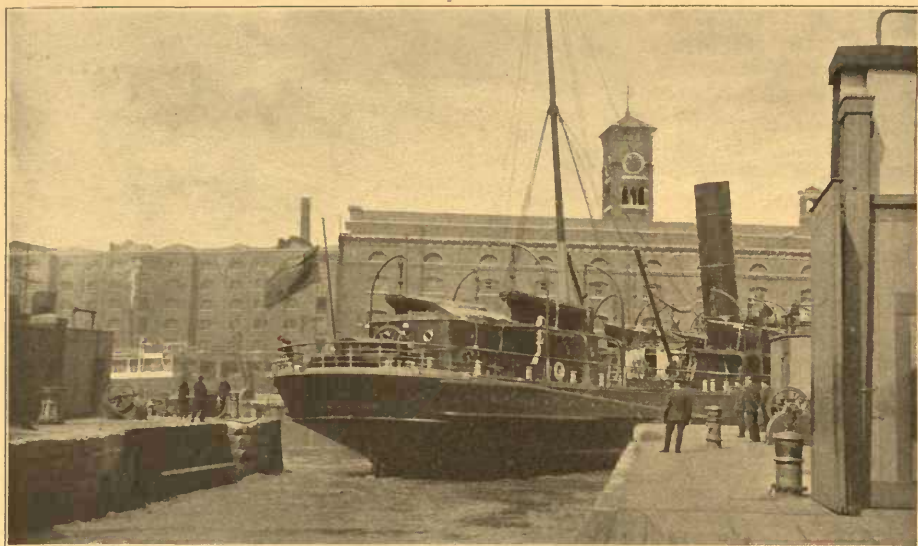


"Wapping Old Stairs"

The waterman indicates a worn, weedy flight of stone steps.—"Them is it, sir."—Page 573.

sail, and the skipper becomes instantly nautical, no longer a plodding bargee. His orders ring out crisply, he strides the bit of a quarter-deck with the air of a true and seasoned British tar, and his crew of one or two lumpish lads moves at the trot. His barge is a salt-water craft, if you please, with a bolder, freer motion than the strings of bovine up-river tows trailing behind the *Scorcher* or the *Spitfire* tug, or the "monkey-boats," painted in rainbow colors, which brown, sun-bonneted women are helping to work toward the canal entrance and the river Lea.

These barges transfer merchandise between docks and wharves and from ship to



Warping into London Docks.

ship. London is a barge port, and they have their ancient rights which have stood in the way of modernizing the commerce of the river and making it adequate to its needs. Some two hundred years ago the Waterman's Company, which had been granted a monopoly in the sixteenth century of conveying passengers on the Thames, was merged with the guild of lightermen, or carriers of goods. By virtue of the privileges then bestowed, the barges have had the right of free entry to the modern docks whose owners could levy no tolls either on them or on the goods which they took from the vessels' sides. These exemptions, encrusted with the barnacles of tradition, have been a contributing cause of the decline of London's pre-eminence as a seaport. Pri-



A sailor's resort at Wapping.

vate capital has been reluctant to make large investments in more docks and better equipment if fair returns were denied it.

It is only recently that an attempt has been made by means of a Royal Commission and acts of Parliament to bring about efficient co-operation among all the private interests and tenures which have made the growth of the port a sort of haphazard affair with authority divided among various picturesque mediæval bodies and private ownerships. Now the government has taken over the control of the docks and the jurisdiction of the water-front and river under the direction of a board called the Port of London Authority. Plans are under way for new docking enterprises and betterment of the channel.

The formidable competition of Antwerp and Hamburg, wide-awake, unhampered by the past and lavishing millions upon millions in water-front improvements, has made London bestir itself.

Below Tower Bridge are the gates leading to Saint Katharine and London Docks. From the landward side it is a puzzle to find them without a guide. Small cargo steamers, barges, and shabby old brigs and barks slide in from the river by a kind of vanishing trick and are lost to view behind massive brick walls. To wander afoot in this region and happen across these acres of vessels and warehouses is much as if you should chance to find such a spectacle in the heart of Greenwich Village of lower New York. Antiquated as is the London Dock and too small to shelter the ships of great tonnage which nowadays

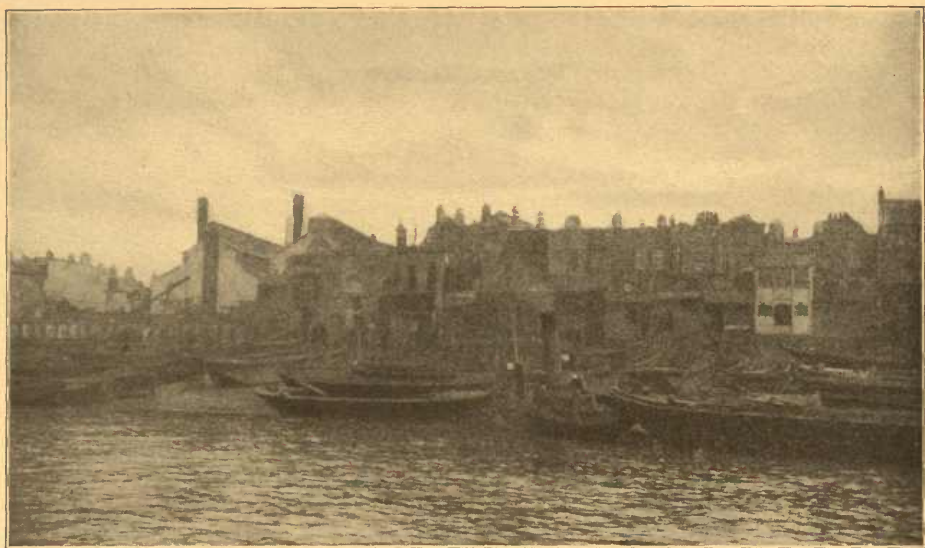
carry most of the commerce over seas, it receives vast quantities of very precious merchandise and has a flavor all its own.

Here are housed the heaps of ivory tusks, the spices of many tropic islands, and the



Here you may happen to find an Antarctic exploring steamer, the *Discovery* or the *Terra Nova*, fitting out for another daring voyage.—Page 574.

good wines, port, sherry, and madeira, ripened in huge vaults and cellars underground. The tobacco sheds contain the leaf of the Vuelta Abajo, of Sumatra and Virginia, and beneath other dingy roofs are coffee, teas, silks, and the potteries of Cathay. It would be rank incongruity to have modern dock machinery and railroad tracks inside these walls which are entered



Limehouse water-front has the most picturesque conglomeration of bow-windowed, old-fashioned little houses on the river.—Page 573.

from the street through guarded gates. Manual labor shifts these romantic cargoes from the barges to the rutted pavements. The men come from the Minories and other alien quarters near by, a swarthy, chattering multitude, and among them mingle sailors born in many other climes.

This, in a way, is the England of by-gone centuries when Drake and Hawkins, and Raleigh and Martin Frobisher were bringing home just such cargoes as these, found in new, mysterious lands or looted with clash of boarding pike and smoke of cannonade from the gilded galleons of the Spanish plate fleets of Manila and Peru. And foreign sailors, much like these, were winging it from Venice and Genoa and the Canaries and were singing their strange sea songs among the streets and buildings whose aspect is but little changed. Then the state barges of the great folk, gay with silken awnings and merry with the music of lute and viol were passing up and down the Thames, the jolly apprentice rowed in a wherry with his sweetheart, and bronzed seamen of Devon leaned over the heavy bulwarks of their armed merchantmen to chat with them of the wonders of the Carolinas, the Indies, and the Brazils.

Below these docks the river has no more hampering bridges and the vessels move unimpeded. They get into their stride, so to

speak, and sweep past in orderly close formations. Our experienced waterman slips along close to shore, working from one decrepit wharf to another, flirting his skiff through the narrowest possible openings between tall prows and churning propellers. Past Hermitage Wharf and St. Savior's Dock he threads his way until the oars are lifted and he nods shoreward with the comment:

"Wapping Old Stairs, sir, wot the ballad was wrote about, and a werry lovely song it is. My old woman could sing it proper when she was a slip of a lass livin' aboard the barge wot her father was skipper of. 'Wapping Old Stairs.' Deary me! That was a time ago, sir."

Across the river, between Rotherhite and Deptford, extend the oldest docks of London, the Surrey Commercial, a maze of great basins, now given over to the lumber trade and filled with barks and ships from Norway, Sweden, Canada, and Oregon. The air is laden with the woodsy scents of fir and spruce and pine. The best of the old deep-water chanties were strung together by forecastle bards familiar with London River, and this glimpse of Rotherhite recalls that lilting refrain:

"As I was a-walking down Rotherhite Street,
Away, ho, blow the man down;
A pretty young creature I chanced for to meet,
Give me some time to blow the man down."

Wapping must not be dropped astern without a search for the site of Execution Dock, where pirates and other sea rogues were hanged with much pomp and ceremony at high-water mark. The dock has long since been obliterated, but the waterman indicates a worn, weedy flight of stone steps flanked by a tavern and a warehouse and remarks with a doleful shake of the head:

"Them is it, sir. They've allus been called the Pirates' Stairs. The old codgers that set a-sunnin' themselves on the wharves will tell you how it has been handed down to 'em from their grandsirs. And I'd trust 'em sooner than wot is wrote in books about Execution Dock bein' impossible to find."

Local tradition is apt to be reliable on this score, and it is not improbable that Captain William Kidd walked forlornly down these stairs, leaving his treasure to be sought for from the Bay of Fundy to Key West. There is a very old ballad which pictures a pirate's life and fate with so much charm and briskness that a snatch of it ought to be fitted to the mention of this dismal stone staircase at Wapping.

"I 'lows this crazy hull o' mine
At sea has had its share;
Marooned three times and wounded nine
An' blown up in the air.

But ere to Execution Bay
The wind these bones do blow,
I'll drink and fight what's left away,
Yo, ho, with the rum below."

Below the Wapping Wall and the dry-docks of Shadwell is Ratcliff Road along which Kipling's seamen who took the *Bolivar* out across the bay reeled "drunk and raising Cain." Then comes Limehouse Basin, and "Lime'us Cut," as the waterman calls it, where the barges float into the back country through the Regent's Canal and the flats of Poplar among the daisies and marsh marigolds that bloom on the green banks. The barges strip down to a sort of jury rig for these rural voyages, a short bit of mast steeved forward on which a square-headed lug sail is spread to coax the breeze as they move in tow of slow-footed nodding horses.

Limehouse water-front has the most picturesque conglomeration of bow-windowed, bright-hued, old-fashioned little houses on the river, a bit of England remote in time but without the grime and gloom of the architectural relics facing the Upper Pool. The overhanging balconies display many flower boxes and the lower stories, opening on the shore, are the haunts of barge builders, riggers, and other webbed-footed persons of a leisurely habit and garrulous speech. At the wharves



The West India Docks lie close at hand between Limehouse and Blackwall.—Page 574

near by are moored the small schooners whose mates and skippers have found fame in the absurd misadventures of W. W. Jacobs's stories, and one feels acquainted in a pleasantly intimate kind of way with these

Blackwall, where a horse-shoe bend of the Thames forms the Isle of Dogs. Cuba Street and Havannah Street suggest the trade that these basins were built to hold. They still contain a large number of sailing

ships, many of them empty and idle, and the finest of those in commission bring the wool-clip of Australia to market. To these docks the stout barks of the Hudson Bay Company fetch the furs of the Northwest wilderness and here you may happen to find an Antarctic exploring steamer, the *Discovery* or the *Terra Nova*, fitting out for another daring voyage. Such a one looks small beside the towering four and five mast clipper-built ships, Scotch and English, which survive to speak of another age of England's greatness on the sea.

Rosy lads of good families still sail in them as midshipmen to learn the trade of seafaring and work their way up the ladder of promotion to officers' berths in ocean steamers. I recall an episode in the West India Dock which seemed to have been lifted bodily from an English novel of sea life, more like Clark Russell than anything else, yet also with a flavor of Captain Marryat. It was unreal,

stagey, because one had read so much of precisely the same sort of thing and took it for granted that the like could not happen in this generation.

One of these fine sailing ships was ready to take her departure and make the circuit of the globe before she should see London River again. A brace of midshipmen, fifteen or sixteen years old, quite resplendent in monkey jackets and trousers



Loading the ship's stores for a voyage to Australia.

simple-hearted sailor-folk who may be seen gossiping overside or passing the time of day with a damsel ostensibly busy with a watering pot among the flower boxes aforesaid or ambling toward the Foul Anchor Tavern for a mug of "bitter."

It is from here toward the sea that London becomes a port of great ships from other lands. The West India Docks lie close at hand between Limehouse and



The stately, pillared palace of Charles II, now the Royal Naval College and Hospital, and the seat of Greenwich Observatory, by whose time skippers set their chronometers.—Page 576.

of blue navy cloth bedecked with many bright buttons, bustled importantly between deck and quay. To them came another of the same pattern, bouncing out of a four-wheeler which was driven in great haste. From its roof the cabby hoisted a sea-chest, very new as to varnish and cording and the curly-headed laddie, bound on his first voyage, helped carry it aboard.

There followed an English curate, and he belonged in a novel of Jane Austen, the sort of gentle curate who lives beside an ivy-clad church with a square Norman tower, has a walled flower garden, and when taking tea with the lady of the manor consults her about the welfare of the tenantry. From some such rural haven as this the stripling son, of the age when American lads are getting into long trousers and pre-

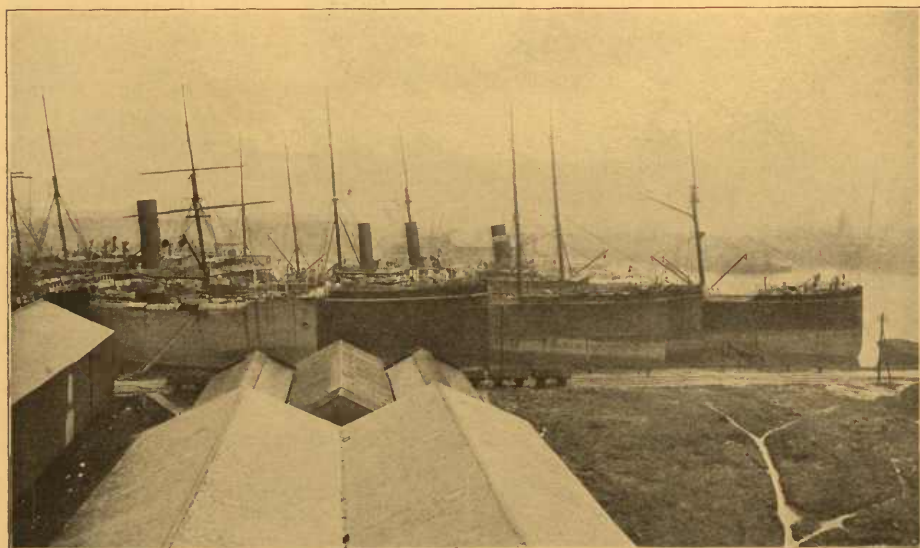


Photo by "Sport & General"

The Victoria and Albert Basins are filled with the largest steamers that come into the river. It is in these docks that one seems to feel the pulse of the British Empire.—Page 577.

paratory school, was bravely embarking to learn the stern and perilous business of the seafarer. He ran down the gangway to stand on the dock with his father. What they said to each other was in farewell, for the tug

with a turn around the capstan, piped hoarsely, with drawling, melancholy cadence:

"Sing fare you well, my bonny young girl,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande."

Before rambling among the other docks

down river, it is worth while slanting across the Thames to see the water-side of old Deptford, and the Royal Victualling Yard, which feeds the navy somewhat better than in Pepys's time or when Nelson's hearts of oak fought mightily on a diet of petrified salt horse and mouldy, weevily biscuit. Near by is the ancient dock-yard where Elizabeth came in state to welcome Drake after his marvellous voyage around the world in the *Golden Hind* and knighted him Sir Francis. In the church of St. Nicholas, whose tower was used as a light-house in by-gone days, rest the bones of two of the dauntless captains, Fenton and Hawkins, who smashed the Armada. And it was at Deptford that fine old Admiral Benbow puttered among his posies when he was not blowing the French out of water or blockading Dunkirk.

It is perhaps as well to hug this shore of the river as far as Greenwich and quit the water-man's



The white figure-head of some serene sea-goddess.

was grinding along-side, the ship was loosing her moorings, and the sailors were scrambling aloft. The twain lingered beneath the soaring bowsprit which extended over the low roofed warehouses, and the white figure-head of some serene sea-goddess made the picture complete, gave it the touch of finality. The curate and his young midshipman parted company with a long hand-clasp and the seamen, who were heaving short a warping-line

skiff for a stroll along the terrace in front of the stately, pillared palace of Charles II, now the Royal Naval College and Hospital, and the seat of Greenwich Observatory, by whose time skippers set their chronometers and reckon their longitude around the world. The Thames is no longer brown and muddied but has a greenish cast of the sea, and on the further side, appearing remotely inland, are forests of masts and



Out from them lead the roads to all the scattered colonies.—Page 578.

funnels in far extending docks. The waterman cocks a shrewd eye at the hurrying steamers, discerns a tug afar off and scrambles down to the gravelly shore on which he has beached his skiff. Rowing sturdily into the stream, he drops his oars, and catches up a heaving line to which is bent an iron grapnel. As the tug comes surging past he flings the hook, it rattles

against a stanchion, and, swish! the skiff is towing astern with a wall of white water foaming higher than her sides. It is an easy, if somewhat hair-raising method of covering the distance to the lower docks.

Soon the massive gateways of the Victoria and Albert Basins come into view. These are filled with the largest steamers that come into the river. It is in these

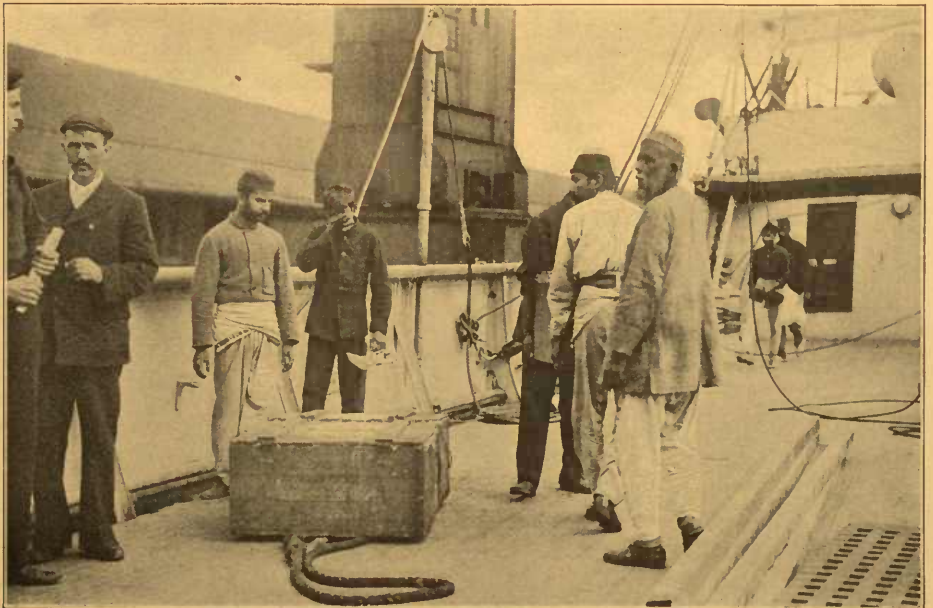


Photo by "Sport & General"

The Lascar seamen, turbaned, brown, and nimble, help to give the scene the proper color.—Page 578.



Photo by "Sport & General"

The Tilbury Docks are much larger than the Victoria and Albert Basins, but by no means as busy.

docks that one seems to feel the pulse of the British Empire beat most vigorously. Out from them lead the roads to India, South Africa, Australia, to Hongkong, to Jamaica, to all the scattered coasts and colonies where Englishmen are dominant. This is quite wonderful to think about, especially if it is sailing day for the P. and O., the Union Castle, the Shaw Savill, or the British India steamers. The Lascar seamen, turbaned, brown, and nimble, help to give the scene the proper color. Army men are going out to join their commands in blazing, dusty garrisons and cantonments. Younger sons are faring forth to seek fortune at the pioneering outposts of civilization. Gentlemanly remittance men whom nobody wants at home are nonchalantly sailing into the unknown to reappear under new names on the beaches of the South Seas and the Bund of Shanghai. Sweethearts are trustfully voyaging afar to marry their heroes who have earned the passage money in rupees by sweating in the Civil Service. Wistful mothers who have come home to place the children in school are returning to share their husbands' exile.

The passage across the Atlantic in a swift liner has become a ferry trip, almost commonplace. The departure is like that

of a limited express train, not an event to thrill the observer and cause him to weave romantic fancies. It is something very different from this to watch the working force of empire scatter by divergent routes to pick up its appointed tasks. Not even the sight of a squadron of the grim, gray dreadnoughts of the Home Fleet, cruising in the Channel or anchored in the lee of Dover breakwater conveys a more moving impression of the power and influence of this sea-girt island of England than do these docks with their steamers and their people.

The Tilbury Docks, twenty-five miles below London, are much larger than the Victoria and Albert Basins, but by no means as busy. They spread over the Essex marshes in the midst of a most unlovely region of factories, waste spaces and dumping grounds in a kind of vast and empty isolation. Several of the best-known British shipping companies despatch their liners from Tilbury, but, for the most part, the steamers, scattered here and there, are like so many prisoners in solitary confinement. There are miles of tracks and hoisting cranes and capacious warehouses, but none of that animated confusion of scenes and sounds which one expects to find in the business of a mighty seaport. Further up the river there

is nothing to indicate that London is losing her grip of the ocean commerce, but at Tilbury one begins to ponder and ask questions. Is England decadent, as many of her intelligent people profess to believe and as they will admit with a shrug and a sigh? Has the shipping of London River been largely diverted to other ports and other flags? It is true that the Tilbury Docks were far too large for the time of their building, which was soon after the opening of the Suez Canal, but the fact remains that while Antwerp, Hamburg, and New York cannot find sufficient room to harbor their swelling commerce, there are scores of vacant berths in London's greatest and most modern area of dockage.

It is a more cheerful pilgrimage to steer across the river to Gravesend, which some one else has compactly described as "all tea and shrimps, oilskins, sea-boots, and bloaters." This is really the seaward boundary of the port. Beyond it the Thames begins to widen into an estuary between low shores receding monotonously behind stretches of marsh and mud bank, a landscape of smoky distances. Off Gravesend the red mooring buoys sheer and twist in the strong tide and every vessel passing to and fro must slow down or round to for visits from the customs and health officers. The causeway has an idling maritime population of pilots, fisher-

men, men-of-war's men and merchant sailors ready with expert criticism of the manoeuvres of the tugs, steamers, and sailing ships which throng the channel, and all the talk is, not of commerce, but of things saltily nautical. These and other signs indicate that the river is nearing the sea.

Dreary and inconspicuous as is the shore line faintly pencilled toward the mouth of the Thames, there are suggestions here and there to recall some of the most high-hearted pages of English history. The anchored training ships of the navy, obsolete three deckers with painted ports, bring to mind the exploits of Rodney, Blake, and Cloudesley Shovel. At the navy yards of Chatham Reach rides a line of modern battleships and cruisers, but on the lawn stands an old wooden figure-head of Nelson overlooking the bit of sloping shore from which the *Victory* was launched. The red lightship which warns mariners off the Nore-sands marks a stretch of water reminiscent of mutinies, of sea-fights, of fleets keeping watch and ward.

At the Nore the ships of London River cease to trail in column and turn to go their several ways, the little coastwise craft through the channel to the northward, the deep-sea ships steering east and south on through the Downs, then vanishing, hull down and under, to choose the solitary paths that lead them to all the havens of the chartered oceans.



River police of "The Port of London Authority."



Lady Frances Wentworth.
From the painting by John Singleton Copley.

—See "Field of Art," page 638.

GENERAL LEE AND THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT

By Thomas Nelson Page



THE student of the Civil War will be likely to reach the conclusion that for at least the last two years of the struggle General Robert E. Lee carried the fortunes of the Confederacy on his shoulders.

It will possibly always be a question how far Lee's military operations were affected by his relation to the Confederate Government, and to what extent he was interfered with by the Richmond authorities. That he was much hampered by them seems quite certain, both from the nature of his subordinate relation to Mr. Davis and from the interference which is continually disclosed in the correspondence that took place between them.

The great Generals of History have almost invariably had a free hand in their campaigns and have been able to call to their aid all the powers of their government. Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal, Cromwell, Frederick, Napoleon, were supreme wherever the interests of their armies were concerned. Turenne, Eugene, and Wellington had the fullest and most absolute backing of their governments. Moreover, they lived under different conditions from those of our time and subsisted their armies on the countries in which they operated. Until Grant received command the Union generals were continually interfered with by the Washington Government, and it was only when Grant stipulated that he should be commander in fact as well as in title that success, after long delay, rewarded the Northern arms.

On the Southern side, though the interference was never so flagrant, and though Lee appears to have always had the confidence of President Davis, and, from the time when he assumed command of the Army of Northern Virginia, to have had that of the Confederate Government; yet it is a question whether the interference, or, what was equally disastrous, the lack of

prompt, practical, and efficient support on the part of the government, was not in the end as fruitful of misfortune. Colonel Henderson, in his "Life of Stonewall Jackson," declares that "a true estimate of Lee's genius is impossible, for it can never be known to what extent his designs were thwarted by the Confederate Government."

It may, indeed, be said briefly that a confederated government based frankly on the supreme power of the civil government over the military is not one under which a revolution can be fought out with best results. In the constitution of things the Confederate Government of the Southern States was inefficient to carry on such a war as that between the States. Each State was of equal dignity and authority with the others. Each one was of more importance in its own eyes than any of her sisters. Most of them were at times seriously, if not equally, threatened, and it was quite natural, when States' Rights was the cornerstone of the confederation, that each one should feel that her own interests were to her paramount to those of her sister States. Certainly, this was the case, and at times, particularly toward the close of the struggle, more than one of the South Atlantic States was in a ferment of opposition to the Richmond authorities bordering on secession.

The Confederate Government, indeed, was founded on certain principles of civil equality, which, however sound in themselves and making for liberty, yet furnished but a cumbrous machine with which to carry on a war. Theory, approaching dogma, controlled the minds of its legislators and of its officials. A few instances will illustrate the situation.

The war on the Southern side was conducted on the dogma of constitutional rights, and thus was limited during its earliest and most propitious stages to repelling invasion. No victory—not even one as complete as Bull Run—was consid-

ered to give warrant to invade non-seceded States, and while the government at Washington was with a strong hand breaking up sessions of the Maryland Legislature, making wholesale arrests and flooding the territory of "neutral" Kentucky with armed forces to prevent her seceding, the armies of the South were held on the south side of the Potomac and the Ohio until the time had expired when they might, by an advance, have changed the destiny of the States and of the country.

The Confederate Government had theories about cotton; theories about political economy in which cotton played a controlling part; theories about the necessity of the South's being recognized by the leading powers of Europe. They held the opinion that not only the North, but Europe, was dependent on cotton—"King Cotton," as it was termed. To control the supply of cotton and withhold it from Europe was, in their opinion, to compel the recognition of the Southern Confederacy by Great Britain and France. Thus, though the Southern armies starved and supplies could have been had for cotton, the government forbade the transactions which might have relieved the situation, and while the ports of the South were being steadily sealed up, one after another, by blockade squadrons, and the cotton was being captured, abandoned, or burned, they still followed to the end the fatal *ignis fatuus* of foreign intervention, and failed to utilize to the utmost their own resources. The leaders were more high-minded than practical.

The Confederate Government had theories of finance. So, though the necessities of life in the region where the war was carried on rose till it was said that it took a basketful of bills to buy in the market a basketful of food, they went on printing the money. In this they were ably seconded by the printing establishments of the North, which at times did a thriving business printing Confederate bills. Lee advocated at one time making Confederate money a legal tender, but this did not commend itself to those who controlled the Confederate finances.

In fact, the Confederate Government—by which is signified its officials—had theories about nearly everything—on which, indeed, they were quite willing to stake their lives, if this would have done any good.

Unfortunately, however, these views, whatever their soundness in the abstract, when put to the practical test in the crucible of war did not result in success, and the sincerity with which they were held did not add to their value. Lee's army starved and dwindled while the Confederate Congress debated and debated, often debating for weeks the most important measures till the exigency of the occasion had passed and the necessity for the particular action debated had been crowded from the stage by some new demand. Lee is said to have had meat on his table only twice a week on principle, and he protested against the order allowing officials in Richmond to get government meat at government prices while the men "in the field" were on starvation rations," but was overruled in the matter. Mr. Davis, in his Message to Congress on the 13th of March, 1865, complains of the "long deliberation and protracted debate," which caused a delay that "in itself was a new source of peril." Even when earlier there had been abundant supplies in the country, and the transportation was fully adequate, these "were not under control." It was not, indeed, until March, 1865, that the railroads were taken by the government. Up to this time no right was asserted.* Yet, that the public men of the South were in the main good, high-minded, and patriotic men there can be no doubt. The truth was that such a form of government was not suited to the needs of a revolution. What was required was the power to direct vested in one man responsible for the result. This was recognized at the time by many. The Confederate Congress in the early spring of 1862 passed an act creating the office of commander-in-chief with a view to having the conduct of the military operations free from the control of the civil power. This bill Mr. Davis vetoed as unconstitutional—as indeed it was—but he "assigned" General Lee "to duty at the seat of government and under the direction of the President," where he was "charged with the conduct of military operations in the armies of the Confederacy." The first clause of this order governed the whole. He was "under the direction of the President." And the President exercised his authority. No strategy on a grand scale could be attempted with-

* Letter of Judge John A. Campbell.

out securing the approval of the Richmond authorities.

The chief disaster, perhaps, was the persistent policy of the government to attempt to hold all of the South instead of adopting the military policy, urged by Lee, of concentrating its armies and dealing the adversary a crushing blow. Joseph E. Johnston, when in command, proposed a campaign for the invasion of the North, in which Beauregard agreed with him; but the plan was not in accordance with the views of the Confederate Government and was rejected. Later on, Lee likewise was hampered in the same fashion, and to the end submitted his most far-reaching plans to the President for the approval of the government. It was a matter of common repute that toward the end of the struggle people constantly discussed the advisability of vesting in General Lee the power of dictator. Lee would have been the last man in the Confederacy to consent to this; but possibly it was the only way in which the South could have achieved its independence. It would, at least, have prevented the interference which kept the armies from reaching their highest efficiency.

When, after the expedition to Romney, the Richmond Government, through Mr. Benjamin, the Secretary of War, on a remonstrance of subordinate officers in Loring's command, approved by Loring, reversed an order of Stonewall Jackson's, and directed him to recall Loring's force from Romney, Jackson complied promptly with their instruction and then tendered his resignation. Johnston, who had likewise been slighted, remonstrated with him, but he said that "the authorities in Richmond must be taught a lesson or the next victims of their meddling will be Johnston or Lee." They learned the lesson so far as not to go again to such an extreme, but they meddled much in a different way, and both Johnston and Lee were the "victims." Johnston, who commanded in Georgia, in 1864, was finally, in response to public clamor, removed from his command at the most critical period of his campaign, and with results so disastrous to his command that, whatever the alternative, nothing could have been worse. Happily for Lee's peace of mind, he held views as to the relative rank and province of the civil and military authority which prevented friction and

saved him all heart-burning. "As obedient to law as Socrates," was well said of him. If the law empowered others with authority he recognized it as fully as they themselves and governed his course accordingly. He did his duty and left consequences to God. But this did not alter the unhappy mistakes made in Richmond.

He differed with the authorities radically on many vital matters, as may be gathered inferentially from his correspondence and action, but he neither interfered nor criticised. His duty, as he apprehended it, was to obey those above him and command those under him. He was a soldier, and as a soldier he handled his army, leaving the rest to those on whom the responsibility devolved. The difference at times touched him nearly, for it touched his army. The authorities believed in the popular election of officers by their men. Inasmuch as the government of the Confederate States was a free government, based on the will of the people, it was decided that her soldiery, as free citizens of a republic, should have the privilege of electing their officers below the rank of general; this, too, though they were in the face of the enemy and though the election was destructive of discipline. Lee knew that it would result in demoralization, but his reference to it was simply that we are "in the midst of the confusion" incident to the reorganization of the army. Many of the most efficient and experienced officers of the line were, in fact, thereby deprived of their commands and supplanted by men who might never have worn a sword and "smelt damnably of the halberd." The Confederate authorities believed that England and France would certainly come to the aid of the South after "the *Trent* affair." Lee foresaw with clearer vision that the Federal Government would yield and surrender the envoys with apologies, and in private letters he stated the necessity of abandoning all expectation of foreign intervention and substituting therefor self-reliance and fortitude.

However on questions of vital policy he differed with the civil authorities, he acted under their authority with unabated zeal. For example, on the subject of the employment of the negroes as soldiers, Lee held very different views from those of the authorities at Richmond. Many of them had been in the service all along as teamsters,

axemen, and farriers, and by the autumn of 1864 the question was seriously debated whether they should not be armed and employed as soldiers. Lee was strongly of the opinion that they should be. He knew as no one else did the importance of filling his depleted ranks. He felt as well as others the difficulties of the measure he advocated, but he believed they could be overcome. He knew that the enemy used them by tens of thousands, and that under proper training and command they made good soldiers. He felt that it would only be proper to give them the reward of freedom. But on this point the authorities held different views, and the result was destructive.

They had theories about the institution of slavery, and in the main sound theories—moreover, it was a most complex and delicate matter to handle with reference to domestic concerns, and the new complication growing out of war and invasion. So, though the Union armies had mustered in some two hundred thousand negroes, it was not until the winter of 1864-5 when the Army of Northern Virginia had almost perished that it was decided to recruit negroes for service in the field.

The plan was proposed in the autumn, was agitated all winter, and was acted on only as Lee was being forced out of his intrenchments before Richmond, and then in a form which robbed it of the essential feature of granting them freedom, which alone could have made it operative.

Lee's views are expressed in a letter which he wrote to a prominent member of the Virginia Legislature in February, who had asked his views on the subject.

"HEAD-QUARTERS CONFEDERATE STATES
ARMIES,

"February 18, 1865.

"HON. E. BARKSDALE,

"*House of Representatives, Richmond.*

"Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th instant, with reference to the employment of negroes as soldiers. I think the measure not only expedient but necessary. The enemy will certainly use them against us if he can get possession of them; and as his present numerical superiority will enable him to penetrate many parts of the country, I cannot see the wisdom of the policy of holding

them to await his arrival, when we may, by timely action and judicious management, use them to arrest his progress. I do not think that our white population can supply the necessities of a long war without overtaxing its capacity and imposing great suffering upon our people; and I believe we should provide resources for a protracted struggle—not merely for a battle or a campaign.

"In answer to your second question, I can only say that in my opinion the negroes, under proper circumstances, will make efficient soldiers. I think we could at least do as well with them as the enemy, and he attaches great importance to their assistance. Under good officers and good instructions, I do not see why they should not become soldiers. They possess all the physical qualifications, and their habits of obedience constitute a good foundation for discipline. They furnish a more promising material than many armies of which we read in history, which owed their efficiency to discipline alone. I think those who are employed should be freed. It would neither be just nor wise, in my opinion, to require them to serve as slaves. The best course to pursue, it seems to me, would be to call for such as are willing to come with the consent of their owners. An impressment or draft would not be likely to bring out the best class, and the use of coercion would make the measure distasteful to them and to their owners.

"I have no doubt that if Congress would authorize their reception into service, and empower the President to call upon individuals or States for such as they are willing to contribute, with the condition of emancipation to all enrolled, a sufficient number would be forthcoming to enable us to try the experiment. If it proved successful, most of the objections to the measure would disappear, and if individuals still remained unwilling to send their negroes to the army, the force of public opinion in the States would soon bring about such legislation as would remove all obstacles. I think the matter should be left, as far as possible, to the people and to the States, which alone can legislate as the necessities of this particular service may require. As to the mode of organizing them, it should be left as free from restraint as possible. Experience will suggest the best course, and it will

be inexpedient to trammel the subject with provisions that might, in the end, prevent the adoption of reforms suggested by actual trial.

"With great respect,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE, *General*."

The proposition to enlist negroes, though introduced in November, was not passed until March, 1865, and then the bill merely authorized the President to accept for service such slaves as the masters might choose to put into military service, and General Lee's recommendation as to their emancipation was not acted on. It came to nothing, and it is quite possible that it might have done so even had the measure been adopted in time; but the delay and the failure to approve General Lee's recommendation illustrate the difficulties with which Lee had to contend in dealing with the government. It was inherent in the existing conditions.

The interferences of the government affected soon the constituency of his army.

"The government, at the opening of the year 1864," says one familiar with the subject, "estimated that the conscription would place four hundred thousand troops in the field."* Lee saw with clearer eyes. The measure not only failed to provide what was expected of it; but by the end of the year it was, in the opinion of Lee, "diminishing rather than increasing the strength of his army."†

The pernicious system of details which prevailed contrary to Lee's wishes and the not less pernicious habit of setting aside the findings of the courts-martial and pardoning deserters contributed to render his difficult position one of yet more extreme difficulty.

Desertions were perilously frequent, and the government at Richmond prevented the execution of sentence on the culprit. Longstreet protested and Lee endorsed on his protest, "Desertion is increasing in the army, notwithstanding all my efforts to stop it. I think a rigid execution of the law is mercy in the end. The great want in our army is firm discipline."

To this, which was referred by the Secretary of War to the President for his information, Mr. Davis, on November 29, 1864, replied: "When deserters are arrested

they should be tried, and if the sentences are reviewed and remitted, that is not a proper subject for the criticism of a military commander."

Hardly any fact lets in a clearer light than this on one of the basic difficulties with which Lee had to contend in his titanic task of defending the South. Mr. Davis was so jealous of his constitutional rights that he could insist on them in face of Lee's solemn statement that his army, the chief bulwark of the whole Confederate fabric, was being undermined by the erroneous exercise of the right.

The idea had got abroad that men who left Lee's army could be enrolled for service in organizations nearer home, and under this temptation in the fearful winter of 1864-5 numbers of men left his lines and went to their own States with this in view. Indeed, it might almost be said that toward the latter part of the war the people of more than one of the States to the southward considered themselves so neglected by the government as to be almost ready for open revolt against the Confederacy. At least three States had "passed laws to withdraw from service men liable to it under existing laws."* And as late as the 13th of March, 1865, Mr. Davis sent in a message asking the Congress to provide a law for organizing the militia and empowering him to call them out. He stated in this message that the governor of one State had declared that he had no power to call the militia to cross a county line, while the executive of another State had "refused to allow the militia to be employed in the service of the Confederate States in the absence of a law for that purpose."† The government had doubtless done the best that it could do; but it is certain that if it had not lost the confidence of the people at large, it was rapidly doing so. By the end of 1864, all eyes were turned to Lee. He was recognized as the sole hope of the Confederacy. In January, 1865, the Virginia Legislature testified unmistakably its lack of confidence in the general government, and a committee with the speaker at its head waited on the President to inform him of the fact, while a yet more significant omen was the opposition of the Congress.

* Letter of Judge John A. Campbell to General John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War, March 5, 1865.

† "The Civil War during the Year 1865," by John A. Campbell, pp. 49-50.

* "Life of General Lee," by J. D. McCabe (1866), p. 573.

† Letter of December 31, 1864.

Before the close of the last session of the Congress, they were almost at an open breach, as is shown by the tart reply of the Senate Committee to the President's message of March 13th, 1865, taking them to task for their "protracted debate" on vital subjects. Among other resentful charges, they twit him with their having created the office of general-in-chief, without any suggestion from him, "with a view to the restoration of public confidence and the energetic administration of military affairs." It was apparent at last that some other plan of conducting the war than that which had hitherto been followed was necessary. A change was made in the War Department, and General Breckinridge became Secretary of War, while General Lee was made Commander of the Armies of the Confederacy. The Legislature of Virginia passed a resolution declaring that the appointment of General Robert E. Lee to the command of all the armies of the Confederate States "would promote their efficiency and operate powerfully to reanimate the spirits of the armies, as well as of the people of the several States, and to inspire increased confidence in the final success of our cause." To this Mr. Davis replied with dignity that the opinion expressed by the General Assembly in regard to General Lee had his full concurrence; and that Virginia could not have a higher regard for him or greater confidence in his character and ability than was entertained by him. "When General Lee," he added, "took command of the Army of Northern Virginia he was in command of all the armies of the Confederate States by my order of assignment. He continued in this general command of the Army of Northern Virginia as long as I would resist his opinion that it was necessary for him to be relieved from one of these two duties. Ready as he has ever shown himself to perform any service that I desired him to render to his country, he left it to me to choose between his withdrawal from the command of the army in the field and relieving him of the general command of all the armies of the Confederate States. It was only when satisfied of the necessity that I came to the conclusion to relieve him of the general command, believing that the safety of the capital and the success of our cause depended, in a great measure, on the retaining him in the command in the field of the

Army of Northern Virginia. On several subsequent occasions, the desire on my part to enlarge the sphere of General Lee's usefulness has led to renewed consideration of the subject, and he has always expressed his inability to assume command of other armies than those now confided to him, unless relieved of the immediate command in the field of that now opposed to General Grant."

Mr. Davis, however, had unyieldingly opposed the proposition for Congress to call Lee to the position as an infringement on his constitutional rights, and earlier in the war had, as already stated, vetoed the bill passed for this purpose. Alexander H. Stephens declares that Lee asked to be relieved from the position of responsibility because he had no power. In the imminent danger of immediate collapse it was now agreed that the Congress should provide the position, and the President then appointed Lee to fill it, the order being dated February 5, 1865. The measure even in this form was opposed by many of Mr. Davis's friends, and one of the historians of the time states that on the final passage of the bill fourteen of the President's friends voted against it, and that Mrs. Davis declared that before she would have submitted to the humiliation of being deprived of her rights in this matter she would have been hanged.* Another difficulty, however, stood in the way. Lee himself had declared that he would not accept the position in opposition to Mr. Davis, but only at his hands. The phrase in his first general order to his armies is significant of his point of view:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, CONFEDERATE ARMY,

"February 9, 1865.

"General Order No. 1. In obedience to General Order No. 3 . . . I assume command of the military forces of the Confederate States. . . ."

Longstreet declares his astonishment at Lee's failure to exercise the enormous powers vested in him. But it was too late now for any exercise of power to have changed the issue.

Fortunately for Lee, the relations between him and the President of the Confederacy were ever of the most cordial kind. They had known each other long and well,

* McCabe's "Life of General R. E. Lee."

and each recognized in the other the qualities that ennobled them. During a considerable portion of the war the President kept near him General Lee's eldest son, General Custis Lee, himself an accomplished engineer and soldier. Mr. Davis was a man of the highest character and of absolute devotion to the constitutional principles to whose preservation he pledged his life and powers. He was a trained soldier, and in the Mexican war had displayed marked dash, courage, and ability as a regimental commander. Moreover, he had had great experience, and as Secretary of War of the United States had made a reputation for breadth of view and power of organization which to-day places him second to none among those who have held that important office. It was under him that the first regiments of cavalry as an independent arm of the service were organized, and one of these Lee had commanded. Thus, the two men knew and respected each other, and when, after the unsuccessful "West," Virginia campaign, Lee was the object of much foolish criticism and clamor, Mr. Davis stood by him and not only relied on him as his military adviser, but, on Johnston's being wounded at Seven Pines, appointed him commander of the army before Richmond—the Army of Northern Virginia. When he assigned Lee to the duty of defending the South Atlantic coast, and protest was made against his choice, his reply to the delegation was: "If Lee is not a general, I have none to send you."

This, however, did not prevent Mr. Davis being a doctrinaire, and one whose theories, at times, honest as they were, interfered disastrously with practical action. "As he was courageous, physically and morally, he was a man of convictions—absolutely direct, frank, and positive," says one of his friends of Mr. Davis (General Breckinridge). Or, to use Lee's own expression about him, who ever held him in high and affectionate esteem, he was "very tenacious in opinion and purpose." Possibly he was too positive. At least he had the courage of his convictions, and, conscious of his own rectitude of intention and conduct, he was hard to change. He was subject to strong impressions, and was consequently not only inclined to favoritism, but was liable to be influenced by persons of strong

convictions and determined will who might be about him; and at times he displayed what was not far from sheer obstinacy. He was described by an enemy—and he had many—as "standing in a corner telling his beads and relying on a miracle to save the country." It was not true; but it contained this grain of truth, that he shut his eyes at times to facts plain to other men, and stood firm for a policy which, sound under other conditions, was now destructive. Against all criticism of him—and he was the target for much abuse and adverse criticism—we have Lee's judgment that he did "as well possibly as any other man could have done in the same position."

Toward Lee he was ever considerate and kind, yet he held on to his own power even where Lee was concerned. Lee could only get Major—afterward General—Long promoted to the rank he wished him to have, by appointing him his military secretary, and his request for the appointment of his chief of staff was not granted. Mr. Davis declared afterward in his autobiography that Lee had long been, to all intents and purposes, commander-in-chief of the Confederate States armies; but Lee was, as we have seen, expressly assigned to act "under the direction of the President," and was not appointed and commissioned to chief and independent command until in February, 1865, and every experienced man knows the vast difference between being the untitled adviser of an official and the responsible official himself.

The difference would have been peculiarly marked in Lee, who never exceeded authority nor shirked responsibility. Had he been commander of all the armies of the Confederacy, Johnston would probably not have retired from the line of the Rappahannock in 1862. And it is certain that he would not have been relieved from command before Sherman in the summer of 1864. It is also probable that the well-nigh impregnable line of the North Anna would have been selected as the defensive line against Burnside and Hooker instead of the heights of Fredericksburg, which in the judgment of critics were likewise impregnable, but did not present the advantage of a field for efficient pursuit of the defeated assailants. But, quite apart from these errors, had Lee been in supreme command of the armies of the South, his hand-

ling of the weapon with which he fought McClellan and Pope, and Burnside and Hooker and Grant would have been freer, and probably it would have been a more efficient weapon than it was, as efficient as Grant's casualty list proves it to have been.

Not only was Lee's judgment as to strategy and the disposition of troops even in the face of the enemy, often in overwhelming force, cramped by the need to defer to the authorities in Richmond; but the very life of the army was subject to the same disastrous influences. Reinforcements, exemption, straggling, desertion, promotion of inferior men and failure to promote superior men, subsistence, and equipment were all dealt with by the Richmond Government.

And Lee, already overburdened, was weighted down by the additional burden of having to bow to the inevitable in the form now of political interference, and now of personal incompetence.

Lee repeatedly found himself obliged to write to the President urging with insistence the absolute necessity of upholding his hands with respect to the suppression of straggling and desertion and other offences that were "injurious to the cause." His urgency appears, as has been stated, to have been taken as a usurpation of executive authority.

That "an army moves on its belly" has as good authority as Napoleon. But the belly of the Confederate armies was nearly always empty. The commissary-general of subsistence was an old comrade and a favorite with the head of the government, and he had theories as to the regular way in which to gather supplies and subsist an army which nothing could shake. It mattered not that the armies starved and the generals protested. He had read somewhere—in works on the conduct of war—of the proper method of subsisting an army, and no amount of experience served to change his views. He took orders only from the President, and naught could move him. That he was patriotic and honest did not make amends for his unpractical theories or fill the haversacks of the Confederate soldiery. Johnston said his army had not more than two days' provisions stored, and we know what the necessities of Lee's army were during the years he fought it, and the well-meaning incompetents of the Commis-

sary Bureau undertook with so little success to feed it. Lee at times had not one day's rations. The tale of the killed and wounded in battle may be arrived at with reasonable approximation; the tale of the starved and depleted victims of incompetence will never be imagined.

But among the most disastrous consequences of Lee's dependence on the civil authority was his inability to command the production of the necessary supplies for his army. An illustration may be found in his correspondence with the government at Richmond in the winter of 1863, when his army was at Fredericksburg, after the victory of Fredericksburg and before that of Chancellorsville.

On the 26th of January he wrote to Mr. Seddon, the Secretary of War—himself a high-minded and unselfish patriot of large experience—"As far as I can learn, we have now about one week's supply: four days' fresh beef and four days' salt meat of the reduced ration.* After that is exhausted I know not whence further supplies can be drawn. The question of provisioning the army is becoming one of greater difficulty every day. The country north of us is pretty well drained of everything the people are willing to part with, except some grain and hay in Loudoun. Nor can impressment be resorted to with advantage, inasmuch as provisions retained for domestic use are concealed. A resort to impressment would, in my opinion, in this region produce aggravation and suffering among the people without much benefit. But I think if the citizens in the whole country were appealed to they would be willing to restrict themselves and furnish what they have to the army.

"I am more than usually anxious about the supplies of the army, as it will be impossible to keep it together without food."

On this letter the following endorsement was made at Richmond by General L. B. Northrup, the commissary-general of subsistence:

"SUBSISTENCE DEPARTMENT,
"January 28th, 1863.

"Fifteen months ago this bureau foresaw that the supply of cattle in Virginia would be exhausted. . . . The meat has held out longer than was expected. . . . The order

* $\frac{1}{2}$ pound. Lee's letter to J. A. Seddon, Secretary of War, April 17, 1863.

of the War Department reducing the ration of meat and increasing that of flour as referred to has not been observed in the Army of Virginia for a period of between three and four months, by order of General Lee, and the use of the whole beef (necks and shanks included) which was attempted to be instituted by the commissary-general of subsistence has not been observed in that army, the discontent and other obstacles being urged as insurmountable in the field. . . . All the transportation that can be begged will be needed to get wheat to be converted into flour for the same army that now wants meat. General Lee's suggestion that an appeal be made to the citizens to forward supplies is noted by this bureau and is not approved. . . .

"Respectfully,

"L. B. NORTHRUP,*

"Commissary-General of Subsistence."

Could anything be imagined more tragic than this? A commissary disallowing the suggestion of a commanding general as to food for his army, and rebuking him for insubordination.

It is small wonder that Lee's health gave way that winter and that a year later he asked for his son to come and act as his chief of staff, on the ground that he was sensible of a diminution of his strength since this illness. Yet, as stated, this request was denied.

Two years after this Sherman destroyed what he estimated as one hundred million dollars' worth of crops in the South and made other disposition of the transportation which the commissary-general of subsistence could only secure by begging.

Subordination to the civil authority was the key to Lee's action throughout the war. It speaks in all of his correspondence and utterances relating to the civil government of the Confederacy. It is found in the very beginning of the war in a letter to Mrs. Lee, where, in reply to her suggestion of the rumor that he was to be made commander-in-chief, he stated simply that this position was held by President Davis. It is found at the end of the war in his reply to General Gordon, who, in an interview with him in the beginning of February, 1865, having learned from his

lips his view of the almost desperate situation, inquired if he had made his views known to President Davis or to the Congress. He received the reply, states his corps commander, "that he scarcely felt authorized to suggest to the civil authorities the advisability of making terms with the government of the United States. He said that he was a soldier, that it was his province to obey the orders of the government, and to advise or counsel with the civil authorities only upon questions directly affecting his army and its defence of the capital and the country."*

Though his administration of every office which he ever filled showed his ability to grapple successfully with whatever problems life presented to him, he was careful to abstain from all that savored of political work. He gave his advice frankly when it was requested; but beyond this held himself scrupulously aloof from interference in political matters. His views on this subject were set forth clearly when on one occasion, toward the end of the war, Senator B. H. Hill, of Georgia, approached him with the suggestion that he should give his views on "the propriety of changing the seat of government and going further South."

His reply was: "That is a political question, Mr. Hill, and you politicians must determine it. I shall endeavor to take care of the army, and you must make the laws and control the government."

"Ah, General, but you will have to change that rule," said the Georgia senator, "and form and express political opinions; for if we establish our independence the people will make you Mr. Davis's successor."

"Never, sir," said Lee; "that I will never permit. Whatever talents I may possess (and they are but limited) are military talents. My education and training are military. I think the military and civil talents are distinct if not different, and full duty in either sphere is about as much as one man can qualify himself to perform. I shall not do the people the injustice to accept high civil office with whose questions it has not been my business to become familiar."

"Well—but, General," persisted Hill, "history does not sustain your view. Cæ-

* O. R. C., VIII, pp. 674, 675. Bigelow's "Chancellorsville Campaign," 33-4.

* "Reminiscences of the Civil War," General John B. Gordon, p. 390.

sar, Frederick of Prussia, and Bonaparte were great statesmen as well as great generals."

"And great tyrants," replied Lee promptly. "I speak of the proper rule in republics, where I think we should have neither military statesmen nor political generals."

"But Washington was both," urged Hill, "and yet not a tyrant."

"Washington was an exception to all rules and there was none like him," said he, smiling.

It was doubtless this conversation which led Hill in after years in pronouncing his eulogy on General Lee to utter the fine saying that "he was Cæsar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward."

Lee also held different views from those which controlled in the Confederate civil councils on the more vital subject of proposals for peace.

When he first crossed the Potomac he had in mind the possibility of its leading to negotiations for peace and so wrote Mr. Davis. (Letter of Sept. 8, 1862.) And again, on the eve of his second invasion of the North, he addressed to Mr. Davis a letter advocating measures for encouraging "the rising peace party of the North," almost urgent in its terms. (Letter of June 10, 1863.) "Nor do I think," he wrote, "we should in this connection make nice distinction between those who declare for peace unconditionally and those who advocate it as a means of restoring the Union, however much we may prefer the former. . . . When peace is proposed it will be time enough to discuss its terms, and it is not the part of providence to spurn the proposition in advance." This was certainly a very different view of the case from that held by the civil rulers in Richmond, who, even as late as the Hampton Roads Conference, were as firm in their demands for independence as on the day after first Manassas. They could not understand that conditions had changed since the preceding summer, and they were still misled by accounts of disaffection at the North and by the *ignis fatuus* of foreign intervention.

Yet, however little inclined Lee was to interfere in civil matters, he was ready, at need, to lend his aid to further the cause of peace whenever it was desired by the civil

authorities. Such an occasion occurred in February, 1865, and Lee, on finding that it was the wish of the President, acceded to the suggestion to open a correspondence with Grant, who had been reported as desirous to discuss with him the possibility of arriving at a satisfactory adjustment of the unhappy difficulties in the way of a peace settlement by means of "a military convention."

Longstreet, who it appears was first approached on the subject, has given the following account of the negotiations. He states that on the 20th of February, 1865, General Ord, commanding the Army of the James, sent him a note asking him to arrange a meeting with him with a view to putting a stop to the bartering which went on between the troops in the picket lines; and that inasmuch as Ord knew that he could at any time put a stop to his men doing this by a simple order, he surmised that there must be some other matters which he wished to discuss with him, and accordingly acceded to his request. They met next day between the lines, and presently Ord asked for a "side interview," which was acceded to.

"When he spoke of the purpose of the meeting," says Longstreet, "I mentioned a simple manner of correcting the matter, which he accepted without objection or amendment. Then he spoke of affairs military and political.

"Referring to the recent conference of the Confederates with President Lincoln at Hampton Roads, he said that the politicians of the North were afraid to touch the question of peace, and there was no way to open the subject except through officers of the armies. On his side they thought the war had gone on long enough; that we should come together as former comrades and friends and talk a little. He suggested that the work as belligerents should be suspended; that General Grant and General Lee should meet and have a talk; that my wife, who was an old acquaintance and friend of Mrs. Grant in their girlhood days, should go into the Union lines and visit Mrs. Grant with as many Confederate officers as might choose to be with her. Then Mrs. Grant would return the call under escort of Union officers and visit Richmond; that while General Lee and General Grant were arranging for better feeling between

the armies they could be aided by intercourse between the ladies and officers until terms honorable to both sides could be found.

"I told General Ord that I was not authorized to speak on the subject, but could report upon it to General Lee and the Confederate authorities, and would give notice in case a reply could be made.

"General Lee was called over to Richmond and we met at night at the President's mansion. Secretary of War Breckinridge was there. The report was made, several hours were passed in discussing the matter, and finally it was agreed that favorable report should be made as soon as another meeting could be arranged with General Ord. Secretary Breckinridge expressed especial approval of the part assigned for the ladies.

"As we separated I suggested to General Lee that he should name some irrelevant matter as the occasion of his call for the interview with General Grant, and that once they were together they could talk as they pleased. A telegram was sent my wife that night at Lynchburg calling her to Richmond, and the next day a note was sent General Ord asking him to appoint a time for another meeting.

"The meeting," continues Longstreet, "was appointed for the day following, and the result of the conference was reported. General Ord asked to have General Lee write General Grant for an interview, stating that General Grant was prepared to receive the letter, and thought that a way could be found for a military convention, while old friends of the military service could get together and seek out ways to stop the flow of blood. He indicated a desire on the part of President Lincoln to devise some means or excuse for paying for the liberated slaves, which might be arranged as a condition and part of the terms of the convention and relieve the matter of political bearing; but those details were in the form of remote probabilities to be discussed when the parties became advanced in their search for ways of settlement."

On the 1st of March, Longstreet wrote General Lee, giving a report of the second interview with Ord, and on the 2d of March, Lee wrote Grant the following letter:

"HEAD-QUARTERS CONFEDERATE STATES
ARMIES,

"March 2nd, 1865.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT,
"Commanding United States Armies.

"General: Lieutenant-General Longstreet has informed me that in a recent conversation between himself and Major-General Ord as to the possibility of arriving at a satisfactory adjustment of the present unhappy difficulties by means of a military convention, General Ord states that if I desired to have an interview with you on the subject you would not decline, provided I had authority to act. Sincerely desiring to leave nothing untried which may put an end to the calamities of war, I propose to meet you at such convenient time and place as you may designate, with the hope that upon an interchange of opinions it may be found practicable to submit the subjects of controversy between the belligerents to a convention of the kind mentioned. In such event I am authorized to do whatever the result of the proposed interview may render necessary or advisable. Should you accede to this proposition, I would suggest that, if agreeable to you, we meet at the place selected by Generals Ord and Longstreet for their interview, at 11 A. M. on Monday next.

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE, *General*."

This letter was sent to Longstreet open, with instructions to read, seal, and forward. Longstreet, having read it, disapproved of the true object of the interview being so frankly mentioned, and, as he states, "rode in to Richmond to ask that some other business should be named as the cause of the call for the interview, but he [Lee] was not disposed to approach his purpose by diplomacy, and ordered the letter to be delivered. He, however, wrote and sent another letter also, which related to the exchange of prisoners, and closed by saying: 'Should you see proper to assent to the interview proposed in my letter of this date, I hope it may be found practicable to arrive at a more satisfactory understanding on this subject.'"

To this proposal of Lee's, Grant replied two days later in a letter, nearly three-fourths of which related to the question of

the exchange of prisoners mentioned in his second note. As to the matter suggested by Ord, he replied, declining the interview, saying:

" . . . In regard to meeting you on the 6th instant, I would state that I have no authority to accede to your proposition for a conference on the subject proposed. Such authority is vested in the President of the United States alone. General Ord could only have meant that I would not refuse an interview on any subject on which I have a right to act, which of course would be such as are of a military character, and on the subject of exchanges which has been entrusted to me.

"U. S. GRANT,
"Lieutenant-General."

It would appear that Grant, on receiving Lee's letter, notified the Government in Washington, and Mr. Lincoln sent him, through Stanton, on the 3rd of March, a telegram instructing him to "have no conference with General Lee, unless it were for the capitulation of Lee's army," or on some minor and purely military matter, and stated further that Grant was "not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political question."

This gleam of hope, which for a moment had appeared so promising, having disappeared, Lee went back to his post behind the trenches in which his army, now but a wraith, still held back the foe, in no small part by the awe which its valor and fortitude had inspired. Here, still obedient to the civil government, as he deemed it his duty to be, he held on until swept away by Grant's irresistible numbers ably thrown against him. And even then by a tragic fate he was the victim of the incompetence

of the civil authorities. He had successfully accomplished one of the most difficult movements of his career. He had withdrawn his army by night from Grant's front extending against his lines for thirty-odd miles, in places so close that the movement could not be begun till the moon set. He had crossed the Appomattox twice and, marching past Grant's left, was well on his way to Danville when the disastrous consequence of civil incompetence overtook him. In the first place, a letter in which Lee had stated the condition of his army and his plans to the civil authorities had been left in Richmond and fell into the hands of the Union commander, thus apprising him fully of Lee's route and the desperate condition of his army. And secondly, when Lee reached Amelia Court House, where he had ordered that rations should meet his army, it was found that though they had been sent as directed, the train carrying them had been ordered away again a few hours before his arrival. It used to be charged that this train was ordered back to Richmond to help take away the retiring Government officials; but this charge Mr. Davis indignantly denied, and no one has since believed it. As to the effect of this disaster we have Lee's own views given in his final report of the surrender at Appomattox:

" . . . Not finding the supplies ordered to be placed there," he says, "nearly twenty-four hours were lost in endeavoring to collect in the country subsistence for men and horses. This delay was fatal and could not be retrieved."

When Lee sheathed his sword the Confederate Government vanished like a morning cloud.

With this report to the President of the Confederate States the Army of Northern Virginia passed into history.



THE MAIL-ORDER COWBOY

By Hugh Johnson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HERBERT DUNTON



SERGEANT BLAINE stood at the bunk-house door and surveyed the Mexican-American town of Alcodones. A huddle of dun-colored adobes, flat-topped, deep-windowed, swam down in the strong sunlight from the bare, yellow hills that were Mexico to meet a conjoined huddle on the bare, yellow hills that were Arizona. A wide swath of a street held them apart, and here a dismounted cavalryman was lazily patrolling the well-marked boundary line whose inviolability, in those stirring times of revolution, was Sergeant Blaine's charge.

The sergeant was not pleased, for the trooper, rifle slouched across careless shoulders, was amusing himself by making tantalizing gestures toward a group of cotton-clad *Rurales*, who, squatting barefooted, broad-hatted, in the quilt of shade from the *Commissario de Policia*, sucked brown cigarettes and affected not to see. From the bunk-house, behind the sergeant, the voice of his corporal droned monotonously:

"We'll be across the line in two weeks. The Japs is flirtin' with Magdalena Bay an' yer Uncle Sammy won't stand fer it—why it's as plain as the nose on yer face."

"I don't know how plain it is," growled Blaine, "but it's a blame sight plainer than the nose on the face of the man that crosses that line before I give the word'll be. It's the President's order that you don't cross, an' I'm responsible for you, you hair-brained recruits. Do you think I'm goin' to take a chance at a court-martial an' clankin' a leg-iron over the rocks at Alcatraz for ten years so that you can trifle with that line? It's international complications you'd be bringin' on—an' me all ready to retire on three-quarters pay fer thirty years' service. Look at that fool sentinel, stirrin' up them greasers an'—for the love of Mike!"

The sergeant's shocked gaze passed beyond the patrol and the men tumbled out of the bunk-house to follow it. Before the

open window of a straggling adobe abutting on the neutral zone giggled and simpered a gawky youth in the shirt and hat of a cavalryman, but below his waist, strapped on over his drab riding breeches, gleamed new, fleecy, and dazzling white *chaparejos*. As they watched, an arm appeared at the window and a faded and withered desert rose circled out to drop to the earth with perhaps six feet of pebbly Mexican soil between it and the border. The boy took a step forward, some one within the house laughed, and Sergeant Blaine dashed forward.

"You, Rethers," he yelled, "you cross that line and I'll have you drawn and quartered." The boy had retrieved the rose, but he shortly dropped it before the sergeant's angry hail of questions.

"What you doin' here? Where'd you git them close? You git into proper uneeform an' you do it quick! What are you, anyway, a solger or a cowboy?—Cowboy—!" he snorted in disgust. He had placed a strong hand on the recruit's elbow and was impelling him toward the bunk-house at a rapid if resisting gait.

"Look at 'im!" Blaine roared, as he pushed the boy toward the grinning group of soldiers. "He's a cowboy. He ordered 'em from the East out of a catalogue—a Mail-Order cowboy, that's what he is. You-nited States solger—he ain't no calvaryman, he's a cowboy—a Mail-Order cowboy. An' I promised his mother I'd take care of him!" the sergeant's voice dropped to the sepulchre of seriousness. "Henery Rethers, you shuck them pants." And the old man left the boy to the guffawing mercy of his comrades and went surlily away to nurse his wrath.

Responsibility lay heavily across the shoulders of Sergeant Blaine. The troops had come to the border on hurry orders. Now hurry orders usually mean a fight. There was no fight yet, but in spite of the old sergeant the soldiers were doing their best, and the line was to them as a leash

upon a bull-dog's neck. This their wise captain had accurately foreseen when he sent them to Alcodones.

"I know you're due to retire," he had told Blaine, "but I *must* have some one at Alcodones that I can trust, and there's no officer to send. The men are spoiling for a fight, but they're not going to get it. Go down there, sergeant, but as you hope to retire—sergeant as you hope for heaven, keep the men out of that greaser fight down there and safe on our side of the line. I trust you, sergeant. See to it."

"And see to it he will, bless the old blunderbuss," he added as Blaine saluted dubiously and turned away. The sergeant knew what to expect, and even his love for his captain would not have induced him to accept the hazard save for another trust that antedated Alcodones by a good three days.

Cavalry regiments—the older ones—were likely to see the same names perpetuated on their rosters from one generation to another. Blaine had served his novitiate under First Sergeant Rethers and he had been nursed through a cholera epidemic in the Philippines by Mrs. Rethers, so when the widow of his old first sergeant sought him out in the chaos of puffing engines, rumbling truck-loads of supplies, loud-voiced officers and hurrying men, where he was scientifically swearing at "L" Troop's stable crew, in the approved fashion of forcing the frantic horses in train, he wiped his offending mouth with the back of his hand and came forward like a naughty school-boy.

"I want to see you before you go, sergeant," she began oblivious, "about the boy. He's young an' *flighty*, sergeant, an' he needs his mother yet. No women go on this trip. He's just a gawky, awkward Rookie, sergeant, but he's his father's son and he's my baby, and I want him back again safe—and *clean*." Blaine stammered and stumbled, but he was thinking very keenly of his promise now.

"They's no good for a young gringo mix-in' with them *Señoritas*, any time, an' most partickelerly not *now*. Plumb daffy—buy-in' *chaparejos* an' gigglin' in front of her window all the time. I'll just send *him* to Tres Bilotas to forgit it. The men'll josh him sick an' sore an' then he can go out there an' think it over—mebbe sense'll come."

Young Rethers *was* flighty. For him the Arizona desert had rolled out as a stage setting for the memory of every moving picture and ten-cent thriller he had seen. He peopled the hills with outlaws and Indians. In every swarthy *Paysano* he saw a Spanish villain, in every dowdy *señorita*, a dreamy-eyed Dolores. He was atmosphere-crazy and he took his detail to the lonely outpost at Bilotas with a surprisingly happy grace that would have troubled Sergeant Blaine had that veteran had time to note it. For on that very day the tide of insurrection rolled up from the interior.

A detachment of *Rurales* galloped into Alcodones, Sonora, filled the streets with worn-out, drooping horses and mounted an automatic on the flat-topped church. Scarcely was the tripod settled when the muzzle began to bark, for the ponies of the pursuing *insurrectos* had appeared on the nearest hill-tops. They drew up, with the bullets scattering sand and gravel at their feet, and the three days' fight at Alcodones was begun.

The *insurrectos* entrenched just outside of rifle range from the entrenchments of the defenders. From the limits of this mathematically accurate safety both sides began a fusillade of long-range potting that in the wildest hopes of neither could have ever been effective. The American troopers, oblivious to danger in their friendly excitement, danced up and down on the line like neutral collegians at a foot-ball game and begged and entreated and implored the patriots to "get in and mix it." But the patriots were fighting to suit themselves. There was no slaughter and much noise, and both sides were satisfied.

The news spread and grew as it spread and the next day the States read of it as the "Bloody Battle of Alcodones." Of these head-lines Sergeant Blaine knew nothing until the day the Alcodones stage drew up at the post-office, and its single passenger was beaming upon him through round-lensed glasses.

"I couldn't stand it, sergeant," she explained. "I been some place nigh the regiment fer the last thirty years, an' it's too late to change. Where is the boy?"

The mother of the Mail-Order cowboy was not the Old Pummeloe of fiction. She was neither fat nor formidable and she neither took in washing nor swore. She was



W. Herbert Denton

"Look at 'im!" Blaine roared, as he pushed the boy toward the grinning group of soldiers.—Page 593.

a kindly-faced little old lady, and the men trooped out to greet her because they loved the ground she trod. In thirty minutes they had made her comfortable in her own adobe, and they stood awkwardly about the walls answering "Yes'm" and "No'm" to her cataract of questions.

Yes'm, Henery was well. He'd been at Tres Bilotas for a week. No'm, they wasn't no war. The greasers made a noise like a war, but that was as fur as it got.

Yes'm, they reckoned Uncle Sam'd go down an' put a stop to it purty short. No'm, Henery wasn't in no danger, an' yes'm, he'd been a good boy. Yes'm, they reckoned Sergeant Blaine'd send some one out to relieve him now 'at she'd come. And, Oh, no, *mum*, they wouldn't none of 'em mind goin'—they all loved Tres Bilotas.

This last was not true, but the man who rode out to relieve Rethers whistled as he went and thrilled with the warmth of a

kindly act done. He drew up at the sweltering tent of the Bilotas outpost in the middle of a hot afternoon and hallooed out a tired rider, who stood rubbing his eyes and mumbling thickly.

"He was stallin' aroun' that *Señorita's* house, chewin' the fat an' gigglin' through the window two weeks before Blaine caught him. He knowed what he was goin' to do for weeks. That explains them *chaps*.



"He's just a gawky, awkward Rookie, sergeant, but he's his father's son . . . and I want him back again safe—and *clean*."—Page 594.

"Relieve Rethers—why man! Relieve Rethers?—"

A lump choked the throat of the suddenly alert trooper.

"Why Rethers ain't been here since Saturday—I sent him in for bacon."

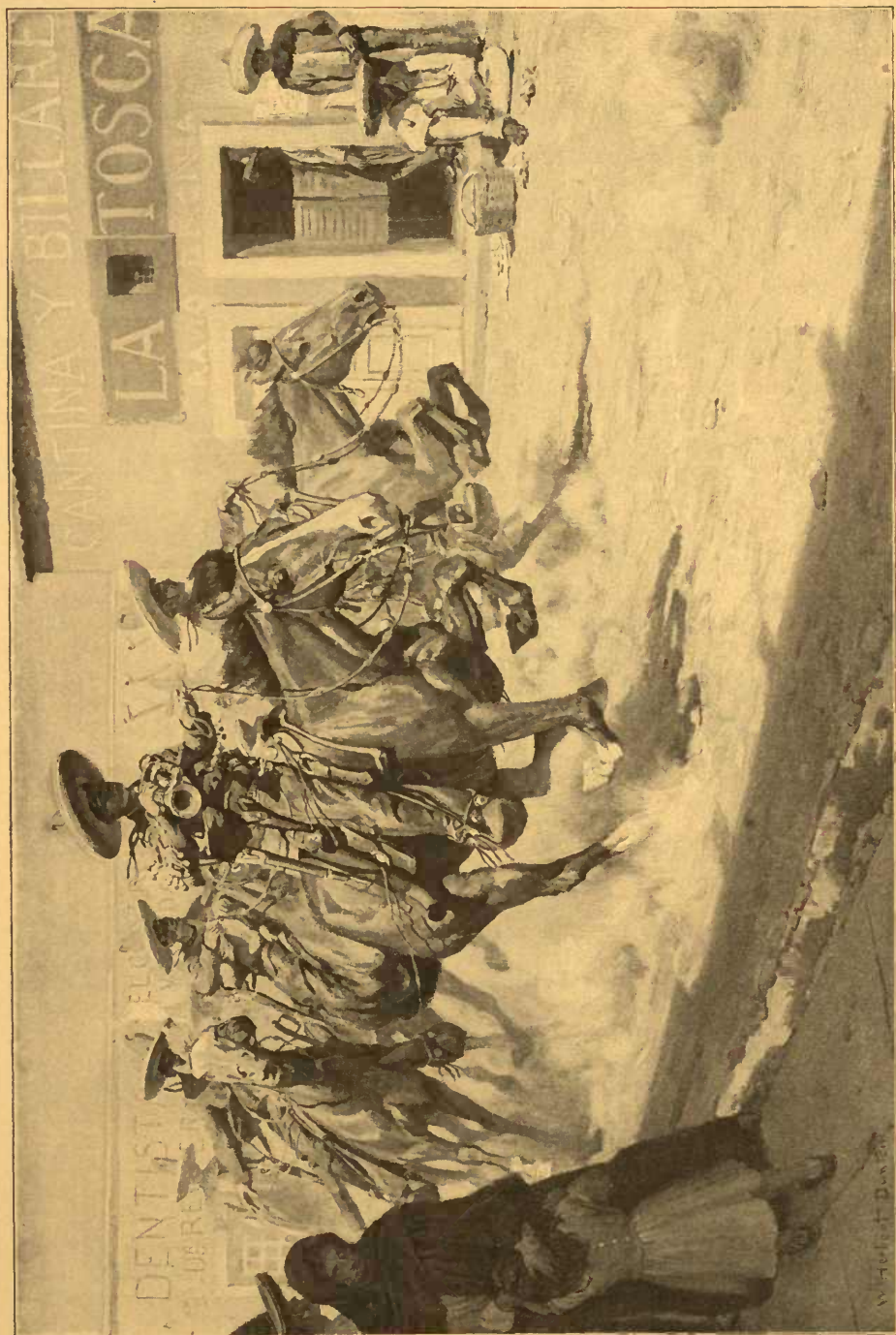
The evil news spread quickly to Alcodones. Rethers had deserted to the insurgents across the line. Every incident of the past month took on an enlightening face and explained itself in retrospect. The men talked of it in whispers and drew loyal conclusions.

They say he's a captain now—'magine Rethers a captain of *anything*."

"*Desert!*" scoffed Rethers's bunkie. "That boy didn't have no more intention of desertin' than I have. He was full up with wild idees about the poor patriots fightin' in the hills—an' cowboys an' Injuns. *He* thought he was doin' a noble thing—*Desert!*"

"We've got to git word to him that his mother's here—that'll bring him back, an' we can keep the whole thing quiet."

But the time to send word to poor fool-



Drawn by W. Herbert Denton.

ish Rethers had passed. A vacquero from across the line who had ridden in to see Sergeant Blaine answered the man's question on that point.

"*Yo cr-r-e-oe que no*," he droned, leaning forward on his saddle horn and pensively chewing his oily hat-string. "Ten insurrectos were captured in the Canada Oro this morning by the *Rurales* Colonel Vasquez. They were spying on the defences. You know how the *Rurales* work—and then they *were* spying. They will be shot tomorrow against an adobe wall—eyes banded—so-o. *Sin duda*. The American was among them. They are now in the Alcodones jail." Sergeant Blaine received this news with a hopeless flight of profanity that stopped suddenly as he turned at a coughing gasp at his elbow to face Mrs. Rethers, whose coming he had been too preoccupied to note. She looked at him a moment quizzically, as though he were some one she had once known slightly but no longer remembered. From her eyes had faded every trace of kind sweetness that he had known. They were dry and bleak and some smoothing hand seemed to have wiped expression from her face. At that moment firing began across the line. The attackers had crawled up within eight hundred yards of the town and the men on the church had just discovered them. A purring roar announced the opening of machine-gun fire, a fusillading chorus swelled it, and the long yellow stretch of debatable ground began to spurt geysers of sand and gravel as the poorly aimed shots ploughed across its face. The woman turned at the sound, hesitated a moment, and, before the sergeant could guess her intention, was off at a shambling little run, straight toward the church, straight across the line, and straight in the zone of fire from both trenches.

Sergeant Blaine forgot the orders of the President. He crossed the line with one leap and followed her. The firing abated not one shot as he overtook her and touched her on the elbow. She seemed not to feel. A Mauser bullet whipped across the buttons of his blouse, and a whining 30-30 kicked sand and dirt upon them both. It was no time for parley. He stooped and picked her up in his arms, and ran toward safety. He carried her to her house, where the men had gathered in an awkward, help-

less group, fastened the chain lock and left her a prisoner, with the corporal on guard at the door. Then he walked to the bunk-house, and there the men found him an hour afterward, still sitting with his bristly old head held between his knee-supported arms, still cudgelling his shocked brain for some way out of a desperate situation that seemed wholly without hope. They had just been peering in at another window, these men, and there they had seen the slight form of a broken-hearted old lady lying still, and apparently lifeless, face down across her white bed.

They had endured inaction as long as endurance was in them. Experts say that Americans will never make good soldiers because they are too self-reliant. The Alcodones patrol had submitted themselves to the pleasure and command of their leader for one hour. Now they took counsel with themselves.

They had seen Mexican fighting and they were not afraid of that, but they feared the sharp tongue of their old sergeant. In another hour they were holding a whispered altercation in the cover of the little gully that began back of the bunk-house and deepened into a respectable cañon, where it crossed the line a mile to eastward. The sergeant heard them and raised a belligerent head.

"But we *can't* tell him. He won't stand for it, I tell you. He can't. It'll all go for nothin'."

"Nothin' yer gran'mother's concrete eye. He's desperit, he is—an' he'll stand fer anything. Didn't ol' Rethers raise him from a herrin'-backed little recruit—same as you are now, Wynne? Didn't the ol' lady pull him through the cholera over in the Islan's when the medicos had give him up. Them things is more'n orders, young feller—even the President's. If you leave the fool kid there to-night—he's dead. If you go after him, somebody'll git punished. Well—let 'em git punished, I say—they'll git over it. Pore little Rethers, *he* won't ever git over bein' dead."

The sergeant walked quietly to the door and took one look at what he knew to be his patrol. They held their high-power rifles in their hands and their shirts were bulging with bandoliers of ammunition, but apart from this the mark of uniform was not upon them. They wore denim jumpers, they



W. H. H. H. H. H.

"Ten insurrectos were captured this morning. . . . The American was among them."—Page 598.

wore ragged coats and trousers culled from every *jacal* in a five-mile radius. Their hats were the battered cast-offs of a desert town where stores were not. Even the tatterdemalion insurrectos in the hills were more graced in the habiliments of war than they. The sergeant saw—and approved.

"Where'd you git 'em," he fairly yelled, "you worthless sons-a-guns—you horse-

wrasslin' young Napoleons—where—how—what?"

Neither Vasquez of the *Rurales* nor Garcia of the Insurrectos has ever been able to intelligently explain the flanking movement of the insurrectos in the second "Battle of Alcodones." Of course, Vasquez, who watched in fear, says they num-

bered two hundred. Garcia, who pretends to know, says forty. Sergeant Blaine and the twelve men of his patrol say nothing.

The flankers came unaccountably out of the hills to eastward at sunset. Such a

of them machine-gun tripod and seven or eight others ripped great bricks from the adobe battlements and scattered the defenders with litter. The garrison promptly lay flat on its face and fired many, many shots



And neither minded him as he closed the door and tiptoed away.—Page 601.

force could not possibly have come through the American border guard, so it is supposed that they were a detachment of Corral's army in the South. They fought as no other insurrectos have fought before or since, and the men on the church privately think that they were some embodiment of evil spirit armed with three-inch field-pieces. They appeared at first in a wide intervalled line, with, say, ten yards between them. They lay flat at the seven-hundred-yard range and sent an unhurried and carefully aimed volley at the church top. It was such shooting as neither Mexican force knew anything about. A bullet took away a leg

straight up in the air. The machine gun was dragged frantically forward, but its bravado of purring dwindled in ten seconds to a sputtering staccato and then ceased. The gunner lay across the trail with a shattered shoulder and the crew scurried for the general cover.

Out across the open hill-side the attacking line was doing a most unpardonable and discourteous thing in the light of all known precedent. It was unhesitatingly advancing. Half of it lay flat, firing in a deadly, accurate, and most leisurely manner, while the other half rushed forward a full hundred yards. From that moment, succes-

sively (like the two feet of a man walking), this unaccountable skirmish-line in two halves came on—one firing while the other advanced. The church had been battered into silence, but from the buildings and the trenches the *Rurales* were keeping up a pretence of resistance. At two hundred yards the attackers did some fancy shooting through the windows and along the top of the trenches. About fifty of the defenders considered the time auspicious for escape to the rear, but at the same moment the real insurrectos opened fire and they ran frantically back to cover.

Colonel Vasquez denies knowledge of it, but the facts remain—a white flag fluttered from the church top. The firing ceased, but the first conical hat that raised above the battlements was withdrawn very quickly with a bullet through its crown, and a litter of adobe on its brim.

Some one rushed to the *carcel* door, shot the lock away and released the prisoners who were to have been shot next morning, and the mysterious column disappeared across the eastern hills more quickly than it had come.

Colonel Vasquez says nothing about this attack in his official report of the battle,

so of course it did not occur. Garcia mentions a demonstration, but he is very sketchy and indefinite. Sergeant Blaine knows that he stood in the door of a half-dark room and saw a sobbing boy, in dirty and bedraggled *chaparejos*, kneeling with his head in the lap of his mother, and that neither minded him as he closed the door and tiptoed away.

The men of the Alcodones patrol are bubbling over with a secret which would not last ten minutes if they dared to tell. They do not dream that their captain has an inkling, but Sergeant Blaine was a faithful soldier. He rode forty miles next day to report to his captain. He got no further than the peroration. The captain stopped him with a friendly hand on his shoulder.

"Now, sergeant," he said, "don't be a gill-flitted, dunder-headed old fool. There was a vacquero in here this morning with some rumors. I know nothing definite, but I can guess a lot. There are reasons why Vasquez will never report this. You go back there to Alcodones and take command of your patrol. When I sent you there I said I trusted you—well, I still trust you—I trust you more than ever. Now go back and keep those blessed young fools from talking. That's all, sergeant."

STORNELLO

Rosamund Marriott Watson

FROM the dark wharf beside the long dull stream
We watched the winter sunset's fading fire
Illume tall towers and parapets of dream,
Gray bastions of the land of heart's desire.

Unto our ears the murmurous stillness bore,
Flung from some craft unseen that passed along
Wrapt in the sombre shadows of the shore,
A flute's frail voice, a vagrant waif of song.

And then a veil of sudden darkness fell—
The heavenly gates were gone—we knew not how—
Only the tolling of a distant bell
Swung slow athwart the water-way, and now

The dream enshrined in that strange sunset's glow,
The word that wistful air seemed fain to say,
I cannot tell you, though at last I know,
For you have wandered far, too far, away.

CLEVELAND'S ADMINISTRATIONS

By James Ford Rhodes

II



THE tariff act of 1894 belongs to the second year of Cleveland's second administration, but, in the first year, the President had to contend with a still more vital question, that of the purchase of silver. The brief history of our silver legislation resembles the long history of our tinkering with the tariff: as the more protection the manufacturing interests got, the more they demanded, so was it with the producers of silver. In 1878, Congress provided for the coinage of two to four million silver dollars per month, making them a full legal tender. The different Secretaries of the Treasury used their option to purchase silver for the coinage of the minimum amount, yet, when this act was superseded by that of 1890 there had been coined three hundred and seventy-eight million $412\frac{1}{2}$ grain silver dollars, popularly known as the "dollar of the daddies." The intrinsic value of this dollar as measured in gold was, in 1878, 89 cents; in 1890, 81 cents. This indicated, of course, that the supply of silver was in excess of the use for it, therefore the silver producers asked that their government furnish them a wider market. This was on their part an entirely natural demand and, had it been confined to the silver producing States, could not have led to mischievous consequences. But the silver propaganda working on men in debt, on men who had converted their liquid capital into land and manufactories, on others who from its history believed in silver as money, had constantly gained adherents, until in 1890 a majority in Congress and in the country believed that there should be "an increase of money to meet the increasing wants of our rapidly growing country and population" [John Sherman]. The sentimental affection which, in the decade succeeding the Civil War, had attached to greenbacks was transferred in 1877 to silver and had grown in warmth and intensity. The

movement was bolstered by the teaching of able economists and had gained the active support of the Secretary of the Treasury [Windom], and the passive sympathy of the President [Harrison]. The Senate by a vote of 42 to 25 had passed an act providing for the free coinage of silver. The House would not go that far, and the difference in sentiment between the two led to a compromise, effected by John Sherman, which resulted in the Act of 1890. This act provided for the purchase monthly of 4,500,000 ounces of silver, requiring a money investment of about fifty millions annually in bullion, for which treasury notes of full legal tender were issued: and these treasury notes were redeemable in gold or silver at the option of the holder. It was an excellent scheme for the silver producers, as the purchases virtually absorbed the product of the American silver mines, but it was bad policy for both government and people. The historian may well share the wonder indicated in the nearly contemporaneous expression of John Sherman, "I never could comprehend why any one not directly interested in the mining of silver, could favor a policy involving so heavy a loss to the people of the United States." The government purchased the silver on a declining market incurring an annual loss, according to Sherman's reckoning, of ten millions. When the act was passed, silver was worth \$1.09 per ounce, and when Cleveland addressed his special session of Congress [August 8, 1893], it had declined to 75 cents. The government belonged to the people and its loss was their loss. Moreover the mass of the people always lose by "cheap money" and a departure from the recognized standard of value of the civilized world. In 1893 we were in imminent danger of going on to a silver basis.

Thus a strong hand was needed when on March 4, 1893, Cleveland assumed the reins of government. He had to cope with a deficit, a drain of gold for the purchases of silver and the daily expenses of the government, and an imminent financial panic. It

is to his credit that he set himself at once to grapple with the vitally important question. A president less wise and patriotic would have yielded to the temptation to tackle the tariff. He and his Congress had been elected on that issue, and on it his party was better united than on any other. He was the new apostle of a reduction of the tariff: to recommend that his doctrine be put in practice was easy and natural, but, if he hesitated at all, he came to a decision during the financial panic of June, 1893, and called an extra session of Congress for August 7, to consider the financial situation. He addressed the House and the Senate earnestly and forcibly. He had called them together on account of "an alarming and extraordinary business situation" which he thought was due principally to "the purchase and coinage of silver." One hundred and forty-seven millions of treasury notes had been issued in the purchase of silver bullion and many of these notes had been paid in gold. The gold reserve of one hundred millions had been encroached upon; more than eighty-seven millions of gold had gone abroad. The country was approaching silver mono-metallism and, should it reach this basis, it would lose its place "among nations of the first class." "I earnestly recommend," he concluded, "the prompt repeal of the provisions of the act passed July 14, 1890, authorizing the purchase of silver bullion." The House responded at once to his earnest request and, in three weeks after their meeting, repealed the purchase clause of the act by a vote of 239 to 108.

Although the financial panic was increasing in intensity, the Senate wrangled over the repeal and did not pass it until October 30th. The vote stood 43 to 32; of the yeas 23 were Republican, of the nays 19 were Democrats. This shows the non-partisan character of the issue and the delicate position of Cleveland. The triumphant leader of his party in 1892 was forced less than a year later to beg Democratic Senators to unite with Republicans in an enactment which he deemed of vital importance. The support of the Committee on Finance was essential, and a formidable stumbling-block in the President's course existed in the person of Daniel W. Voorhees, of Indiana, its chairman, who had previously been an advocate of the free coinage of silver.

Voorhees and other objecting Democratic Senators were won by a discreet bestowal of offices: that the Voorhees "gang" and the Voorhees family were provided for was one of the incidents of the repeal. The President's action seems to have been necessary, but he incurred severe criticism from the civil service reformers. It was not alleged that he had broken the law, but that he had violated the spirit of the reform and had been recreant to his earlier professions. It is impossible, I think, that Cleveland should have made the defence attributed by Ostro-gorski, to a certain high official, that "a man had never yet been hung for breaking the spirit of a law"; indeed, he said later, "I do not believe that we should do evil that good may come"; so that his justification must be held to rest upon the ground that seeing a divided duty, he disposed first of the matter which admitted of no delay. When the danger of the country being forced to a silver basis was lessened and finally averted, he made, as I have already related, a further and significant extension of the merit system in the civil service.

It is clear that had it not been for the repeal of the purchase clause of the Act of 1890, the country would of necessity have adopted the standard of silver mono-metallism, and yet this action of Congress, only brought about by the resolute and persistent work of the President, did not wholly avert the danger. It was generally acknowledged that a law passed in 1882 gave statutory recognition to one hundred millions as the lowest limit of the gold reserve to provide for the redemption of the 346,000,000 greenbacks then outstanding; and the provisions of the Act of 1890 added 152,000,000 in treasury notes to the burden. Moreover, as Cleveland wrote, this gold reserve of 100,000,000 was regarded by the people "with a sort of sentimental solicitude" which, during the panic of 1893 and its aftermath, was an element worthy of grave consideration. When Cleveland became President the reserve was less than one million above the lowest limit; on April 22, 1893, it fell for the first time since its establishment below the one hundred millions, and on January 17, 1894, as a result of the financial panic and the deficit, to less than seventy millions. If the government ceased to pay gold on demand for greenbacks and for the treasury notes is-

sued under the Act of 1890, it was in the condition of a bank refusing to redeem its bills or of an individual unable to meet his obligations; in other words it was bankrupt. A notable feature of the financial history of Europe and the United States for at least the last thirty years is the scramble for gold; our country now entered vigorously into this contest.

Cleveland was keenly alive to the situation, but Congress would not assist him with the new legislation that was obviously required; so he was compelled to sell bonds authorized by the resumption act of 1875 in order to replenish the gold reserve. At two different times [January 17, 1894; November 13, 1894] he asked for bids in gold for fifty millions five per cent ten-year bonds and, with the aid of New York banks, sold them at a rate that gave the government its gold on a basis of an interest rate of about three per cent per annum. Twice he thus raised the gold reserve above the one hundred millions limit, but it did not remain there. Greenbacks and treasury notes were presented and redeemed in gold, but under the law they must be re-issued, and the holders employed them again in the scramble for gold, much of which went abroad. "We have," said the President in his annual message of 1894, "an endless chain in operation constantly depleting the Treasury's gold and never near a final rest." There followed, wrote Cleveland ten years later in his calm review of this work of his administration, "a time of bitter disappointment and miserable depression" culminating in the first days of February when the reserve fell below forty-two millions. Having appealed in vain to Congress for aid, he now had recourse to advice from the leading financial expert of the country, J. Pierpont Morgan, with whom he had a long interview on the evening of February 7, 1895. The two were in the position of buyer and seller, and Cleveland, although not suspicious of his adviser's motives, was nevertheless on his guard against any possible mischance. But the clear comprehension and far-sighted patriotism of the financier (even though, as might be suspected, self-interest coincided with love of country) won his entire confidence, and when Morgan asked, why do you not buy one hundred millions in gold at a fixed price and pay for it in bonds under

authority of the Act of 1862? Cleveland was struck with the wisdom of the suggestion and made a contract on that line with Morgan although for a less amount. Morgan for himself and his syndicate agreed to furnish sixty-five millions in gold in exchange for four per cent bonds (issued under authority of the Act of 1875) on a basis of $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent interest per annum; but if Congress would authorize an issue of 3 per cent bonds distinctly payable in gold, he offered, in lieu of the other agreement, to take such bonds at par. He further contracted to obtain one half of the gold from abroad and promised that he and his associates would use their influence and efforts to protect the Treasury against withdrawals of gold.

By special message Cleveland made a plain statement of the case to Congress, saying that, if he could issue 3 per cent bonds, payable in gold, he would save sixteen millions, but Congress refused to give him the needed authority. Although he and his friends were disappointed, and both at the time and since have severely blamed the legislative body, yet its refusal was undoubtedly wise. If sixty-two millions of bonds were singled out and made distinctly payable in gold, in what were the other bonds of the government payable? "Coin" meant either gold or silver and an ugly question might have arisen, leading to the conclusion that if gold were not specified, bonds payable in "coin" might be discharged in silver. What was needed was a declaration, similar to that of the Act of 1869 [which pledged the government to payment in coin of obligations that the "cheap money" advocates believed could be lawfully discharged in greenbacks], that all bonds of the United States were payable in gold; but no such action could be hoped for from Congress nor would public sentiment have justified it.

Morgan and his associates therefore took the loan on the basis of $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent and floated it successfully. They paid $104\frac{1}{2}$ for the bonds. The subscription price was 112 $\frac{1}{4}$; in twenty-two minutes nearly seven times the amount of the loan was subscribed for in the United States, and in two hours more than sixteen times the amount in London. In July the bonds were quoted at 120. It is clear that the syndicate made a handsome profit in the transaction.

Yet it is equally clear that Morgan's taking hold of the loan and being at the back of it was an important element in its success. He made it go. "Mr. Morgan," asked Cleveland, "how did you know that you could command the co-operation of the great financial interests of Europe?" "I simply told them," he answered, "that this was necessary for the maintenance of the public credit and the promotion of industrial peace and they did it."

Nevertheless, the President was gravely censured; and when intimations appeared in the press and in private conversation that he had made a corrupt bargain with Morgan, the censure overstepped the bounds of decency. No one can study Cleveland and his political life fairly without becoming thoroughly convinced of his sturdy honesty and that his conscience was a harder master than Congress or the people. "I know there is a God," he wrote in a private letter; in Cleveland indeed is found that belief so widespread in America, that when man dies he must face a personal God and give an account of his actions on earth. This religion, the man's antecedents, and his native uprightness of spirit made dishonesty of the kind alleged, as impossible to Cleveland as to Lincoln or George Washington.

But for the well-known liability of our public men to become the objects of malignant aspersion, I should have hesitated before devoting a paragraph to the defence of Cleveland's action in this matter. Whether or not the contract with Morgan was a good trade is another question, as to which opinions differ, my own being that under the circumstances it undoubtedly was so. The government was within a few days of bankruptcy and only men who had control of the money market could save it. It seems clear to me that Morgan did not drive a hard bargain and that Cleveland and Richard Olney, the Attorney-General who was an adviser of the President during the transaction, were conspicuously safe men for looking after the financial interests of the government. A shrewd merchant does not grudge paying one or two per cent a month for a limited amount of money to save himself from bankruptcy, nor should a rich government regret a loss of sixteen millions for the sake of maintaining its high credit. When a financial negotiation has

proved a decided success in averting calamity, it is difficult to make the general public recall the state of peril that preceded the solution. To the student of contemporary documents, however, is it given to see things as they were in the time of stress, and because he can, in a measure, enter into the feelings and comprehend the reasoning of Cleveland and Olney, he can have no hesitation in justifying the contract which saved our country from dishonoring its obligations.

Nearly a year passed before the reserve needed replenishment by another sale of bonds. On January 5, 1896, a call was made for a popular subscription of one hundred million four per cents. This loan was taken at a little over 111, netting the investor 3.4 per cent. The gold from this loan was needed; by the time it had begun to be available, the reserve had fallen somewhat under forty-five millions. Cleveland issued in all two hundred and sixty-two millions of bonds to maintain the gold reserve. With no aid from Congress, with little support from his own party, in the face of trenchant criticism from the Republicans, he preserved his country from financial disaster.

In his book Cleveland speaks of 1894 and 1895 as troublous and anxious years, and a survey of the events falling within this period will fully corroborate his words. During the summer of 1894, while engaged with the tariff question, he was suddenly confronted with the labor disturbance known as the Chicago strike. This began in May at the Pullman Palace Car Company's works, having been brought about by a reduction of wages, which was due to the depression in business following upon the panic of 1893. The sympathetic strike of the railroad employes arose from the circumstance that nearly 4,000 of the Pullman laborers belonged to the American Railway Union, whose total membership was about 150,000, and it took the form of the railroad men positively declining to handle Pullman cars. It started on June 26 with the refusal of a switchman to attach a Pullman car to a train which was making up, and when this man was discharged all the switchmen struck. The sympathetic strike spread to other departments, causing the partial or complete paralysis of a number of

railroads. Although its ramifications were wide throughout the West, it is best studied in Chicago, the most important railroad centre of the country.

The first interference of the national government came from the necessity of moving the United States mails, which were generally carried by the fast trains to which Pullman cars were attached. The President had an able Attorney-General in Richard Olney, who interpreted soundly the laws that applied to the situation, himself acted in strict accordance with them, and advised the President that he would in no way overstep the limits set by the Constitution and the statutes in the course that he proposed to follow. Olney used the United States District Attorney, a special counsel, and the marshal to furnish him accurate information and to carry out his orders. He empowered the marshal to appoint a large number of deputies and directed the attorneys to apply to the courts for injunctions. On July 2 a sweeping injunction was granted against Debs, president of the American Railway Union, and others, restraining them from obstructing the United States mails. By this time the strike had become a riot. The city police and deputy marshals were unable to preserve order, and the President, who had been carefully preparing for the emergency, ordered about 2,000 United States troops to Chicago. These arrived on July 4, but failed at first to quell the trouble. The outcasts in Chicago swelled the mob who openly defied the injunction of the United States court, demolished and burned cars and railway buildings, and obstructed traffic to the extent that of the twenty-three railroads centring in Chicago, only six were transporting their freight, passengers, and mails without violent interference. The troops were active in dispersing various mobs, and where they appeared a semblance of order was restored, but the President and law-abiding citizens were hampered by the attitude of the Governor of Illinois, Altgeld, the so-called "friend and champion of disorder." Anarchy was threatened and the police of Chicago under the Mayor and the militia under the Governor seemed powerless to avert it. Had the Governor been like the State executives at the head of their States in 1877, he would have called upon the President for troops who would

be sent under the constitutional provision; but not only did he decline to make any such requisition, but he even protested against the sending of United States troops to Chicago, and when they came, demanded their withdrawal. The President answered him with dignity, stoutly and correctly maintaining that the "Federal troops were sent in strict accordance with the Constitution and laws of the United States."

The situation became so serious that on July 8 the President issued a solemn proclamation of warning and, as ample reinforcements of regulars were at hand, the riot was checked. On July 10 Debs was arrested upon an indictment for complicity in the obstruction of mails; three days later the strike was practically broken. One week after his arrest, while he was out on bail, Debs was brought before the court to show why he should not be punished for contempt and, as he saw that the game was up, he declined to give bail and allowed himself to be imprisoned as a martyr. On July 20, the United States troops were withdrawn from Chicago.

The action of Cleveland in repressing this alarming disturbance is on a par with the best work of this kind accomplished by our presidents. In the precedent that it established it amounts to something more. Olney furnished Cleveland with a powerful weapon in the new use of the injunction and expounded the law under which he was empowered to act after the Governor of Illinois had failed in his duty. When at the height of the trouble a resolution was introduced by a Populist Senator declaring that no Federal process should issue for alleged obstruction of trains unless the interference was with that part of the train essential to carrying the mails, the President of the Duluth branch of the American Railway Union asked Davis, a Republican Senator from Minnesota, to vote for this resolution. Davis replied: "You are rapidly approaching the overt act of levying war against the United States, and you will find the definition of that act in the Constitution. You might as well ask me to vote to dissolve the government."

The President's action was deemed so well-advised and opportune that he received approval from all sides. On July 11 the Senate and on July 16 the House passed resolutions, by a very large majority,

endorsing his action. The Catholic Church, true to her conservative record in our country, was correctly represented by Archbishop Ireland when he said: "I approve President Cleveland's course in the strike. His prompt action brought State and city officials, citizens, and strikers to their senses." Cooley, a distinguished jurist, expressed his unqualified satisfaction with Cleveland's "vindication of the national authority and the restoration of law and order." You proceeded, he wrote, with "caution and deliberation" and gave with "remarkably little bloodshed" a "great and valuable lesson in constitutional construction." Best of all, the United States Supreme Court, in a unanimous opinion delivered by Justice Brewer, declared that the President had acted correctly and within his legal competency. Later President Taft spoke of the great debt which the country owes to Cleveland for the assertion "through him, as its chief executive, of the power of the Federal government directly to defend the Federal jurisdiction through the process of Federal courts and by Federal troops against the lawless invasion of a mob." To Cleveland and to Olney we, in this country of reverence for just decisions, owe a precedent of incalculable value.

I approach my last topic, the Venezuelan boundary dispute, with some diffidence for the reason that here for the first time my criticism of Cleveland's acts cannot eventuate in admiration. Let me, however, own in advance that the position taken by Cleveland and Olney (then Secretary of State), in their intimate knowledge of all the relevant facts and conditions, is a presumption in favor of the correctness of their action. Moreover, the two matters that gave Cleveland the most satisfaction, as he reflected on the events of his public life, were his management of affairs in the Chicago riots and in the controversy over the Venezuelan boundary. Doing my best to see things as he saw them, I have been unable to agree with his conclusions.

In 1841 a dispute arose between Venezuela and Great Britain concerning the boundary-line between Venezuela and British Guiana and, though interrupted by thirty years of revolution in the South American country, continued to reassert it-

self in desultory fashion up to Cleveland's first administration. It had the characteristics of most boundary disputes. Both countries displayed a shrewd trading instinct and each claimed more than it expected to get. England's attitude was the usual one of the strong toward the weak; yet, while it is difficult to consider this question without prejudice, I am led from a careful study of the map and of Cleveland's and Olney's abstracts of the correspondence to the belief that Venezuela made the more extravagant and less justifiable claim. In 1876 she invoked our kind offices and four years later proposed to Great Britain to leave the whole territory in dispute to arbitration. This proposition was at first ignored and afterward rejected. During his first administration, Cleveland offered to England our mediation between the two disputants, but was unable to secure the acceptance of his offer. In 1894 he recommended arbitration to her and told in his annual message of the efforts that he was making toward a settlement of the controversy. Congress supported the President and by a joint resolution earnestly recommended that Great Britain and Venezuela "refer their dispute as to boundaries to friendly arbitration." Having become Secretary of State in June, 1895, Richard Olney, by his despatch of July 20 to our Ambassador in London, brought our participation in the controversy to an acute stage. His despatch met with the President's complete approval, which is not surprising inasmuch as its clear style and vigorous reasoning supplied the best possible presentation of the case which Cleveland had deigned to make his nation's own. The sturdy Americanism in every line is singularly persuasive and the logic is hard to resist; one can approve it in many aspects but, devoted as it is to an assertion and exposition of the Monroe doctrine, it has to my mind the fatal defect of applying that doctrine to a mere boundary dispute between a European and American power. A careful reading of Monroe's statement and of Webster's exposition of it convinces me that it did not apply to the controversy in regard to the Venezuelan boundary. The Monroe doctrine is best understood through the concrete example of the French occupation of Mexico which was a clear violation of it, but the difference

is vast between that occupation and this boundary dispute with its extravagant claims and counter-claims, its concessions and withdrawals. That they are not in the same category will be evident from a glance at the map of Venezuela and British Guiana, showing the extreme claims of each, the line on which England would probably have settled at any time [Schomburgk] and the line finally determined.

Secretary Olney, in his despatch of July 20, 1895, demanded "a definite decision upon the point whether Great Britain will consent or will decline to submit the Venezuelan boundary question in its entirety to impartial arbitration." Lord Salisbury, Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, in his response of November 26 argued that the Monroe doctrine did not apply to the controversy, which therefore was one "with which the United States have no apparent practical concern" and their proposal to impose arbitration on one of the disputants "cannot be reasonably justified and has no foundation in the law of nations." He thus plainly refused to submit the case to arbitration. However sound Salisbury's reasoning may be, his despatch was in what Andrew D. White calls the "cynical Saturday-Review, high-Tory" style and, in connection with the general attitude toward Venezuela that had been maintained throughout by Great Britain it undoubtedly greatly irritated Cleveland. He did not, however, reply on the spur of the moment, but, after taking abundant time for consideration, he took the question out of the diplomatic channel and, on December 17, 1895, sent a carefully prepared message to Congress. He asserted stoutly that the Monroe doctrine did apply to the case, that Great Britain ought to have submitted the controversy to arbitration, but, as she would not, we must "accept the situation, recognize its plain requirements, and deal with it accordingly." It is therefore "incumbent upon the United States to take measures to determine with sufficient certainty for its justification what is the true divisional line between the Republic of Venezuela and British Guiana." He asked Congress to authorize him to appoint a Commission "who shall make the necessary investigation." When its report "is made and accepted," he continued, "it will in my opin-

ion be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power as a wilful aggression upon its rights and interests the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which after investigation we have determined of right belongs to Venezuela. In making these recommendations I am fully alive to the responsibility incurred and keenly realize all the consequences that may follow."

The message made a profound sensation. Congress at once gave the President the authority that he asked for. The press and the public mainly supported his position, although there were some notable exceptions. The message was sent to Congress on Tuesday. On Friday the stock market reached the verge of panic with the result that Wall Street and certain large business interests condemned the message in terms such as had from the first been pronounced by a number of prominent journals. On Sunday the pulpit thundered against the President, treating his message as a threat of war to England. And the clergymen were right in their construction. No amount of explanation and justification after the event can alter the meaning of Cleveland's uncompromising words. That war was possible, even probable, as a result of the President's ultimatum to England was the belief of most thoughtful men. Between Christmas and New Year's Carl Schurz was asked, "If the President of the French Republic had sent such a message to his Chamber of Deputies concerning a dispute with Germany, would not she have considered it a cause of war?" "Yes," said Schurz, "but Germany would not have waited to declare war. She would at once have put all of her available troops in the trains, started them for the French frontier, and issued a pressing order to mobilize the rest of the active army and the reserves."

The message was a surprise. Cleveland had hitherto been reasonable though firm in his diplomacy and had shown no Jingo propensities. Of his high and patriotic motives in this action there can be no doubt, but one may read between the lines of his chapter on the "Venezuelan Boundary Controversy" and find a clue to the sentiment that prompted him to this determined stand.

It was once a not uncommon impression in America that English diplomacy, so far as it dealt with our country, was unscrupulous. I had this in mind when I made my study of the diplomatic correspondence of our Civil War, but in the course of this research I failed to discern the lack of scruple so frequently attributed to Great Britain. From 1861 to 1864 we were weak and England was strong. Earl Russell's diplomacy was in the main evasive and procrastinating, yet in certain plain cases it showed quick decision, as in the Trent case against us, when we were in the wrong, and in the stoppage of the iron-clad rams in our favor. That Cleveland deemed England procrastinating and evasive in her negotiations with Venezuela is indubitable, and he may further have thought her to be knavishly encroaching upon and oppressing Venezuela. This idea being in his mind, Salisbury's cool reply was sufficient to produce an explosion.

The obvious criticism of Cleveland is that he read the correspondence through South American spectacles and made Venezuela's case our own. Shakespeare showed the nature of a boundary dispute in Percy's speech to Glendower about the tripartite division of England:

"Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out.
. . . I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

The one-sidedness of disputants over a boundary should teach the utmost caution in the espousal of such a cause beyond our own domain. When our own limits are in question, the President may have the counsel of our jurists, publicists, historical and geographical experts; for a dispute involving a South American power, these without special arrangement are lacking.

The interval between December 17 and January 2 was a gloomy period for patriotic and peace-loving Americans. The prospect of possible, even probable, war with England was dismal enough. I remember that on the evening of January 2 I asked General Francis A. Walker what way there was out of the situation when each

nation had given the other an ultimatum. "One or the other," he said, "must crawl, but the news in to-night's paper shows the resolution of the difficulty." This was the report of Dr. Jameson's raid into the Transvaal. His capture and the congratulatory despatch of the German Emperor to Kruger followed. Though the British government had remained silent since Cleveland's message of December 17, the English press had been bellicose, but now their irritation of the public at the German Emperor's despatch was so acute that Cleveland's offence was forgotten. Thenceforward things moved steadily to a harmonious settlement. Salisbury said in the House of Lords on the opening of Parliament [February 11, 1896]: "The mixture of the United States in this matter [Venezuela] may conduce to results, which will be satisfactory to us, more rapidly than if the United States had not interfered. I do think the bringing in of the Monroe doctrine was controversially quite unnecessary for the United States. Considering the position of Venezuela in the Caribbean Sea, it was no more unnatural that the United States should take an interest in it than that we should take an interest in Holland and Belgium. . . . I believe that means may be found by the combination of negotiation and arbitration to bring matters, which are not really very recondite or difficult, to a settlement."

The President appointed a Commission of able jurists and scholars, who were assisted by scholarly experts and who proceeded to their work in a scientific manner. Meanwhile negotiations were begun in Washington; Olney contributed a legal suggestion of great value which disposed of an obstacle to Great Britain agreeing to arbitrate the whole territory in dispute; and the result was a treaty of arbitration between the contending powers [February 2, 1897]. A mass of material collected by the President's Commission, filling fourteen volumes and a large atlas was laid before the Court of Arbitration for its guidance. Finally the Court determined the boundary-line between the two countries on October 3, 1899.

A study of the map and correspondence shows that the claim of Venezuela covered "two-thirds of the colony of British Guiana" and impeached "titles which have



been unquestioned for many generations"; that the line determined by the arbitral board differed very little from the Schomburgk line, which, at times during the dispute, England was willing to accept as the boundary and which at any time could probably have been secured by reasonable and fair diplomacy. In sum it would seem unwise to have risked a war with England for a difference so small, especially when the principle supposedly at stake, the Monroe doctrine, was of very doubtful application.

Edward J. Phelps said: "No advocate of the President's proclamation has undertaken to point out how it can affect us, whether the line through the jungle of bushes and water, which makes up most of the territory really in dispute, is drawn a few miles one way or the other." Andrew D. White, one of the President's Commission, wrote of their first grapple with the subject: "We found ourselves in a jungle of geographical and legal questions with no clue in sight leading anywhere."

Cleveland in his chapter on the "Venezuelan Boundary Controversy" rates the un-Americans who lauded "the extreme forbearance and kindness of England," "the timid ones who feared personal financial loss," and "those engaged in speculation and stock-gambling." The allusion to Wall Street is plain, but Wall Street, notorious for chicanery, has not always proved a national scourge. It stood at Cleveland's back for the maintenance of the gold standard and in December, 1895, used its influence for peace between two nations to whom the thought of war should never come. The reference to Anglo-maniacs need trouble no one who allows himself to be guided by two of Cleveland's trusted servants and friends. Thomas F. Bayard, Secretary of State during the first administration and the actual Ambassador to Great Britain wrote, in a private letter on May 25, 1895: "There is no question now open between the United States and Great Britain that needs any but frank, amicable, and just treatment." Edward J. Phelps, his first minister to England, in a public address, condemned emphatically the President's Venezuelan policy [March 30, 1896].

Within Cleveland's message itself denial is to be found of some of the justifications

of it forthcoming after the event. He is reported to have said in conversation: it is "a peace message, the only way to prevent a probable collision between the two nations;" "Thurber, this does not mean war, it means arbitration." And a supporter has urged that "the message was like a prairie back-fire to prevent Congress doing something very radical when the facts became known." I pass over the defence that it was intended to put the Republican Jingo in a hole, as Cleveland was too great a patriot to run the risk of involving his country in a horrible war for the sake of partisan advantage. A Jingo vindication is that England will not respect you unless you give her a rap. I will not here account for my conviction of the general fallaciousness of this statement, but will oppose to it the remark of one of our sanest and most powerful leaders of public opinion, President Eliot: "We owe it to our self-respect not to give a rap to any nation."

After the message of December 17, 1895, the conduct of the President and Secretary of State merits high praise. While the Venezuelan negotiations were in progress, they agreed on a treaty "for the arbitration of all matters in difference between the United States and Great Britain." Although this failed unfortunately of ratification by the Senate, it paved the way for the present treaty and was one of the considerations which has brought about the existing cordiality between the two countries.

In dealing with these important topics, I have covered enough ground to warrant a general estimate of Cleveland's presidency. I have no doubt that it will rank high in our history despite his conduct of the Venezuelan affair and his failure as a party leader. By his course on the silver question and his attitude toward the Democratic Senate on the tariff question, he lost the leadership of his party which for a long while afterward tended toward disintegration. At the close of his last administration he thought that he was the most unpopular of all public men in the South, and he grieved, as any Democrat would, that he had lost his hold upon that section, whose influence was so potent in his party. But time wrought in his favor. He eventually commanded the respect and admiration of independent thinkers all over the country, irrespective

of region or party. "As Civil Service Commissioner," said Theodore Roosevelt while President, "I was much impressed by Cleveland's high standard of official conduct and his rugged strength of character." Cleveland "was a great President," de-

clared President Taft, "because he was a patriot with the highest sense of public duty, a statesman of clear perceptions, of the utmost courage of his convictions and of great plainness of speech," and "a man of the highest character."

"GOING DOWN FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO"

HOW ONE GOES, AND THE PEOPLE THAT
ONE MEETS ON THE WAY

By Lewis Gaston Leary



WHATEVER else may or may not happen on the journey, the traveller to Jericho always goes "down." If you go up to the roof of one of the hotels near the Jaffa Gate, you can look quite over the little city of Jerusalem, past the ugly roofs of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the glittering dome of the Mosque of Omar, to the southernmost knoll of the Mount of Olives, and then far down the Valley of Kidron into the wilderness that lies west of the Jordan. Sometimes at sunset a long, bright ray pierces deep into the wedge-shaped opening between the hills, and you can follow the sunlight down through gorge after gorge until it rests over the chasm which lies just this side of the purple mountains of Moab.

But the bottom of this chasm cannot be seen from the Jaffa Gate. You must cross the city and climb the steep side of Olivet. Stand then on the gallery of the minaret at Kefr eṭ-Ṭūr, or, better yet, climb to the top of the tower by the Russian monastery, and you can see as far as the Jordan River. On the west are the domes and minarets of the Holy City, on the south the green olive orchards and vineyards of Judea; but to the east you look down over bare, brown mountain peaks that drop away in wearisome succession down, down, down, until at last they dip suddenly into the Jordan Valley.

This valley is long, straight, and very deep. Its smooth, brown floor is in startling contrast with the bewildering hills

which lie all around. The thin, green line of the brush along the river banks is very distinct, but seems mysteriously distant. So do the dark blue waters of the Dead Sea, which lies silent and motionless at the bottom of the lowest valley on earth. It is only twelve miles away in a straight line, but the sea is almost four thousand feet below the city of Jerusalem, and it is a world away in climate, scenery, and action.

The Jericho road runs through this grim wilderness. It passes along the Kidron Valley between the Temple Site and Gethsemane, rises over the low southern slope of the Mount of Olives, curves around Bethany, and then dives into the desert. From the tower of the Russian monastery you can see now and again the thin, white line of the dusty road as it twists around some steep ridge, always becoming narrower and always lower until it sinks out of sight among the hills. Even by the winding carriage road it is less than twenty miles from Jerusalem to Jericho, but all the way is through the wilderness, and it is always down, down, down—below the hills of Judea, below the surface of the Mediterranean, deeper than the cisterns under the Mosque of Omar or the fishers' nets by Jaffa, down on a level with the lowest mines and the blind, slimy things which crawl through the ooze at the bottom of the sea.

Yet all the way the mountains rise around, and the Syrian sun makes the road wavy with tremulous heat!

It is not a pleasant highway, and to-day, as in ancient times, the traveller who goes

down from Jerusalem to Jericho is very apt to fall among thieves; for this route through the wilderness is one of the most dangerous west of the Jordan. Every Frank who attempts the journey is sup-

Our own little company were all residents of Syria, who had ridden up and down through the country without any thought of interpreter or guard, and it was with considerable chagrin that we con-



The Jaffa Gate at Jerusalem—Page 612.

Where the journey was started.

posed to do so under the protection of a guard, obtained from the *serai* at Jerusalem. These soldiers are all chosen from one Arab tribe, which enjoys the monopoly of policing the Jericho road; and it is said that the tribe is careful to arrange enough robberies to keep its young soldiers in constant demand. Certain it is that whenever a parsimonious tourist refuses to hire a protector, the news flies over the desert pathways until, in some secluded turn of the road, a little company of Bedouins relieve the venturesome Frank of his valuables, and perhaps enforce the lesson by a salutary beating.

templated the humiliation of travelling behind a Turkish soldier; but the consul at Jerusalem refused to be responsible for our safety if we went alone, and the genial consular dragoman entertained us with tales of recent ambushes, until at last we engaged a young Arab to go as our escort.

Ali was a son of the sheikh, and was a handsome young cavalier, although the desert sun had burned him almost as black as a negro. His costume was that of a regular Turkish soldier—a dirty blue coat with tarnished brass buttons, and dirtier blue trousers just short enough to show a



Jerusalem—Page 615.
From near St. Stephen's Gate.

considerable amount of dirty brown ankle above the dirty yellow slippers. But, as a free son of the desert, Ali refused to wear the fez of Turkish supremācy, and bound his flowing *kafāyyeh* with the horsehair ring of the Arabs. A long scimitar, inlaid with silver and gold, clattered bravely against the saddle-bags, and a rainbow-hued sash was stuck full of antique pistols and short, sharp knives.

There was nothing servile or shoddy, however, about Sheik Ali's bearing; no false regrets for the boulevards and 'buses of an effete civilization; but a supreme content with life as Allah had ordered it. Ali had two chief assets: a good horse and a good voice. The former he rode at a break-neck pace, with his accoutrements rattling like the pans of a runaway pedler. Most of the time he was galloping gayly along, quite out of sight and hearing, and so far ahead of his convoy that we might have been robbed and murdered and buried, without the obsequies attracting the attention of our protector. Once in a while,

however, Ali would graciously wait for the carriage and, after inquiring anxiously concerning our distinguished healths, would canter along with us for a few rods, singing to himself in a pathetic minor key.

They were no hackneyed music-hall ditties that he sang, for every Arab is a poet and an improvisatore. A moment of intense, frowning thought, and then Ali would raise his head and gurgle out a new distich of Arabic gutturals. He sang of the speed of his horse and of the barley in the *khan* at Jericho; he sang of the beautiful weather—it would have been about a hundred in the shade, if there had been any shade—he sang of the magnificent honorableness of the *Inglezee* gentlemen; and especially he praised the immense *bakhsheesh* which the generous travellers would surely bestow at the end of the journey.

It was the great day of the feast of *Neby Mūsa*, when Jerusalem is thronged with Moslems who have come to celebrate the festival of the prophet Moses, and to show the pompous Latin and Greek dignitaries

that Islam is not losing its hold upon the Holy City. All the morning companies of peasants have been marching through the Jaffa Gate, with drums beating, cymbals clashing, and banners waving as if for a *jihad*, or holy war, while the seven thousand Moslems of Jerusalem have put on their holiday attire and joined the crowd that is streaming through the winding streets across the city, toward St. Stephen's Gate and the Jericho road.

Along the cityside of the Valley of Kidron there are grouped companies of wise men in long, white robes, and descendants of the Prophet in green turbans, elbowed

by dirty soldiers and negro slaves and tall, black Nubian eunuchs; but the men are almost lost in the crowd of women on the hillside. Peasant women are often quite careless about wearing their veils, but to-day there seems to be such safety in numbers that even the ladies from the city harems have shamelessly uncovered their faces. The steep, brown hillside is for once as gaudy as a field of Syrian wild flowers. It is a motley mixture of races, ranks, and colors. The background is composed of *fellah* women in the inevitable soiled blue dresses, kilted above faded blue trousers; but the city folk are clothed in purple and fine linen. There are expensive silk dresses from Paris, kerchiefs from Damascus, shawls from Persia, gorgeous striped stockings, and patent leather slippers run down at the heels, besides many nameless luxuries which are displayed with the innocuous indecency of a ladies' fashion journal.

From near the top of each heap of silk and lingerie there looks forth a sickly countenance, lined with Eastern henna and blotched with French cosmetics. Some of the faces are pretty, with the unformed beauty of a wilful child, but they seem utterly lacking in character and health. The

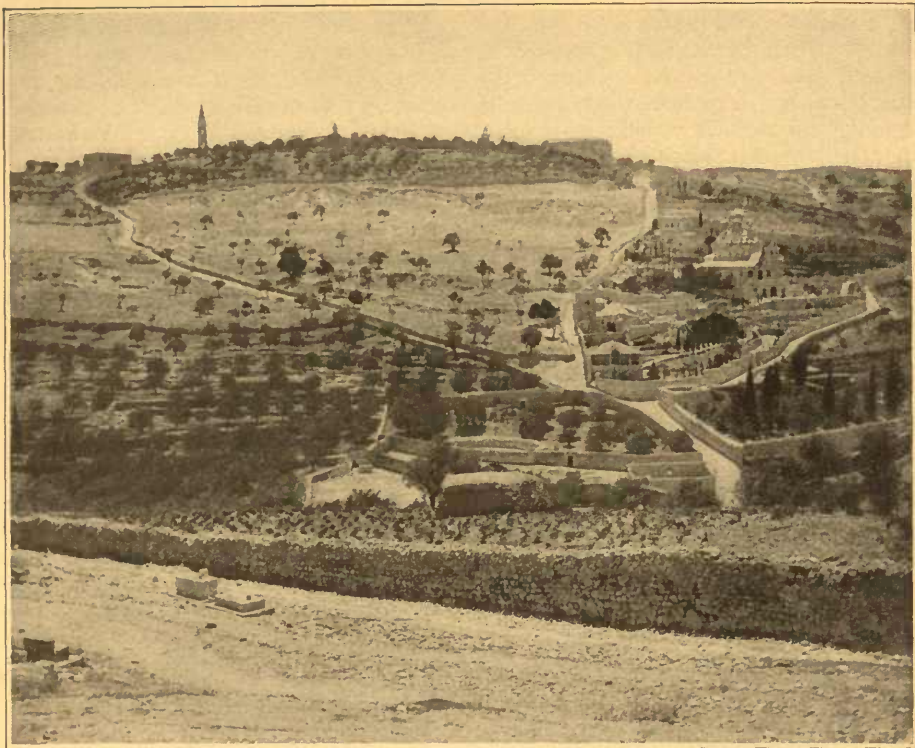
confinement of the harem, and the habit of wearing veils when out-of-doors, have given to the better class of women pasty, dead complexions, like that of a drowned girl whom I saw once at the Paris morgue. The hillside is covered with a myriad of graves; and the dull, white faces, with their sensuous lips and round, lustre eyes that



The Neby Mûsa Procession entering the Jaffa Gate.

look out from among the tombstones, seem to belong to beautiful ghouls who have left their feasting to come forth and ensnare the hearts of the sons of men.

But in reality they are only harmless, ignorant women, who know very little of the world. The unwonted liberty to-day has made them as nervous and excited as children, and they are chattering among themselves as only the lights of the harem can do. Babies and lunch-baskets are everywhere. Pedlers go between the ranks of the spectators selling sweetmeats and sherbets; but we miss sadly the "*Booz, Booz, Bo-o-z!*" of our Beirût hawkers, for not a spoonful of ice-cream is to be had in the whole city of Jerusalem. At last the long-expected procession comes out of St. Stephen's Gate, and the noise becomes ten times more deafening than before. Beggars beg, lepers wail, the men cheer, and the women exclaim in a high hysterical key. Dervishes howl or dance, *fakirs* stick



The Mount of Olives from St. Stephen's Gate.—Page 612.

Again showing the Russian Tower.

long iron skewers through cleverly concealed holes in their cheeks—and on the outskirts of the crowd the ubiquitous boy dodges irreverently among the legs of the pilgrims.

There happen to be very few tourists in Jerusalem this week, and we see no Europeans on the hillside, except one tall, gaunt Franciscan monk, who towers head and shoulders above the noisy multitude in the very pose of Sargent's "Hosea," and looks out from under his brown hood with an inscrutable frown.

It takes us a full half-hour to push through the crowd. Then the road climbs slowly over the hill, passes above the slaughter-houses that lie hidden to the east of Jerusalem, makes a bold sweep around the little village of Bethany, which in the Arabic is called "Lazarus"—and suddenly we are in the Wilderness! Only a few minutes ago we were by St. Stephen's Gate; the shouts of the *Neby Mûsa* procession have hardly ceased to ring in our ears; but here there is neither tree nor vine, ploughed

field nor wild flower, sheepfold nor hut. All along the downward stretch of the dead white road there is not even a leprous beggar to raise up his fingerless hands and cry "Miserable! Miserable!" It is *Jeshimon*—desolation!

This wilderness between Jerusalem and Jericho is not a flat, sandy waste, but a jumble of mountains. It looks as if all the hills that could not be set down elsewhere in this hilly country had been thrown down here in one vast refuse heap; some right end up, some on their sides, some lying upon lower layers with their peaks downward and their roots pointing helplessly skyward. Now and then there are sudden valleys and deep-cut gorges; but there are no level places and no long prospects, for the traveller is always at the bottom of a trough, shut in by dreary hillsides. The prevailing color is a muddy brown, but sometimes a stratum of limestone crops out in a streak of dazzling, thirsty whiteness. The upper soil is caked almost as hard as rock, and the rock is of a chalky consist-

ency, almost as soft as earth. Both are dry and cheerless, and bear no vegetation except a tiny thorn-bush which sometimes specks the hillside with a darker brown.

After you have been in the wilderness a while, the monotonous succession of hills seems like the billows of a sea. They are so different in form and position, yet so alike in size and coloring and barren joylessness, that it is as if the traveller were always standing still, while vortex after vortex of rocky waves whirled up around him. And when at last a vista between the hills shows a real sheet of water lying far beneath, the Dead Sea looks less fluid than the rolling strata of the wilderness. The hills are the swift surges of this hideous ocean, caught for an instant by the lightning flash. Ten thousand brown slopes curl themselves up

like stormy breakers, while here and there a long ripple of sparkling white shines like the crest of a tidal wave. But far down at the bottom of the tumult of rock and sand the calm surface of the Dead Sea lies quiet and imperturbable as ancient Leviathan brooding beneath primeval chaos.

The journey across the desert is not such a lonely one, however; for to-day, as in days of old, many travellers pass along this shortest route from Jerusalem to the Jordan River and Moab. Just beyond Bethany we caught up with a hundred Russians, who were going down to bathe in the sacred river. Thousands of pilgrims come to Palestine every spring. There are some Abyssinians, Egyptians, and Greeks; but for the most part they seem to be Russians. The women have the endurance and the



The women on the hillside and the gaunt Franciscan monk.—Page 616.

intelligence of cigar-store Indians. The men are great, hulking fellows, who wear brown beards and long hair which is parted in the middle and then falls down over their shoulders; so that the upper part of the face looks like a mediæval saint, and the lower part resembles a grizzly bear, while the dull eyes stare pathetically like those of a harmless cow. All of them, men and women alike, have a patient, puzzled look, as if the world in general and Palestine in particular were too complex for them to understand. Yet they seem to be simple, kindly, ignorant folk, who are not really bestial, except in their inability to reason.

Of course none of these Russians know either Arabic or French, and they are continually getting lost, though they try their best to follow closely after the priests who guide them from one holy spot to the next. They do not understand what it is all about; but when their mental processes are blocked they smile amiably, whenever they see a beggar they timidly drop him a kopeck, they attend faithfully all the masses, and they kiss everything in sight, from the cobblestones of the Via Dolorosa to the sword of Godfrey de Bouillon and the hands of their monkish guides. Also they never think of changing their clothes—perhaps they have no others—but wander around



The head of the procession.—Page 615.

The man walking backward has an iron rod thrust through his cheeks.



Bethany.—Page 616.

under the burning Eastern sun and down to the furnace heat of Jericho in the same long woollen cloaks and heavy boots which they wore amid the snows of the Russian winter. They resemble nothing so much as tremendous bears that have somehow got lost and are looking for a convenient snow-drift to burrow in or for a new master who will kindly beat them. But, after all, they are happy on their pilgrimage, and who knows but that they get more out of their visit to the Holy City than do we sophisticated folk who are always wanting to know the why and the wherefore of things!

The Russians, like ourselves, are aliens and intruders. Not so the gray-haired Arab who trudges slowly past us, with an ancient flintlock six feet long over his shoulder and a whole arsenal of rusty weapons stuck into his capacious sash. The desert is his by right, since the time of his father Ishmael. He might rob and murder us if occasion arose, but there is no beggar's whine in the voice with which he returns our greeting and wishes us a safe journey. The next wayfarer, however, is another pil-

grim, a coal-black Abyssinian in a long robe of snowy whiteness. Then we pass a couple of mules carrying grain from the Jordan Valley to Jerusalem. We charge a caravan and send it scurrying over the desert. An Arab shepherd gathers together his flock, so that we can get a good picture of the fat-tailed sheep.

Toiling up the hill there comes a gigantic camel, swaying slowly like a heavy laden tramp steamer, and bearing upon his back a deck-house full of giggling women. We stop this "ship of the desert" and exact toll in the shape of a pose before the camera. Moslems are often supposed to object to being photographed, but I have usually found them very complacent subjects. Moslem merchants have again and again put their shops in order and then posed themselves in the midst of their merchandise. I have photographed the interior of mosques in full view of the guards and worshippers, without even being asked for a *bakhsheesh*. In the present instance the young Arab seems overjoyed at the prospect of having his picture taken, and the

camel stands with a broad grin. The Moslem women, however, are decorously hidden behind the curtains of the *houdah*—and are peering most curiously from between the half-opened hangings!

eight or ten feet high, with broken bottles on the top, and loop-holes below for the rifles of the defenders of caravan and caravanserai against predatory bands of Bedouins. At the *khan* you can buy twenty



"Welcome!"

An Arab at his tent home.

At the time of the visit of the German Emperor, this whole road was practically rebuilt, and is now a highway of which any country might be proud; but there are only two houses between Jerusalem and Jericho. Of course these are both *khan*s. The first is not far from Bethany, just across the road from the '*Ain el-Hôl*', which is also called the "Apostles' Fountain," because it is quite evident that whenever the Twelve went from Jerusalem to Jericho they must have stopped there to drink. The second *khan* lies about half-way to Jericho, and is known as "The Inn of the Good Samaritan." Here, too, the name is probably well given; for it is hardly likely that there has ever been any other stopping place near this most dangerous part of the road, and the inn situated here was doubtless the one referred to in the parable.

It is a typical *khan* of the better sort; half stable, half café, and wholly fortress. One side of the square enclosure is taken up by the only gate and three or four rooms for eating and sleeping. Around the other three sides of the court runs a stone wall,

different kinds of sherbets, besides melons, grapes, oranges, and unsavory foods cooked in ancient melted butter. A large collection of "antiques" and souvenirs is hung in the south room. The inn-keeper is an American citizen, though Syrian born, and the combination of inherited Semitic business instinct and acquired Yankee shrewdness is such that the Inn of the Good Samaritan will not suffer bankruptcy in our generation.

Another name for this inn is the "*Red Khan*," probably so called from the streaks of red which, at this stage of the journey, are splashed along the brown hillsides. "The Ascent of Blood" was near by, and the thought of blood or redness survives in many local names. The contours of the hills are now less rounded. Sometimes they are jagged, or deeply and regularly chiselled, like the turrets of a fortress. More than once we have pointed out a squared summit which looked like a ruined castle; so when at last we pass the remains of a real stronghold, it is hard to believe that the *Castel Rouge* is not merely another sculpt-

ured hill, instead of a grim fortress where once the Crusaders guarded the Jericho road and the Ascent of Blood.

After we leave the Inn of the Good Samaritan, the road descends more rapidly than ever, until it seems as if we were going down into the Pit itself. As the quick twilight passes, it casts strange lights and shadows on the wilderness. The pebbly beds of the winter torrents are hidden at the bottom of deep valleys which look like extinct craters, and the hills press around in a shadowy panorama of goblin castles and donjon towers and mysterious, impassable walls. At the left is the chasm of the *Wâdi el-Kelt*; but darkness shrouds its bleak, steep sides, its monkish prison, its inaccessible cavern tombs and the "Brook Cherith" five hundred feet below. Back of this gloomy gorge rises in the distance the darker hulk of the Mount of Temptation, honey-combed with cells where once ascetics told their beads; but now inhabited only by bats and robbers and—so they say—demons! At nightfall the gorge of Cherith seems as dark and unfathomable as that

"Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea."

It is a place for dark, creepy legends and ghoulish denizens; a fit home for no human beings but demoniacs or zealots. Indeed, such have always been its inhabitants. And as I have ridden through the wilderness in the night hours, when there was no sign of hut or inn or other human abode; not even a faint gleam along the horizon to tell of a distant village, but only the bare hills rolling away in arid solitude to the black mountains behind, and the clear, starlit sky seeming almost a living thing in comparison with the silent desolation all around; then the thought has come that a man who could live here, month after month and year after year, *must* become either a madman or a prophet.

The uncanny feel of the wilderness is now increased by the fact that it is hot. Even at night it is hot. With a noisy wind blowing over the hill-tops, it is hot. Up at Jerusalem the weather was so cool that it was hardly comfortable to sit out on the housetop after nightfall. This very morning, when we rode out to the Mount of Olives to see the sunrise, we sought the

shelter of a great rock which kept off the chilling breeze. But as soon as we entered the wilderness, little puffs of hot air began to come. Before long the desert sirocco was blowing clouds of dust in our faces, and every foot we travelled seemed to bring another degree of heat. I once went to Jericho in midsummer, after the spring tourists had all sailed away from Jaffa and even the inn-keepers had fled from the plain of the Jordan. It was hot then—not warm and sticky and uncomfortable—but HOT! An ordinary thermometer registered 135 degrees in the sun. With a black-bulb instrument we could have done better than that. You need not actually suffer on a two days' trip to Jericho, even in August, but as a summer resort the city has its drawbacks. I have visited Cairo during the hottest month of the year and have spent part of a summer in a tenement in the Suburro Quarter of Rome; but I have yet to meet with anything in the temperate zone quite so hot as a Jericho sirocco.

A last steep descent, so steep that we must get out of the carriage and walk behind the tired horses, and then we are down on the flat floor of the valley and the mud walls of Jericho are dimly seen in the starlight. Every lamp is out, and the squalid village is wrapped in hot, malarial sleep. Through the deserted market-place and under the thatched porches the sirocco rushes with the roar of a Dakota blizzard and the heat of a blast furnace. The shady garden of the hotel looks very dark and inviting, and the breeze in the tree-tops has a most refreshing sound; but we wander from garden to court and from bedroom to house-top in a vain search for a breath of air which is not hot and stifling.

Then we try to eat a tasteless supper under the dusty green bower. After experimenting with lukewarm water and sickening bottled stuff, we find that boiling hot tea is the only drink that will somewhat assuage our thirst. One of our party has a copy of Omar Khayyam, whose cynical quatrains just fit our present mood. Somewhere in the court our servant unearths a couple of old English magazines which, strangely enough, are full of tantalizing accounts of Alpine ascents and sufferings from Arctic cold. At last we drop down on couches and rocking-chairs in the parlor of the lonely hotel and fall into a fitful slum-

ber which must be broken at three o'clock in the morning, for we are to visit the Jordan and the Dead Sea before another blazing sunrise.

In the memory of him who has gone down from Jerusalem to Jericho, one object stands very clear. Turn where he will, conjure up what panorama he choose, and high in the distant background is a thin, black line, like a seal set upon the picture by its painter. A score of times, out among the rocks and thorn-bushes of the desert, a sudden turn of the road has brought again into view this slender tower which watches inscrutably from above. In the midst of solitude and desolation, where the brown mountains blot out every minaret of the Holy City, there is that tall, slim tower, peering silently over the crest of some distant hill, like a light-house without a light or an inaccessible haven of refuge. When the pilgrim stands by the salt driftwood which is scattered along the shore of the

Dead Sea, he is all alone, save for that column which rises three-quarters of a mile above him; and through every vista between the shrubs which line the western bank of Jordan, the narrow profile of that distant tower stands black against the blue Judean sky.

If some day another Moses shall stand above the cliffs of Moab and look across the wilderness to the fertile slopes of central Palestine, he will not be able to see the Holy City. The rolling hills will conceal from his view the Mosque of Omar and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The German Church, too, and the American Consulate, the English Hospital, the Moravian Leper Asylum, and the Jewish colonies of Baron Rothschild will all be hidden by the mountains round about Jerusalem. But, outlined clear against the sky, with a message of welcome or of challenge, the watcher from Pisgah's summit will see the tower of the Russian monastery on the Mount of Olives.

A PRAYER

By Laurence C. Hodgson

O GOD of Love! make me of love, that I
 May give to Her a Life that shall not die;
 I who have dared to breathe Her name must be
 First of all worthy to have walked with Thee.
 Let me grow sweet with Beauty till my heart
 Shall always be an altar where Thou art;
 O save me from the fevered ways of men
 That my breath shall not blight upon Her when
 I look into Her face, and give my eyes
 Rapture of dreaming on the white surprise
 Of Her pure virgin beauty, that the more
 Shall train my soul to worship and adore.
 Make me as pure as night that I may rest
 With dreaming fragrance on Her liliated breast;
 Make me as clean as dawn that I may be
 Holily wed to Her simplicity.
 O may my life forget all other things
 Save that I need the consecrated wings
 Of Love that is a Prayer to reach the place
 Where I may turn my eyes up to Her face,
 Seeing all purely, what I need to see—
 That if I love Her, I am loving Thee!

AN IMPRESSION OF CORONATION WEEK

By Mary King Waddington



LONDON is perhaps attractive in a certain way these days. There are so many people everywhere, all with a happy and expectant look, enjoying beforehand the sights of the wonderful two days; but it is certainly not picturesque. Almost all the houses on the route of the cortege are still encased in wooden scaffoldings; there are armies of workmen putting up shields, draperies, and seats, a great noise of hammers and an incessant rumbling of heavy vans filled with poles, benches, green wreaths, flags, bundles of red stuff, gold fringe, long red cushions, gold crowns—all the paraphernalia that comes into the light when a great fête is being prepared.

Circulation is very difficult. The crowd seems to be everywhere. We went out the other day in the carriage, but that was hopeless. We got wedged into a tight jam of omnibuses and motors; the horses got frightened and restive, gave little jumps forward every now and then, which were anything but pleasant for the occupants of the carriage. We had thought of going down to the Abbey to see the door by which I was to go in, but I very soon gave up that idea, and we never got beyond the foot of St. James Street. Royal carriages with servants in scarlet liveries, and often men in uniform inside, were dashing about in every direction, and there seemed a permanent red carpet down at Victoria Station. At some of the big houses, one just near us in Grosvenor Square, a sentry box was established on the pavement, and a tall grenadier pacing up and down, which always means that royalties inhabit the house. Some people put their houses at the disposal of the court, and left London, going to the country or to the Continent, but some remained and did the honors themselves to their guests. The list of princes is bewilderingly long. One can only remember the most prominent ones. The shops are very gay; everything "coronation"—fans, scarfs, chains, china mugs, cushions,

screens—all with pictures of the King and Queen, and feathers and veils arranged for the head for the great ceremony at the Abbey. All the ladies wear court dress, which necessitates white feathers and veils, but not the long train. I think there are a number of strangers, a few French, Americans in quantities, all wanting to get into the Abbey, and all thinking they have a perfect right to be there. I should think the American Ambassador must be almost crazy. If there are places reserved for distinguished strangers, how difficult the choice must be!

To-day, Wednesday, the city looks quite festive. All the scaffoldings are down and the red seats and draperies make a great effect. Constitution Hill has a long line of red seats rising in tiers, one above the other, all the way from the arch to the palace. The fine old trees behind make a beautiful background. Some of the decorations, too, in Piccadilly are charming. Devonshire House is very striking—no red, which is the prevailing color, blue draperies fringed with gold, and festoons and branches of natural flowers, yellow and white. The Burdett-Coutts house, too, where I think the American Special Mission is staying, had a trellis of red roses all over the façade. Flags, of course, everywhere—shields and crowns, pictures of the King and Queen, and many inscriptions—"God bless our King and Queen"—"God bless King George"—but I did not see so many quaint ones as at King Edward's coronation. I remember such a nice old-fashioned one, near Westminster: "God's angels guard your sacred throne, and may you well become it."

Flags make the best decoration. I drove through Baker Street last night, which was brilliant with flags and lanterns and festoons of greens and flowers waving over our heads. It is not on the line of the procession, but every one seems to want to make a demonstration of some kind and take part in the glories of the coronation. Circulation was very difficult to-day, Piccadilly a curiosity. Every description of vehicle,

from the royal carriage to a donkey cart filled with children, almost tumbling out in their eagerness to see everything. There were some nurses, with babies in perambulators. One would think all the mothers in London would have given instructions to their nurses to keep in the quiet back streets and squares to-day, but there were several waiting to cross Piccadilly, and even the stalwart London policeman, accustomed to nurses and children and perambulators and a crowd, looked anxious until they were safely across the street without falling under motor wheels or horses' hoofs. It is drizzling a little, but not a regular downpour, which would make havoc of all the gold fringes and "natural flowers."

We crossed the King and Queen in the park, in an open carriage; no escort, merely a policeman riding in front. They looked very smiling, his hat was never on his head; and she bowed most graciously right and left.

They say there are more people in London these days than have ever been there for any fête, but the streets don't look so crowded to me as they were for Queen Victoria's jubilee, or King Edward's funeral. For the last they were more concentrated, perhaps, in one part of the town. Hyde Park is a great white city with hundreds of tents. One hears drums and bugle calls all day, and quantities of pretty girls, dressed mostly in white, are walking about with the red-coated warriors; ambulance stations and red-cross tents are scattered about. There is an ambulance station at Albert Gate, just outside the French Embassy, and very business-like it looked. Three or four sturdy young men, a nurse in her uniform, stretchers, coils of rope, and cushions lying on the ground. There are always crowds at Buckingham Palace, patiently waiting for a glimpse of the King and Queen. The colonial troops excite great enthusiasm whenever they pass. They are a fine lot of men, tall, well set up, and marching very well. The universal khaki is not becoming, but looks business-like. The Indians, too, make a great effect. We saw two young Maharajahs riding in the park one morning, dressed in quite immaculate, well-cut tweed suits, but they had gold spurs on their boots and a white spangled gauze turban on their heads.

One or two Indian women, too, drive about in open carriages, all dressed in white, with white veils—*not* over their faces.

Saturday, June 24th.

To-day is the naval review, and London is comparatively empty and quiet. It is a lovely day, but quite a wind. I think the smaller boats on the Solent will dance pretty well.

Thursday was a most interesting, most fatiguing day. I left the house at 7½, in full dress, and returned at 5 quite exhausted. I got to the Abbey without any difficulty, and with not too many stops. I gave the footman my carriage card and invitation to the Abbey, and the color told the policeman (of whom there were hundreds on duty) which streets we should take. Royal carriages and English gala carriages (very handsome, these, with powdered servants—three sometimes behind, in gala liveries, more standing at some of the big houses). I was evidently in good time. We had a long wait in St. James Street, but I didn't mind. There was so much to see. Soldiers all along the route, their red coats making a long line of color; quantities of policemen, quantities of people, all perfectly good-natured and doing as they were told—no roughness nor pushing. Staff-officers riding up and down between the lines, and mounted policemen keeping the crowd back, quietly but decidedly, when they tried to push out a little upon the pavement. Occasionally a royal carriage would pass, with a great blaze of jewels and uniforms inside. I was for some time behind an English gala carriage, which had evidently something very attractive inside. All the crowd, the women particularly, were peering into the windows, and I heard one woman say, "Oh, say, look at her, how she shines!" There was another long wait; almost at the door of the Abbey. All the windows and seats were crowded with people, from the top of Piccadilly to the Abbey. Almost all the seats were covered with red; the quantity of white and light dresses and parasols and flowered hats made a brilliant effect. The men in plain dark clothes were quite effaced. Once inside the Abbey, it was easy enough to get to one's place. There were ushers and chamberlains in every direction. I had no idea where I was; wooden partitions and staircases

completely transformed the interior of the Abbey. I had an excellent seat, just over the peeresses, facing the altar, and saw beautifully. I found myself in very good company with all the British Ambassadors from abroad come to attend the coronation. My cousin, Sir Maurice de Bunsen, British Ambassador at Madrid, sat next me and very well he looked in his blue silk cloak with red facings and white bows on his shoulders. The Goschens, McDonnells Cartwrights, and Ladies Herbert and Egerton were near me, also Sir Frank Lascelles, ex-Ambassador in Berlin, looking very well in his red cloak—Bath. I think the blue cloaks were St. Michael and St. George. It was a wonderful sight as I looked down into the Abbey—a brilliant moving mass of color—as peers and peeresses in their robes were arriving and court functionaries and chamberlains in splendid full-dress uniform and gold lace and embroideries were walking about in the centre aisle, seeing that every one got their appointed place. It was some little time before I could recognize any one, but by degrees familiar faces stood out from ermine capes and uniforms. The Duke of Norfolk was superintending the whole function. He and the Archbishop of Canterbury have had the organization of the ceremony. The peeresses en masse looked very well. The uniformity of dress was very happy, as it prevented any of them from indulgence in any eccentricity of toilette—artistic or Burne-Jones. It was interesting to see them come in with their long trains sweeping out behind them, and splendid tiaras on their heads. They all carried small bags in which were their coronets. The putting on the coronets was a source of great tribulation. The coronet is placed on the top of the head inside the tiara and looks like a red velvet pouffe with an ermine border, and the requisite number of balls standing up around it. It seems they were all rather nervous as to how they should put them on. They couldn't start with them all comfortably and solidly pinned on by their maids in their dressing-rooms as they could not put them on until the Queen was crowned. Just as her crown was put on her head, the peeresses were obliged to put on theirs.

The putting the ladies into their places was no sinecure, as there was sometimes a little confusion, and the ladies had to

change once or twice. I tried to make out one of my friends, who was on duty at the peeresses' box, as I had seen him two days before the coronation, and he told me their orders were to be civil but firm. He also told me that the various rehearsals had been complete. Every one who had the smallest service in the Abbey was obliged to rehearse several times. They all were on duty very early in the morning—at 5 o'clock and breakfasted in the Abbey. Their invitations were not banal. "The Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, requests the pleasure of Mr. A's company at breakfast, at 7 o'clock A. M., at Westminster Abbey, on Thursday, June 22d."

Very soon the seats filled up, and we divined from the stir in the aisles and the hurrying to the door of the officials that processions were arriving—the corps diplomatiques, special envoys, princes, etc. We couldn't see them. We were too high up—a screen shut off the nave. The regalia was carried down in great state to the big door, and there was a splendid procession of clergy in gorgeous vestments, with staffs and mitres and crosses, very like a great ceremony in the Catholic church. It was impossible to see all the details. There was one pretty sight. Just before the processions appeared two of the officials brought in two nurses in their uniform. There were several on duty in the cloak rooms of the Abbey in case of need. They came in by a side door near the peeresses' box, and were very conspicuous as they stood there a few moments looking about them. I couldn't see the ambassadors, but they told me the two Americans—Mr. Reid and Mr. Hammond—were very prominent in their perfectly simple black. There was a certain amount of black, as the English court-dress is black velvet, but with lace ruffles and silver buttons.

Finally a great noise of cheering outside, and bells and cannon, told us the royal procession was nearing the abbey and the procession of princesses—sisters and aunts of the King—made their entry into the choir, all with royal purple velvet trains, heavily embroidered in gold and trimmed with ermine. They took their seats in the royal box, just behind the two arm-chairs where the King and Queen sat until they were crowned. The last to arrive was the Princess Mary, aged 14, and looking like a

picture, so serious and childish. She wore a short dress of white satin, the regular royal train of purple velvet and ermine, which was carried by one of her mother's ladies-in-waiting; on her head a little red velvet crown, and her hair hanging down her back. After her came her three brothers, the eldest in naval cadet's uniform, the two youngest in Scotch dress. They were looking at everything with the greatest eagerness. Princess Mary sat at the right of the royal box, just where I had seen Queen Mary sit as Princess of Wales at the last coronation. There was a little wait and then another procession appeared, with more state and gorgeous officials, in the midst a young, slight figure, with round boyish face emerging from the heavy purple mantle of the Knights of the Garter, a plumed cap on his head, with the well-known three feathers of the Prince of Wales. The boy looked straight before him, was evidently very shy, but he walked very well, with a certain sort of youthful dignity. Then, with a great burst of music and preceded by a brilliant procession of dignitaries of the church and court, carrying her regalia, came the stately young Queen, all in white, nothing on her head, her long, heavy train of purple velvet, lined with ermine and embroidered in gold, carried by six tall, slim girls, all in white, with trains, the extreme end held by the Duchess of Devonshire, who was followed by a page carrying her long peeresses' train and a bag with her coronet.

The Queen held herself very straight and looked every inch a queen as she advanced with a simple, dignified grace to her seat. She looked straight before her and passed through the crowd of people bowing and courtesying, acknowledging no salutations of any kind. The Archbishop of Canterbury had decided that as it was purely a religious ceremony no greetings could be allowed inside the Abbey. She was a splendid figure when she was seated in her high-backed arm-chair, her heavy train thrown over the back, and her ladies making a charming, youthful group around her. There was another short wait, then again a triumphant peal from the organ and the choir of Westminster boys, whose privilege it is to sing the hymn at the coronation, and all eyes were turned toward the great door as the head of the King's procession came

in sight. It would be impossible to give any details or even to recognize any one in that long line of color, all the great officers of the clergy and court in splendid vestments, uniforms, and costumes carrying different objects of the regalia. The King looked very well, though he was pale and grave, as if he felt it was a solemn moment in his life. He was dressed exactly as his father was at his coronation, a tight, short, red velvet doublet, white satin breeches, white silk stockings, and the flat red cap that gave King Edward such a look of Henry VIII (who was almost always painted in that cap). There is a picture of Henry VII at Sandringham, which could easily be mistaken for King Edward in the costume of his ancestor. He, too, looked straight before him as he moved slowly along. He knelt a few minutes in prayer before he took his seat. Then his brilliant suite took up their position behind his chair and the ceremony began. It was a magnificent scene as we looked down from our places. I couldn't follow the details of the service. There were prayers and psalms and hymns, and a sermon, magnificently clad ecclesiastics passing backward and forward, the King always the central figure. He looked very grave and dignified when the Archbishop of Canterbury presented him to his people, turning to the four corners: north, south, east, and west, the King always turning with him, as he asked the people if they accepted "King George, the undoubted King of this Realm." The roars of "God save King George" which answered the primate's question must have given the King one of the proudest moments of his life. I wonder what would happen if the lords and commons once said "No," refused to recognize the monarch so presented to them as their lawful king.

I watched him very closely during all the ceremony; when he took his oath, kneeling on the steps of the altar, speaking very clearly and distinctly, when he moved to the famous chair, black with age, of Edward the Confessor, where for centuries every King of England has sat for the final ceremonies of the coronation. He went through all the ceremonial with the same simple, serious manner. The canopy was held over his head by four Knights of the Garter: Lords Rosebery, Cadogan, Crewe, and

Minto. There was stillness in the Abbey at the moment of the anointing; one heard the Archbishop's words quite distinctly. The King was then dressed in his state robes, cloth of gold and ermine, and received all the emblems of royalty: sword, belt, spurs, garter from the hands of his great nobles kneeling at his feet. Then came the supreme moment: the Archbishop raised the famous old crown high in his hands so that every one could see it, and placed it reverently on the King's head. There was a blaze of light, a great sound of trumpets, bells, and cannon, and all his people knew that George V was crowned their lawful sovereign.

During one part of this ceremony the choir sang splendidly "Zadok the Priest" and the "Long Live the King"—"May the King Live For Ever" and the Hallelujahs sounded magnificently, echoing through those great vaulted chapels.

As all this ceremonial was rather long, one had ample time to look about. The Queen sat very still and was absorbed in all that was going on, never taking her eyes off the King. The Prince of Wales interested me very much. He, too, had his head always turned to the altar and Edward the Confessor's chair. It was pretty to see the grave look on the young face. I wondered what he was thinking about. A boy's thoughts are long thoughts. Was he quite engrossed with the present, when for the first time he was taking his place with the people as their future sovereign, or was he dreaming of that future when he, too, would be the centre of all eyes, as his father was that day, and be taking the solemn oath to do his best, with God's help, for his people and his country.

At last there was a move in the choir and the King appeared, facing the great assembly. Dressed in his royal robes, the crown on his head and a sceptre in each hand, he came slowly down the two or three steps, seated himself on his throne, and the homage began. The first to kneel and make their homage were the bishops. Then, preceded by two or three officials in splendid uniform, the Prince of Wales left his seat and advanced toward the throne. I think every eye in the Abbey was on the slight, boyish figure. He wore his cap with the three feathers on his head until he arrived just in front of the throne. Then he

knelt and took it off, knelt again, his cap in his hand, on the steps of the throne at his father's feet, saying the words of the oath quite distinctly: "I, Edward, Prince of Wales," etc. One couldn't imagine a more charming picture. The young, fresh-faced, fair-haired, English boy, so shy and so *ému*. His long purple mantle falling back from his shoulders, kneeling at the feet of his father and sovereign seated on his throne with all the pomp and state of royalty around him. The King, too, looked *ému* when the boy kissed his cheek. He raised him, kissed him on both cheeks, and the young prince went back to his seat. It was most amusing to see the brothers of the prince when he came forward to do his homage. They were seated in the front of the box, and when they saw the prince in his unaccustomed dress, kneeling in front of the King, they nearly fell out of the box, pitching forward and stretching out so far that their aunts held them in by their trousers.

Then followed a long train of princes, peers, and gentlemen, headed by the Duke of Connaught, a fine martial figure in his peer's robes over his marshal's uniform. There was only one of each order. It would have lasted till midnight if each peer and great officer of state had made their personal homage.

As soon as the homage was over, the Queen's coronation began. It was much shorter than the King's. She went through it with the same quiet dignity that she had shown all through the service. She looked beautiful when she knelt on her prie-dieu (only the Kings are anointed and crowned in Edward the Confessor's chair). The only kneeling figure in that great assemblage—the Archbishop in his splendid robes standing in front of her and again holding the crown high in his hands before he placed it on her head. At the exact moment when she was crowned all the peeresses put on their coronets. It was curious to see the movement, both arms lifted at the same moment. As a rule they were well put on, though some were a little on one side. I think they were all very glad to have that moment over, for the bags had evidently been an inconvenience. Some of the old ladies dropped theirs periodically, and there was a great fumbling about under the benches and the trains to find them.

The Queen looked very royal as she appeared at the top of the steps, attired in her robes of state and royal crown. She carried a sceptre in one hand, a wand in the other, and walked very deliberately to her throne. It isn't easy to walk, carrying something held up straight in each hand. Her dress was very well cut, just long enough in front for her to walk, with no danger of tripping. We saw the points of two white satin shoes appearing underneath. She made a low courtesy as she passed the King and took her place on her throne on his left. He rose as soon as she came down the steps and remained standing until she was seated.

There was again a long wait while the royal couple took the communion and afterward retired for about half an hour to St. Edward's Chapel, just behind the high altar to rest before beginning their triumphal progress down the Abbey. Almost all the people in the choir knelt when the King and Queen were taking the communion. It was getting late and I was very hungry. I had a small package of sandwiches in my bag, but didn't like to eat anything, as no one around me was eating. At King Edward's coronation there was the same wait after the communion, and we in the boxes were a little impatient, but one of the gentlemen behind me said we were very lucky not to be kept longer—at King George III's coronation he took a bath in the middle of the ceremony. However, the time passed not too slowly, and very soon the stir in the choir and the forming of the Queen's procession told us the end of the gorgeous ceremony was approaching. The Queen was escorted to the door with the same pomp as when she came into the Abbey. She looked splendid, radiant. The King, too, looked quite different—grave but happy. There wasn't a sound until they passed out of the choir—behind the screen. Then there were ringing cheers; for the King, the Queen, and the Prince of Wales. It is almost impossible to remember everything or to write one's impressions. The royal children certainly made a charming note in the stately ceremonial, and appealed, I am sure, to all the people. One had the impression of a young king and queen, with a fine young family growing up around them, with their life before them, and youth and strength to help them through the many

difficult moments which must come to all sovereigns in these democratic days. One heard all sorts of amusing stories about the children: that in instructing the Prince of Wales in the various duties of his high position they told him that all the princes and "Grand Seigneurs," beginning with the Duke of Connaught, would bow to him as they left the Abbey, and he must return it very courteously. He was much astonished. "Uncle Arthur bow to me!" However, he acquitted himself very well of his task. When Princess Mary and his three brothers passed, the Princess made a pretty little courtesy, and his two next brothers very proper bows. The last one, instead of bowing, gave him a kick on the shins. . . . Apparently this was resented as soon as they left the Abbey, as some of our friends, who were standing on the pavement when the children passed alone, in the carriage, with no tutor or governess, said there was a free fight going on, with kicks and cuffs, Princess Mary with one hand trying to separate the combatants, and with the other holding on her crown, the crowd delighted, calling out: "Go it, young un"! Give it him!"

The getting away from the Abbey was awful. The only thing that was not well arranged. The footmen were not allowed to leave the box, but moved off at once in the carriage to the place assigned to them. The carriages were to be called by telephone. When I got to the door there was no possibility of getting anywhere near the telephone. There were rows of people, four or five deep, waiting to speak, and soon after it gave out altogether and the wait was most fatiguing. Some carriages came up several times, among others two of the Dominion Parliament. When they had appeared about half a dozen times, nobody answering to the repeated call, I heard an exasperated woman's voice saying, "Heavens! how I wish they had stayed in the Dominion." At last I had to walk to the carriage, which was some distance off. Sir Mortimer Durand, late Ambassador to the United States, most kindly took charge of me, and we started off on foot, both of us holding up our garments. We must have looked funny walking through the crowd; he in his cocked hat and white feathers, long blue cloak of St. Michael and St. George, his coat covered with gold embroidery and orders; I in my long satin

dress, diamond tiara, veil, and feathers, but nobody was astonished at anything that day. At every turn we met people walking about in wonderful clothes. Some of the peers, elderly stout men, with red faces, did look funny in flowing robes and coronets.

It was nearly five when I got back to the house, quite exhausted. My eyes were so tired, looking steadily at the ever-changing mass of color. We didn't attempt going out in the evening to see the illuminations. We should have been obliged to walk, as no carriages were allowed and it would not have repaid us, as they don't understand street illuminations nearly so well in London as on the Continent. We dined quietly with Mr. Morgan, and it was a rest to sit in his rooms filled with beautiful things, all the pictures and vitrines lighted. I had my coffee seated opposite a splendid Italian lady—a Marchesa Spinola—painted by Van Dyck. One could almost have pushed back the heavy folds of her dress, and she looked as if she might have played a part in the stately procession we had just seen.

Friday it was gray and a little drizzle, not enough to really wet anything, was falling. We had again an early start, as we were going to Mr. Morgan's balcony, corner of Piccadilly and Park Lane, to see the procession pass. I wanted very much to see it, as, curiously enough, I had never seen one. Either I was in it myself in the gala carriage or else in the Abbey or the House of Lords, or wherever the ceremony took place. I had never seen the famous long-tailed, cream-colored horses except in the royal mews.

We got to our destination easily enough through the back streets and Park Lane. It was a pretty sight when I stepped out on to the balcony; the street lined with red-coated soldiers as far as the eye could reach; draperies, flags, flowers, and red seats filled with people before each house. Troops were already moving up Constitution Hill; the gleams of red from the seats showing through the trees and the flash of sabres and cuirasses giving a fine touch of color. Officers by twos and threes were patrolling the centre of the street, and, just before the head of the procession appeared, Winston Churchill drove past in a plain landau. He had the direction of everything, and had his hands full, as the route was long, all through the city. At the entrance King George re-

ceived an address. The military display was very fine. The household troops, life-guards, blues and lancers had a great success. They are a splendid troop, also the marines. The colonials had an enthusiastic reception, of course. The khaki is less striking than the splendid uniforms of the guards and the Indians, but the men looked and marched very well. Some of the Indian princes were magnificent. One fat man, sitting alone on the back seat of his carriage—an Indian officer and an English officer opposite—was attired in mauve, embroidered in gold and silver, with enormous diamonds and emeralds on his coat and turban. Another was in pink, with countless rows of pearls. They looked perfectly unmoved, quite conscious of the effect they were producing, but I should think not at all impressed by the show. Their own fêtes are on a scale of such magnificence, with such a lavish expenditure, that this could not say much to them. They are curious relics of an old race and civilization in this very commonplace world we are living in. Lords Roberts and Kitchener were much applauded when the crowd recognized them.

A series of cheers, and people in Green Park, just opposite, running to the railings, told us the King and Queen were approaching, and it was wild enthusiasm when they appeared in an open landau, the King in admiral's uniform, the Queen in light blue, with a quantity of blue feathers in her hat. They looked radiant as they acknowledged the cheers. Lord Kitchener, in his field-marshal's uniform, rode on the right of the coach, a brilliant suite of princes and foreign attachés following. There was still a long defile of troops, then a squad of mounted police and the procession had passed. It was certainly a very fine military display, but I didn't think better than ours, in Paris, for Berteaux's funeral. (The Minister of War who was killed by an aeroplane.) Our hussars and cuirassiers on their enormous horses looked splendid, and the group of ambassadors, military attachés, in fact the whole corps diplomatique, walking behind the gun-carriage was very impressive.

We waited some time to let the troops move off a little, and then walked down to the Ritz, where we were to lunch. It was most amusing walking through the crowd,

which was, like the day before, perfectly good-humored and orderly. There was an ambulance station at our door. We saw a nurse kneeling down, fanning a woman, who was stretched out on a mattress. She said it was nothing; the woman a little faint after so many hours' standing. What would it have been if the sun had come out! Ritz was a curiosity. I should think the whole of the United States was lunching there. A great many pretty women, very well dressed, all talking about the procession and the opera gala to which apparently all were going.

Wednesday, 27th June.

We have again had two fatiguing days—as all our hours changed, which is very trying—as with the two gala performances, opera and his Majesty's, it was not possible to dine before getting to the theatre. We had sandwiches with our tea and supper when we came home. Monday morning we walked about a little in the streets. There were a great many people, and all the decorations were still up. We dressed early, as we were to start soon after 7. Every one was to be in the opera house by 8 o'clock. We got there quickly enough, only falling into line when we got near. We were among the first to arrive, but it was interesting to see the people come in. The *salle* was very well decorated and very light, all the front of the royal boxes dressed with real flowers. Ten thousand roses they told us. I don't think I ever saw so many handsome women, and the tiaras and jewels, generally, were splendid. Again the black court-dress or ordinary evening dress took away a little from the brilliant effect, but I will say nobody looked at the men. A little before 9 the foreign princes and corps diplomatique began to arrive. The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany looked very well. He tall, straight, fair, young; and she with a quite indescribable charm of bearing and manner, a pretty bending movement, as she acknowledged the various greetings.

Precisely at 9 the King and Queen appeared. The whole house rose, and all remained standing through the "God Save the King." The King looked very well, in the uniform of a field-marshal this time, I think, but it was difficult to distinguish with so many uniforms surrounding him,

and the Queen splendid, blazing with diamonds, wearing the Kohinoor and the big Australian diamond, and, of course, the blue ribbon of the Garter. The performance began at once, and was not at all interesting. Melba sang badly, or, rather, didn't sing at all, giving very little voice and all of them seemed ill at ease, they, like us, perhaps, were taken up with watching the people. There is no applause when royalty is present. The court applauds slightly, but not the public. There was an interval of about half an hour, and then we saw all the notabilities well. The court and their royal guests retired to a refreshment room. During that time one of my friends, a minister's wife, whose seat was not in the first row of the balcony, came forward to look at the house, and sat down for a moment in the Duke of Norfolk's place, who was absent for a little while. He soon re-appeared, and, when she got up to give him his place in front, he begged her to keep it. He was trying to find a quiet, dark corner behind somewhere, where he could go to sleep. He must be exhausted. He has had all the preparations and invitations to look after, and has certainly done it all wonderfully. There has never been a mistake of any kind, and he has always been to the fore. It was amusing to hear the hurrahs, and few bars of "God Save the King" as the various royalties departed. We got our carriage quite early. There were still some foreign envoys waiting for theirs when we got off. One swarthy gentleman enwrapped in pale blue was very impatient. He was scowling at his unfortunate attendants and muttering to himself. I suppose in his own country he would have cut off the head of any one who dared to keep him waiting.

Yesterday the weather was not altogether settled, and until 11 o'clock one was rather afraid there would be a notice on Buckingham Palace to say that the garden-party was off on account of inclement weather, but about 12 it cleared off beautifully and the afternoon was lovely.

The park looked very gay as we drove through it on our way to the palace; quantities of people seated all along, looking at the carriages. It was a triumph for well-turned-out open carriages. There were many more than on any preceding day, and they looked like great moving flower-beds,

with the women's enormous hats trimmed with flowers, and parasols of every color imaginable. There was no advantage in having a motor, as one couldn't go quickly. There were a great many people in the garden when we arrived, and the King and Queen were already making their journey through the grounds—which are really a park—with green lawns and fine old trees. They were followed by a cortege of princes, who afterward left the royal procession and walked about, talking to their friends. I was glad to have a few words with the Duchess of Saxe Coburg (*Grande Duchesse Marie de Russie*), and wanted very much to see her daughter, the Crown Princess of Roumania, a beautiful woman whom I used to know as a girl, but it was impossible to find any one in the crowd. I had a little talk with the Queen, who looked very handsome. She was standing on a raised platform, an awning overhead, and banks of flowers all around. Her dress was very striking: large pink roses on a cream ground, but she was quite right to wear something very unlike all the other dresses in the garden. She was the central figure, and for many people it was their only opportunity of seeing the Queen. They must have carried away the impression of a radiant young sovereign. The royal children were standing just behind her. Princess Mary looked charming with a child's wondering eyes taking in everything. The Queen said she was not at all tired, not even the day of the coronation. I asked her if she could see the Prince of Wales when he made his homage to the King as she was seated in the choir, a little to one side. She said she could just see him by leaning forward a little. Several people were brought up to the Queen while I was standing near the tent, among others the Begum of Bhopal, a very great personage in her own country. She was a curious figure; very short, dressed or rather wrapped in pink silk or gauze, a veil of the same material over her head, with two long narrow slits for the eyes. She seemed to speak and understand English quite well, and spoke to the Queen without an interpreter. Some one expressed surprise that she did not raise her veil when the Queen spoke to her, as in European courts the ladies take off veils and gloves when they have a royal audience. The explanation was that there

were men present which made it impossible for her to uncover her face. She was a good deal entertained, this royal lady. I met her afterward at one of the great English houses in the same dress and veil, and everybody was presented to her, made her low courtesies, and called her "Your Highness." At tea she was seated apart—a little table put in front of her sofa—I was asked if I would be presented, but I declined. She wouldn't interest me, and I certainly wouldn't interest her. I couldn't courtesy to a colored lady—drew the line at color—I did courtesy to the Queen of the Sandwich Islands, but then she was a crowned head (a crown of shells), received with royal honors at the English court when I was ambassador there.

There was a pretty group of children walking about; a baby in a carriage, and a little white sailor boy, children of the Crown Princess of Sweden, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Connaught. I met quantities of people whom I knew, and didn't see a great many whom I would have liked to. They say there were 5,000 invitations. There was never any crowd, but, as said before, the gardens are enormous.

We got away as quickly as we could, as we had to start early for the gala at His Majesty's Theatre. There was not such a long file as for the Opera. We got in quite easily. The decoration was prettier, I thought, than the Opera and as the theatre is smaller, one saw the people much better. The performance was much more interesting (at all events for English-speaking people) than the opera, but too long. There were fragments of various plays, including *Julius Cæsar*—the act with Pompey's great speech—and all the leading actors and actresses of London took part, all the stars quite willing to take a perfectly insignificant part on such an occasion. The house was quite as brilliant as Covent Garden, filled with pretty women and jewels, not quite so many Americans, perhaps. At the end of the performance Clara Butt sang splendidly, "God Save the King," all the company and many people in the house joining in for the second verse. The streets were as light as day when we came out, all London waiting to see the King and Queen appear. There were quantities of children, one or two men holding up babies on their shoulders, and all shouting "God Save the King," till they

were hoarse. It seems a most spontaneous burst of loyalty—and the English crowds are not generally emotional.—I heard one or two people in the crowd, after joining heartily in the "God Save the King," finish with "God bless him."

Thursday, June 29th.

To-day was the closing ceremony, the Thanksgiving service at St. Paul's. "Service of National Thanksgiving to Almighty God for the Coronation of Their Majesties, King George the 5th and Queen Mary," was written on the big red card which gave admission to the cathedral. We had had some difficulty in getting seats, had applied too late, but fortunately Mrs Burns knew the archdeacon very well, and he sent her two cards. We started early, as every one said there would be a great crowd, and drove straight down almost without a halt between two red lines of soldiers and policemen to the cathedral. The seats all along the route were filled with people. As we got near the church the crowd was very compact. There were not many people yet inside, as we were two hours before the time; but we did well to go early, for even then, as the seats were not numbered, we could not get the first places, near the central aisle along which the procession was to pass. By degrees the enormous building filled up, and it was interesting to see quite another set of people, aldermen and sheriffs and mayors, and every description of city personage, and their wives, some big, portly, prosperous dames, wearing very bright colors, many feathers on their hats, and large diamond ear-rings and brooches. All the official city men wore a gown or cloak of some kind; some had gold chains. The effect was very good, but, of course, entirely different from the brilliant, wonderful assemblage at Westminster Abbey. There were seats reserved for the ministers and the corps diplomatique near the choir, and the uniforms and colored ribbons stood out well from the rather soberly dressed general crowd. Two high-backed arm-chairs in the choir facing the altar were evidently reserved for the King and Queen.

A splendid procession of clergy in gala vestments of every possible color, and preceded by the Lord Mayor carrying a sword, marched down to the great door to meet the sovereigns. All the princes and princesses

arrived a little before the King and Queen, and were shown to their seats quite simply by church and court officials. Almost all the foreign princes and missions had gone. All day Wednesday there were departures and leave-takings at Victoria Station.

The King and Queen looked very well when they appeared. The bishop of London walked on the King's right, the dean of St. Paul's on the Queen's left; Princess Mary and the Prince of Wales directly behind, the procession of officials closing up around them. As soon as the King and Queen had taken their seats there was a sort of fanfare or trumpet call, and then began the most magnificent "God Save the King" I have ever heard; the organ, choir (a famous one), military music, and the whole assembly standing bareheaded and singing. There were waves of sound. The old walls seemed to vibrate. I said, half aloud, to myself, "How beautiful," and an old man in a black gown, a verger or official of some sort, who was standing behind me, his face quite alight with enthusiasm, and with tears in his eyes, said to me, "It is indeed beautiful, madam; you will never hear anything grander than that, if you live to be a hundred."

It seems the dean of St. Paul's, quite a recent appointment, was very much upset by all the preparations and the quantity of people writing asking for cards, when everything, even in the farthest part of the church, where one could see nothing, had been given. He told one of his friends that if he had understood what it meant organizing a coronation thanksgiving service, he didn't think he could have accepted his position, and that no man in England could say more fervently than he did, "*Long live the King!*"

The fêtes are over and most beautiful they have been; the King and Queen most loyally and enthusiastically received everywhere; not a shadow apparently on the brilliant pictures, and very few people thinking of the past. It is the most extraordinary case of "*Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi*" I have ever known, and I suppose it is right, but one can't help having a melancholy feeling about those who have disappeared; but that certainly is not in the air.

There were special sermons preached in every church in London the Sunday after the coronation. I heard one which I admired very much, but the purport of it was

that no one was indispensable. There was always some one to take up the work which had been left unfinished; every man was bound to do his best as long as he lived, and use, for the general good, whatever intelligence or force of character was given to him; but when he died it was finished, absolutely no influence remained, his work was carried on by his successor, and when it was a sovereign, and a young sovereign,

it was his duty to look forward—never backward. I don't think I agree. I can't think that the teachings and examples of a full, honorable life don't leave some trace; but the congregation were quite with the preacher. And when we left the church, with "God Save the King" played on the organ, every one in the church singing, I think the only king that was in the people's hearts was King George the V.



· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

IT was about half-past three on a late November afternoon, bright, crisp, but with a lingering touch of Indian summer in the air. "What perfect foot-ball weather!" I exclaimed. It *was* foot-ball weather to be sure. Another season had reached its culmination and that very Saturday, even as I spoke, all over the United States from Yale and Harvard down to the tiniest rival fresh-water colleges, the selected representatives of young America were preparing to spring at the throats of their traditional natural enemies.

"Happy, happy youths," thought I; "devoted, aspiring, free from vexatious introspection!" In my imagination I could picture them waiting in the field house, the Varsity squad, stern, impassive, their teeth set to keep controlled the inner emotional tumult; and before them the head coach with flashing eyes, with waving arms, haranguing, inciting, exploring, insulting, screaming for the blood of the enemy like Marat before the National Convention.

Now it is always warming to be able to connect one's self with anything like a world-movement, and I had my moment of pardonable inflation as I thought that some ten years ago on the historic gridiron (not yet a checker-

board) I too, though a lesser star, battled side by side with Titans. Ah, but the glow was fading! Times have changed since the glorious old days when frontal attack was the height of strategy; when we drove into the line with sole-leather head harnesses. Then the public cheered, the press belauded, even college presidents in their addresses paid us ineptly amateurish compliments, and no one even hinted that the game was rough; but now the world is cold and reactionary academicians miscall the game of heroes in terms which even a spell-binder would refrain from applying to a corporation. I thought again of those ardent Varsity squads, but this time sadly. Like the poet Gray contemplating the young Etonians, I shuddered at the "Fury Passions" implanted by a barbarous pastime in their breasts, sure to bear terrible fruit: Vain Ostentation, Hard Brutality, Savage Guile, Ruthless Ambition—to say nothing of Wrenched Joints and Broken Constitutions! There was no hope for them; that I was sure of. Had I not read attentively the "Foot-ball Problem" column in the *Educator's Gazette*?

"But how about my own generation?" I queried. If the modern game with all its emasculating regulations is still debasing, what of our unregenerate old diversion? Ten years! It is no lifetime, but character should begin to

show itself in the decade between twenty and thirty. Is the doom which we thoughtlessly contracted for already upon us?

I jumped up and waved my arms in Swedish exercises, took deep breaths, thumped my chest. Physically, I seemed to be holding out. Of the subtler moral disintegration I could not tell. One never can be sure of one's own incorporeal part: judging that of others is simpler, I tried to recall my team mates as I had seen them at our last reunion. Were they showing the predicted paralyzation of conscience, ascendancy of the brute instincts? First to my mind came Jackson—Tubby Jackson, the Theolog. Many a time have I seen his leviathan body wading steadily forward through the small fry of ineffectual tacklers, while the bleachers yelled, "Rip 'em up! Tear 'em up!" but the last time I met him he was wearing the uncleft collar of the army of meekness, and I understand that he is doing great things with a mission parish. Yensen, our big blond centre, has become assistant professor of chemistry somewhere in the Middle West. One of the guards is a mining engineer, working too hard to be either very good or very bad; the other has inherited money and leads an idle but innocuous life. Sawed-off Donahue, he whose vicious shoe-top tackles brought down the huge two-hundred-pounders, is editor of the women's page of a Sunday paper. Hayne, a doctor now, may be a very bad man for all I know, but none of his patients seem to have discovered it. Perkins is a lawyer. I have never heard of his "kneeing" the wind out of an unfavorable judge; and John Baxter the flaming-headed full-back, who commanded a degree of adulation beyond the competition of a matador or a matinee idol, in whose ears were always ringing shouts of "Baxter! Baxter! A long one for Baxter!" "Baxter made the touchdown, hip, hip!" "Bully boy, Bax!" who could not cross the campus without being cheered, or walk along the street without attracting a train of admiring news-boys, what has become of Baxter? It has been written: "Perhaps most dangerous to the foot-ball star is the inordinate applause of his fellows. How can he be content with the slow progress that awaits the graduate in sound business or professional life? Will he not continue to crave the plaudits of the multitude?" To that question Baxter's case is not a bad answer. He has not chosen to be a demagogue, nor yet a pugilist; he has settled peaceably into truck-farming; his hobby is the perfection of a new species of musk-melon.

There remains, of course, abundant time for the "low-browed cunning and ferocity of the savage" to manifest itself in each of us; but when I had finished running over the list of my brothers-in-brutality, I found it hard to believe in the seriousness of that risk. Foot-ball itself did not seem such a very tragic matter: the current discussion of foot-ball began to appear just a little bit ridiculous.

If we admit that the undergraduate sobbing over a lost game, displays an infatuated misconception of real values, what shall we say of his mature preceptor who, in the quiet of the study, pens hysterical jeremiads for the *Educator's Gazette*? For that matter, what shall we say of the other party? We can hardly expect reasoned balance from the undergraduate, but that familiar ornament of mass meetings, that disparager of instruction, eulogist of "College Life," the "Loyal Old Alumnus," may fairly be held to a standard of sanity. Yet stripped of refulgent generalities, the specific advantages he attributes to his favorite sport as a preparation for life are not impressive. Strength and health equal to that bestowed by a four years' course of foot-ball can be obtained with less than half the exertion and at no bodily risk whatever, by any well-planned system of exercise. Pluck and persistency are really not the results of the game itself, but of the players' devotion to it, and might better be developed, as they easily can be with the same concentration of interest, in connection with pursuits of actual intrinsic value. The foot-ball graduate is not likely to be a coward—that is true, and there is no denying that moral rectitude is usually easier for the man who does not shudder at the thought of enduring pain. But after all, this is a civilized country, and violence comes seldom into the life of the average citizen. One turns from the advocates as from the prosecutors with a weary sense that megalomania is the most prevalent of contemporary diseases.

Foot-ball, and foot-ball mania, are over and done with very early, too early one might think, to have any permanent life influence; and like many other collegiate things, they do not easily bear being pulled up by the roots from the earth of campus and athletic field; they wither when transplanted in the great busy world. Nine times out of ten, as you run across college graduates in after life, you cannot distinguish between the former athletic star and his classmate who read the original poem on Commencement day: both are equally commonplace.

WHAT a curious trick of human nature it is to think that one very much wants a thing which one really does not want at all!

I reflect on this mystery every time I come to myself at the end of a concert—the excellent, satisfactory end which a good concert knows how to achieve and which is as much a part of the programme as the symphony—and hear people murmuring on every hand, “Oh! wasn’t that beautiful? Oh! don’t you wish that we could hear it right over again, straight through from the beginning?” Nor is it a matter of hearing only which I experience; I myself give utterance freely: “Yes, indeed; if we only could,” with such a fervor of assent that I deceive myself as well as every one else.

Why do I do this? Why do we all so delude ourselves? We know perfectly well that it is one of the great laws of life that immediate repetition spoils almost any pleasure, that nothing would really afflict us more than to hear that concert “right over again, straight through from the beginning.” Yet observe us. Erect in our seats, we wave our handkerchiefs, clap our hands, storm the weary musicians with an applause which is not all gratitude but which demands further favors at once.

It is interesting to observe the deportment of these same musicians under stress of our importunity. They all know that encores are a mistake—trust them for that. Sometimes they hold to the knowledge serenely, bowing and bowing (since they are human, they doubtless enjoy the tribute of applause enough to pay for the fatigue which it entails on them), but steadfastly refusing the least note of concession to the multitude. That is fine; I approve it, even though I may be splitting my gloves with entreaty. Sometimes, worn out, they capitulate, shrugging their shoulders and smiling with an air of mingled disgust and toleration which is very funny, and, returning to their instruments, play—not a genuine encore, but something else, not down on the programme. That is not very bad, though it never is very good. It creates a subdued confusion of people comparing notes all over the house—“That’s Chopin”; “oh, no, it’s that charming little thing of Grieg’s; don’t you recognize it?”—and it has an air of dispatch and duty which injures it somewhat. But the genuine encore, the repetition of the last all too fondly admired concert number, is the great and deplorable insult to art and common-sense. It

is hard to see how a musician can bring himself to commit such a crime. No one enjoys it. The strains, which ravished five minutes ago, cloy now, or irritate, or simply bore; a joy, which might have remained as a dear memory, is eclipsed and extinguished. Folly of men! The angels must weep at the beautiful things which we spoil for ourselves.

The same perversity holds true in the reading of books. One suddenly comes upon a great passage, a splendid paragraph. What an experience! It takes the breath, dazzles the understanding. One lets oneself go with the sweep of the lines, one catches the glow of the thought and thrills to the beauty of its fit expression, one glories, rejoices; then one reaches the end of the page and pauses, lifting or closing the eyes. Now that very pause is the fine flower of the poet’s utterance; it is expressly designed to convey transcendent things to the reader. But wisdom and self-control are needed to hold the vision true. If the reader says to himself, “That’s a noble passage; I must read it over again”; and if he suits his action to the word, the great work is undone. All the glow and power escape from the lines when they are closely scrutinized, the hovering significance fades, the beauty resolves itself into mere rhyme and metre. The only way to retain the glory of a splendid page is to push on, resolutely forbearing to cast so much as one glance behind.

In the matter of the seasons, too, how foolish people are! I happen to have a summer home in the northern part of New England, where the spring comes very late. I am apt to return to it early in May, and always have the experience of finding myself set back two or three weeks in the year’s development. I do not like this. It disconcerts me, gives me a rude jog which is not in harmony with the smooth lapse of time. But never yet have I failed to be congratulated by somebody when I have taken my northward departure: “You lucky person to have the spring all over again!” As if I wanted spring over again! What! to have made all that progress, achieved all that serene unfolding, flowered and ripened to that extent, and then to be brought up short and haled back to bleak and snowy beginnings once more—how discouraging! It is true that the early spring is the most exquisite phase of the year, that the beauty of early summer cannot compare with it, but my spirit has had the poignant rapture once, and is now set to the tune of repose and maturity. A thrill repeated in the wrong place hurts.

That use of the word rapture reminds me of Browning's thrush. But I wonder if the poet, being pinned down to a final conviction, would have consistently defended the wisdom of his bird. Poets say so many things in so many different moods. Anyway, what kind of a thrush was it that sang his song twice over? Not the thrush that lives in my woods; he never repeats himself. It is undoubtedly true that he utters the same notes very many times in the course of one woodland afternoon; but he combines them so differently that he always seems to be saying something entirely new. Even when he recurs to a whole strain, it is with no effect of repetition, but swinging around to it through such a sequence of modulations and changes of key that it falls on the ear with a fresh suggestion. He is a wise thrush.

There is another poet, William Blake, one of whose stanzas I find myself quoting so often that I think I must regard it as expressing a very profound philosophy of life:

"He who bends to himself a Joy
Does the winged life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies,
Lives in eternity's sunrise."

It is the last line that captivates me. Only four words. Yet one can reflect on them endlessly, drawing wisdom and comfort and strength from them; one can set sail on them, use them as wings, direct them to any vast purpose one will; there is no exhaustion in them.

They contain nothing less than the whole of man's immortality. Eternity's sunrise! Thus we stand always at the beginning of new things, the old put away behind us, not forgotten, but merged in general clouds of glory. Thus there are always fresh chances before us, strange and surprising enough sometimes, but all the better for that. Thus we are always young in one aspect, old and experienced though we may sanely desire that life shall make us on the whole.

Good life! After all, we are trying to reckon without our host in this discussion—our host or our warder, our teacher, our guide, just as we choose to name it. Life is a great deal wiser than we are, and it sees to it that the great concerns of our experience are guarded from our meddling fingers. It does not precisely limit us to one prayer in a lifetime, one mountain rapture, one friendly contact of soul with soul, one ardor of work. That would be hard lines truly. The unique delight would scarcely be worth the subsequent price of emptiness and longing which we should have to pay for it. But, in a hundred thousand prayers, no two strike out the same path to heaven; no familiar mountain ever touches the spirit twice in the same way. Trivial issues we may play with, trivial encores we may achieve if we will be so perverse; but the real things come and go as they will, and we cannot control them at all. It is probably not too much to say that no man has ever repeated a great experience.







Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

HIS CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE.

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A BERKSHIRE WINTER

By Walter Prichard Eaton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER KING STONE

IT was the seventh of November when winter began for us in the Berkshires. The day opened dull and gray, with a damp chill in the air.

The chickadees gathered in the shelter of the Norway spruces before the house, and pecked eagerly at the suet wired to a crotch. Under a leaden sky we drove northward along the road that skirts Stockbridge Bowl. The wind was keen out of the north-west and the white caps were chasing up over the lake and splashing on the beach. Between us and the sources of the wind, West Stockbridge Mountain opposed its long, copper-colored battlement, copper colored with the dead foliage still shredding the hard timber. The leaden clouds were racing up over its summit. Even as we watched, there was suddenly a puff of white vapor, like smoke, enshrouding its northward point. This smoke rapidly spread along the level summit, wiping it from sight, swept down the slope, wiping out the mountain, was caught by the wind and swirled over the lake. A spit of snow, a stinging flake on eyelash or lip, and then the white

vapor was upon us. We were shrouded in winter. It was as if the long range of the mountain had been our protecting battlement, invaded, captured, overrun by all the cohorts of the frost and storm.

The next day we woke into a picture-book world of sunshine and dazzling white. Every long, graceful limb of our Norway spruces was bowed with its burden, and the pines behind the house rested their white loads on the roof. As we looked from our windows, we seemed to be shut out from the world, to be dwelling in a frosted Christmas card. But the snow melted rapidly. By afternoon the roads were clear though muddy. We walked southward toward Monument Mountain, and came upon a newly ploughed field. Between each brown ridge of soil ran a furrow filled with snowy white. These beautiful parallels led over a doming ridge, like a striped carpet, to the feet of a red house tucked away amid its dark green spruces. The design was exquisite for all its ruled primness. On the mountain the snow had not melted, and High Pasture looked as if some giant had dropped his napkin there. A red sunset

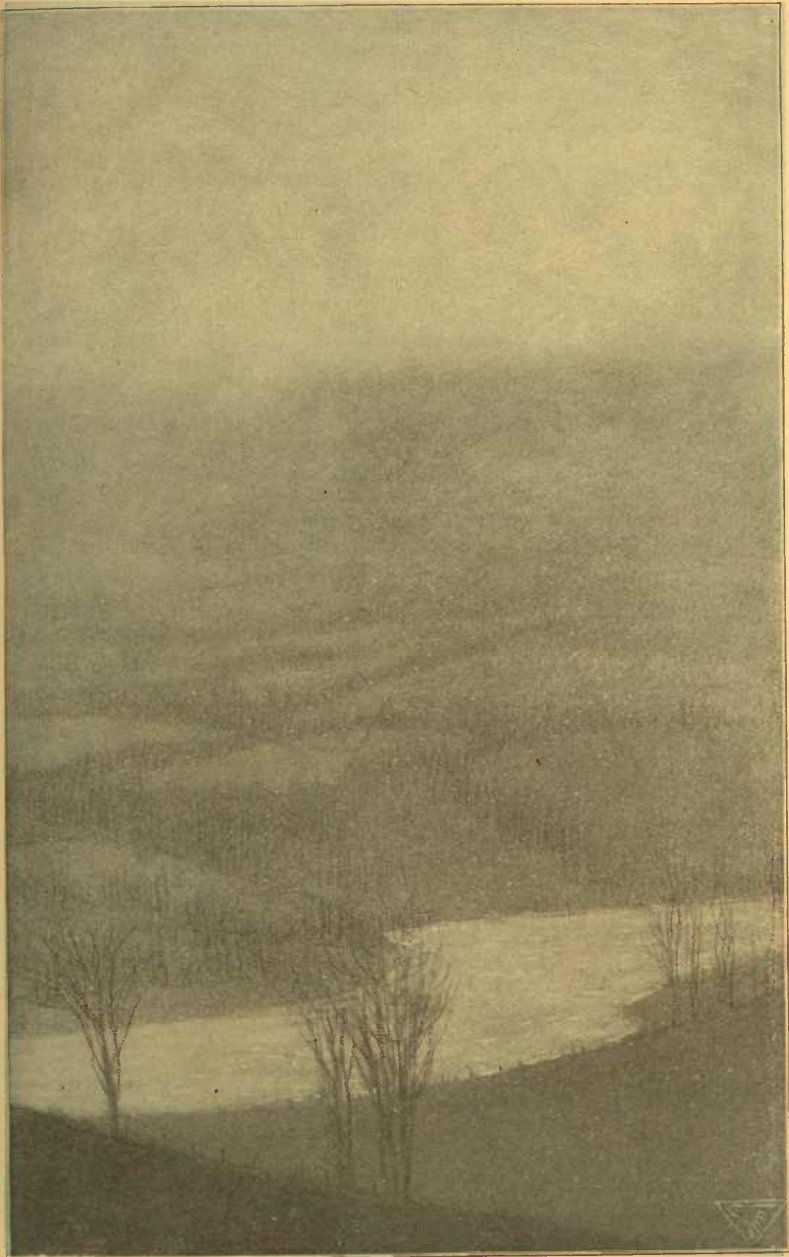
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And then the white vapor was upon us. We

illuminated the vista of our drive when we reached home again, and glancing across our garden, which was in heavy shadow, we saw the dun hill-side ablaze with the reflected glory, as if autumn had suddenly come again.

But there was to be no more autumn for us. The snow which had melted speedily returned and did not melt, and there followed a long season of such exquisite colors and woodland mysteries and roadside loveliness as the city dweller knows nothing of. In-



were shrouded in winter.—Page 641.

deed, the man who knows the country only in summer has but little conception of nature's most beautiful effects, and as we tramped on our snow-shoes through deserted "formal gardens" and down the lanes behind the closed and boarded-up summer

estates which dot the Berkshire hill-sides, we often wondered what the owners find in town to compensate for these lost months, when autumn stains the woods and winter creeps through them with its glory of color on a key as different from summer's key as



Between each brown ridge of soil ran a furrow filled with snowy white. These beautiful parallels led over a doming ridge, like a striped carpet.—Page 641.

minor from major, and then spring, resurgent, comes again, with apple blossoms in her hair. Perhaps the price of their estates is this lost vigil of the under-seasons, if winter be an under-season rather than the crown of the year! If that is so, we breathed pharisaical thanks for our poverty, as we cast one more backward glance at the deserted formal garden and the boarded mansion, and plunged into the wonder of the woods. Our house is small and humble, behind its Norway spruces, but the fire is always alight on its hearth and there is always suet for the birds.

There is a curious delusion that winter is a season without color. It is only a season with different color. Once live this season out close to mountains, forests, fields, and stretches of cultivated valley, and you may discover such lovely colors and such odd combinations as you never dreamed, and even days of absolute prismatic dazzle, reducing summer, by comparison, to a tame green velvet. Winter, to be sure, has its moods of black and white, when pictures are reduced to

their simple elements of line and chiaroscuro. But even these are fascinating, as if nature were bent upon showing you that she is not dependent on her color-box for her charm.

In early winter, when the snow is yet light, you may walk up a back road through the timber and note where a wagon has turned off up a logging trail. The snow has melted in the wheel tracks, making two brown paths, where the dead leaves show through. Those tracks have all the rich irregularity of the lines in an etching. Presently you come upon a brook, following it into the woods. It runs through the white carpet, quite black, as if laid on with a free brush loaded with ink. There is ice in the back waters, and that is black too. The dark pines rise from its banks, straight, geometrical. Nature to-day is drawn, not painted, washed in with black and white.

But emerging from the woods, even on a gray day without sun, color is sure somewhere to meet your eye, though it may be only the iron-rust

brown of a tamarack swamp or the tawny red of a roadside willow. These browns



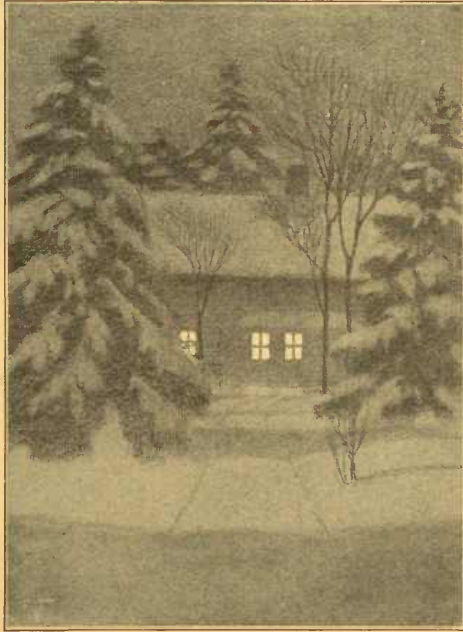
It is as Japanese as anything in Japan, even to the gray chickadee perched on the topmost spray!—Page 645.

and reds of winter are exquisite in their subdued richness, and under certain conditions of light they are thrown into combinations with other colors, at once daring and beautiful. It is toward the early winter sunset that the combinations are most effectively brought about. The valley lies quiet under its mantle of snow and ringed with its lovely hills. The frozen river winds through fringing willows. Tramping southward we see the willows on Muddy Brook like a screen of fantastic tracery across a white field, isolated by snow and sky, composed and bitten sharply like an etching. Presently the far-off blue dome of Mount Everett comes into view, cleanly outlined against a pale and luminous sky tinging into green, for sunset is drawing on. The snow-feathered slopes of Beartown Mountain to the east are turning pink. Pink changes slowly to purple, to amethyst. The ring of hills that wall our valley stand up like jewels. Beyond the unbroken white of the roadside meadow the edge of the swamp wears a shadowy veil of the same color, but subdued, mysterious. Out of the swamp rise the rusty tamaracks, and lay their rich reddish-brown in delicate, smoky tufts against the amethyst hills. Only Mount Everett far to the south remains a pure, ethereal blue under the green sunset. The winter world is still. We hear our own footsteps creak on the frozen snow. Everything is cool, peaceful, and the color chord of sky and hills and rusty swamp is like the opening chord of some andante by Mozart, sad only with the wistfulness of serene and perfect things.

But the winter colors may be gay as well. For sheer ecstasy of delicate color, what

can match the lavender stalk of a blackberry vine rising out of the snow, by a half-buried stone wall, and shining in the sun? We grow enthusiastic over the pink of Japanese cherry blossoms splashed charily upon a screen. Here is subject for a screen by our New England roadside—the field of virgin white snow, the horizontal design of

gray stone wall, and rising with a graceful curve the lavender stalks of the blackberry vines. It is as Japanese as anything in Japan, even to the gray chickadee perched on the topmost spray! Then there are the tawny tiger-coated willows, which sometimes rise almost like a flame against a background of evergreen or are flanked by the silvery white of the birches. In the woods, too, the green of summer persists till winter is in full command. On the southern slopes of



Every long, graceful limb of our Norway spruces was bowed with its burden.—Page 641.

the mountains we have come upon ferns still flaunting through the snow and partridge berry vines scratched up into sight by some hungry bird; and always the bright sun reflects the gleam of the birches and throws the evergreens into brilliant relief.

How the woods improve in winter, too, over the desolation of the formal gardens! The garden fountain is boxed up, and the sundial. The rose-bushes are packed in straw and broken pine boughs. The clipped and mathematical evergreens are pathetic in their stunted formality, as they are mercilessly cut out against the white snow and the dazzling landscape beyond. Minerva's bust on her pedestal amid the naked tree-trunks at the edge of the woods presides over the desolation, as disconsolate as the boarded fountain and the shuttered house behind.



The man who knows the country only in summer has but little conception of nature's most beautiful effects.—Page 643.

But we point our snow-shoes up the forest path, brushing the snow from the laden boughs, and presently in a mountain clearing we come upon another garden where nature has been the sole designer, to the confusion of man.

For all we can say, the level acre of snow before us might cover roses and flower-beds. It is the dazzling foreground of the composition. Beyond it, the hill drops away, and at the rim, set as formally as you please, but trimmed only by the wind and sun, is a hemlock hedge, one tall tree in the centre flanked by green of lower growth. To left and right birches and chestnuts complete the composition, and beyond rises the steep hill-side on the one hand, drops away the valley on the other, drops to the rolling white fields, the lake, then rises again some miles away to the blue wall of a mountain. Juggle with nature as you will, plant and prune, rule and trim, somewhere in the woods and hills behind your house she will excel you, make all your work look ridiculous and mean.

Perhaps by some association of ideas formed long ago in childhood, a "white Christmas" has meant for me not so much a frosted, dazzling morning as a still, quiet evening when the red lights of a house amid

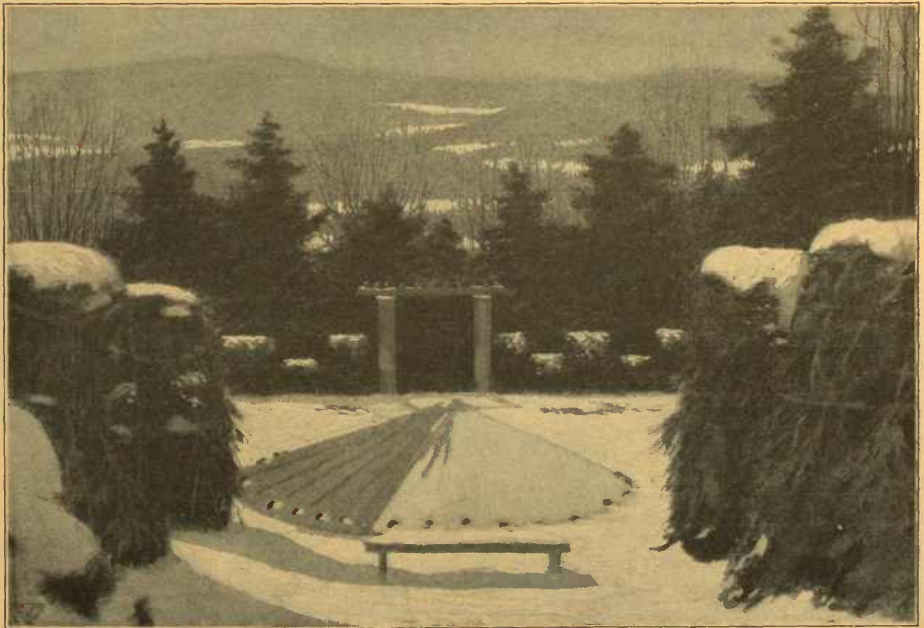
evergreens shine friendly over the snow. Was it some Christmas card which caught my childish fancy, or a paragraph out of Andersen, or a sight of my own home with the evening lamps aglow, which has fixed this association in my brain? I cannot say. But when Christmas eve drew on last year the old association haunted me, and as darkness enveloped our quiet village street I stole out into the white mystery of new-fallen snow and slunk off through the garden. Reaching thus by devious backways, including the cemetery, the end of the street, I turned toward home, encountering nobody save a child, who was ecstatically staggering under a huge bundle. From the windows of each house the lamps were shining, making golden squares of warm light amid the trees and over the snow. The dim, forgotten pages of my childhood turned back in my brain. I felt, without being able to say why or when, my father's arms lifting me up, and saw through sleepy eyes a door opening a golden welcome in the night. A strange, half-remembered story of some cottage in the winter forest, where a wood-chopper lived with his children and witches were about, floated pleasantly through my consciousness. I drew near my own house. Through the

Norway spruces of the drive its window squares were gleaming. It was mine, my home! The warmth was crackling from my hearth! The welcome of my loved ones waited me! Like the veriest Sentimental Tommy, I pretended I was an exile returning. My heart was actually beating high as I opened the door. The smell of supper greeted me, the delicious warmth of wood fires. I gathered her I love hungrily to my heart, but I could not tell her why. One cannot explain such things as that, the mysterious linking with all one's emotional nature of a golden window square across the winter snow.

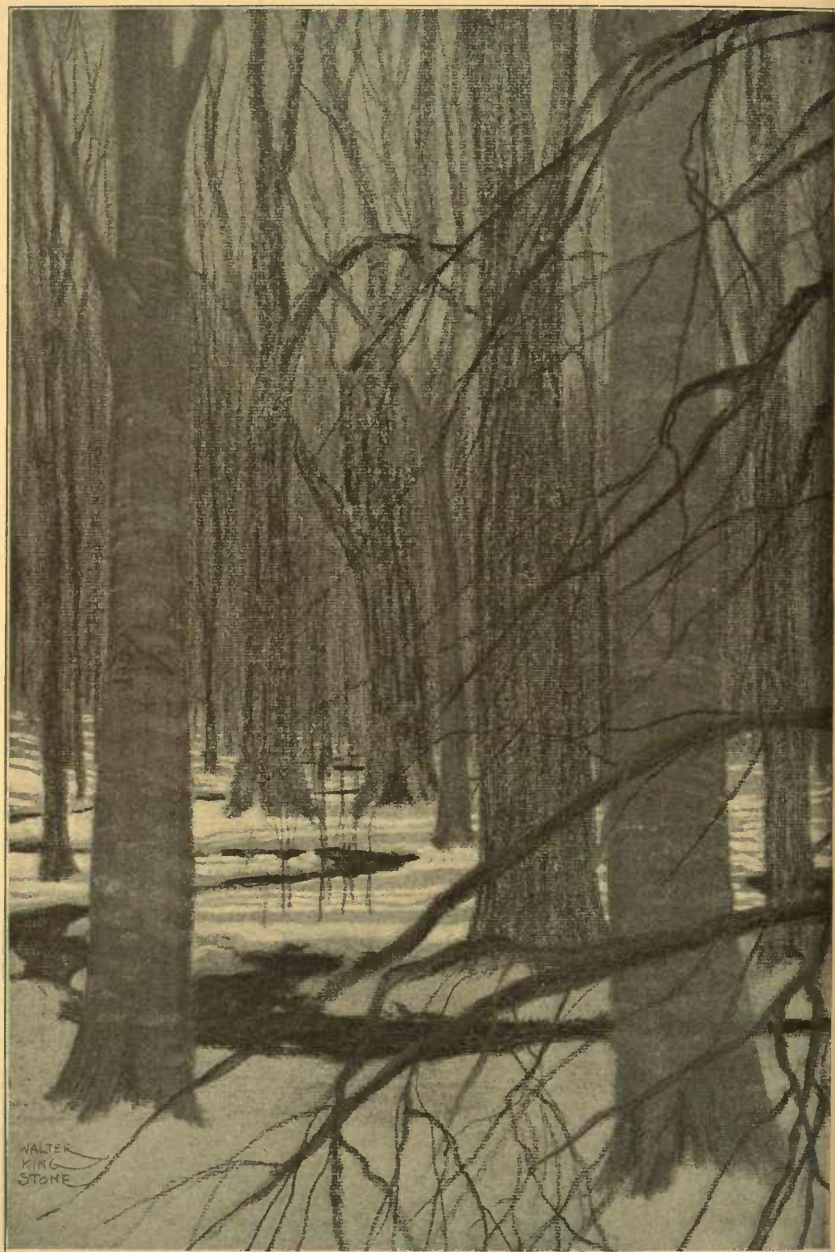
Neither can one fully analyze that melancholy death in life which accompanies an untimely January thaw. Some morning the south wind sets in, the glass rises higher and higher, a languid, drizzling rain comes over the mountain, and by the following afternoon the brown ridges are showing through the snow on the ploughed lands, the sloppy roads are stripped to their under layer of ice, and from all the earth rises a thick, enervating steam, so that one might be moving in a sea fog. Only the tops of the high hills stand up above this vapor; as if they were suspended in mid-air.

It may be in the country we are too dependent on the weather for our moods. At such a time, at any rate, bicker raises its ugly head in many a household, and one tears up at noon, and consigns to the spluttering Franklin stove, the literary creation of a morning.

And then comes the resurrection of the frost. Forwarned by the growing chill at night, so that in the darkness we have sat up in bed and hauled added covering over us, we wake into a new world of dazzling wonder. The rain and mist have frozen on every bush and twig, on every wire and fence, on pole and limb, and even on the very sides of the houses. The trees are bowed with their load of jewels, and even the modest birches are brazen with diamonds. The world flashes like a prism in the sun; the humblest shrub in the garden is a burning bush of rainbow tints. Slipping and falling on the perilous ground, we climb hastily to the top of the nearest hill before the wonder shall melt. It is a strange, transformed universe we look down upon. Beyond the foreground the prismatic colors are lost. The upland pasture at our feet is a crystal carpet flashing with violet, indigo, green, and red, but far below



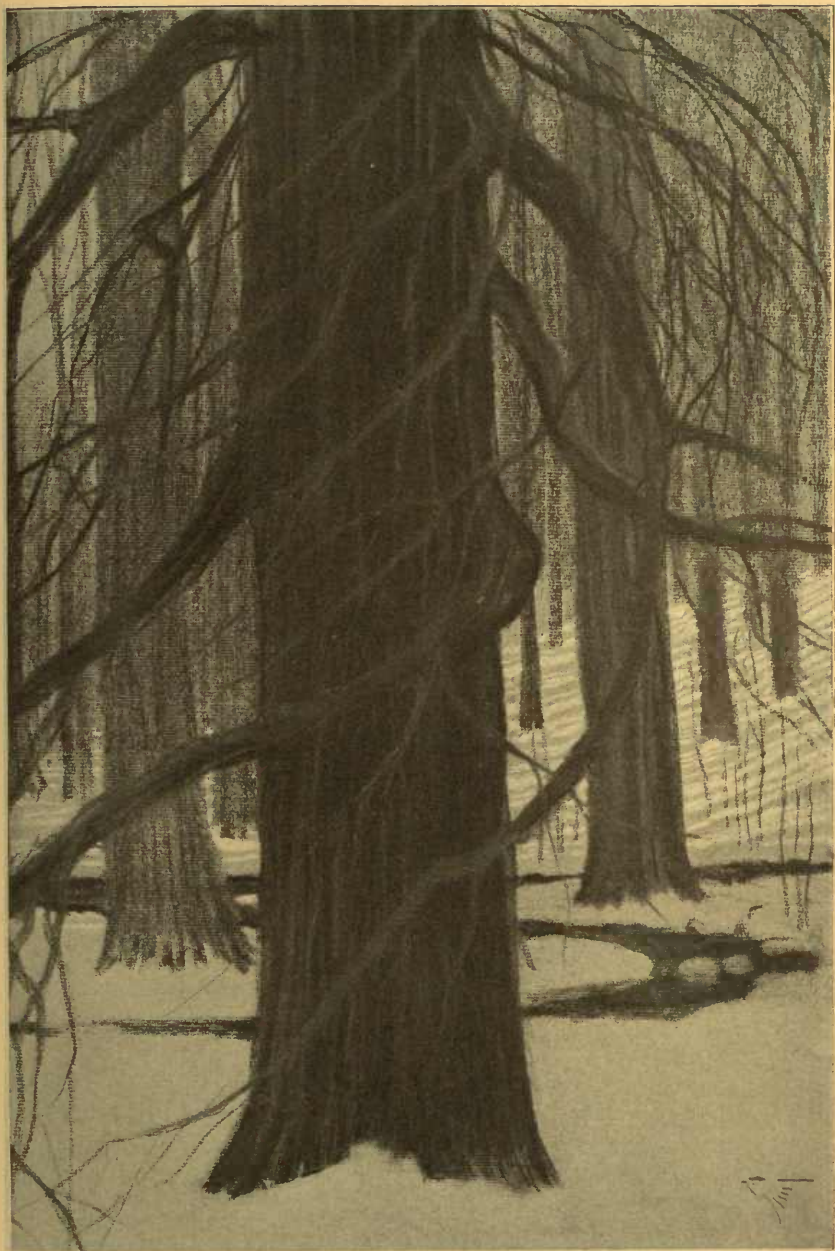
The desolation of the formal gardens! The garden fountain is boxed up. . . . The rose-bushes are packed in straw and broken pine boughs.—Page 645.



Winter, to be sure, has its moods of black and white, when pictures

the frosted lowlands are merely white and upon them each isolated chestnut or elm stands up with startling distinctness, glistening, translucent, like a fountain strangely crystallized. Beyond the lowlands, the nearer mountains are a soft, feathery gray,

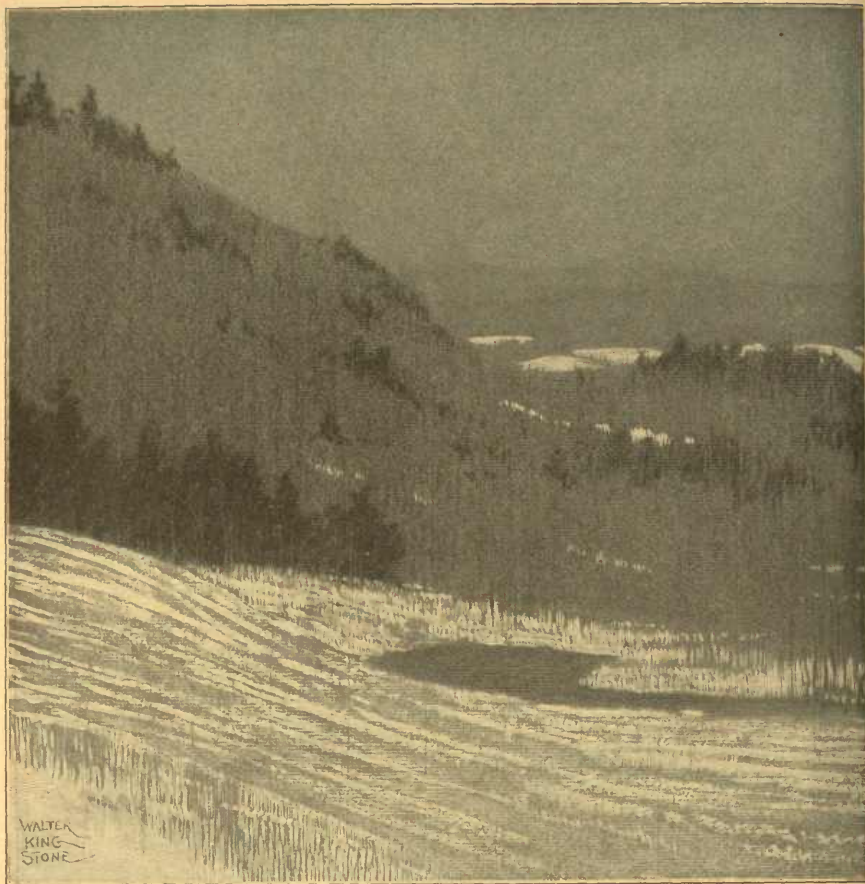
save where the sun catches their summits and lays upon them a glittering corona. Beyond them, in turn, are the far ranges of the next valley, blue no longer, but a pale, soft, smoky, shadow tint, and looking liquid as water, looking, indeed, like waves



are reduced to their simple elements of line and chiaroscuro.—Page 644

heaving along the horizon. Once in the winter the world is like this to remind us, perhaps, that the universe we customarily know is but one of a thousand possible universes, after all, and far from the most marvellous.

Bolton Coit Brown has studied the delicate landscape values in the drifting snow-storm. We can see his pictures reproduced on the scale of nature from our garden. Suppose we let (1) represent the darkest spot on the picture, our gaunt grape trellis

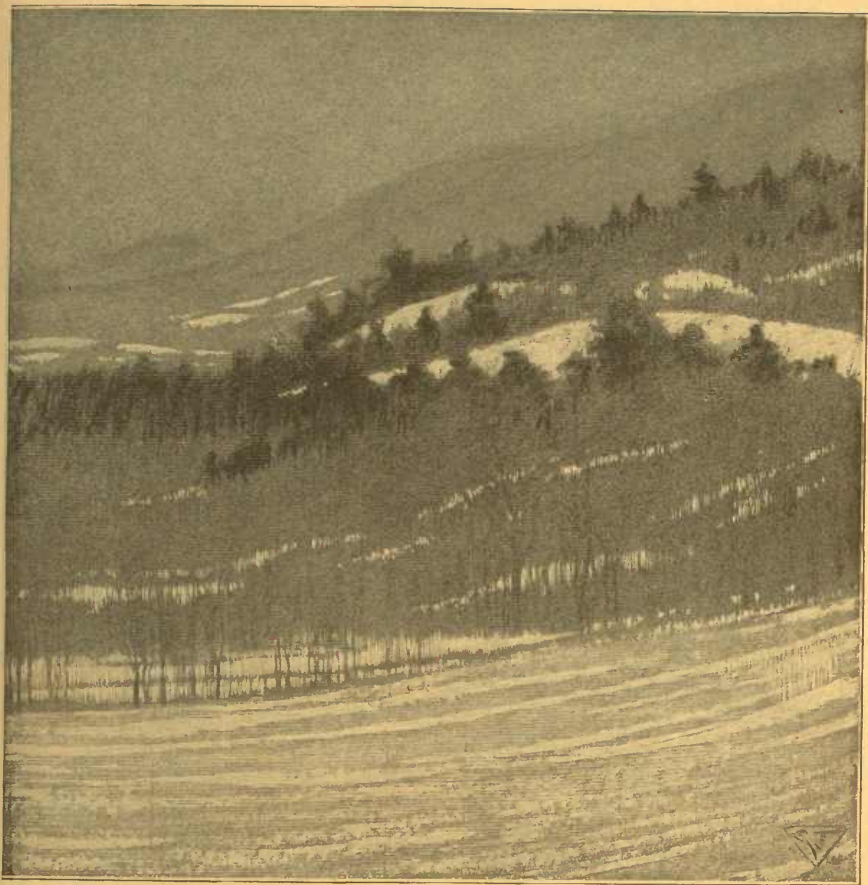


The valley lies quiet under its mantle of snow

in the foreground, for instance. Then (2) will represent the nearer trees in the orchard just beyond; (3) the farther trees and a pine across the brook; (4) will represent the ethereal, half-shrouded trees about our neighbor's house up the slope, and the glimpse of the gable and chimney. Beyond that, there is nothing but the living whiteness of the storm. We have a picture in four delicate values only; a picture where nearly everything is eliminated but the grape arbor, the ghostly arms of the orchard trees, and the hint of a house. Yet how beautiful the picture is, how suggestive, thus reduced to its lowest terms! It is Japanese in its decorative simplicity. One day, I recall, a wheelbarrow had been left out, with a load of dead apple boughs upon it, and served instead of the grape arbor as the darkest point of the picture. It was

curiously transformed into a thing of beauty, and as the white snow drifted into a heap upon it, softening its outlines, it appeared to grow larger, to compose the picture about itself. I left it there till the storm began to clear, other values emerged, and finally the top of a mountain jumped into view and reduced the barrow to humbleness and its proper scale once more.

There come country days in March, the truthful recorder must admit, when even the run of sap from the maples and the smell of it boiling in the sugar house cannot quite drive out a disgust for muddy roads and melting snow, and a desire for the feel under foot of paved walks, for the bustle of cities, the scent and sound of the opera. A fresh snow flurry inspires the same resentment as a clumsy person who does not know how to make his exit from a room. One

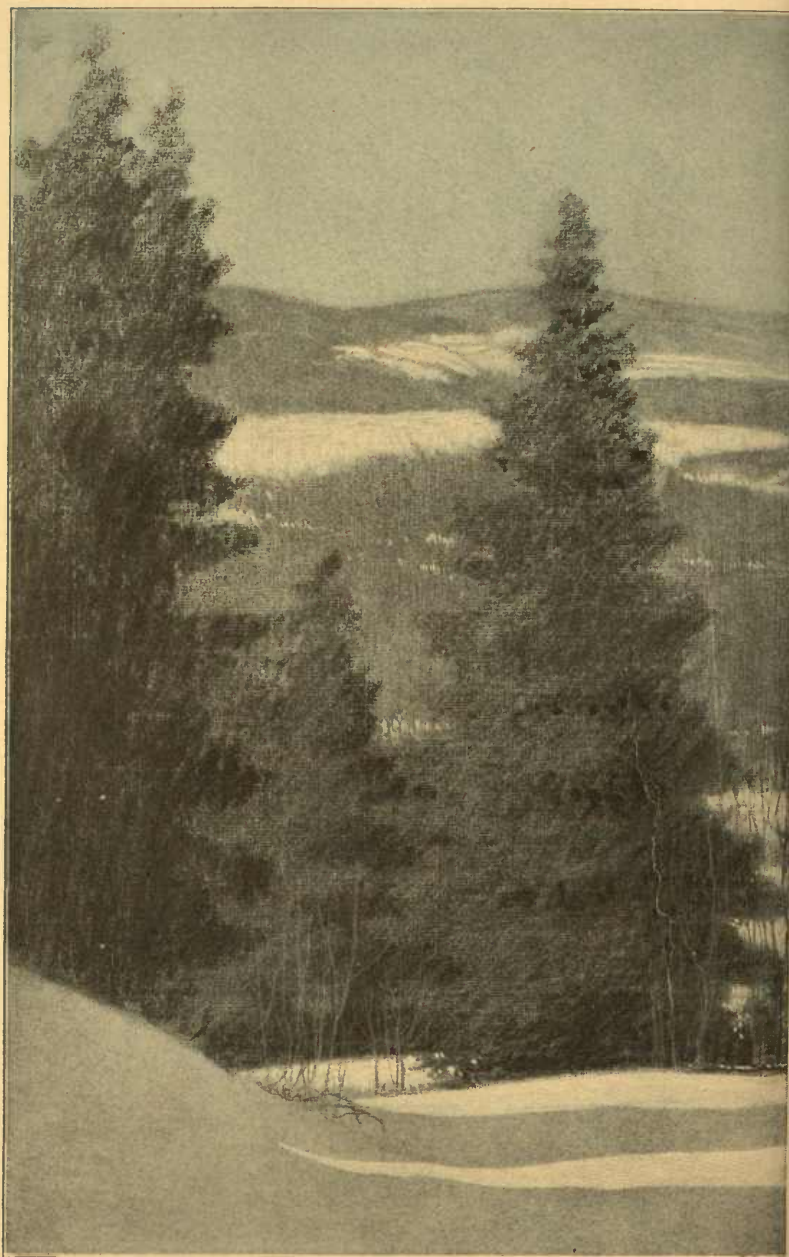


and ringed with its lovely hills.—Page 645.

waits for spring with the same uneasy feeling, the sense of wasted time, that one waits for a delayed train, or for the conductor to come for the fares. But on a magic March morning one suddenly awakes an hour before his custom and hears from the garden, not the pleasant call of the chickadees, familiar all winter, but a new, full-throated, liquid song bursting out of every evergreen and bush. The morning sun is streaming through the window square. The coverlid feels heavy and hot. You climb from bed and hurry out into the garden. Before you, at every step, rise from the ground and flutter a little way ahead, instantly to resume their amazingly rapid, twin-footed dabs for a breakfast, the brownish-red bodies of innumerable fox-sparrows. A robin sings in the apple-tree. Wait a day or two and you will see, among the red fox-sparrows,

the white tail feathers of a vesper, and hear his lovely song at twilight. Winter is over, spring is on the way. Your longing for opera vanishes like a mist. You have a sweeter vesper song; a hundred feathered Carusos are in every hedge.

Before I sat down to write this morning, Joe called me out to talk seeds. He has the cold-frames uncovered and the dressing in. Where shall we put the sweet-peas? and the melons? How many pounds of fertilizer shall we need for the potatoes? Will the Golden Bantam cross-fertilize with the Country Gentleman if we plant them together at the usual end of the garden for corn? A thousand important questions arise. We walked in the garden to settle them, the sparrows and robins hopping and fluttering before us, the air warm and sunny, the hedges musical. Yet dabs of snow

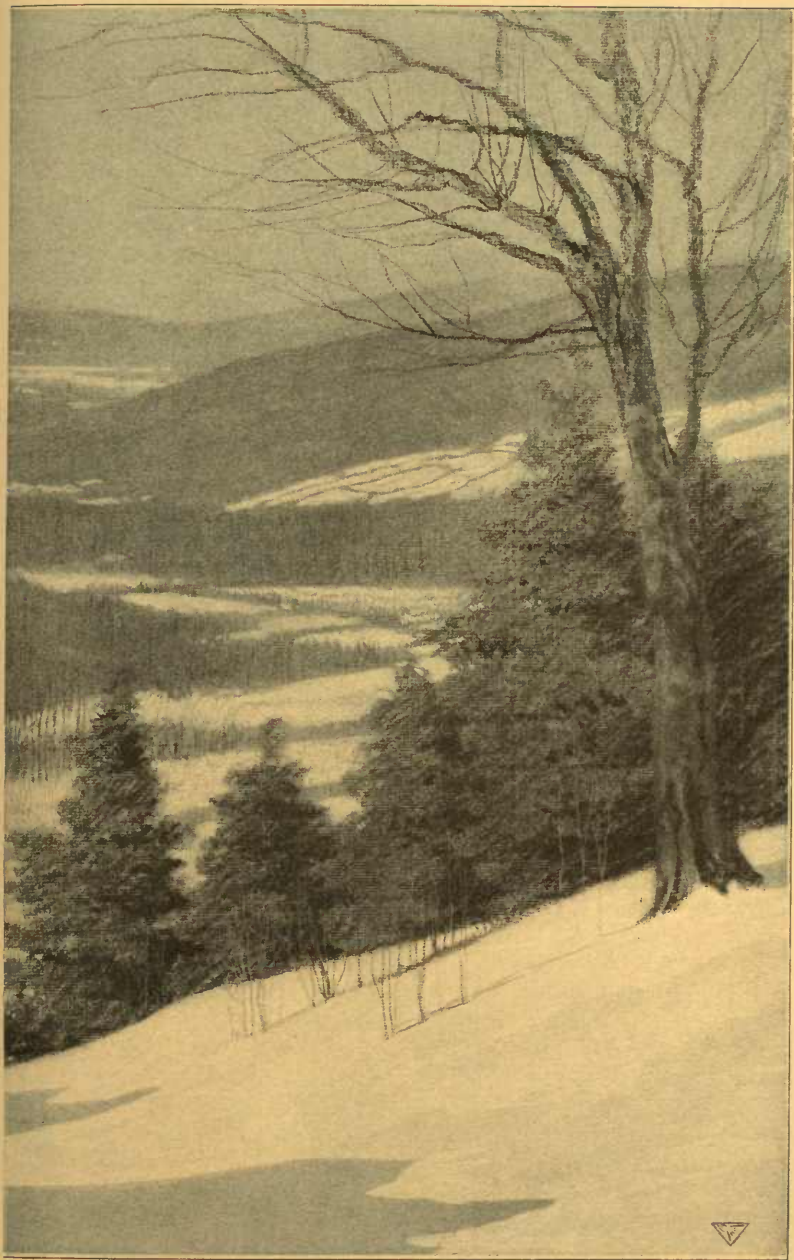


The winter world is still. . . . Everything is cool, peaceful, and the color chord of sky and

still lay in sheltered corners, and lifting our eyes to High Pasture we could see great patches of it white on the mountain. As Joe plunged his fork into the dark loam of the cold-frame, I made a snowball and tossed it toward a robin.

"Joe," said I, "spring won't really be here till I can find a blade of grass big enough to blow."

"Sure, it's here," he answered. "Oi seen the boys playin' marbles this mornin'."



hills and rusty swamp is like the opening chord of some andante by Mozart.—Page 645.

Marbles! Marbles are not a game, except on the pavements of a city. They are a votive offering to spring and dry sidewalks, a celebration of the departure of the frost from the ground. The frost in our town usually departs first from the walk

along the stone wall in front of the Episcopal Church, and it is there, almost under the shadow of the cross, that the boys celebrate their pagan, innocent Easter. If Joe saw them at it this morning, I am willing to accept the sign, and bid winter farewell.

The slush of another snowball crumbled and melted in my hand. The climbing sun grew warmer and warmer on my neck. I looked back toward the house, where my study door stood open, the portal of duty, and sighed. I looked the other way, toward the mountain, and the scent of arbutus came to me with almost physical distinctness. Thus easily do we lay off the love of one season for the love of the next, and slip from an old pleasure to a new without regrets.

But, after all, is it not a pharisaical pleasure, this of the wind and weather, the sky and grass? Why should one write about them as if they were of profound importance? Few of us are Wordsworthians by belief. We feel depressed or gay according to the state of the weather, to be sure; but we are no less affected by the state of our stomachs or our bank accounts, and quite as many of us, surely, make a religion of our bellies or our bank accounts, as of nature! Why should I feel this superiority to my city brother, which I undoubtedly do

feel, because I happen to have a garden full of sunshine, fox-sparrows, and swelling apple buds, while he has only the shop-windows on the avenue and the smell of asphalt to tell him winter has departed and spring is on the flood? Beside his warm steam radiator last winter he certainly felt no envy of me because in my ring of purple hills the chill landscape was exquisite with minor chords. Perhaps he feels no envy of me now, save for a few days while his spring fever lasts.

Yet I am Pharisee enough to pity him. With or without philosophy, the wind and weather, the sky and grass, lay their spell upon me, bidding me be near to them, responsive to their mood, and whispering to my spirit that their companionship is more to be desired than many riches, yea even than many friends. Since this message reaches me through my senses, I fear I am but a poor descendant of the Puritans, though I live in the land of Jonathan Edwards and pass his monument every day.

KEATS

By Rhoda Hero Dunn

So little time he took to glimpse the rose!
 To us whose Summers are an endless tale
 Each year retold in beauties red and pale,
 It seems he scarcely could have watched unclosed
 One petaled spray, before the tender woes
 Of his own shadow-sheltered nightingale
 Drew him apart to some more lovely Vale
 Of deeper leaves and softer flowery shows.
 Yet, who of us, for all our Summer-times
 Has caught one secret of the budding flower?
 Or, in the garden of enhoneyed rhymes
 Made of a moment's bloom a fadeless bower?
 Who but this hastener to fairer climes
 Half-vexed at being mortal for an hour!

ALL FOR LOVE

By Margaret Sherwood

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR



TO be sure it was very picturesque, this bit of Breton coast: seaward stretched blue water, edged with white foam; landward, green level spaces, broken by lines of tall poplar trees. Along the tidal river colored sails went forever up and down beyond the grass; and the quaint village where masts moved constantly beyond the houses, and where white-capped peasant women with comely faces—"as Irish as me own," said Mrs. Faunce—gathered about the old fountain in the market-place with their copper pots and pans, was just what she had expected. No one could deny the charm of the place, yet Mrs. Faunce was distinctly bored. The dinners were all that they had said, daintily served, delicious, with such soups, such entrées, such salads, such *sauce suprême* as will be found nowhere else on any shore outside of dreamland. There was no fault to find with the little hotel, gray as the gnarled and jagged rocks that lay to westward; every kind of comfort was at your beck and call, under the masterful management of Mère Fouqué, with her white Breton caps, her Breton serving maids in wooden shoes, and her Parisian *chef*. It combined, the Hotel Merlin, in all its details, those characteristics of subtlety and simplicity that belong to all high art.

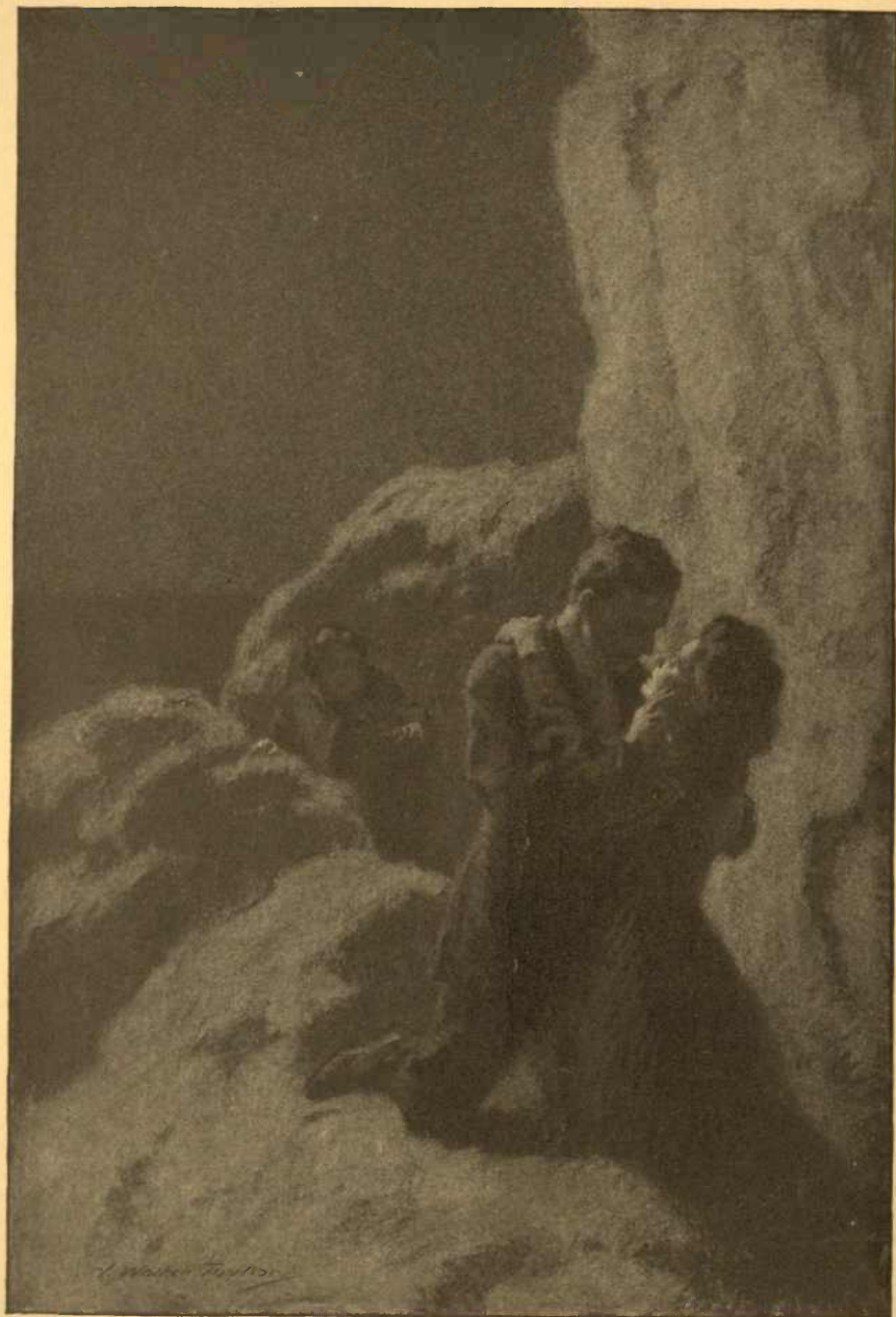
But the wandering old Irish lady, student of humankind, redresser of human wrongs, was tired of it all. She had come to the shore for mental rest, she who abhorred mental rest; for physical repose, she who had no need of it, and who refused to admit, even to herself, the twinges of rheumatism about the aging bones that were so much older than her spirit. She haunted the salon, impressive in her attire of more than decent black, for her bizarre pilgrim costume of taffeta petticoat, nondescript waist, and head-dress of lace was discarded on the occasions when she wished to make appar-

ent the simple truth that she was a lady. She conversed with the few guests in her fluid French with its touch of brogue, dozed after luncheon, wondering sleepily about the two people who passed so often, mother and daughter evidently, and as evidently English, the elder lady having that military look of being ready for battle which only the British general and the British matron wear to perfection, the daughter following with listless step as if in a dream. Mrs. Faunce watched them and yawned. Who was it, anyway, who had told her of this secluded spot? Was it M. Mostet of Julien's? She would get even with him! Did he think that she would care for the blue-smocked goatherd who came driving his flock gayly before him from door to door every night and milking in the presence of his customer? Oh, yes, she loved the pastoral thought of the goatherd with his flute and his carved staff, but, when you were near, the goats smelled so vilely—of goat!

"'Tis no nymph nor yet dryad I am," said Mrs. Faunce to herself, "to dance to that music."

Perhaps it was Herr Bernhard who had advised her to come. Just like a sentimental German to rave about these bareheaded, blue-aproned, red-petticoated women washing in the pools. It was none of this superficial picturesqueness that she wanted, but share in some bit of emotion, ripe from the heart's core, for to the old lady, insatiable of experience, the only real *sauce suprême* was human life.

Nothing in Maramol really appealed to her save two inn signs, one, "*Au Bon Diable*," the other, "*A la Réunion des Amis*," and she gazed longingly at both, missing the friendly and intimate laughter to which she was accustomed, the chatter, the keen and affectionate gibes. The hours were long between dawn and dawn; the little barelegged French children strolling with their nurses across the sands to eastward looked remote; nothing happened in the ten long days



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

She realized in dismay . . . that these two young creatures were actually planning to take the long leap into the dark.—Page 662.

whose hours rippled away along the shore, and, the old Irish lady was wistful and lonely. Life seemed very far away! She even thought longingly of her family, of that daughter—English now since she had been foolish enough to marry an Englishman—in her stately home, and of the formal and unendurable ways that went on behind the tall park gates.

"If me daughter hadn't taken it upon herself to inherit me less amiable traits; if she hadn't been as obstinate as meself, we might have been happy together," mused Mrs. Faunce. The grandchildren must be growing up; the little lad, Jack—could it be that he was almost a man by this time? The dark head had been far below her shoulder when she had escaped from a life that stifled her, and had become a free lance in the larger world. She actually yearned, though she would not have confessed it, to see little Jack once more, and to find him little.

Hidden in a cleft of the rocks one day she heard the waters lap and watched the waves wane; sand-pipers hopped near on slender legs, and white-winged gulls flew low, but none of these things pleased Mrs. Faunce. She looked long and hard at the ocean, then lifted her fist and shook it in the face of the vasty deep.

"Curse on you for an unsociable companion," she said grimly. "They talk of the whisperin' waves! Here I've sat, two hours and a half by me watch, and never a word have you spoken."

She paused, listening, then beat a tattoo upon the rocks.

"Sure, if you speak, 'tis English you speak with your sulky voice, and never a word of Irish. Come now, a bit of the brogue to warm me old heart!"

Here she caught sight of two people strolling across the sand, and, as they began to climb the rocks, she recognized them as the mother and daughter who had often caught her eye in the past ten days. The girl was fair to look at, except for an expression of rebellious sadness which robbed her face of its natural charm. She toiled behind her vigorous parent with a hurt, dragging step, like that of a wounded soldier. They passed, not saying a word.

"Any more than the sea," murmured Mrs. Faunce; then, just beyond a tall rock that concealed the old lady, the mother halted abruptly.

"I must go back to the villa for a minute. Sit down here, Gladys, and do not stir until I come back."

The girl was left alone, her fair hair and pure profile silhouetted against the blue sky, and something in the drooping figure made Mrs. Faunce aware, for the first time, of the pathos of this rippling, gentle sea, and this coast, wearing forever on its desolate rocks that sad expression of looking northward. Suddenly the girl's whole manner changed, and she flung out her arms toward the water with a passionate gesture of appeal.

"Hal," she said softly, with a little hurt, inarticulate cry, "Hal!" The slender figure was quivering with grief and longing. Mrs. Faunce, watching unobserved, felt a kind of awe, for it was as if she had seen a bit of inert clay suddenly smitten with the flame of human life. The face which had been as a pallid mask glowed suddenly into beauty with the hurt and the joy of love. The old lady sat very quiet, with shining eyes, and the blood beat warmly once more within her.

"He's over the water in England," she murmured, nodding to herself, "and there's trouble enough for some reason."

When the mother reappeared and led her daughter away over the rocks, Mrs. Faunce fastened her eyes on the erect, tweed-clad figure of the older woman, and watched her vigorous step.

"All English muscles work well," she said to herself, "except those of the heart." It was plain that there was tragedy here, and that this all-too-energetic woman was the maker of it; why else were the girl's footsteps so closely guarded by rock and sand and roadway? The lonely shore became suddenly full of interest for the old lady, as her keen flair for human story joyously recognized a new trail. That night she put back into her purse the bank-notes she had counted out for Mère Fouqué, for she had meant to go back to Paris tomorrow.

"Jeanne D'Arc," said Mrs. Faunce to the dark-haired Breton peasant who came thumping softly upstairs every morning with a little tray upon which rested a huge bowl of delicious *café au lait*, a monstrous table-spoon, and two small rolls, "Jeanne D'Arc, who are the two people who pass here several times a day, mother and daughter?"

Jeanne D'Arc, whose real name was Margot, stood with arms akimbo, smiling a wide smile.

"Say paw," she answered.

"The young lady," continued Mrs. Faunce, "has beautiful golden hair."

"Ah," breathed Jeanne D'Arc, "and there is always the mother?"

"Always!"

"Mad," said the girl, tapping her forehead, "the young one, else why always the mother?"

"Nonsense!" cried the old lady. "Who are they? Where do they come from? Where do they go to?"

"Say paw!" said Jeanne D'Arc, "but they go to—Madame surely sees them going into the gates of Villa Camelot, close by?"

The old lady shook her head.

"But yes!" cried the girl. "Hundreds of times I have seen them. Look, Madame; it is but the throw of a little stone to their windows."

She drew aside the curtains of an eastern window, and there, truly enough, beyond a high wall, and beyond two slender poplar trees, appeared a building whose gray sides, long windows, and picturesque roof, hardly noticed before, became suddenly significant.

"Jeanne D'Arc," said Madame, fumbling successfully with an old-fashioned netted silk purse, "bring me the name of the English lady who lives at Villa Camelot."

That evening Jeanne D'Arc appeared again, this time with a bit of paper, which she presented triumphantly.

"But the servants are all English and dumb! They have no speech at all!" she announced. "It was the postman."

It was the same postman who, the next day, carried away from Hotel Merlin an unusual number of letters, some directed to England, some to Paris, and one to Château Miraban in Brittany, and Mrs. Faunce waited, watched, and listened.

"But why," demanded Jeanne D'Arc, as she was making the old lady's bed, "why, if somebody is not mad, do they keep the villa gates always locked?"

"Do they?" asked Mrs. Faunce, who knew it perfectly well. From the eastern window she was looking intently at the Villa Camelot, where, upon a window ledge of the second floor, a girlish head was bowed upon folded arms with an air of hopeless

abandonment that brought the ever-ready mist to the old lady's eyes.

No mist, however, was dense enough to veil her keen vision, and a hundred and one things about the Villa Camelot which the tenant supposed were strictly secret were known to this elderly neighbor. That the mistress of the house never allowed any one but herself to see the postman, if she could help it, was evident, for she always, even in the rain, waited for him at the villa gate. Mrs. Faunce even knew something that the vigilant lady of the villa did not know, to wit, that the kindly gray-haired maid, on one of the few occasions when she was permitted to watch for the mail, hastily whipped something into her pocket, and that, a few minutes later, the face of the girl at the honeysuckle-bordered window grew radiant as she stooped to kiss an unopened letter. It was not hard to read the story of unhappy love that was going on; it was clear that mother and daughter held heated debates, for the sound of them, if not the words, floated over the wall, and more than once the girl was seen, with her back braced firmly against the window embrasure, making remarks of undoubted firmness.

One day Mrs. Faunce met her mysterious young neighbor in the quaint cemetery among the weather-beaten slabs that marked the resting-places of the peasant dead. Bees were murmuring over the green spaces, and near the late yellow roses, that grew about the gray stones, and all was peace, for the soldierlike mother, who felt the need of much exercise, was marching up and down outside the wall. The girl was tracing with her finger a lichen-grown inscription upon a rough granite cross. As she heard footsteps she looked up; these two had passed each other so often that a silent friendliness of kindly glances had been established between the old lady with the gay, aged face and this girl with despairing eyes. Mrs. Faunce gave one swift glance toward the cemetery gates, and then held out her arms with: "Come, dear, and tell me all about it! Where is he?" She was one of those rare personages who recognize an opportunity when it comes. The girl, alarmed, started away like a frightened bird, then crept back, just beyond the other's reach. She did not want to be touched, apparently, by any hand but his.

"'Tis a queer name they have given you, Gladys, that have made your eyes look like that."

"How did you know," asked the girl, breathlessly, "about him?"

Into her eyes, dull blue, dead with sorrow, life came leaping, and the pupils, expanding almost to the iris's edge, were all alight with leaping flame.

"I've been alive meself, me dear," said the old lady.

"Did you ever care for—for some one more than for all the world beside?"

"I did," said Mrs. Faunce, dashing away a tear with a mitten-clad hand.

The girl looked at her steadfastly, with that longing to read the writing of the lines, the very hieroglyphics of life, that one sees often in the faces of the young in looking on the old.

"Were you happy?" whispered Gladys.

"Whiles, and whiles not. To be happy always is not the human lot. Surely monotony of any kind would fall short of happiness; 'tis that that's the matter with the idea of heaven."

"It would be wonderful," breathed the girl, "to be happy even for a minute."

"Me poor darlin'!" cried Mrs. Faunce, "tell me all about it"; but the girl's finger was on her lip, and her eyes were fixed on the cemetery gate.

"I must go," she said hurriedly.

"Go on," said the strange old lady; "but remember, dear, I'm your friend, and 'tis me intention to help you."

She looked wistfully after the young girl as she went away, past a gray inscription: "*Que Dieu augmente sa joie!*" and the old lady murmured over and over in behalf of the living the carved prayer for the dead. Many a one had she known to whom love was much, but never before one to whom it was all, who was dedicate, soul and body, every nerve and fibre edged with flame.

It was perhaps ten days after the letters had gone, and five or six after answers had been despatched to the replies that Jeanne D'Arc brought Mrs. Faunce a black-bordered card, upon which was engraved the name of Mrs. Reginald Lucas. After a fitting delay, Mrs. Faunce descended to the salon, dignified, bespangled, trailing after her a long black gown, and holding her head high in the grand manner that was all her own. The military mother, no longer

attired in tweeds, yet still wearing the air of one booted and spurred, rose and held out her hand.

"My friend, Lady Andermere, has told me of your being here, and has asked me to call, Madame——"

"Mrs. Faunce," interrupted the old lady quickly. "I've come incognito, for I need seclusion and rest."

Mrs. Reginald Lucas was deeply impressed, as who would not be? The remarks of the hostess were all that were courteous; not so her thoughts, if the truth were known, for her first one was: "'Tis a cruel mouth you've got, for all your smiling." Wheedling, but tactful, she made innumerable inquiries without seeming to do so, and this is what she learned from the preoccupied mother whose anxious eyes kept turning toward Villa Camelot. She was here for the sake of her daughter Gladys, who was far from well, and they were leading the quietest possible life. The child was suffering from a complicated disorder in regard to which expert opinion had pronounced itself uncertain; she was subject to sudden seizures, and had to be constantly watched.

"Now that is where I could help you, if you would permit me," cried Mrs. Faunce. "I've nothing to do, and I'm eating me heart out with the loneliness of it all. I'm fond of the young." She got no promise from her guest, but hope that she might share the guardianship of the girl was high within her as Mrs. Lucas stalked away.

"Actin' the part of affectionate mother," muttered Mrs. Faunce, "as well as if she'd been trained for it on the stage. I can't help thinkin' of the rehearsals."

On the days following the old lady waited with some impatience. Lonely walks and lonelier drives by shining, shivering silver poplars in the sad, cool air of early fall failed to divert her mind from its purpose. Yet she got small chance to carry out her plans, and she wondered if this inability to help meant that she was growing old. Life responded usually more readily to her touch. Once, in a brief talk with the frightened girl, reluctantly permitted by Mamma, who was vainly trying to speak the Breton dialect with the postman, she got a bit of information about the lover. Hal was young too, only twenty, but they had cared a lifetime, or at least two years, having met her first season in London. The trouble?

There was no real trouble that the girl could see. To be sure he was lame; a bad fall from his horse in the hunting field four years ago had crippled him for life. "I love him all the more for that, of course," said Gladys. Opposition on the part of her mother had roused his family and precipitated a quarrel, and now that opposition had hardened into stone. His mother had said that she would die before she would permit the marriage; her mother had said that they would go to the wedding over her dead body if they went at all.

"Tell me truth," commanded Mrs. Faunce. "Have they no reason better than that? Is there no wrong-doin' to keep you apart?"

The girl protested that there was nothing. "'Tis all made up of little things, pique and pride?"

"Such little things," said Gladys of the violet eyes and wind-blown hair, "that you would think they would be ashamed to think of them."

"Hal," said the old lady, "Hal. 'Tis a pretty name, and one associated with more than one madcap." She watched shrewdly for the light that she knew was coming to the girl's face.

"To mention his name is to have all the pleasure of creatin' the child from the beginning," she said to herself. The girl laughed out.

"His real name is John Henry," she vouchsafed.

"And I presume he's a hero and a genius, and altogether the most gifted bein' that ever was," but the girl shook her head, smiling.

"He isn't a genius at all and he hasn't any extraordinary gifts. He's just the best and most lovable human being that ever was." Mrs. Faunce listened with humorous disdain.

"Now what you youngsters are made of I fail to know," she sighed. "If I had a lover, he'd be to me a hero and a genius, even if I knew 'twas contrary to the facts."

The very next day Jeanne D'Arc was much excited. An attempt had been made last evening, she was sure, to rob the Villa Camelot. She herself had seen a man trying to climb over the wall; should she tell the police? A broad smile illuminated Mrs. Faunce's face, as she promised to take the responsibility of communicating with

the people at the villa; and she set herself to watch. By many indubitable signs she realized that something was indeed happening. A shadow on the wall; the sight of a face beyond the furze hedge; a footstep under her window; a figure retreating swiftly beyond the rocks as mother and daughter went out for their walk, made up a chain of evidence that delighted her. She hurried up from dinner in the evenings, giving up desserts, and sat by her eastern window in the twilight, fearful lest some link in the chain of this story should escape her. Once or twice she saw a dark figure lurking under the villa wall, and more than once she heard the sound of a tinkling stone upon a window-pane. In the silence that followed, she knew that the intruder waited and listened, but he did not wait nor listen more eagerly than did she, her old Irish heart beating in sympathy. Try as she might she got no chance to tell the unconscious girl that her lover was near, and he was apparently unsuccessful.

One evening, at sundown, Mrs. Faunce pricked up her ears, for she heard a familiar and yet an unfamiliar sound. Shrill bleating, the quick, multitudinous tread of many hard little feet, meant that the flock of goats was coming home, but it was an odd and uncertain melody that the flute gave out. The goatherd stopped, as usual, at the locked gateway of Villa Camelot; surely his step was odd; had he suddenly gone lame? Yet that was his blue smock, and the battered felt hat pulled down over his ears, but he was taller by a head than he had been. Old Breton tales of fairy folk rushed to her mind, of fays who stole for a time human form for the accomplishment of their purposes. What had happened to the lad out in green pastures among the furze and gorse? Anxious, she knew not why, she watched him as he led the flock—stepping daintily behind him, the kids darting out and leaping high in play—to the very door, and she saw, too, the quick flash of a hand all too white as something flew through the air into the open window by which Gladys sat, listlessly watching the dull red sunset that flamed beyond rocky coast and gray sea in the west. The girl sprang up as if she had been stung; a moment later she was at the back door demanding evidently, by signs, that the goatherd teach her how to milk. The maid who brought the copper

basin laughed aloud as she gave it to her young mistress, and Mrs. Faunce waited breathless; would the maid suspect?

"Not she! She's but English and has no eyes in her head," said the old Irish lady as she saw Gladys kneel beside a black goat, and saw the goatherd's fingers reverently close over hers as he gave her a lesson in milking. The girl proved but a slow pupil, and, in truth, had but an awkward teacher. Watchful goat eyes were upon the two as the heads bent close together, and dainty noses sniffed curiously at the girl's white gown, but neither goat nor human ears heard the words that passed between master and pupil, if words there were. The old lady chuckled; so had love at last gained admission to the villa gates.

The next morning, as mother and daughter took their constitutional on the rocks, the girl's step was alert and quick.

"You are better, Gladys," said the mother. "The sea air is doing you good."

"Yes, Mamma," said the English girl obediently.

That afternoon Mrs. Faunce strolled out into the country, whose beauty of deep green furze and broom with golden butterflies fluttering above the yellow blossoms was still hidden from her. It was the life-worn, weather-beaten faces of the peasants that interested her, the thatched roofs of their houses, the cold little stone churches where they said their prayers, and she gave back the invariable "*Bon jour*" with friendly warmth. She passed an old, old wrinkled woman in wooden sabots, with a little shawl pinned across her flat bosom, kneeling, but not in prayer, at the roadside and breaking stones for the highways of the republic, and she was almost envious, forever jealous of every kind of human experience that she had not had. Then, between the hawthorn hedges, whose thick, ferny tangles bordered deep-set roads, she saw two shadows lengthening, and, lifting her head, she sniffed the breeze with new zest, for the shadows pleased her. She had no need to see the forms that cast them to know of intertwined arms and lips that met and met again. One glimpse she caught of the girl's transfigured face, but that of the slender lad at her side was hidden. The old lady drew a deep sigh of satisfaction, for the sight of young love was to her as the very breath of her nostrils, and it always

gave her the feeling of being on the very track of the meaning of things which had so long eluded her. For some reason it seemed nearer in other stories than in her own. Now she laughed aloud, as she watched unseen. Was that one of the sudden seizures of which the mother had complained? Probably Gladys had escaped through the agency of that kind, elderly maid; it was pitiful to see the terrified way in which she kept turning to see if they were pursued. When the lovers passed Mrs. Faunce she was kneeling at the side of the road, helping the old stone-breaking woman, and they did not see her.

"Have you the courage to do it, Gladys?" the young man was saying, and the girl's answer rang out clearly:

"Yes!"

That night something really happened. It was dim moonlight, but the stealing figure by the wall of the Villa Camelot was clearly visible to the keen old eyes that watched from the window of the Hotel Merlin. Presently the villa gates opened ever so little, ever so softly, and a dark form stole out. For an instant the two dusky shadows melted into one, and then Mrs. Faunce watched them as they went swiftly down the long, shaded avenue. The sudden hoot of a little owl sounded out satirically in the silence, and the listener echoed it with a groan. Those two young things were taking their lives in their hands, she knew, and running away together, for better or for worse, and she did not lift a finger to stop them, being sorry chiefly that she had found no opportunity to help.

"Few enough chances in a lifetime to be happy," she mused; "what little there is here they are wise to take." She felt lonelier than ever after they had gone, and got out her time-table, for she would go back to Paris in a day of two.

"That's all over," she said to herself as she went to bed.

But it was far from being all over, for there was that night in Villa Camelot a commotion of which Mrs. Faunce knew nothing, and she was sleeping soundly when a carriage drove furiously away from the villa gates at midnight. The next afternoon there was a commotion about which she knew much, a sound of servants' voices chattering excitedly, a picture of a closed carriage stopping at the gate, of a pale girl,

with head bent, escorted inside the villa walls by two men, so ostentatiously dressed as mere citizens that she knew them at once as detectives. The mother marched down the walk, with the air of a commander drilling his troops; Mrs. Faunce was glad that she could not hear the invectives poured out on that fair bowed head. Poor little prisoner, captured and brought back to her cage! Donna Quixote buried her face in her hands in agonized meditation. What could she do?

Her polite call, a day or two after, was not fruitful of results. Insisting upon seeing Gladys, she was at last permitted to, the mother evidently wishing to conceal the fact that anything was wrong. A minute only did she have for free speech.

"Cheer up, dear!" she whispered, putting her hand on the girl's damp forehead. Gladys shook her head.

"There isn't any hope," she said.

"Now, 'tis only youth that ever thinks there's no hope!" asserted the visitor with fine spirit. "'Tis worth living for, love."

"Is it worth dying for?" asked Gladys abruptly. Her eyes had a look of strain and of finality which escaped the old lady because of the moisture in her own.

"To be sure it is!" cried Mrs. Faunce. "What else is, if love isn't?"

The gallant old lady was ashamed of herself. Even she, heroine of many contests from which she almost invariably came off victor, found herself shivering at the sound of the military mother's returning footsteps as they echoed along the hardwood floor. She was afraid, so far down was she shaken by the frightened beating of this little heart! Disconsolate at her inability to help, she wandered forth after dinner, contrary to her usual habit, suddenly aware of the tragedy of this remote, desolate coast, with its endless, ill-fated fishing-boats, sailing out over this sinister water. A horror came upon her of she knew not what, and the gathering shadows in the west, the creeping twilight over the sea, the fitful gleams of a clouded moon only emphasized it. How long she sat there in the damp air she did not know; presently she became aware of human voices near. Listened? Of course. She had yet to hear the bit of human speech to which she would not listen, and it would have been physically impossible for her to close her ears to the sound of vivid passion here.

"Hal," said the girl, "it isn't any use." There was no answer, only a long, long, breathless kiss, and all the air grew tense with silence.

"I am watched every minute, night and day," the girl's voice went on, "and I cannot get away again, any more than I could from London Tower. It sounds like the Middle Ages, but it is true. Jane let me come to-night, because I promised her it was the last time, the very last time."

"I am sure that, next time, I can get you away safely," said the boy stoutly.

"They would bring us back again; it would always be the same." The note of surrender in the girl's voice startled the old lady.

"But I won't give up, alive or dead!" Whatever of boyishness there was in the tones, the eternal masculine vibrated there bravely, and Mrs. Faunce nodded in delight.

"Good boy!" she chuckled, "the old-fashioned kind."

So she sat and listened, while great waves of life rolled over the two young bowed heads.

"Even if we did escape again—think of my mother sending detectives after me, detectives!—even if we did escape the police and went to America, we could do nothing. You could not earn money, for you have no health, nor could I. They have taught us no way of taking care of ourselves, and there is so much besides ourselves to think of."

A fine, creeping scorn was on the old lady's face; just like the present generation, always thinking about money, even in grand moments like these! The calculating young things could never lose themselves in finer feelings.

"It kills me to hear you say such things!" cried the boy. Mrs. Faunce's hands were clenched at her sides, as she instinctively felt that his were clenched.

"There isn't any hope," said Gladys, in dull despair. "Something must be done, for I am afraid. Why not now?"

As the old lady listened, she realized, in dismay touched with vivid appreciation, that these two young creatures, in this twentieth century, free children of the freest race, were actually planning, impelled by love, to take the long leap into the dark. They meant it, the desperate young creat-

ures! She was proud of them, and all her aged frame thrilled to the wonder and the mystery of the moment. Some were there left, even in this iron-clad generation, to whom love was stronger than death.

But she did not realize, even when she saw them clasped in each other's arms for a last long embrace, wherein vibrated great issues of life and death—she did not realize that they meant to do it now. It was only the quick working of her quick wit that made her leap in time. Standing together, at the edge of a deep chasm, hand in hand, they paused to kiss once more before they sprang.

"When I say 'Now,'" said the lad, "jump far!"

Another second and she had been too late! Stung by sudden, awful fear, she scrambled over the few intervening rocks and grasped the skirt of the girl's serge gown, the tail of the lad's sack coat. She caught and clung, falling upon her knees as she did so, thinking only how dark these rocks were to leap from into the dark water below. The bright moon, struggling with dark masses of cloud, revealed the slow tears trickling down over her wrinkled cheeks from her shining eyes.

"To think that you two young things cared enough for that!" said Mrs. Faunce. "Poor children! Poor children!" She stroked the girl's foot, the lad's shoulder. Gladys leaned against a great stone, pallid, with eyes closed, and the boy crouched low upon the rocks, his face hidden in his arms, trembling in every fibre.

"Few there is this day would die for love," said the old lady solemnly, relaxing her grasp long enough to dry her eyes, and hastily taking hold again. The girl said nothing; the shadows of eternity were resting still on that young face.

"And the wonder of your being English!" chuckled Mrs. Faunce. "I wouldn't have expected it of you! If you were Irish lad and lass it would be more natural."

"I'm half Irish," said the boy, from under his supporting arms.

"You are?" She shook him vigorously in her delight. "Sure the sound of your voice would prove it! 'Tis only an Irish lad could be such a lover! Now tell me your good Irish name."

"John Henry Bascome," he answered, sitting up; the moonlight shone full upon his face.

"John Henry Bascome!" cried the old lady. "*You*"—but words would not suffice to express her feelings as this bit of life's pageant translated itself from pure romance into the misdeeds of her next of kin. "You here, me own grandson, with me own blood in your veins, makin' a coward of yourself in this way! How dare you look me in the face? 'Twas courage you should have drunk in with your mother's milk, she that was me own daughter. Shame on you for a coward, a coward!" she stormed. "Do you know what you're throwin' away? Life, I tell you, *life*; 'tis a wonderful thing, and how do you know when you'll get it again? When will legs and brain and a heart be meted out to you again that was too big a coward to use 'em?"

"Legs," murmured the boy bitterly, touching his lame foot.

"But you said," gasped the bewildered girl, looking about with dazed, wide eyes, "you said yourself that love was worth dying for, and it hurt; it hurt too much." The old lady turned in a fury.

"Hurt, you baby! Thank heaven that it does hurt, and that you've come to the stage in the great panorama of bein' when you're permitted to be hurt. Would you be a clod or a stick or a stone by choice when you've had life offered to you, and pain? Down on your knees, the two of you, and thank the saints for the hurt of it. 'Tis a privilege and an opportunity."

There were voices calling here and there over the rocks, and dark figures, lantern-lighted, searching here and there in the moonlight. Gladys shivered and covered her face with her hands.

"I am afraid," she said simply. "We did not know what else to do. Hal's father and mother are coming; they must be here now, for Mamma telegraphed. Mamma is——"

At the sound of her mother's voice, calling "Gladys, Gladys!" she trembled; then she was gathered close to the old lady's tear-wet bosom.

"Come to me arms, dears, and I'll make you a chance to live your lives as you want 'em. Jack, dear, did Granny ever lie to you? It cuts me like a knife to see your poor hurt foot, and to know you are driven to this. Wait! If me daughter has ceased to obey me, 'tis me daughter she shall be no longer."

The voices drew nearer; dark forms passed a few paces away, and Mrs. Faunce knew that the tall man who held the lantern was no other than the English son-in-law whom she had long scorned for his lack of feeling.

"Stay quiet where you are," commanded the old lady. "Play me no tricks when me back is turned with your silly jumpin' into the water. Jack, little Jack, when you sat on me lap as a baby I told you to be a man, a man! Be one now!"

When the searchers neared the summit of the highest cliff they saw, under the shifting light and shade of the uncertain moonlight, a bizarre figure standing there, weird as any witch or fay of Breton story. In silence the old lady waited as they drew nearer, the moonlight revealing the stricken faces of the women, and the grave anxiety of this gray-haired man. None of the anxious questions did she answer as to whether she had seen the fugitives, and she heeded none of the outcries as she was recognized. Her eyes were fixed sternly upon those of Mrs. Reginald Lucas.

"Do you know what you've done, you wooden image of an English mother? You've driven your daughter to her death!"

The mother's outcry was drowned by Mrs. Faunce's next words.

"And you, Ellen Aileel Denleigh Bascome, me daughter, to whom I gave life,

why have you driven with your foolish quarrellings those two poor young things into the jaws of eternity?" Her own, sharp set, seemed so grim an image of those of eternity that the spectators shuddered.

"My God!" said the man, shaken by great sobs. The old lady watched him admiringly. "I didn't suppose he had it in him," she murmured. Both women were weeping, their faces covered with their hands, and Mrs. Faunce looked on with grim satisfaction.

"My son! My son!" moaned Jack's heart-broken mother.

"O Gladys!" It was no wooden image that made that outcry.

"Tell me now," demanded the old lady, from her vantage ground of higher rock, "if those two were alive before you this minute, would you leave your silly bickering and let them have each other for better or worse?"

"God knows we would," said the stricken father.

"And you?" The gaunt forefinger pointed to Mrs. Lucas.

"I would," she answered, between her sobs.

"Then go yonder and find them on the rocks, alive but by the grace of God and the quickness of me old muscles. And may God have mercy on your miserable souls if you betray the promise you have made me."

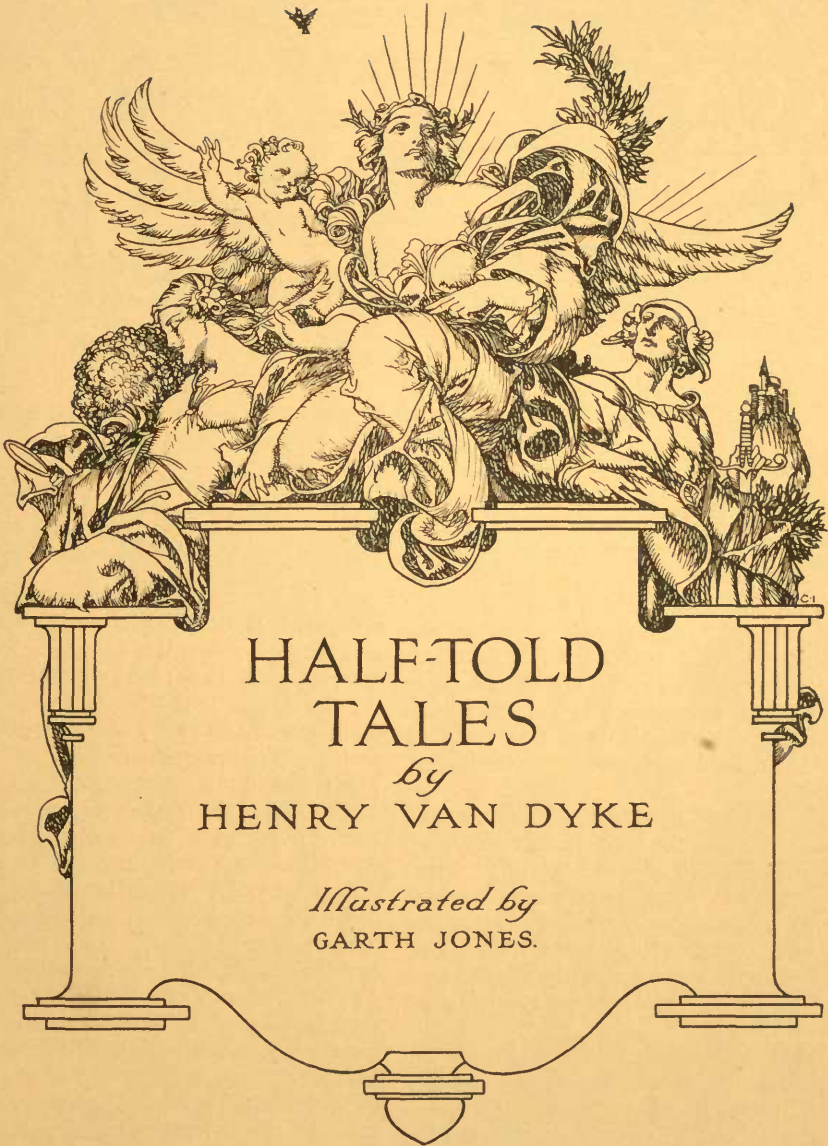
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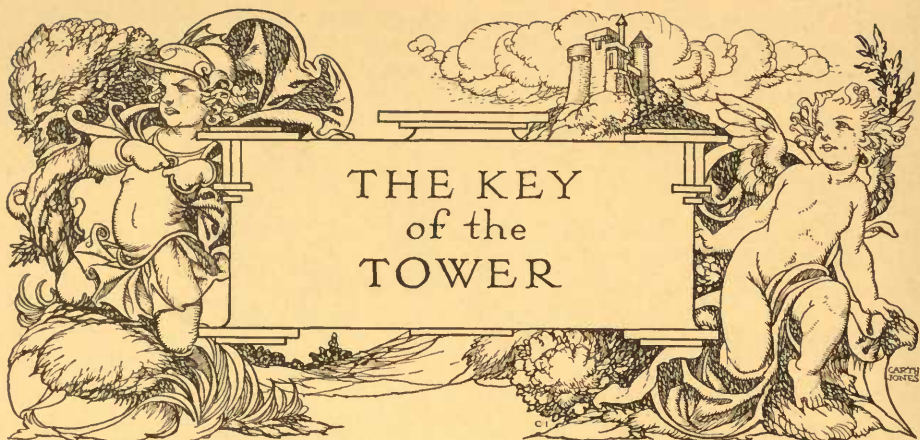
By Ethel Hobart

Oh, the bare old trees in their sweeping grays,
And the gleam of the sapphire sea,
And the sun and the tang of these brilliant days
Are bread and wine to me!

Oh, the firm white road beneath my tread
And the stubble, pinkish-brown,
And the hills in their wonderful purple-red,
And the clear-cut distant town—

And the stately glow in the orange west
Still and lingering—
Have brought to weary hearts more rest
Than all the balms of spring.





O the first knight came to the Tower. Now his name was *Casse-Tout*, because wherever he came there was much breaking of things that stood in his way. And when he saw

that the door of the Tower was shut (for it was very early in the morning, and all the woods lay asleep in the shadow, and only the weather-cock on the uppermost gable of the roof was turning in the light wind of dawn), it seemed to him that the time favored a bold deed and a masterful entrance.

He laid hold of the door, therefore, and shook it; but the door would not give. Then he set his shoulder to it and thrust mightily; but the door did not so much as creak. Whereupon he began to hammer against it with his gloves of steel, and shouted with a voice as if the master were suddenly come home to his house and found it barred.

When he was quite out of breath, between his shoutings, he was aware of a small, merry noise as of one laughing and singing. So he listened, and this is what he heard:

“Hark to the wind in the wood without!

I laugh in my bed while I hear him roar,
Blustering, bellowing, shout after shout,—

What do you want, O wind, at my door?”

Then he cried loudly, “No wind am I, but a mighty knight, and your door is shut.

I must come in to you, and that speedily!” But the singing voice answered:

“Blow your best, you can do no more;
Batter away, for my door is stout;
The more you threaten, I laugh the more,—
Hark to the wind in the wood without!”

So he hammered a while longer at the oaken panels until he was wearifully wroth, and when the sun was rising he went his way with sore hands and a sullen face.

“No doubt,” said he, “there is a she-devil in the Tower. I hate those who put their trust in brute strength.”

It was mid-morn when there came a second knight to the Tower, whose name was *Parle-Doux*. And he was very gentle-spoken, and full of favorable ways, smiling always when he talked, but his eyes were cool and ever watchful. So he made his horse prance delicately before the Tower and looked up at the windows smiling.

“Fair house,” said he, “how well art thou fashioned, and with what beauty does the sunlight adorn thee! Here dwells the wonder of the world, the lady of all desires, the princess of my good fortune. Would that she might look upon me and see that the happy hour has come!”

Then there was a little sound at one of the upper windows, and the lattice clicked open. But the lady who stood there was closely covered with a jewelled veil, and nothing could be seen of her but her hand, with many rings upon it, holding a key.



CARTH
JONES

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"Marvel of splendor," said *Parle-Doux*, "moon of beauty, jewel of all ladies! I have won you to look upon me, now let fall the key."

"And then?" said the lady.

"Then, surely," said the knight, "I will open the door without delay, and spring up the stairs, winged with joy, and——"

But before he had finished speaking, with the smile on his face, the hand was drawn back, and the lattice clicked shut.

So the knight sang and talked very beautifully for about the space of three hours in front of the Tower. And when he rode away it was just as it had been before, only the afternoon shadows were falling.

A little before sunset came the third knight, and his name was *Fais-Brave*.

Now the cool of the day had called all the birds to their even-song, and the flowers in the garden were yielding up their sweetness to the air, and through the wood Twilight was walking with silent steps.

So the knight looked well at the Tower, and saw that all the windows were open, though the door was shut, and on the grass before it lay a jewelled veil. And after a while of looking and waiting and thinking and wondering, he got down from his horse,

and took off the saddle and bridle, and let him go free to wander and browse in the wood. Then the knight sat down on a little green knoll before the Tower, and made himself comfortable, as one who had a thought of continuing in that place for a certain time.

And after the sun was set, when the longest shadows flowed into dusk, the lady came walking out of the wood toward the Tower. She was lightly singing to herself a song of dreams. Her face was uncovered, and the gold of her hair was clear as the little floating clouds high in the West, and her eyes were like stars. When the knight saw her he stood up and could say nothing. But all the more he looked at her, and wondered, and his thoughts were written in his face as if they stood in an open book.

Long time they looked at each other thus; and then the lady held out her hand with a key in it.

"What will you do with this key?" said she, "if I give it to you?"

"Is it the key of your Tower?" said he.

"Ay!" said she.

"I will give it back to you," said he, "until it pleases you to open the door."

"It is yours," said she.





THE BEGGARS under the BUSH

AS I came round the bush I was aware of four beggars in the shade of it, counting their spoils.

They sat at their ease, with food and a flagon of wine before them and silver cups, for all the world like gentlefolk on a picnic, only happier. But I knew them for beggars by the boldness of their asking eyes and the crook in their fingers.

They looked at me curiously, as if to say, "What do you bring us?"

"Nothing, gentlemen," I answered, "I am only seeking information."

At this they moved uneasily and glanced at one another with a crafty fierceness. Their crooked fingers closed around the cups.

"Are you a collector of taxes?" cried the first beggar.

"Certainly not," I replied with heat, "but a payer of them!"

"Come, come," said the beggar, with a wink at his comrades, "no insult intended! Only a prudent habit of ours in these days of mixed society. But you are evidently poor and honest. Take a chair on the grass. Honesty we love, and to poverty we have no objection—in fact, we admire it."

So I sat down beside them in the shade of the bush and lit my pipe to listen.

In the hot field below a man was ploughing through the glare of the sun. The reins hung about his neck like a halter, and he clung to the jerking handles of the plough while the furrows of red earth turned and fell behind him like welts on the flank of the hill.

"A hard life," said the second beggar, draining his cup, "but healthy! And very useful! The world must have bread."

"Plenty of it," said the third beggar, "else what would become of that?"

He nodded down the valley, where tall spires pointed toward the blue and taller chimneys veiled it with black. The huddled city seemed to move and strain and quiver under the dusky curtain and the fumes of its toil hung over it like steam from a sweating horse.

"It is a sad sight," said the fourth beggar, waving his hand with the gesture of an orator. "Shakespeare was right when he said, 'God made the country and man made the town.' Admit for the present that cities are necessary evils. The time is coming when every man must have his country-place. Meanwhile let us cultivate the rural virtues."

He smacked his lips and lifted the flagon.

"Right," said the first beggar, "a toast! To the simple life!"

So the four quaffed a cupful of wine—and I a puff of smoke—to the simple life.

In the bush was a bird, very busy catching flies. He perched on a branch, darted into the air, caught his fly, and fluttered to another branch. Between flies he chirped and twittered cheerfully.

"Beautiful bird," said the first beggar, leaning back, "a model of cheerful industry! What do they call him!"

"A warbler," said I, "because he has so little voice."

"He might sing better," observed the second beggar, "if he did not work so hard catching flies."



But the fourth beggar sighed and wiped the corner of his left eye, for he was a tender-hearted man on one side.

"I am thinking," said he, "of the poor flies!"

"Bet you a hundred to ten he doesn't catch the next one," said the third beggar.

"Done," cried the others, but before the stakes were counted out, the bird had flown.

"Tell me, sirs," I began, when they had stripped the gilded bands from their cigars and lighted them, "what it is that makes you all so innocently merry and contented in this troublous world?"

"It is a professional secret," said the first beggar. "If we tell it, you will give it away."

"Never," I answered. "I only want to put it into a poem."

The beggars looked at one another and laughed heartily. "That will do no harm," said they, "our secret will be safe there."

"Well, then," said the first beggar gravely, "It is religion. We approve the conduct of Providence. It must be all right. The Lord is on our side. It would be wicked to ask why. We practise the grace of resignation, and find peace."

"No," said the second beggar smiling, "religion is an old wives' tale. It is philosophy that makes us contented. Nothing could be unless it was, and nothing is different from what it has to be. Evolution goes on evolving all the time. So here we are, you see, in the best world possible at the present moment. Why not make the most of it? Pass me the flagon."

"Not at all," interrupted the fourth beggar loudly, "I will have none of your selfish religion or your immoral philosophy. I am a Reformer. This is the worst world possible, and that is why I enjoy it. It gives me my chance to make orations about reform. Philanthropy is the secret of happiness."

"Piffle!" said the third beggar, tossing a gold coin in the air. "You talk as if people heard you. The secret of happiness—religion, philosophy, philanthropy?—poppycock! It is luck, sheer luck. Life is a game of chance. Heads I win, tails you lose. Will you match me, Master Poet?"

"You will have to excuse me," I said, "I have only a penny in my pocket. But I am still puzzled by your answers. You seem of many minds, but of one spirit. You are all equally contented. How is this?"

The eyes of the beggars turned to the piles of booty in front of them, and they all nodded their heads wisely as if to say, "you can see."

A packet of papers lay before the first beggar and his look lingered on them with love.

"How came you by these?" I asked.

"An old gentleman gave them to me," he answered. "He said he was my grandfather. He was an unpleasant old fellow, but God rest his soul! These are all gilt-edged."

The second beggar was playing with a heap of jewels. He was a handsome fellow with fine hands.

"How did you get these pretty things?" said I.

"By consenting to be married," he replied. "It was easy enough. She squints, and her grammar is defective, but she is a good little thing."

The third beggar ran his fingers through the pile of gold before him, and took up a coin, now and then, to flip it in the air.

"How did you earn this?" I asked.

"Earn it!" said he scornfully, "do you take me for a laboring man? These fellows here lent me something, and I bet on how much corn that fellow down there with the plough would raise—and the rest—why, the rest was luck, sheer luck!"

"And you?" I turned to the fourth beggar who had a huge bag beside him, so full of silver that the dimes and quarters ran from the mouth of it.

"I," said he loftily, "am a Reformer. The people love me and give me whatever I want, because I tell them that these other beggars have no right to their money. I am going to be President."

At this they all burst into shouts of laughter and rolled on the grass. Even the Reformer chuckled a little.

While they were laughing, the ploughman came up with an axe and began to chop at the bush.

"What are you doing to our bush?" cried the beggars.

"Chopping it down," said the ploughman.

"But why?" cried they.

"I must plough this field," said he.

So the beggars grabbed their spoils and scuttled away to other countries, and I went on over the hill.





THERE was an outcry at the door of the great hall, and suddenly a confusion arose. The guards ran thither swiftly, and the people were crowded together, pushing and thrusting as if to withhold some intruder. Out of the tumult came a strong voice shouting, "I will come in! I must see the false king!" But other voices cried, "Not so—he is mad—you shall not come in thus!"

Then the king said, "Let him come in as he will!"

So the confusion fell apart, and the hall was very still, and a man in battered armor stumbled through the silence and stood in front of the throne. He was breathing hard, for he was weary and angry and afraid, and the sobbing of his breath was like the pulse of a clock. But his anger was stronger than his weariness and his fear, so he lifted his eyes hardily and looked the king in the face.

It was like the face of a mountain, very calm and very high, but not unkind. When the man saw it clearly he knew that he was looking at the true king; but his anger was not quenched, and he stood stiff, with drawn brows, until the king said, "Speak!"

For answer the man drew from his breast a golden chain, at the end of which was a jewel set with a great blue stone. He looked at it for a moment with scorn, as one who had a grievance. Then he threw it down on the steps of the throne, and turned on his heel to go.

"Stay," said the king. "Whose is this jewel?"

"I thought it to be yours," said the man.

"Whence had you it?" asked the king.

"From an old servant of yours," answered the man. "He gave it to me when I was but a lad, and told me it came from the king—perfect and priceless. Therefore I must keep it as the apple of mine eye. No harm must come to it, nor any stain. None must take it away by fraud or force. I must carry it waking and sleeping, fight and fend for it, guard it with my life's blood, and bring it back to the king unbroken and untarnished."

"And you have done this?" said the king.

"Yes, and no," answered the man.

"Divide your answer," said the king.

"First, the yes."

The man delayed a moment before he spoke. Then his words came slow and firm as if they were measured and weighed in his mind.

"All that man could do, O king, have I done to keep this jewel. Against open foes and secret robbers I have defended it, with faithful watching and hard fighting. Through storm and peril, through darkness and sorrow, through the temptation of pleasure and the bewilderment of riches, I have never parted from it. Gold could not buy it; passion could not force it; nor man nor woman could wile or win it away. Glad or sorry, well or wounded, at home or in exile, I have given my life to keep the jewel. This is the meaning of the yes."

"It is right," said the king. "And now the no."



The man answered quickly and with heat.

"The *no* also is right, O king! But not by my fault. The jewel is not untarnished, not perfect. It never was. There is a flaw in it. I saw it first when I entered the light of your palace-gate. Look, it is marred and imperfect, a thing of little value. I have been deceived. You have claimed my life for a fool's errand, a thing of naught, no jewel, but a bauble. Take it. It is yours."

The king looked not at the gold chain and the blue stone, but at the face of the man. He looked quietly and kindly and steadily into the eyes full of pain and wounded loyalty, until they fell before his look. Then he spoke gently.

"Will you give me my jewel?"

The man lifted his eyes in wonder.

"It is there," he cried, "at your feet!"

"I spoke not of that," said the king, "but of your life, yourself."

"My life,"—said the man faltering, "what is that? Is it not ended?"

"It is begun," said the king. "Your life—yourself, what of that?"

"I had not thought of that," said the man, "only of the jewel, not of myself, my life."

"You may think of it now," said the king, "and think clearly. Have you not learned courage and hardiness? Have not your labors brought you strength; your perils, wisdom; your wounds, patience? Has not your task broken chains for you, and lifted you out of sloth and above fear? Are you not another man, braver, purer, because of it? Do you say that the stone that has done this for you is false, a thing of naught?"

"Is this true?" said the man trembling and sinking on his knee.

"It is true," answered the king, "as God lives, it is true. Come, stand at my right hand. My jewels that I seek are not dead, but alive. But the stone which led you here—look! has it a flaw?"

He stooped and lifted the jewel. The light of his face fell upon it. And in the blue depths of the sapphire the man saw a star.



THE FLIGHT

By G. E. Woodberry

I

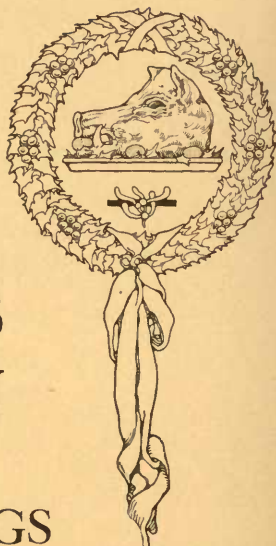
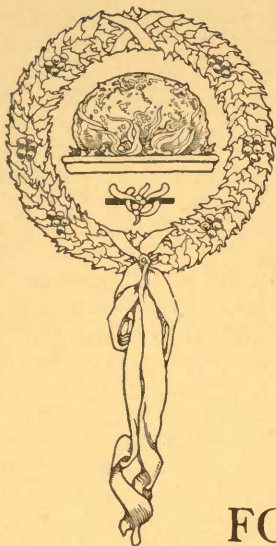
O WILD HEART, track the land's perfume,
Beach-roses and moor-heather!
All fragrances of herb and bloom
Fail, out at sea, together.
O follow where aloft find room
Lark-song and eagle-feather!
All ecstasies of throat and plume
Melt, high on yon blue weather.

O leave on sky and ocean lost
The flight creation dareth;
Take wings of love, that mount the most;
Find fame, that furthest fareth!
Thy flight, albeit amid her host
Thee, too, night star-like beareth,
Flying, thy breast on heaven's coast,
The infinite outweareth.

II

"Dead o'er us roll celestial fires;
Mute stand earth's ancient beaches;
Old thoughts, old instincts, old desires,
The passing hour outreaches;
The soul creative never tires,—
Evokes, adores, beseeches;
And that heart most the god inspires
Whom most its wildness teaches.

"For I will course through falling years,
And stars and cities burning;
And I will march through dying cheers
Past empires unreturning;
Ever the world-flame reappears
Where mankind power is earning,
The nations' hopes, the people's tears,
One with the wild heart yearning."



DICKENS'S CHILDREN

FOUR DRAWINGS

BY

JESSIE WILLCOX
SMITH

PIP AND JOE GARGER

"Great Expectations," Chapter II

"If you could cough any trifle on it up,
Pip, I'd recommend you to do it," said
Joe, all aghast. "Manners is manners, but
still your elth's you elth."



JOHN WELLS 1881

JENNY WREN, THE LITTLE
DOLLS' DRESSMAKER

"Our Mutual Friend,"
Chapter I, Book Second

"Oh! I know their tricks and their
manners."



OLIVER'S FIRST MEETING
WITH THE ARTFUL DODGER

"Oliver Twist," Chapter VIII

"Hello, my covey! What's the row?" said this strange young gentleman to Oliver.



MRS. KENWIGS AND THE
FOUR LITTLE KENWIGSES

"Nicholas Nickleby," Chapter XIV

"Oh! they're too beautiful to live, much too beautiful!" sobbed Mrs. Kenwigs. On hearing this alarming presentiment . . . all four little girls raised a hideous cry, and burying their heads in their mother's lap simultaneously, screamed until the eight flaxen tails vibrated again.



JESSIE WILCOX SMITH

XINGU

By Edith Wharton

I



RS. BALLINGER is one of the ladies who pursue Culture in bands, as though it were dangerous to meet alone. To this end she had founded the Lunch Club, an association composed of herself and several other indomitable huntresses of erudition. The Lunch Club, after three or four winters of lunching and debate, had acquired such local distinction that the entertainment of distinguished strangers became one of its accepted functions; in recognition of which it duly extended to the celebrated "Osric Dane," on the day of her arrival in Hillbridge, an invitation to be present at the next meeting.

The Club was to meet at Mrs. Ballinger's. The other members, behind her back, were of one voice in deploring her unwillingness to cede her rights in favor of Mrs. Plinth, whose house made a more impressive setting for the entertainment of celebrities; while, as Mrs. Leveret observed, there was always the picture-gallery to fall back on.

Mrs. Plinth made no secret of sharing this view. She had always regarded it as one of her obligations to entertain the Lunch Club's distinguished guests. Mrs. Plinth was almost as proud of her obligations as she was of her picture-gallery; she was in fact fond of implying that the one possession implied the other, and that only a woman of her wealth could afford to live up to a standard as high as that which she had set herself. An all-round sense of duty, roughly adaptable to various ends, was, in her opinion, all that Providence exacted of the more humbly stationed; but the power which had predestined Mrs. Plinth to keep footmen clearly intended her to maintain an equally specialized staff of responsibilities. It was the more to be regretted that Mrs. Ballinger, whose obligations to society were bounded by the narrow scope of two parlour-maids, should have been so tenacious of the right to entertain Osric Dane.

The question of that lady's reception had for a month past profoundly moved the members of the Lunch Club. It was not that they felt themselves unequal to the task, but that their sense of the opportunity plunged them into the agreeable uncertainty of the lady who weighs the alternatives of a well-stocked wardrobe. If such subsidiary members as Mrs. Leveret were fluttered by the thought of exchanging ideas with the author of "The Wings of Death," no forebodings of the kind disturbed the conscious adequacy of Mrs. Plinth, Mrs. Ballinger and Miss Van Vluyck. "The Wings of Death" had, in fact, at Miss Van Vluyck's suggestion, been chosen as the subject of discussion at the last club meeting, and each member had thus been enabled to express her own opinion or to appropriate whatever seemed most likely to be of use in the comments of the others. Mrs. Roby alone had abstained from profiting by the opportunity thus offered; but it was now openly recognised that, as a member of the Lunch Club, Mrs. Roby was a failure. "It all comes," as Miss Van Vluyck put it, "of accepting a woman on a man's estimation." Mrs. Roby, returning to Hillbridge from a prolonged sojourn in exotic regions—the other ladies no longer took the trouble to remember where—had been emphatically commended by the distinguished biologist, Professor Foreland, as the most agreeable woman he had ever met; and the members of the Lunch Club, awed by an encomium that carried the weight of a diploma, and rashly assuming that the Professor's social sympathies would follow the line of his scientific bent, had seized the chance of annexing a biological member. Their disillusionment was complete. At Miss Van Vluyck's first off-hand mention of the pterodactyl Mrs. Roby had confusedly murmured: "I know so little about metres—" and after that painful betrayal of incompetence she had prudently withdrawn from farther participation in the mental gymnastics of the club.

"I suppose she flattered him," Miss Van Vluyck summed up—"or else it's the way she does her hair."

The dimensions of Miss Van Vluyck's dining-room having restricted the membership of the club to six, the non-conductiveness of one member was a serious obstacle to the exchange of ideas, and some wonder had already been expressed that Mrs. Roby should care to live, as it were, on the intellectual bounty of the others. This feeling was augmented by the discovery that she had not yet read "The Wings of Death." She owned to having heard the name of Osric Dane; but that—incredible as it appeared—was the extent of her acquaintance with the celebrated novelist. The ladies could not conceal their surprise, but Mrs. Ballinger, whose pride in the club made her wish to put even Mrs. Roby in the best possible light, gently insinuated that, though she had not had time to acquaint herself with "The Wings of Death," she must at least be familiar with its equally remarkable predecessor, "The Supreme Instant."

Mrs. Roby wrinkled her sunny brows in a conscientious effort of memory, as a result of which she recalled that, oh, yes, she *had* seen the book at her brother's, when she was staying with him in Brazil, and had even carried it off to read one day on a boating party; but they had all got to shying things at each other in the boat, and the book had gone overboard, so she had never had the chance—

The picture evoked by this anecdote did not advance Mrs. Roby's credit with the club, and there was a painful pause, which was broken by Mrs. Plinth's remarking: "I can understand that, with all your other pursuits, you should not find much time for reading; but I should have thought you might at least have *got up* 'The Wings of Death' before Osric Dane's arrival."

Mrs. Roby took this rebuke good-humouredly. She had meant, she owned, to glance through the book; but she had been so absorbed in a novel of Trollope's that—

"No one reads Trollope now," Mrs. Ballinger interrupted impatiently.

Mrs. Roby looked pained. "I'm only just beginning," she confessed.

"And does he interest you?" Mrs. Plinth enquired.

"He amuses me."

"Amusement," said Mrs. Plinth sententiously, "is hardly what I look for in my choice of books."

"Oh, certainly, 'The Wings of Death' is not amusing," ventured Mrs. Leveret, whose manner of putting forth an opinion was like that of an obliging salesman with a variety of other styles to submit if his first selection does not suit.

"Was it *meant* to be?" enquired Mrs. Plinth, who was fond of asking questions that she permitted no one but herself to answer. "Assuredly not."

"Assuredly not—that is what I was going to say," assented Mrs. Leveret, hastily rolling up her opinion and reaching for another. "It was meant to—to elevate."

Miss Van Vluyck adjusted her spectacles as though they were the black cap of condemnation. "I hardly see," she interposed, "how a book steeped in the bitterest pessimism can be said to elevate, however much it may instruct."

"I meant, of course, to instruct," said Mrs. Leveret, flurried by the unexpected distinction between two terms which she had supposed to be synonymous. Mrs. Leveret's enjoyment of the Lunch Club was frequently marred by such surprises; and not knowing her own value to the other ladies as a mirror for their mental complacency she was sometimes troubled by a doubt of her worthiness to join in their debates. It was only the fact of having a dull sister who thought her clever that saved her from a sense of hopeless inferiority.

"Do they get married in the end?" Mrs. Roby interposed.

"They—who?" the Lunch Club collectively exclaimed.

"Why, the girl and man. It's a novel, isn't it? I always think that's the one thing that matters. If they're parted it spoils my dinner."

Mrs. Plinth and Mrs. Ballinger exchanged scandalised glances, and the latter said: "I should hardly advise you to read 'The Wings of Death, in that spirit. For my part, when there are so many books that one *has* to read, I wonder how any one can find time for those that are merely amusing."

"The beautiful part of it," Laura Glyde murmured, "is surely just this—that no one can tell *how* 'The Wings of Death' ends.

Osric Dane, overcome by the dread significance of her own meaning, has mercifully veiled it—perhaps even from herself—as Apelles, in representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia, veiled the face of Agamemnon.”

“What’s that? Is it poetry?” whispered Mrs. Leveret nervously to Mrs. Plinth, who, disdaining a definite reply, said coldly: “You should look it up. I always make it a point to look things up.” Her tone added —“though I might easily have it done for me by the footman.”

“I was about to say,” Miss Van Vluyck resumed, “that it must always be a question whether a book *can* instruct unless it elevates.”

“Oh—” murmured Mrs. Leveret, now feeling herself hopelessly astray.

“I don’t know,” said Mrs. Ballinger, scenting in Miss Van Vluyck’s tone a tendency to depreciate the coveted distinction of entertaining Osric Dane; “I don’t know that such a question can seriously be raised as to a book which has attracted more attention among thoughtful people than any novel since ‘Robert Elsmere.’”

“Oh, but don’t you see,” exclaimed Laura Glyde, “that it’s just the dark hopelessness of it all—the wonderful tone-scheme of black on black—that makes it such an artistic achievement? It reminded me so when I read it of Prince Rupert’s *manière noire* . . . the book is etched, not painted, yet one feels the colour-values so intensely . . .”

“Who is *he*?” Mrs. Leveret whispered to her neighbour. “Some one she’s met abroad?”

“The wonderful part of the book,” Mrs. Ballinger conceded, “is that it may be looked at from so many points of view. I hear that as a study of determinism Professor Lupton ranks it with ‘The Data of Ethics.’”

“I’m told that Osric Dane spent ten years in preparatory studies before beginning to write it,” said Mrs. Plinth. “She looks up everything—verifies everything. It has always been my principle, as you know. Nothing would induce me, now, to put aside a book before I’d finished it, just because I can buy as many more as I want.”

“And what do *you* think of ‘The Wings of Death’?” Mrs. Roby abruptly asked her.

It was the kind of question that might be termed out of order, and the ladies glanced at each other as though disclaiming any share in such a breach of discipline. They all knew that there was nothing Mrs. Plinth so much disliked as being asked her opinion of a book. Books were written to read; if one read them what more could be expected? To be questioned in detail regarding the contents of a volume seemed to her as great an outrage as being searched for smuggled laces at the Custom House. The club had always respected this idiosyncrasy of Mrs. Plinth’s. Such opinions as she had were imposing and substantial: her mind, like her house, was furnished with monumental “pieces” that were not meant to be suddenly disarranged; and it was one of the unwritten rules of the Lunch Club that, within her own province, each member’s habits of thought should be respected. The meeting therefore closed with an increased sense, on the part of the other ladies, of Mrs. Roby’s hopeless unfitness to be one of them.

II

MRS. LEVERET, on the eventful day, had arrived early at Mrs. Ballinger’s, her volume of *Appropriate Allusions* in her pocket.

It always flustered Mrs. Leveret to be late at the Lunch Club: she liked to collect her thoughts and gather a hint, as the others assembled, of the turn the conversation was likely to take. To-day, however, she felt herself completely at a loss; and even the familiar contact of *Appropriate Allusions*, which stuck into her as she sat down, failed to give her any reassurance. It was an admirable little volume, compiled to meet all the social emergencies; so that, whether on the occasion of Anniversaries, joyful or melancholy (as the classification ran), of Banquets, social or municipal, or of Baptisms, Church of England or sectarian, its student need never be at a loss for a pertinent reference. Mrs. Leveret, though she had for years devoutly conned its pages, valued it, however, rather for its moral support than for its practical services; for though in the privacy of her own room she commanded an army of quotations, these invariably deserted her at the critical moment, and the only line she re-

tained—*Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook?*—was one she had never yet found the occasion to apply.

To-day she felt that even the complete mastery of the volume would hardly have insured her self-possession; for she thought it probable that, even if she *did*, in some miraculous way, remember an Allusion, it would be only to find that Osric Dane used a different volume (Mrs. Leveret was convinced that literary people always carried them), and would consequently not recognise her quotations.

Mrs. Leveret's sense of being adrift was intensified by the appearance of Mrs. Ballinger's drawing-room. To a careless eye its aspect was unchanged; but those acquainted with Mrs. Ballinger's way of arranging her books would instantly have detected the marks of recent perturbation. Mrs. Ballinger's province, as a member of the Lunch Club, was the Book of the Day. On that, whatever it was, from a novel to a treatise on experimental psychology, she was confidently, authoritatively "up." What became of last year's books, or last week's even; what she did with the "subjects" she had previously professed with equal authority; no one had ever yet discovered. Her mind was an hotel where facts came and went like transient lodgers, without leaving their address behind, and frequently without paying for their board. It was Mrs. Ballinger's boast that she was "abreast with the Thought of the Day," and her pride that this advanced position should be expressed by the books on her drawing-room table. These volumes, frequently renewed, and almost always damp from the press, bore names generally unfamiliar to Mrs. Leveret, and giving her, as she furtively scanned them, a disheartening glimpse of new fields of knowledge to be breathlessly traversed in Mrs. Ballinger's wake. But to-day a number of maturer-looking volumes were adroitly mingled with the *primeurs* of the press—Karl Marx jostled Professor Bergson, and the "Confessions of St. Augustine" lay beside the last work on "Mendelism"; so that even to Mrs. Leveret's fluttered perceptions it was clear that Mrs. Ballinger didn't in the least know what Osric Dane was likely to talk about, and had taken measures to be prepared for anything. Mrs. Leveret felt like a passenger on an

ocean steamer who is told that there is no immediate danger, but that she had better put on her life-belt.

It was a relief to be roused from these forebodings by Miss Van Vluyck's arrival.

"Well, my dear," the new-comer briskly asked her hostess, "what subjects are we to discuss to-day?"

Mrs. Ballinger was furtively replacing a volume of Wordsworth by a copy of Verlaine. "I hardly know," she said somewhat nervously. "Perhaps we had better leave that to circumstances."

"Circumstances?" said Miss Van Vluyck drily. "That means, I suppose, that Laura Glyde will take the floor as usual, and we shall be deluged with literature."

Philanthropy and statistics were Miss Van Vluyck's province, and she naturally resented any tendency to divert their guest's attention from these topics.

Mrs. Plinth at this moment appeared.

"Literature?" she protested in a tone of remonstrance. "But this is perfectly unexpected. I understood we were to talk of Osric Dane's novel."

Mrs. Ballinger winced at the discrimination, but let it pass. "We can hardly make that our chief subject—at least not *too* intentionally," she suggested. "Of course we can let our talk *drift* in that direction; but we ought to have some other topic as an introduction, and that is what I wanted to consult you about. The fact is, we know so little of Osric Dane's tastes and interests that it is difficult to make any special preparation."

"It may be difficult," said Mrs. Plinth with decision, "but it is absolutely necessary. I know what that happy-go-lucky principle leads to. As I told one of my nieces the other day, there are certain emergencies for which a lady should always be prepared. It's in shocking taste to wear colours when one pays a visit of condolence, or a last year's dress when there are reports that one's husband is on the wrong side of the market; and so it is with conversation. All I ask is that I should know beforehand what is to be talked about; then I feel sure of being able to say the proper thing."

"I quite agree with you," Mrs. Ballinger anxiously assented; "but——"

And at that instant, heralded by the fluttered parlour-maid, Osric Dane appeared upon the threshold.

Mrs. Leveret told her sister afterward that she had known at a glance what was coming. She saw that Osric Dane was not going to meet them half way. That distinguished personage had indeed entered with an air of compulsion not calculated to promote the easy exercise of hospitality. She looked as though she were about to be photographed for a new edition of her books.

The desire to propitiate a divinity is generally in inverse ratio to its responsiveness, and the sense of discouragement produced by Osric Dane's entrance visibly increased the Lunch Club's eagerness to please her. Any lingering idea that she might consider herself under an obligation to her entertainers was at once dispelled by her manner: as Mrs. Leveret said afterward to her sister, she had a way of looking at you that made you feel as if there was something wrong with your hat. This evidence of greatness produced such an immediate impression on the ladies that a shudder of awe ran through them when Mrs. Roby, as their hostess led the great personage into the dining-room, turned back to whisper to the others: "What a brute she is!"

The hour about the table did not tend to correct this verdict. It was passed by Osric Dane in the silent deglutition of Mrs. Ballinger's menu, and by the members of the Club in the emission of tentative platitudes which their guest seemed to swallow as perfunctorily as the successive courses of the luncheon.

Mrs. Ballinger's deplorable delay in fixing a topic had thrown the Club into a mental disarray which increased with the return to the drawing-room, where the actual business of discussion was to open. Each lady waited for the other to speak; and there was a general shock of disappointment when their hostess opened the conversation by the painfully commonplace inquiry: "Is this your first visit to Hillbridge?"

Even Mrs. Leveret was conscious that this was a bad beginning; and a vague impulse of deprecation made Miss Glyde interject: "It is a very small place indeed."

Mrs. Plinth bristled. "We have a great many representative people," she said, in the tone of one who speaks for her order.

Osric Dane turned to her thoughtfully. "What do they represent?" she asked.

Mrs. Plinth's constitutional dislike to being questioned was intensified by her sense of unpreparedness; and her reproachful glance passed the question on to Mrs. Ballinger.

"Why," said that lady, glancing in turn at the other members, "as a community I hope it is not too much to say that we stand for culture."

"For art—" Miss Glyde eagerly interjected.

"For art and literature," Mrs. Ballinger emended.

"And for sociology, I trust," snapped Miss Van Vluyck.

"We have a standard," said Mrs. Plinth, feeling herself suddenly secure on the vast expanse of a generalisation: and Mrs. Leveret, thinking there must be room for more than one on so broad a statement, took courage to murmur: "Oh, certainly; we have a standard."

"The object of our little club," Mrs. Ballinger continued, "is to concentrate the highest tendencies of Hillbridge—to centralise and focus its complex intellectual effort."

This was felt to be so happy that the ladies drew an almost audible breath of relief.

"We aspire," the President went on, "to stand for what is highest in art, literature and ethics."

Osric Dane again turned to her. "What ethics?" she asked.

A tremor of apprehension encircled the room. None of the ladies required any preparation to pronounce on a question of morals; but when they were called ethics it was different. The club, when fresh from the "Encyclopædia Britannica," the "Reader's Handbook" or Smith's "Classical Dictionary," could deal confidently with any subject; but when taken unawares it had been known to define agnosticism as a heresy of the Early Church and Professor Froude as a distinguished histologist; and such minor members as Mrs. Leveret still secretly regarded ethics as something vaguely pagan.

Even to Mrs. Ballinger, Osric Dane's question was unsettling, and there was a general sense of gratitude when Laura Glyde leaned forward to say, with her most sympathetic accent: "You must excuse us, Mrs. Dane, for not being able, just at

present, to talk of anything but 'The Wings of Death.'"

"Yes," said Miss Van Vluyck, with a sudden resolve to carry the war into the enemy's camp. "We are so anxious to know the exact purpose you had in mind in writing your wonderful book."

"You will find," Mrs. Plinth interposed, "that we are not superficial readers."

"We are eager to hear from you," Miss Van Vluyck continued, "if the pessimistic tendency of the book is an expression of your own convictions or——"

"Or merely," Miss Glyde hastily thrust in, "a sombre background brushed in to throw your figures into more vivid relief. *Are you not primarily plastic?*"

"I have always maintained," Mrs. Ballinger interposed, "that you represent the purely objective method——"

Osric Dane helped herself critically to coffee. "How do you define objective?" she then inquired.

There was a flurried pause before Laura Glyde intensely murmured: "In reading *you* we don't define, we feel."

Osric Dane smiled. "The cerebellum," she remarked, "is not infrequently the seat of the literary emotions." And she took a second lump of sugar.

The sting that this remark was vaguely felt to conceal was almost neutralised by the satisfaction of being addressed in such technical language.

"Ah, the cerebellum," said Miss Van Vluyck complacently. "The Club took a course in psychology last winter."

"Which psychology?" asked Osric Dane.

There was an agonising pause, during which each member of the Club secretly deplored the distressing inefficiency of the others. Only Mrs. Roby went on placidly sipping her chartreuse. At last Mrs. Ballinger said, with an attempt at a high tone: "Well, really, you know, it was last year that we took psychology, and this winter we have been so absorbed in——"

She broke off, nervously trying to recall some of the Club's discussions; but her faculties seemed to be paralysed by the petrifying stare of Osric Dane. What *had* the club been absorbed in lately? Mrs. Ballinger, with a vague purpose of gaining time, repeated slowly: "We've been so intensely absorbed in——"

Mrs. Roby put down her liqueur glass and drew near the group with a smile.

"In Xingu?" she gently prompted.

A thrill ran through the other members. They exchanged confused glances, and then, with one accord, turned a gaze of mingled relief and interrogation on their unexpected rescuer. The expression of each denoted a different phase of the same emotion. Mrs. Plinth was the first to compose her features to an air of reassurance: after a moment's hasty adjustment her look almost implied that it was she who had given the word to Mrs. Ballinger.

"Xingu, of course!" exclaimed the latter with her accustomed promptness, while Miss Van Vluyck and Laura Glyde seemed to be plumbing the depths of memory, and Mrs. Leveret, feeling apprehensively for Appropriate Allusions, was somehow reassured by the uncomfortable pressure of its bulk against her person.

Osric Dane's change of countenance was no less striking than that of her entertainers. She too put down her coffee-cup, but with a look of distinct annoyance: she too wore, for a brief moment, what Mrs. Roby afterward described as the look of feeling for something in the back of her head; and before she could dissemble these momentary signs of weakness, Mrs. Roby, turning to her with a deferential smile, had said: "And we've been so hoping that to-day you would tell us just what you think of it."

Osric Dane received the homage of the smile as a matter of course; but the accompanying question obviously embarrassed her, and it became clear to her observers that she was not quick at shifting her facial scenery. It was as though her countenance had so long been set in an expression of unchallenged superiority that the muscles had stiffened, and refused to obey her orders.

"Xingu——" she murmured, as if seeking in her turn to gain time.

Mrs. Roby continued to press her. "Knowing how engrossing the subject is, you will understand how it happens that the Club has let everything else go to the wall for the moment. Since we took up Xingu I might almost say—were it not for your books—that nothing else seems to us worth remembering."

Osric Dane's stern features were dark—and rather than lit up by an uneasy smile.

"I am glad to hear there is one exception," she gave out between narrowed lips.

"Oh, of course," Mrs. Roby said prettily; "but as you have shown us that—so very naturally!—you don't care to talk about your own things, we really can't let you off from telling us exactly what you think about Xingu; especially," she added, with a persuasive smile, "as some people say that one of your last books was simply saturated with it."

It was an *it*, then—the assurance sped like fire through the parched minds of the other members. In their eagerness to gain the least little clue to Xingu they almost forgot the joy of assisting at the discomfiture of Mrs. Dane.

The latter reddened nervously under her antagonist's direct assault. "May I ask," she faltered out in an embarrassed tone, "to which of my books you refer?"

Mrs. Roby did not falter. "That's just what I want you to tell us; because, though I was present, I didn't actually take part."

"Present at what?" Mrs. Dane took her up; and for an instant the trembling members of the Lunch Club thought that the champion Providence had raised up for them had lost a point. But Mrs. Roby explained herself gaily: "At the discussion, of course. And so we're dreadfully anxious to know just how it was that you went into the Xingu."

There was a portentous pause, a silence so big with incalculable dangers that the members with one accord checked the words on their lips, like soldiers dropping their arms to watch a single combat between their leaders. Then Mrs. Dane gave expression to their inmost dread by saying sharply: "Ah—you say *the* Xingu, do you?"

Mrs. Roby smiled undauntedly. "It *is* a shade pedantic, isn't it? Personally, I always drop the article; but I don't know how the other members feel about it."

The other members looked as though they would willingly have dispensed with this deferential appeal to their opinion, and Mrs. Roby, after a bright glance about the group, went on: "They probably think, as I do, that nothing really matters except the thing itself—except Xingu."

No immediate reply seemed to occur to Mrs. Dane, and Mrs. Ballinger gathered

courage to say: "Surely every one must feel that about Xingu."

Mrs. Plinth came to her support with a heavy murmur of assent, and Laura Glyde breathed emotionally: "I have known cases where it has changed a whole life."

"It has done me worlds of good," Mrs. Leveret interjected, seeming to herself to remember that she had either taken it or read it the winter before.

"Of course," Mrs. Roby admitted, "the difficulty is that one must give up so much time to it. It's very long."

"I can't imagine," said Miss Van Vluyck tartly, "grudging the time given to such a subject."

"And deep in places," Mrs. Roby pursued; (so then it was a book!) "And it isn't easy to skip."

"I never skip," said Mrs. Plinth dogmatically.

"Ah, it's dangerous to, in Xingu. Even at the start there are places where one can't. One must just wade through."

"I should hardly call it *wading*," said Mrs. Ballinger sarcastically.

Mrs. Roby sent her a look of interest. "Ah—you always found it went swimmingly?"

Mrs. Ballinger hesitated. "Of course there are difficult passages," she conceded modestly.

"Yes; some are not at all clear—even," Mrs. Roby added, "if one is familiar with the original."

"As I suppose you are?" Osric Dane interposed, suddenly fixing her with a look of challenge.

Mrs. Roby met it by a deprecating smile. "Oh, it's really not difficult up to a certain point; though some of the branches are very little known, and it's almost impossible to get at the source."

"Have you ever tried?" Mrs. Plinth enquired, still distrustful of Mrs. Roby's thoroughness.

Mrs. Roby was silent for a moment; then she replied with lowered lids: "No—but a friend of mine did; a very brilliant man; and he told me it was best for women—not to . . ."

A shudder ran around the room. Mrs. Leveret coughed so that the parlour-maid, who was handing the cigarettes, should not hear; Miss Van Vluyck's face took on a nauseated expression, and Mrs. Plinth

looked as if she were passing some one she did not care to bow to. But the most remarkable result of Mrs. Roby's words was the effect they produced on the Lunch Club's distinguished guest. Osric Dane's impassive features suddenly melted to an expression of the warmest human sympathy, and edging her chair toward Mrs. Roby's she asked: "Did he really? And—did you find he was right?"

Mrs. Ballinger, in whom annoyance at Mrs. Roby's unwonted assumption of prominence was beginning to displace gratitude for the aid she had rendered, could not consent to her being allowed, by such dubious means, to monopolise the attention of their guest. If Osric Dane had not enough self-respect to resent Mrs. Roby's flippancy, at least the Lunch Club would do so in the person of its President.

Mrs. Ballinger laid her hand on Mrs. Roby's arm. "We must not forget," she said with a frigid amiability, "that absorbing as Xingu is to *us*, it may be less interesting to——"

"Oh, no, on the contrary, I assure you," Osric Dane energetically intervened.

"—to others," Mrs. Ballinger finished firmly; "and we must not allow our little meeting to end without persuading Mrs. Dane to say a few words to us on a subject which, to-day, is much more present in all our thoughts. I refer, of course, to 'The Wings of Death.'"

The other members, animated by various degrees of the same sentiment, and encouraged by the humanised mien of their redoubtable guest, repeated after Mrs. Ballinger: "Oh, yes, you really *must* talk to us a little about your book."

Osric Dane's expression became as bored, though not as haughty, as when her work had been previously mentioned. But before she could respond to Mrs. Ballinger's request, Mrs. Roby had risen from her seat, and was pulling her veil down over her frivolous nose.

"I'm so sorry," she said, advancing toward her hostess with outstretched hand, "but before Mrs. Dane begins I think I'd better run away. Unluckily, as you know, I haven't read her books, so I should be at a terrible disadvantage among you all, and besides, I've an engagement to play bridge."

If Mrs. Roby had simply pleaded her ignorance of Osric Dane's works as a

reason for withdrawing, the Lunch Club, in view of her recent prowess, might have approved such evidence of discretion; but to couple this excuse with the brazen announcement that she was foregoing the privilege for the purpose of joining a bridge-party, was only one more instance of her deplorable lack of discrimination.

The ladies were disposed, however, to feel that her departure—now that she had performed the sole service she was ever likely to render them—would probably make for greater order and dignity in the impending discussion, besides relieving them of the sense of self-distrust which her presence always mysteriously produced. Mrs. Ballinger therefore restricted herself to a formal murmur of regret, and the other members were just grouping themselves comfortably about Osric Dane when the latter, to their dismay, started up from the sofa on which she had been deferentially enthroned.

"Oh wait—do wait, and I'll go with you!" she called out to Mrs. Roby; and, seizing the hands of the disconcerted members, she administered a series of farewell pressures with the mechanical haste of a railway-conductor punching tickets.

"I'm so sorry—I'd quite forgotten—" she flung back at them from the threshold; and as she joined Mrs. Roby, who had turned in surprise at her appeal, the other ladies had the mortification of hearing her say, in a voice which she did not take the pains to lower: "If you'll let me walk a little way with you, I should so like to ask you a few more questions about Xingu . . ."

III

THE incident had been so rapid that the door closed on the departing pair before the other members had had time to understand what was happening. Then a sense of the indignity put upon them by Osric Dane's unceremonious desertion began to contend with the confused feeling that they had been cheated out of their due without exactly knowing how or why.

There was an awkward silence, during which Mrs. Ballinger, with a perfunctory hand, rearranged the skilfully grouped literature at which her distinguished guest had not so much as glanced; then Miss Van Vluyck tartly pronounced: "Well, I

can't say that I consider Osric Dane's departure a great loss."

This confession crystallised the fluid resentment of the other members, and Mrs. Leveret exclaimed: "I do believe she came on purpose to be nasty!"

It was Mrs. Plinth's private opinion that Osric Dane's attitude toward the Lunch Club might have been very different had it welcomed her in the majestic setting of the Plinth drawing-rooms; but not liking to reflect on the inadequacy of Mrs. Ballinger's establishment she sought a round-about satisfaction in depreciating her *savoir faire*.

"I said from the first that we ought to have had a subject ready. It's what always happens when you're unprepared. Now if we'd only got up Xingu——"

The slowness of Mrs. Plinth's mental processes was always allowed for by the Club; but this instance of it was too much for Mrs. Ballinger's equanimity.

"Xingu!" she scoffed. "Why, it was the fact of our knowing so much more about it than she did—unprepared though we were—that made Osric Dane so furious. I should have thought that was plain enough to everybody!"

This retort impressed even Mrs. Plinth, and Laura Glyde, moved by an impulse of generosity, said: "Yes, we really ought to be grateful to Mrs. Roby for introducing the topic. It may have made Osric Dane furious, but at least it made her civil."

"I am glad we were able to show her," added Miss Van Vluyck, "that a broad and up-to-date culture is not confined to the great intellectual centres."

This increased the satisfaction of the other members, and they began to forget their wrath against Osric Dane in the pleasure of having contributed to her defeat.

Miss Van Vluyck thoughtfully rubbed her spectacles. "What surprised me most," she continued, "was that Fanny Roby should be so up on Xingu."

This frank admission threw a slight chill on the company, but Mrs. Ballinger said with an air of indulgent irony: "Mrs. Roby always has the knack of making a little go a long way; still, we certainly owe her a debt for happening to remember that she'd heard of Xingu." And this was felt

by the other members to be a graceful way of cancelling once for all the Club's obligation to Mrs. Roby.

Even Mrs. Leveret took courage to speed a timid shaft of irony: "I fancy Osric Dane hardly expected to take a lesson in Xingu at Hillbridge!"

Mrs. Ballinger smiled. "When she asked me what we represented—do you remember?—I wish I'd simply said we represented Xingu!"

All the ladies laughed appreciatively at this sally, except Mrs. Plinth, who said, after a moment's deliberation: "I'm not sure it would have been wise to do so."

Mrs. Ballinger, who was already beginning to feel as if she had launched at Osric Dane the retort which had just occurred to her, looked ironically at Mrs. Plinth. "May I ask why?" she enquired.

Mrs. Plinth looked grave. "Surely," she said, "I understood from Mrs. Roby herself that the subject was one it was as well not to go into too deeply?"

Miss Van Vluyck rejoined with precision: "I think that applied only to an investigation of the origin of the——"; and suddenly she found that her usually accurate memory had failed her. "It's a part of the subject I never studied myself," she concluded lamely.

"Nor I," said Mrs. Ballinger.

Laura Glyde bent toward them with widened eyes. "And yet it seems—doesn't it?—the part that is fullest of an esoteric fascination?"

"I don't know on what you base that," said Miss Van Vluyck argumentatively.

"Well, didn't you notice how intensely interested Osric Dane became as soon as she heard what the brilliant foreigner—he *was* a foreigner, wasn't he?—had told Mrs. Roby about the origin—the origin of the rite—or whatever you call it?"

Mrs. Plinth looked disapproving, and Mrs. Ballinger visibly wavered. Then she said in a decisive tone: "It may not be desirable to touch on the—on that part of the subject in general conversation; but, from the importance it evidently has to a woman of Osric Dane's distinction, I feel as if we ought not to be afraid to discuss it among ourselves—without gloves—though with closed doors, if necessary."

"I'm quite of your opinion," Miss Van Vluyck came briskly to her support; "on

condition, that is, that all grossness of language is avoided."

"Oh, I'm sure we shall understand without that," Mrs. Leveret tittered; and Laura Glyde added significantly: "I fancy we can read between the lines," while Mrs. Ballinger rose to assure herself that the doors were really closed.

Mrs. Plinth had not yet given her adhesion. "I hardly see," she began, "what benefit is to be derived from investigating such peculiar customs——"

But Mrs. Ballinger's patience had reached the extreme limit of tension. "This at least," she returned; "that we shall not be placed again in the humiliating position of finding ourselves less up on our own subjects than Fanny Roby!"

Even to Mrs. Plinth this argument was conclusive. She peered furtively about the room and lowered her commanding tones to ask: "Have you got a copy?"

"A—a copy?" stammered Mrs. Ballinger. She was aware that the other members were looking at her expectantly, and that this answer was inadequate, so she supported it by asking another question. "A copy of what?"

Her companions bent their expectant gaze on Mrs. Plinth, who, in turn, appeared less sure of herself than usual. "Why, of—of—the book," she explained.

"What book?" snapped Miss Van Vluyck, almost as sharply as Osric Dane.

Mrs. Ballinger looked at Laura Glyde, whose eyes were interrogatively fixed on Mrs. Leveret. The fact of being deferred to was so new to the latter that it filled her with an insane temerity. "Why, Xingu, of course!" she exclaimed.

A profound silence followed this direct challenge to the resources of Mrs. Ballinger's library, and the latter, after glancing nervously toward the Books of the Day, returned in a deprecating voice: "It's not a thing one cares to leave about."

"I should think *not*!" exclaimed Mrs. Plinth.

"It *is* a book, then?" said Miss Van Vluyck.

This again threw the company into disarray, and Mrs. Ballinger, with an impatient sigh, rejoined: "Why—there *is* a book—naturally . . ."

"Then why did Miss Glyde call it a religion?"

Laura Glyde started up. "A religion? I never——"

"Yes, you did," Miss Van Vluyck insisted; "you spoke of rites; and Mrs. Plinth said it was a custom."

Miss Glyde was evidently making a desperate effort to reinforce her statement; but accuracy of detail was not her strongest point. At length she began in a deep murmur: "Surely they used to do something of the kind at the Eleusinian mysteries——"

"Oh——" said Miss Van Vluyck, on the verge of disapproval; and Mrs. Plinth protested: "I understood there was to be no indelicacy!"

Mrs. Ballinger could not control her irritation. "Really, it is too bad that we should not be able to talk the matter over quietly among ourselves. Personally, I think that if one goes into Xingu at all——"

"Oh, so do I!" cried Miss Glyde.

"And I don't see how one can avoid doing so, if one wishes to keep up with the Thought of the Day——"

Mrs. Leveret uttered an exclamation of relief. "There—that's it!" she interposed.

"What's it?" the President curtly took her up.

"Why—it's a—a Thought: I mean a philosophy."

This seemed to bring a certain relief to Mrs. Ballinger and Laura Glyde, but Miss Van Vluyck said dogmatically: "Excuse me if I tell you that you're all mistaken. Xingu happens to be a language."

"A language!" the Lunch Club cried.

"Certainly. Don't you remember Fanny Roby's saying that there were several branches, and that some were hard to trace? What could that apply to but dialects?"

Mrs. Ballinger could no longer restrain a contemptuous laugh. "Really, if the Lunch Club has reached such a pass that it has to go to Fanny Roby for instruction on a subject like Xingu, it had almost better cease to exist!"

"It's really her fault for not being clearer," Laura Glyde put in.

"Oh, clearness and Fanny Roby!" Mrs. Ballinger shrugged. "I daresay we shall find she was mistaken on almost every point."

"Why not look it up?" said Mrs. Plinth.

As a rule this recurrent suggestion of Mrs. Plinth's was ignored in the heat of discus-

sion, and only resorted to afterward in the privacy of each member's home. But on the present occasion the desire to ascribe their own confusion of thought to the vague and contradictory nature of Mrs. Roby's statements caused the members of the Lunch Club to utter a collective demand for a book of reference.

At this point the production of her treasured volume gave Mrs. Leveret, for a moment, the unusual experience of occupying the centre front; but she was not able to hold it long, for Appropriate Allusions contained no mention of Xingu.

"Oh, that's not the kind of thing we want!" exclaimed Miss Van Vluyck. She cast a disparaging glance over Mrs. Ballinger's assortment of literature, and added impatiently: "Haven't you any useful books?"

"Of course I have," replied Mrs. Ballinger indignantly; "but I keep them in my husband's dressing-room."

From this region, after some difficulty and delay, the parlour-maid produced the W-Z volume of an Encyclopædia and, in deference to the fact that the demand for it had come from Miss Van Vluyck, laid the ponderous tome before her.

There was a moment of painful suspense while Miss Van Vluyck rubbed her spectacles, adjusted them, and turned to Z; and a murmur of surprise when she said: "It isn't here."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Plinth, "it's not fit to be put in a book of reference."

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Ballinger. "Try X."

Miss Van Vluyck turned back through the volume, peering short-sightedly up and down the pages, till she came to a stop and remained motionless, like a dog on a point.

"Well, have you found it?" Mrs. Ballinger enquired, after a considerable delay.

"Yes. I've found it," said Miss Van Vluyck in a queer voice.

Mrs. Plinth hastily interposed: "I beg you won't read it aloud if there's anything offensive."

Miss Van Vluyck, without answering, continued her silent scrutiny.

"Well, what *is* it?" exclaimed Laura Glyde excitedly.

"Do tell us!" urged Mrs. Leveret, feeling that she would have something awful to tell her sister.

Miss Van Vluyck pushed the volume aside and turned slowly toward the expectant group.

"It's a river."

"A *river*?"

"Yes: in Brazil. Isn't that where she's been living?"

"Who? Fanny Roby? Oh, but you must be mistaken. You've been reading the wrong thing," Mrs. Ballinger exclaimed, leaning over her to seize the volume.

"It's the only *Xingu* in the Encyclopædia; and she *has* been living in Brazil," Miss Van Vluyck persisted.

"Yes: her brother has a consulship there," Mrs. Leveret eagerly interposed.

"But it's too ridiculous! I—we—why we *all* remember studying Xingu last year—or the year before last," Mrs. Ballinger stammered.

"I thought I did when *you* said so," Laura Glyde avowed.

"I said so?" cried Mrs. Ballinger.

"Yes. You said it had crowded everything else out of your mind."

"Well, *you* said it had changed your whole life!"

"For that matter, Miss Van Vluyck said she had never grudged the time she'd given it."

Mrs. Plinth interposed: "I made it clear that I knew nothing whatever of the original."

Mrs. Ballinger broke off the dispute with a groan. "Oh, what does it all matter if she's been making fools of us? I believe Miss Van Vluyck's right—she was talking of the river all the while!"

"How could she? It's too preposterous," Miss Glyde exclaimed.

"Listen." Miss Van Vluyck had repossessed herself of the Encyclopædia, and restored her spectacles to a nose reddened by excitement. "'The Xingu, one of the principal rivers of Brazil, rises on the plateau of Mato Grosso, and flows in a northerly direction for a length of no less than one thousand one hundred and eighteen miles, entering the Amazon near the mouth of the latter river. The upper course of the Xingu is auriferous and fed by numerous branches. Its source was first discovered in 1884 by the German explorer von den Steinen, after a difficult and dangerous expedition through a region in-

habited by tribes still in the Stone Age of culture.' "

The ladies received this communication in a state of stupefied silence from which Mrs. Leveret was the first to rally. "She certainly *did* speak of its having branches."

The word seemed to snap the last thread of their incredulity. "And of its great length," gasped Mrs. Ballinger.

"She said it was awfully deep, and you couldn't skip—you just had to wade through," Miss Glyde subjoined.

The idea worked its way more slowly through Mrs. Plinth's compact resistances. "How could there be anything improper about a river?" she inquired.

"Improper?"

"Why, what she said about the source—that it was corrupt?"

"Not corrupt, but hard to get at," Laura Glyde corrected. "Some one who'd been there had told her so. I daresay it was the explorer himself—doesn't it say the expedition was dangerous?"

"'Difficult and dangerous,' " read Miss Van Vluyck.

Mrs. Ballinger pressed her hands to her throbbing temples. "There's nothing she said that wouldn't apply to a river—to this river!" She swung about excitedly to the other members. "Why, do you remember her telling us that she hadn't read 'The Supreme Instant' because she'd taken it on a boating party while she was staying with her brother, and some one had 'shied' it overboard—'shied' of course was her own expression?"

The ladies breathlessly signified that the expression had not escaped them.

"Well—and then didn't she tell Osric Dane that one of her books was simply saturated with Xingu? Of course it was, if some of Mrs. Roby's rowdy friends had thrown it into the river!"

This surprising reconstruction of the scene in which they had just participated left the members of the Lunch Club inarticulate. At length Mrs. Plinth, after visibly labouring with the problem, said in a heavy tone: "Osric Dane was taken in too."

Mrs. Leveret took courage at this. "Perhaps that's what Mrs. Roby did it for. She said Osric Dane was a brute, and she may have wanted to give her a lesson."

Miss Van Vluyck frowned. "It was hardly worth while to do it at our expense."

"At least," said Miss Glyde with a touch of bitterness, "she succeeded in interesting her, which was more than we did."

"What chance had we?" rejoined Mrs. Ballinger. "Mrs. Roby monopolised her from the first. And *that*, I've no doubt, was her purpose—to give Osric Dane a false impression of her own standing in the Club. She would hesitate at nothing to attract attention: we all know how she took in poor Professor Foreland."

"She actually makes him give bridge-teas every Thursday," Mrs. Leveret piped up.

Laura Glyde struck her hands together. "Why, this is Thursday, and it's *there* she's gone, of course; and taken Osric with her!"

"And they're shrieking over us at this moment," said Mrs. Ballinger between her teeth.

This possibility seemed too preposterous to be admitted. "She would hardly dare," said Miss Van Vluyck, "confess the imposture to Osric Dane."

"I'm not so sure: I thought I saw her make a sign as she left. If she hadn't made a sign, why should Osric Dane have rushed out after her?"

"Well, you know, we'd all been telling her how wonderful Xingu was, and she said she wanted to find out more about it," Mrs. Leveret said, with a tardy impulse of justice to the absent.

This reminder, far from mitigating the wrath of the other members, gave it a stronger impetus.

"Yes—and that's exactly what they're both laughing over now," said Laura Glyde ironically.

Mrs. Plinth stood up and gathered her expensive furs about her monumental form. "I have no wish to criticise," she said; "but unless the Lunch Club can protect its members against the recurrence of such—such unbecoming scenes, I for one——"

"Oh, so do I!" agreed Miss Glyde, rising also.

Miss Van Vluyck closed the Encyclopædia and proceeded to button herself into her jacket. "My time is really too valuable—" she began.

"I fancy we are all of one mind," said Mrs. Ballinger, looking searchingly at Mrs. Leveret, who looked at the others.

"I always deprecate anything like a scandal—" Mrs. Plinth continued.

"She has been the cause of one to-day!" exclaimed Miss Glyde.

Mrs. Leveret moaned: "I don't see how she *could*!" and Miss Van Vluycck said, picking up her note-book: "Some women stop at nothing."

"—but if," Mrs. Plinth took up her argument impressively, "anything of the kind had happened in *my* house" (it never would have, her tone implied), "I should have felt that I owed it to myself either to ask for Mrs. Roby's resignation—or to offer mine."

"Oh, Mrs. Plinth—" gasped the Lunch Club.

"Fortunately for me," Mrs. Plinth continued with an awful magnanimity, "the matter was taken out of my hands by our President's decision that the right to entertain distinguished guests was a privilege vested in her office; and I think the other members will agree that, as she was alone

in this opinion, she ought to be alone in deciding on the best way of effacing its—its really deplorable consequences."

A deep silence followed this unexpected outbreak of Mrs. Plinth's long-stored resentment.

"I don't see why I should be expected to ask her to resign—" Mrs. Ballinger at length began; but Laura Glyde turned back to remind her: "You know she made you say that you'd got on swimmingly in Xingu."

An ill-timed giggle escaped from Mrs. Leveret, and Mrs. Ballinger energetically continued "—but you needn't think for a moment that I'm afraid to!"

The door of the drawing-room closed on the retreating backs of the Lunch Club, and the President of that distinguished association, seating herself at her writing-table, and pushing away a copy of "The Wings of Death" to make room for her elbow, drew forth a sheet of the club's note-paper, on which she began to write: "My dear Mrs. Roby——"

THE WINDOW

By Susan Dyer

IN truth, a lonely prisoner I must dwell.
Not mine to gauge the glory of the sun,—
To plot the course my destiny shall run!
Nor from the twilight of this tiny cell
Of individuality, may I tell
Aught of my fellow-captives. Though their call
Comes faint and pleading through the dividing wall,
'Tis but a cry from lips invisible.

Yet has mine unknown Warden granted me
One little window, where the free wind flings
Sweet, vernal promises! Beyond its bars
I look to vergeless distances, and see
A radiant West,—the flash of homing wings,—
The lofty, tolerant laughter of the stars!

THE INVASION OF ENGLAND

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN



HIS is the true, inside story of the invasion of England in 1911, by the Germans, and why it failed. I got my data from Baron von Gottlieb, at the time military attaché of the German Government with the Russian army in the second Russian-Japanese War, when Russia drove Japan out of Manchuria, and reduced her to a third-rate power. He told me of his part in the invasion as we sat, after the bombardment of Tokio, on the ramparts of the Emperor's palace, watching the walls of the paper houses below us glowing and smoking like the ashes of a prairie fire.

Two years before, at the time of the invasion, von Gottlieb had been Carl Schultz, the head-waiter at the East Cliff Hotel at Cromer, and a spy.

The other end of the story came to me through Lester Ford, the London correspondent of the *New York Republic*. They gave me permission to tell it in any fashion I pleased, and it is here set down for the first time.

In telling the story, my conscience is not in the least disturbed, for I have yet to find any one who will believe it.

What led directly to the invasion was that some week-end guest of the East Cliff Hotel left a copy of "The Riddle of the Sands" in the coffee-room, where von Gottlieb found it; and the fact that Ford attended the Shakespeare Ball. Had neither of these events taken place, the German flag might now be flying over Buckingham Palace. And, then again, it might not.

As every German knows, "The Riddle of the Sands" is a novel written by a very clever Englishman in which is disclosed a plan for the invasion of his country. According to this plan an army of infantry was to be embarked in lighters, towed by shallow-draft, sea-going tugs, and despatched simultaneously from the seven rivers that form the Frisian Isles. From there they

were to be convoyed by battle-ships two hundred and forty miles through the North Sea, and thrown upon the coast of Norfolk somewhere between the Wash and Mundesley. The fact that this coast is low-lying and bordered by sand flats which at low water are dry, that England maintains no North Sea squadron, and that her nearest naval base is at Chatham, seem to point to it as the spot best adapted for such a raid.

What von Gottlieb thought was evidenced by the fact that as soon as he read the book he mailed it to the German Ambassador in London, and under separate cover sent him a letter. In this he said: "I suggest your Excellency brings this book to the notice of a certain royal personage, and of the Strategy Board. General Bolivar said, 'When you want arms, take them from the enemy.' Does not this also follow when you want ideas?"

What the Strategy Board thought of the plan is a matter of history. This was in 1910. A year later, during the coronation week, Lester Ford went to Clarkson's to rent a monk's robe in which to appear at the Shakespeare Ball, and while the assistant departed in search of the robe, Ford was left alone in a small room hung with full-length mirrors and shelves, and packed with the uniforms that Clarkson rents for Covent Garden balls and amateur theatricals. While waiting, Ford gratified a long, secretly cherished desire to behold himself as a military man, by trying on all the uniforms on the lower shelves; and as a result, when the assistant returned, instead of finding a young American in English clothes and a high hat, he was confronted by a German officer in a spiked helmet fighting a duel with himself in the mirror. The assistant retreated precipitately, and Ford, conscious that he appeared ridiculous, tried to turn the tables by saying, "Does a German uniform always affect a Territorial like that?"

The assistant laughed good-naturedly.

"It did give me quite a turn," he said. "It's this talk of invasion, I fancy. But for a fact, sir, if I was a Coast Guard, and you come along the beach dressed like that, I'd take a shot at you, just on the chance, anyway."

"And, quite right, too!" said Ford.

He was wondering when the invasion *did* come whether he would stick at his post in London and dutifully forward the news to his paper, or play truant and as a war correspondent watch the news in the making. So the words of Mr. Clarkson's assistant did not sink in. But a few weeks later young Major Bellew recalled them. Bellew was giving a dinner on the terrace of the Savoy Restaurant. His guests were his nephew, young Herbert, who was only five years younger than his uncle, and Herbert's friend Birrell, an Irishman, both in their third term at the University. After five years' service in India, Bellew had spent the last "Eights" week at Oxford, and was complaining bitterly that since his day the undergraduate had deteriorated. He had found him serious, given to study, far too well behaved. Instead of Jorrocks, he read Galsworthy; instead of "wines" he found pleasure in debating clubs where he discussed socialism. Ragging, practical jokes, ingenious hoaxes, that once were wont to set England in a roar, were a lost art. His undergraduate guests combated these charges fiercely. His criticisms they declared unjust and without intelligence.

"You're talking rot!" said his dutiful nephew. "Take Phil here, for example. I've roomed with him three years and I can testify that he has never opened a book. He never heard of Galsworthy until you spoke of him. And you can see for yourself his table manners are quite as bad as yours!"

"Worse!" assented Birrell loyally.

"And as for ragging! What rags, in your day, were as good as ours; as the *Carrie Nation* rag, for instance, when five hundred people sat through a temperance lecture and never guessed they were listening to a man from Balliol?"

"And the Abyssinian Ambassador rag!" cried Herbert. "What price that? When the *Dreadnought* manned the yards for him and gave him seventeen guns. That was an Oxford rag, and carried through by

Oxford men. The country hasn't stopped laughing yet. *You* give us a rag!" challenged Herbert. "Make it as hard as you like; something risky, something that will make the country sit up, something that will send us all to jail, and Phil and I will put it through whether it takes one man or a dozen. Go on," he persisted, "and I bet we can get fifty volunteers right here in town and all of them undergraduates."

"Give you the idea, yes!" mocked Bellew, trying to gain time. "That's just what I say. You boys to-day are so dull. You lack initiative. It's the *idea* that counts. Anybody can do the acting. That's just amateur theatricals!"

"Is it!" snorted Herbert. "If you want to know what stage fright is, just go on board a British battle-ship with your face covered with burnt cork and insist on being treated like an ambassador. You'll find it's a little different from a first night with the Simla Thespians!"

Ford had no part in the debate. He had been smoking comfortably and with well-timed nods, impartially encouraging each disputant. But now he suddenly laid his cigar upon his plate, and, after glancing quickly about him, leaned eagerly forward. They were at the corner table of the terrace, and, as it was now past nine o'clock, the other diners had departed to the theatres and they were quite alone. Below them, outside the open windows, were the trees of the embankment, and beyond, the Thames, blocked to the west by the great shadows of the Houses of Parliament, lit only by the flame in the tower that showed the Lower House was still sitting.

"I'll give you an idea for a rag," whispered Ford. "You want one that is risky, that will make the country sit up, and that ought to land you in jail? Have you read 'The Riddle of the Sands?'"

Bellew and Herbert nodded; Birrell made no sign.

"Don't mind him," exclaimed Herbert impatiently. "*He* never reads anything! Go on!"

"It's the book most talked about," explained Ford. "And what else is most talked about?" He answered his own question. "The landing of the Germans in Morocco and the chance of war. Now, I ask you, with that book in everybody's mind and the war scare in everybody's

mind, what would happen if German soldiers appeared to-night on the Norfolk coast just where the book says they will appear? Not *one* soldier, but dozens of soldiers; not in one place, but in twenty places?"

"What would happen?" roared Major Bellew loyally. "The Boy Scouts would fall out of bed and kick them into the sea!"

"Shut up!" snapped his nephew irreverently. He shook Ford by the arm. "How?" he demanded breathlessly. "How are we to do it? It would take hundreds of men."

"Two men," corrected Ford, "and a third man to drive the car. I thought it out one day at Clarkson's when I came across a lot of German uniforms. I thought of it as a newspaper story, as a trick to find out how prepared you people are to meet invasion. And when you said just now that you wanted a chance to go to jail——"

"What's your plan?" interrupted Birrell.

"We would start just before dawn——" began Ford.

"*We*?" demanded Herbert, "Are *you* in this?"

"Am *I* in it?" cried Ford indignantly. "It's my own private invasion! I'm letting you boys in on the ground floor. If I don't go, there won't be any invasion!"

The two pink-cheeked youths glanced at each other inquiringly and then nodded.

"We accept your services, sir," said Birrell gravely. "What's your plan?"

In astonishment Major Bellew glanced from one to the other and then slapped the table with his open palm. His voice shook with righteous indignation.

"Of all the preposterous, outrageous—Are you mad?" he demanded. "Do you suppose for one minute I will allow——"

His nephew shrugged his shoulders and, rising, pushed back his chair.

"Oh, you go to the devil!" he exclaimed cheerfully. "Come on, Ford," he said. "We'll find some place where uncle can't hear us."

Two days later a touring car carrying three young men, in the twenty-one miles between Wells and Cromer, broke down eleven times. Each time this misfortune befell them one young man scattered tools in the road and on his knees hammered ostentatiously at the tin hood; the other two occupants of the car sauntered

to the beach. There they chucked pebbles at the waves and then slowly retraced their steps. Each time the route by which they returned was different from the one by which they had set forth. Sometimes they followed the beaten path down the cliff or, as it chanced to be, across the marshes; sometimes they slid down the face of the cliff; sometimes they lost themselves behind the hedges and in the lanes of the villages. But when they again reached the car the procedure of each was alike—each produced a pencil and on the face of his "Half Inch" road map traced strange, fantastic signs.

At lunch-time they stopped at the East Cliff Hotel at Cromer and made numerous and trivial inquiries about the Cromer golf links. They had come, they volunteered, from Ely for a day of sea-bathing and golf; they were returning after dinner. The head-waiter of the East Cliff Hotel gave them the information they desired. He was an intelligent head-waiter, young, and of pleasant, not to say distinguished, bearing. In a frock coat he might easily have been mistaken for something even more important than a head-waiter—for a German riding-master, a leader of a Hungarian band, a manager of a Ritz hotel. But he was not above his station. He even assisted the porter in carrying the coats and golf bags of the gentlemen from the car to the coffee-room where, with the intuition of the homing pigeon, the three strangers had, unaided, found their way. As Carl Schultz followed, carrying the dust coats, a road map fell from the pocket of one of them to the floor. Carl Schultz picked it up, and was about to replace it, when his eyes were held by notes scrawled roughly in pencil. With an expression that no longer was that of a head-waiter, Carl cast one swift glance about him and then slipped into the empty coat-room and locked the door. Five minutes later, with a smile that played uneasily over a face grown gray with anxiety, Carl presented the map to the tallest of the three strangers. It was open so that the pencil marks were most obvious. By his accent it was evident the tallest of the three strangers was an American.

"What the devil!" he protested; "which of you boys has been playing hob with my map?"

For just an instant the two pink-cheeked ones regarded him with disfavor; until, for

just an instant, his eyebrows rose and, with a glance, he signified the waiter.

"Oh, *that!*" exclaimed the younger one. "The Automobile Club asked us to mark down petrol stations. Those marks mean that's where you can buy petrol."

The head-waiter breathed deeply. With an assured and happy countenance, he departed and, for the two-hundredth time that day, looked from the windows of the dining-room out over the tumbling breakers to the gray stretch of sea. As though fearful that his face would expose his secret, he glanced carefully about him and then, assured he was alone, leaned eagerly forward, scanning the empty tossing waters.

In his mind's eye he beheld rolling tug-boats straining against long lines of scows, against the dead weight of field-guns, against the pull of thousands of motionless silent figures, each in khaki, each in a black leather helmet, each with one hundred and fifty rounds.

In his own language Carl Schultz reproved himself.

"Patience," he muttered; "patience! By ten to-night all will be dark. There will be no stars. There will be no moon. The very heavens fight for us, and by sunrise our outposts will be twenty miles inland!"

At lunch-time Carl Schultz carefully, obsequiously waited upon the three strangers. He gave them their choice of soup, thick or clear, of gooseberry pie or Half-Pay pudding. He accepted their shillings gratefully, and when they departed for the links he bowed them on their way. And as their car turned up Jetty Street, for one instant, he again allowed his eyes to sweep the dull gray ocean. Brown-sailed fishing-boats were beating in toward Cromer. On the horizon line a Norwegian tramp was drawing a lengthening scarf of smoke. Save for these the sea was empty.

By gracious permission of the manageress Carl had obtained an afternoon off, and, changing his coat, he mounted his bicycle and set forth toward Overstrand. On his way he nodded to the local constable, to the postman on his rounds, to the driver of the *char à banc*. He had been a year in Cromer and was well known and well liked.

Three miles from Cromer, at the top of the highest hill in Overstrand, the chimneys

of a house showed above the thick tangle of fir trees. Between the trees and the road rose a wall, high, compact, forbidding. Carl opened the gate in the wall and pushed his bicycle up a winding path hemmed in by bushes. At the sound of his feet on the gravel, the bushes flew apart, and a man sprang into the walk and confronted him. But, at sight of the head-waiter, the legs of the man became rigid, his heels clicked together, his hand went sharply to his visor.

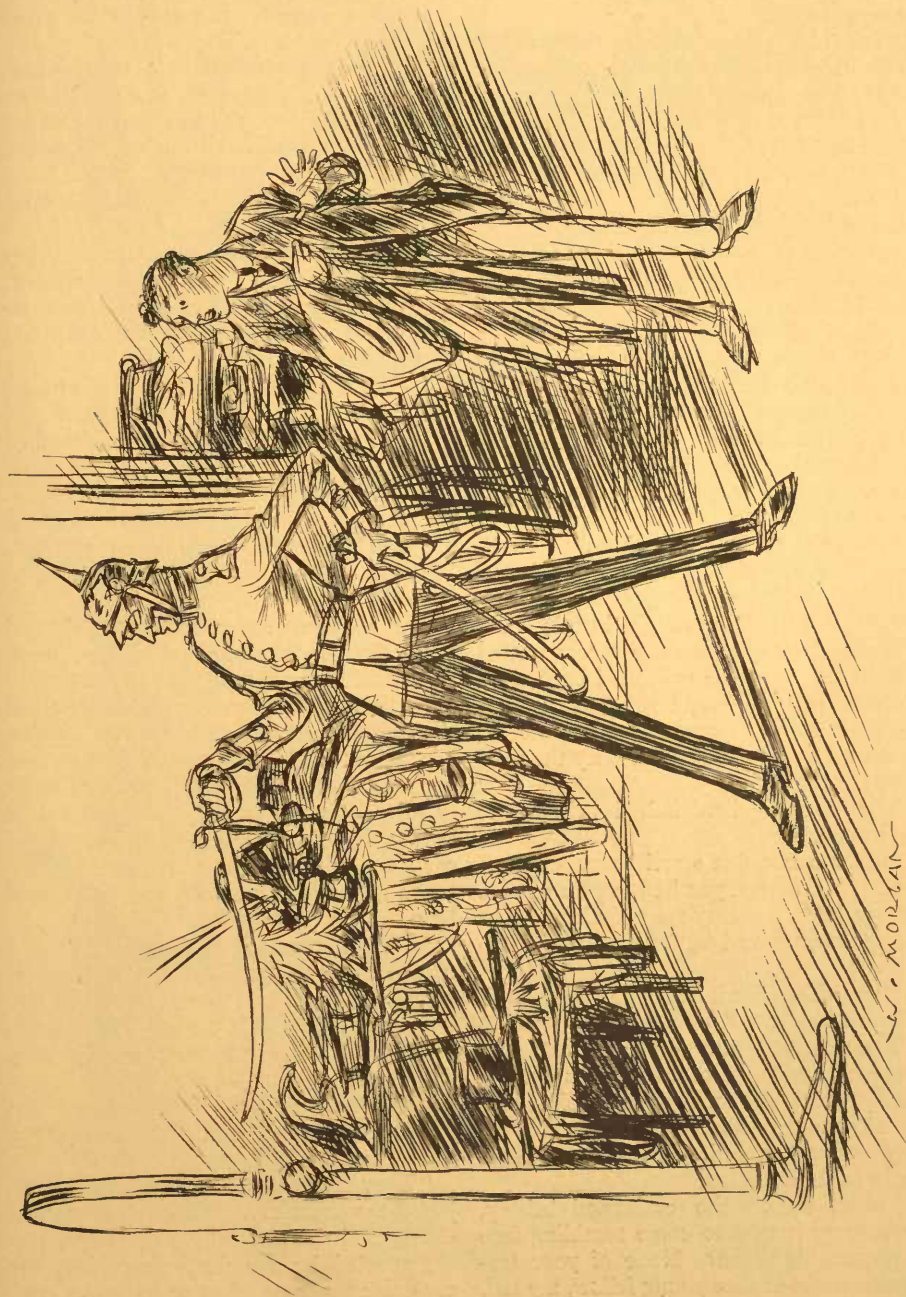
Behind the house, surrounded on every side by trees, was a tiny lawn. In the centre of the lawn, where once had been a tennis court, there now stood a slim mast. From this mast dangled tiny wires that ran to a kitchen table. On the table, its brass work shining in the sun, was a new and perfectly good wireless outfit, and beside it, with his hand on the key, was a heavily built, heavily bearded German. In his turn, Carl drew his legs together, his heels clicked, his hand stuck to his visor.

"I have been in constant communication," said the man with the beard. "They will be here just before the dawn. Return to Cromer and openly from the post-office telegraph your cousin in London: 'Will meet you to-morrow at the Crystal Palace.' On receipt of that, in the last edition of all of this afternoon's papers, he will insert the final advertisement. Thirty thousand of our own people will read it. They will know the moment has come!"

As Carl coasted back to Cromer he flashed past many pretty gardens where, upon the lawns, men in flannels were busy at tennis or, with pretty ladies, deeply occupied in drinking tea. Carl smiled grimly. High above him on the sky-line of the cliff he saw the three strangers he had served at luncheon. They were driving before them three innocuous golf balls.

"A nation of wasters," muttered the German, "sleeping at their posts. They are fiddling while England falls!"

Mr. Shutcliffe, of Stiffkey, had led his cow in from the marsh, and was about to close the cow-barn door, when three soldiers appeared suddenly around the wall of the village church. They ran directly toward him. It was nine o'clock, but the twilight still held. The uniforms the men wore were unfamiliar, but in his day Mr. Shut-



Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

He was confronted by a German officer in a spiked helmet fighting a duel with himself in the mirror.—Page 697.

liffe had seen many uniforms, and to him all uniforms looked alike. The tallest soldier snapped at Mr. Shutliffe fiercely in a strange tongue.

"Du bist gefangen!" he announced. "Das Dorf ist besetzt. Wo sind unsere Leute?" he demanded.

"You'll 'ave to excuse me, sir," said Mr. Shutliffe, "but I am a trifle 'ard of 'earing."

The soldier addressed him in English.

"What is the name of this village?" he demanded.

Mr. Shutliffe having lived in the village upwards of eighty years, recalled its name with difficulty.

"Have you seen any of our people?"

With another painful effort of memory Mr. Shutliffe shook his head.

"Go indoors!" commanded the soldier, "and put out all lights, and remain indoors. We have taken this village. We are Germans. *You* are a prisoner! Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir, thank'ee, sir, kindly," stammered Mr. Shutliffe. "May I lock in the pigs first, sir?"

One of the soldiers coughed explosively, and ran away, and the two others trotted after him. When they looked back, Mr. Shutliffe was still standing uncertainly in the dusk, mildly concerned as to whether he should lock up the pigs or obey the German gentleman.

The three soldiers halted behind the church wall.

"That was a fine start!" mocked Herbert. "Of *course*, you had to pick out the Village Idiot. If they are all going to take it like that, we had better pack up and go home."

"The village inn is still open," said Ford. "We will close it."

They entered with fixed bayonets and dropped the butts of their rifles on the sanded floor. A man in gaiters choked over his ale and two fishermen removed their clay pipes and stared. The bar-maid alone arose to the occasion.

"Now, then," she exclaimed briskly, "what way is that to come tumbling into a respectable place? None of your tea-garden tricks in here young fellow, my lad, or——"

The tallest of the three intruders, in deep guttural accents, interrupted her sharply.

"We are Germans!" he declared. "This village is captured. You are prisoners of war. Those lights you will out put, and yourselves lock in. If you into the street go, we will shoot!"

He gave a command in a strange language; so strange indeed, that the soldiers with him failed to entirely grasp his meaning, and one shouldered his rifle, while the other brought his politely to a salute.

"You ass!" muttered the tall German. "Get out!"

As they charged into the street, they heard behind them a wild feminine shriek, then a crash of pottery and glass, then silence, and an instant later the Ship Inn was buried in darkness.

"That will hold Stiffkey for a while!" said Ford. "Now, back to the car."

But between them and the car loomed suddenly a tall and impressive figure. His helmet and his measured tread upon the deserted cobble-stones proclaimed his calling.

"The constable!" whispered Herbert. "He must *see* us, but he mustn't speak to us."

For a moment the three men showed themselves in the middle of the street, and then, as though at sight of the policeman they had taken alarm, disappeared through an opening between two houses. Five minutes later a motor car with its canvas top concealing its occupants rode slowly into Stiffkey's main street and halted before the constable. The driver of the car wore a leather skull-cap and goggles. From his neck to his heels he was covered by a rain-coat.

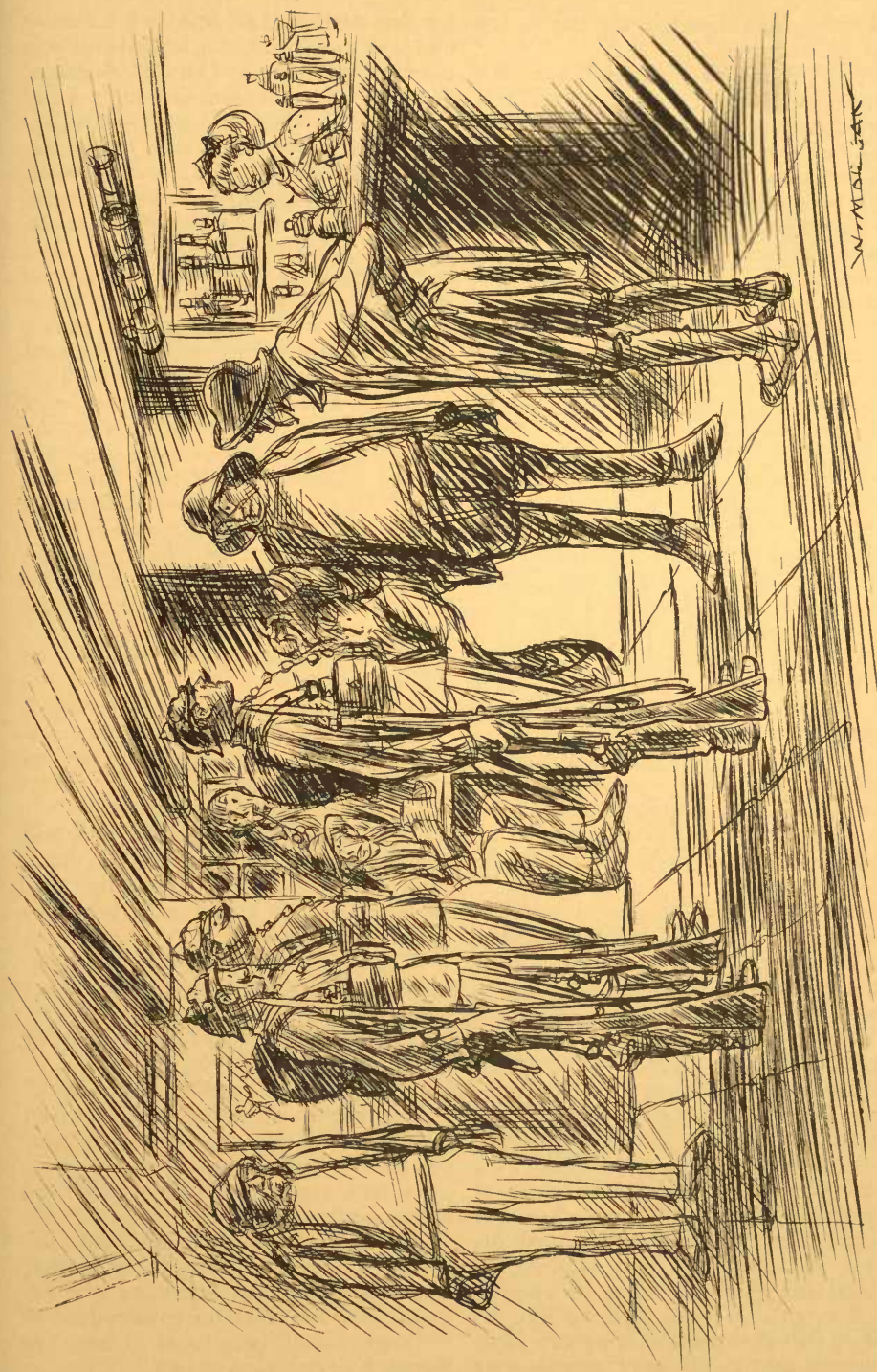
"Mr. Policeman," he began; "when I turned in here three soldiers stepped in front of my car and pointed rifles at me. Then they ran off toward the beach. What's the idea—manœuvres? Because, they've no right to——"

"Yes, sir," the policeman assured him promptly; "I saw them. It's manœuvres, sir. Territorials."

"They didn't look like Territorials," objected the chauffeur. "Looked to me like Germans."

Protected by the deepening dusk, the constable made no effort to conceal a grin.

"Just Territorials, sir," he protested soothingly; "maybe skylarking, but meaning no harm. Still, I'll have a look round, and warn 'em."



Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

"We are Germans!" he declared. "This village is captured. You are prisoners of war."—Page 702.

A voice from beneath the canvas top broke in angrily:

"I tell you, they were Germans. It's either a silly joke, or it's serious, and you ought to report it. It's your duty to warn the Coast Guard."

The constable considered deeply.

"I wouldn't take it on myself to wake the Coast Guard," he protested; "not at this time of the night. But if any Germans been annoying you gentlemen, and you wish to lodge a complaint against them, you give me your cards——"

"Ye Gods!" cried the man in the rear of the car. "Go on!" he commanded.

As the car sped out of Stiffkey, Herbert exclaimed with disgust:

"What's the use!" he protested. "You couldn't wake these people with dynamite! I vote we chuck it and go home."

"They little know of England who only Stiffkey know," chanted the chauffeur reprovingly. "Why, we haven't begun yet. Wait till we meet a live wire!"

Two miles further along the road to Cromer, young Bradshaw, the job-master's son at Blakeney, was leading his bicycle up the hill. Ahead of him something heavy flopped from the bank into the road, and in the light of his acetylene lamp he saw a soldier. The soldier dodged across the road and scrambled through the hedge on the bank opposite. He was followed by another soldier, and then by a third. The last man halted.

"Put out that light," he commanded. "Go to your home and tell no one what you have seen. If you attempt to give an alarm you will be shot. Our sentries are placed every fifty yards along this road."

The soldier disappeared from in front of the ray of light and followed his comrades, and an instant later young Bradshaw heard them sliding over the cliff's edge and the pebbles clattering to the beach below. Young Bradshaw stood quite still. In his heart was much fear—fear of laughter, of ridicule, of failure. But of no other kind of fear. Softly, silently he turned his bicycle so that it faced down the long hill he had just climbed. Then he snapped off the light. He had been reliably informed that in ambush at every fifty yards along the road to Blakeney, sentries were waiting to fire on him. And he proposed to run the gauntlet. He saw that it was

for this moment that, first as a volunteer and later as a Territorial, he had drilled in the town hall, practiced on the rifle range, and in mixed manœuvres slept in six inches of mud. As he threw his leg across his bicycle, Herbert, from the motor car further up the hill, fired two shots over his head. These, he explained to Ford, were intended to give "verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." And the sighing of the bullets gave young Bradshaw exactly what he wanted—the assurance that he was not the victim of a practical joke. He threw his weight forward and, lifting his feet, coasted down hill at forty miles an hour into the main street of Blakeney. Ten minutes later, when the car followed, a mob of men so completely blocked the water-front that Ford was forced to stop. His head-lights illuminated hundreds of faces, anxious, sceptical, eager. A gentleman with a white mustache and a look of a retired army officer pushed his way toward Ford, the crowd making room for him, and then closing in his wake.

"Have you seen any—any soldiers?" he demanded.

"German soldiers!" Ford answered. "They tried to catch us, but when I saw who they were, I ran through them to warn you. They fired and——"

"How many—and where?"

"A half company at Stiffkey and a half mile further on a regiment. We didn't know then they were Germans, not until they stopped us. You'd better telephone the garrison, and——"

"Thank you!" snapped the elderly gentleman. "I happen to be in command of this district. What are your names?"

Ford pushed the car forward, parting the crowd.

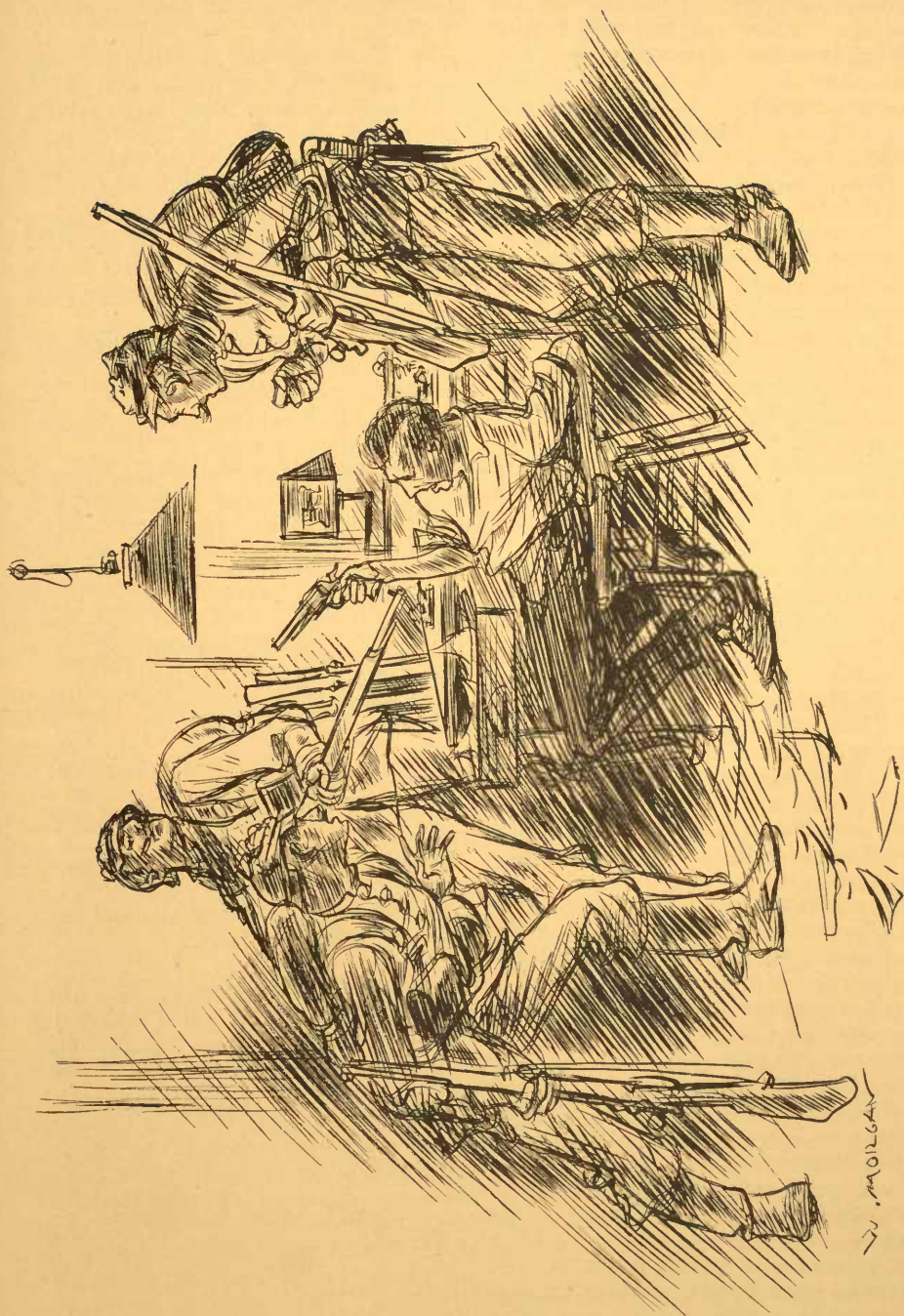
"I've no time for that!" he called. "We've got to warn every coast town in Norfolk. You take my tip and get London on the long distance!"

As they ran through the night Ford spoke over his shoulder.

"We've got them guessing," he said. "Now, what we want is a live wire, some one with imagination, some one with authority who will wake the countryside."

"Looks ahead there," said Birrell; "as though it hadn't gone to bed."

Before them, as on a Mafeking night, every window in Cley shone with lights.



Dragon by Wallace Morgan.

In the main street were fishermen, shopkeepers, "trippers" in flannels, summer residents. The women had turned out as though to witness a display of fireworks. Girls were clinging to the arms of their escorts, shivering in delighted terror. The proprietor of the Red Lion sprang in front of the car and waved his arms.

"What's this tale about Germans?" he demanded jocularly.

"You can see their lights from the beach," said Ford. "They've landed two regiments between here and Wells. Stiffkey is taken, and they've cut all the wires South."

The proprietor refused to be "had."

"Let 'em all come!" he mocked.

"All right," returned Ford. "Let 'em come, but don't take it lying down! Get those women off the streets, and go down to the beach, and drive the Germans back! Gangway," he shouted, and the car shot forward. "We warned you," he called, "and it's up to you to——"

His words were lost in the distance. But behind him a man's voice rose with a roar like a rocket and was met with a savage, deep-throated cheer.

Outside the village Ford brought the car to a halt and swung in his seat.

"This thing is going to fail!" he cried petulantly. "They don't believe us. We've got to show ourselves—many times—in a dozen places."

"The British mind moves slowly," said Birrell the Irishman. "Now, if this had happened in my native land——"

He was interrupted by the screech of a siren, and a demon car that spurned the road, that splattered them with pebbles, tore past and disappeared in the darkness. As it fled down the lane of their head-lights, they saw that men in khaki clung to its sides, were packed in its tonneau, were swaying from its running boards. Before they could find their voices a motor cycle, driven as though the angel of death were at the wheel, shaved their mud-guard and, in its turn, vanished into the night.

"Things are looking up!" said Ford. "Where is our next stop? As I said before, what we want is a *live* one."

Herbert pressed his electric torch against his road map.

"We are next billed to appear," he said, "about a quarter of a mile from here, at the signal-tower of the Great Eastern Rail-

road, where we visit the night telegraph operator and give him the surprise party of his life."

The three men had mounted the steps of the signal-tower so quietly that, when the operator heard them, they already surrounded him. He saw three German soldiers with fierce upturned mustaches, with flat squat helmets, with long brown rifles. They saw an anæmic, pale-faced youth without a coat or collar, for the night was warm, who sank back limply in his chair and gazed speechless with wide bulging eyes.

In harsh, guttural tones Ford addressed him.

"You are a prisoner," he said. "We take over this office in the name of the German Emperor. Get out!"

As though instinctively seeking his only weapon of defence, the hand of the boy operator moved across the table to the key of his instrument. Ford flung his rifle upon it.

"No, you don't!" he growled. "Get out!"

With eyes still bulging, the boy lifted himself into a sitting posture.

"My pay—my month's pay?" he stammered. "Can I take it?"

The expression on the face of the conqueror relaxed.

"Take it and get out," Ford commanded.

With eyes still fixed in fascinated terror upon the invader, the boy pulled open the drawer of the table before him and fumbled with the papers inside.

"Quick!" cried Ford.

The boy was very quick. His hand leaped from the drawer like a snake, and Ford found himself looking into a revolver of the largest calibre issued by a civilized people. Birrell fell upon the boy's shoulders, Herbert twisted the gun from his fingers and hurled it through the window, and almost as quickly hurled himself down the steps of the tower. Birrell leaped after him. Ford remained only long enough to shout: "Don't touch that instrument! If you attempt to send a message through, we will shoot. We go to cut the wires!"

For a minute, the boy in the tower sat rigid, his ears strained, his heart beating in sharp, suffocating stabs. Then, with his left arm raised to guard his face, he sank

to his knees and, leaning forward across the table, inviting as he believed his death, he opened the circuit and through the night flashed out a warning to his people.

When they had taken their places in the car, Herbert touched Ford on the shoulder.

"Your last remark," he said, "was that what we wanted was a *live* one."

"Don't mention it!" said Ford. "He jammed that gun half down my throat. I can taste it still. Where do we go from here?"

"According to the route we mapped out this afternoon," said Herbert, "we are now scheduled to give exhibitions at the coast towns of Salthouse and Weybourne, but——"

"Not with *me*!" exclaimed Birrell fiercely. "Those towns have been tipped off by now by Blakeney and Cley, and the Boy Scouts would club us to death. I vote we take the back roads to Morston, and drop in on a lonely Coast Guard. If a Coast Guard sees us, the authorities will have to believe *him*, and they'll call out the navy."

Herbert consulted his map.

"There is a Coast Guard," he said, "stationed just the other side of Morston. And," he added fervently, "let us hope he's lonely."

They lost their way in the back roads, and when they again reached the coast an hour had passed. It was now quite dark. There were no stars, nor moon, but after they had left the car in a side lane and had stepped out upon the cliff, they saw for miles along the coast great beacon fires burning fiercely.

Herbert came to an abrupt halt.

"Since seeing those fires," he explained, "I feel a strange reluctance about showing myself in this uniform to a Coast Guard."

"Coast Guards don't shoot!" mocked Birrell. "They only look at the clouds through a telescope. Three Germans with rifles ought to be able to frighten one Coast Guard with a telescope."

The whitewashed cabin of the Coast Guard was perched on the edge of the cliff. Behind it the downs ran back to meet the road. The door of the cabin was open and from it a shaft of light cut across a tiny garden and showed the white fence and the walk of shells.

"We must pass in single file in front of that light," whispered Ford, "and then,

after we are sure he has seen us, we must run like the devil!"

"I'm on in that last scene," growled Herbert.

"Only," repeated Ford with emphasis, "we must be *sure* he has seen us."

Not twenty feet from them came a bursting roar, a flash, many roars, many flashes, many bullets.

"He's seen us!" yelled Birrell.

After the light from his open door had shown him one German soldier fully armed, the Coast Guard had seen nothing further. But judging from the shrieks of terror and the sounds of falling bodies that followed his first shot, he was convinced he was hemmed in by an army, and he proceeded to sell his life dearly. Clip after clip of cartridges he emptied into the night, now to the front, now to the rear, now out to sea, now at his own shadow in the lamplight. To the people a quarter of a mile away at Morston it sounded like a battle.

After running half a mile, Ford, bruised and breathless, fell at full length on the grass beside the car. Near it, tearing from his person the last vestiges of a German uniform, he found Birrell. He also was puffing painfully.

"What happened to Herbert?" panted Ford.

"I don't know," gasped Birrell. "When I saw him last he was diving over the cliff into the sea. How many times did *you* die?"

"About twenty!" groaned the American, "and, besides being dead, I am severely wounded. Every time he fired, I fell on my face, and each time I hit a rock!"

A scarecrow of a figure appeared suddenly in the rays of the head-lights. It was Herbert, scratched, bleeding, dripping with water, and clad simply in a shirt and trousers. He dragged out his kit bag and fell into his golf clothes.

"Anybody who wants a perfectly good German uniform," he cried, "can have mine. I left it in the first row of breakers. It didn't fit me, anyway."

The other two uniforms were hidden in the seat of the car. The rifles and helmets, to lend color to the invasion, were dropped in the open road, and five minutes later three gentlemen in inconspicuous Harris tweeds, and with golf clubs protruding from every part of their car, turned into the

shore road to Cromer. What they saw brought swift terror to their guilty souls and the car to an abrupt halt. Before them was a regiment of regulars advancing in column of fours, at the "double." An officer sprang to the front of the car and seated himself beside Ford.

"I'll have to commandeer this," he said. "Run back to Cromer. Don't crush my men, but go like the devil!"

"We heard firing here," explained the officer, "at the Coast Guard station. The Guard drove them back to the sea. He counted over a dozen. They made pretty poor practice, for he isn't wounded, but his gravel walk looks as though some one had drawn a harrow over it. I wonder," exclaimed the officer suddenly, "if you are the three gentlemen who first gave the alarm to Colonel Raglan and then went on to warn the other coast towns. Because, if you are, he wants your names."

Ford considered rapidly. If he gave false names and that fact were discovered, they would be suspected and investigated, and the worst might happen. So he replied that his friends and himself probably were the men to whom the officer referred. He explained they had been returning from Cromer, where they had gone to play golf, when they had been held up by the Germans.

"You were lucky to escape," said the officer. "And in keeping on to give warning you were taking chances. If I may say so, we think you behaved extremely well."

Ford could not answer. His guilty conscience shamed him into silence. With his siren shrieking and his horn tooting, he was forcing the car through lanes of armed men. They packed each side of the road. They were banked behind the hedges. Their camp-fires blazed from every hill-top.

"Your regiment seems to have turned out to a man!" exclaimed Ford admiringly.

"My regiment!" snorted the officer. "You've passed through five regiments already, and there are as many more in the dark places. They're everywhere!" he cried jubilantly.

"And I thought they were only where you see the camp-fires," exclaimed Ford.

"That's what the Germans think," said the officer. "It's working like a clock," he cried happily. "There hasn't been a hitch. As soon as they got your warning

to Colonel Raglan, they came down to the coast like a wave, on foot, by trains, by motors, and at nine o'clock the Government took over all the railroads. The county regiments, regulars, yeomanry, territorials, have been spread along this shore for thirty miles. Down in London the Guards started to Dover and Brighton two hours ago. The Automobile Club in the first hour collected two hundred cars and turned them over to them in Bird Cage Walk. Cody and Grahame-White and eight of his air men left Hendon an hour ago to reconnoitre the south coast. Admiral Beatty has started with the Channel Squadron to head off the German convoy in the North Sea, and the torpedo destroyers have been sent to lie outside of Heligoland. We'll get *that* back by daylight. And on land every one of the three services is under arms. On this coast alone before sunrise we'll have one hundred thousand men, and from Colchester the brigade division of artillery, from Ipswich the R. H. A's. with siege-guns, field-guns, quick-firing-guns, all kinds of guns spread out over every foot of ground from here to Hunstanton. They thought they'd give us a surprise party. They will never give us *another* surprise party!"

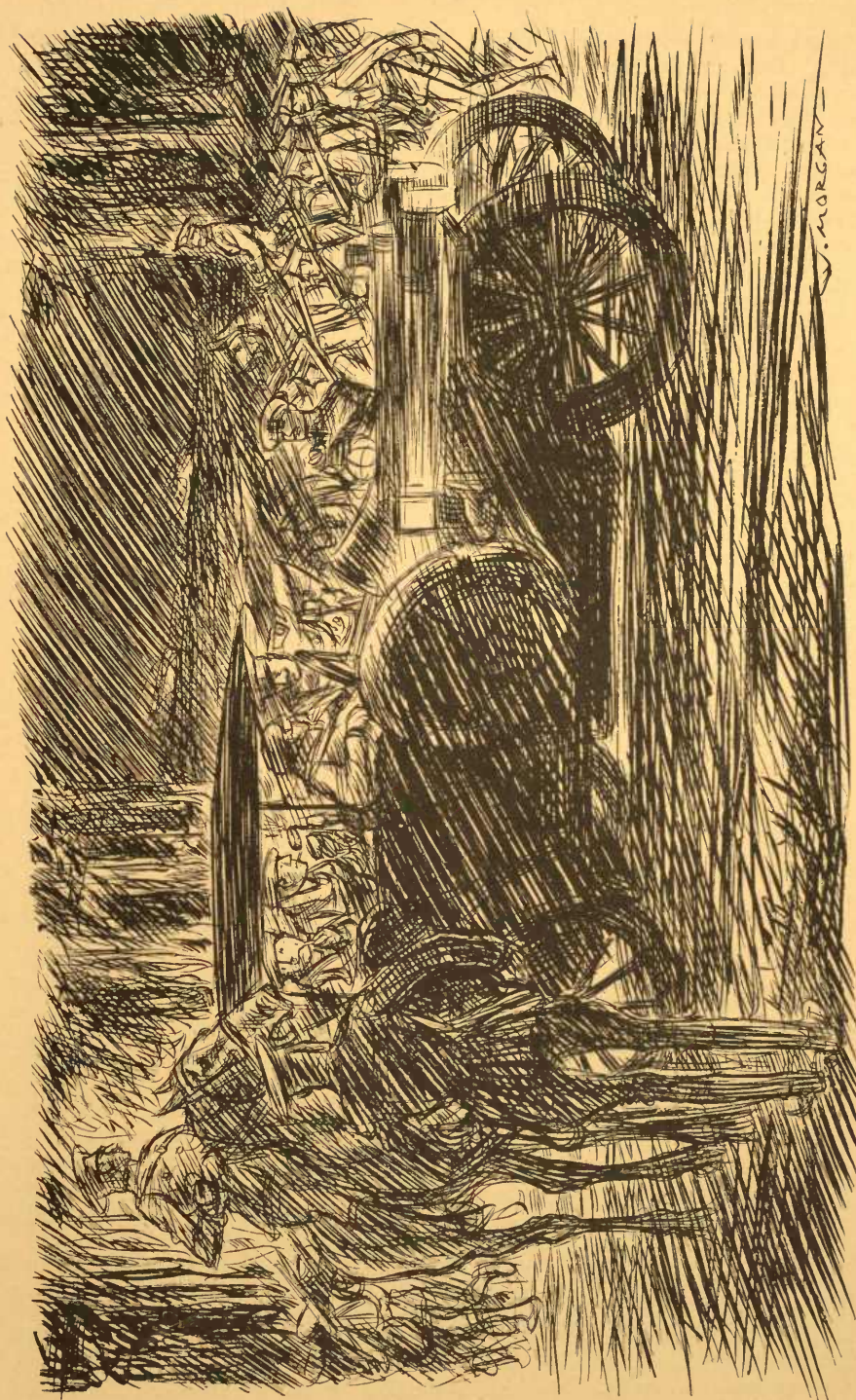
On the top of the hill at Overstrand, the head-waiter of the East Cliff Hotel and the bearded German stood in the garden back of the house with the forbidding walls. From the road in front came unceasingly the tramp and shuffle of thousands of marching feet, the rumble of heavy cannon, the clanking of their chains, the voices of men trained to command raised in sharp, confident orders. The sky was illuminated by countless fires. Every window of every cottage and hotel blazed with lights. The night had been turned into day. The eyes of the two Germans were like the eyes of those who had passed through an earthquake, of those who looked upon the burning of San Francisco, upon the destruction of Messina.

"We were betrayed, general," whispered the head-waiter.

"We were betrayed, baron," replied the bearded one.

"But you were in time to warn the flotilla." With a sigh, the older man nodded.

"The last message I received over the wireless," he said, "before I destroyed it,



Dragon by Wallace Morgan.

"I'll have to commandeer this," he said. "Run back to Cromer. Don't crush my men, but go like the devil!" —Page 708.

read, 'Your message understood. We are returning. Our movements will be explained as manœuvres.' And," added the general, "the English, having driven us back, will be willing to officially accept that explanation. As manœuvres, this night will go down into history. Return to the hotel," he commanded, "and in two months you can rejoin your regiment."

On the morning after the invasion the *New York Republic* published a map of Great Britain that covered three columns and a wood-cut of Ford that was spread over five. Beneath it was printed: "Lester Ford, our London correspondent, captured by the Germans; he escapes and is the first to warn the English people."

On the same morning, in an editorial in *The Times* of London, appeared this paragraph.

"The Germans were first seen by the Hon. Arthur Herbert, the eldest son of Lord Cinaris; Mr. Patrick Headford Birrell, both of Balliol College, Oxford, and Mr. Lester Ford, the correspondent of the *New York Republic*. These gentlemen

escaped from the landing party that tried to make them prisoners, and at great risk proceeded in their motor car over roads infested by the Germans to all the coast towns of Norfolk, warning the authorities. Should the war office fail to recognize their services, the people of Great Britain will prove that they are not ungrateful."

A week later three young men sat at dinner on the terrace of the Savoy.

"Shall we, or shall we not," asked Herbert, "tell my uncle that we three, and we three alone, were the invaders?"

"That's hardly correct," said Ford; "as we now know there were two hundred thousand invaders. We were only the three who got ashore."

"I vote we don't tell him," said Birrell. "Let him think with everybody else that the Germans blundered; that an advance party landed too soon and gave the show away. If we talk," he argued, "we'll get credit for a successful hoax. If we keep quiet, everybody will continue to think we saved the country. I'm content to let it go at that."

LARGESS

By Julia C. R. Dorr

VITA Nuova! Many a year ago,
 Wailing, I entered by the Gate of Pain,
 The great White City—Life. Did I disdain
 Its proffered hospitality, or know
 By strange foreknowledge that some herb of woe
 Embitters its best wine, and leaves its stain
 On every lip that dares its cup to drain?—
 Yet who, sweet Life, would thy dear gifts forego?
 For though the child may struggle for its birth,
 And its first broken utterance be a cry,
 Largess of dawn and starlight comes to all—
 Soft airs, dear light, sweet sounds, the joy of earth,
 Bird song, and whispering leaves, and clouds that fly,
 And tender loves that hold the heart in thrall!

THE CLUE

By Alice Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



THE one detective story I have seen worked out through the inevitable lines converging to disclosure had forced itself on Ralph Masterman and me, and the end touched us vitally, as it did its principals. At least it opened our eyes to some of the causes of things, strained our skulls to the point of dangerously cracking the sutures, and probably induced a multiplicity of convolutions in the sensitive matter inside.

We had come home from exploring in Peru, our minds full of mountain chains and lakes and tamed volcanoes, and we unreasonably hoped—or said we did—that now we were going to settle down, perhaps to journalism. But great winds were blowing through our memories, big challenges to dominate the earth and open up more of her hidden passes, so that when our names were heard, in fifty years or so, men would say: "They? Oh, they did the last exploring left to do. Yes, they wrote *finis* on the geographical earth, and shut the book." Still the aunts—each of us possessed a fostering, doting aunt—thought we were going to stay at home.

It was the first day of our return when we were confronted with our riddle. The town itself, a topping suburb thinking no end of itself and refusing to be annexed, we found unchanged. Citizens, men and women, were still telephoning one another about the advisability of a pleasure drive along the lake, the only stone of stumbling being the name. Should it be Elm Road or Laurel Drive? They were still acutely anxious over the dark doings of milkmen, and the consequent jeopardy of babies, and they almost prayed for parasites to feed on forest pests. It was all a kind of beloved, exasperating heaven on earth to us, who had now known the winds in their birth-place, and entered into the secret places of the snow. But one thing had lamentably changed. Rose Red was married. That

we knew, for the imminence of it had been one among the determining whips of fate to start us off to Peru, two men children afire with youth, and vibrating the chords of hearts denied. She was married to a man overweeningly rich, and of no occupation but to look "stunning," and she was not happy. We came home from that first "evening" given in our honor, an evening marked by the sponge lady-fingers we knew and the old conscientious fruit punch, and mounted, with one mind, to the loft, that had served as our youthful playground and tophet of confusion. There we lighted up and smoked madly in silence. Then:

"She's not Rose Red any more," said Ralph, jerking out the words as if somehow I had done it all, and he was angry.

"No," said I. "She's Snow White. She's not happy."

"She never knew a day's unhappiness. He's brought it on her somehow."

"Oh, yes. He's brought it on her."

"Well," said Masterman fractiously, throwing the ball to me as he always did when there was a doubt of the game, "are you going to do anything about it?"

That was the way he had snapped at me when I gave out at twenty-three thousand feet altitude, and he was in mortal fear lest he shouldn't get me down. It had nearly done for me that time, because I wasted breath in a thin hoot of a laugh, and I had no breath to spare. But to-day I didn't feel like laughing.

"He's a good-looking chap," I meditated.

"Six foot one," said Masterman, in bitter disparagement. Masterman is stocky, and not over five feet eleven, a Norse giant of a hero.

"I mean he's got no tricks. He looks you in the eye. He takes his fruit punch like a man, and not as if he couldn't wait for the whiskey at home on the sideboard. Looks as if the whiskey wouldn't phase him, either."

"Oh, no, he ain't a soaker, if that's what you mean. He's all right, very fit, clean,



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAHERTY

That question, Aunt Celesta, I could see, considered coarse.—Page 713.

fond enough of his tailor, not too fond. No, whatever's wrong, his shop ain't going to hang out a sign. We've got to go in and examine the goods."

"We've no license," said I ruefully.

"What?"

"Rose Red didn't marry us—individually or collectively."

"No," said Masterman, setting his mouth in its implication of bedrock. "But I don't see Rose Red fade out to Snow White without knowing the reason why. And if I find out the reason why, and any man's guilty—" Here he paused, and we smoked on.

The houses our aunts had inherited were side by side, with a little gate in the garden fence between, so that Masterman and I practically lived together as we always had. The aunts, each in a morning muslin or an afternoon silk, made according to an extinct ideal, sat each on her own veranda and knitted rhythmically and widened aristocratic old nostrils to the honeysuckles. We had lost no time in pumping these ladies about the standing and habits of the husband of that dear perfection known once in the loft as Rose Red.

"What's the fellow's name?" I inquired over my third egg, while Aunt Celesta beamed at me, a light blue beam out of faded eyes behind a rim of gold, "the one Rose married?"

"Why, you met him last night," said Aunt Celesta, pained at somebody's lack of observance in not having made the presentation clear. "Weren't you introduced?"

"I dare say," said I, seeing I might have jumped more dexterously into the heart of the puzzle. "Hamlin, isn't it? Good fellow?"

"Admirable," said Aunt Celesta warmly. She was now rescuing a fly from the cream jug, and I read in her face the conflict between ruth over insect life untimely ended, horrified estimate of the fly's culpability, based on the propaganda of modern theories touching disease, disgust at her task, and the query of her fighting soul whether she must really sacrifice the cream, though the kitchen supply wasn't at its maximum. She had very little testimony to contribute.

"Yes, a nice young man," she said, raising the screen and conveying the fly into a wider world to dry his wings. "Very nice, indeed."

Of her last scruple I relieved her, pouring myself cream with a dashing hand, and offering her the cup to fill.

"He's got money, hasn't he?" I plunged.

"Oh, yes," said Aunt Celesta. "They're rich, really. Quite the wealthiest people in town, I should say."

"Live well?"

That question, Aunt Celesta, I could see, considered coarse. She answered rather stiffly and to no purpose, and I drank the coffee I didn't want and went through the little gate to find Ralph. He was coming toward the little gate to meet me, and as by one consent Aunt Clara and Aunt Celesta potted out on their verandas, exchanged a beaming smile indicating their community of blessedness in the possession of nephews, and settled to the forenoon's task of keeping moderately alive.

"I can't find out a damned thing," said Masterman incautiously.

At the qualifying word each aunt jerked her head galvanically, but settled it again, knowing she could not, as the older novelists had it, have heard aright.

"There's nothing to find out," said I drearily. "What do you suppose two aunts"—we always spoke of them generically as if the relationship made a type—"what would they know of a chap of thirty-three that walked right, and talked right, and dressed right? Nothing, old man, and you know it."

Masterman hit my foot with his.

"There he is," said he. "There's the fellow now."

It was Frederick Hamlin, and he was coming in at Aunt Clara's gate. He looked very well in the morning light, slightly older, rather faded about the eyes, and he walked in haste, as if he came for an end. We turned with an absurd eagerness considering the slightness of our acquaintance, and met him midway of the yard. Masterman almost stammered in his desire to shunt him away from the aunts and get him to ourselves.

"Come on up in the loft," said he, with what seemed an exaggerated cordiality. "Unless you were coming to call."

"No," said Hamlin, in his rather grave voice. He stopped half-way up the path and adjusted his eye-glasses. That led my eyes to his, and I saw what I had not the

night before, in our stiff encounter, that they looked very tired, slightly apprehensive, and that there were wrinkles about them not accordant with his comparative youth. "No," he repeated, lifting his hat to one aunt and making a comprehensive bow to both. "I came to see you two."

So we went up, by its crazy outside stairs, to the loft. He looked about him curiously while Masterman cleared a seat; he seemed pleased to find himself there. Nothing could adequately describe the loft, even an inventory. You'd have gone daft over the collection of things, the chronological sequence of them, from tops and Happy Jacks and fairy books to the electrical apparatus of our college days, and the textbooks of no use to us now, though we were grateful to them, for on them we had built our degrees.

"I didn't know there was such a place in town," said Hamlin.

"There isn't another," said Masterman. "This grew. We couldn't make it. Nobody could."

He had got out tobacco, and Hamlin accepted with an air of not caring very much whether he had it or not. We smoked, and Masterman deliberately began trying to turn him inside out. He asked him questions even: what did he think of this, of that, current topics all; and I could see he meant to get at the back of Hamlin's mind, to roll it over and see what it could mean as it affected Rose Red. But Masterman wasn't clever at that kind of thing. He was too simple-honest, too impetuous, too much off his guard, with his bright eyes telling how much he wanted to know. Nor was I up to it myself. He and I were sons of the earth, made to serve her, and even on occasion dominate her. We didn't belong in lawyers' pens. But Hamlin answered him patiently, candidly, it was evident, and with no particular interest in his own tastes as he was called upon to map them out. Yes, he had travelled extensively in Europe, not beyond. No, he wasn't a socialist. Some very good fellows were, he believed. He understood there was a lot to complain of in the system of things. And so on, a tepid answer bearing testimony to his preference for the middle course, but always curving back the talk, when he could manage it, to our own exploits in Peru. He persisted in regarding them as exploits; and

when we decried them slightly, he said with a conclusiveness he evidently thought unanswerable:

"Well, but they've been written up, you know."

We laughed rather shamefacedly, just because we were so ingenuously pleased to have them written up. He gave us no time to deny our just sentiments, but plumped at us a question that had mysteriously, as he saw it, some tremendous weight.

"Where are you going next?"

We looked at each other guiltily. Our talk together, up to this time, had always been prefaced by "ifs." If we should cut stick again! We knew pretty well geographically what we should do, but hardly what we had a right to do, with two age-foundered aunts in harbor.

"The aunts think we're going to settle down," I temporized, and Hamlin answered me almost passionately:

"Settle down! You! after all you've done? You won't. You can't. I say, you two—" His voice dropped here. It became the pleading of a boy who has no right to the secret passion he is begging you to appease—"whatever it is, let me—let me go with you."

Masterman grew white with the pure surprise of it. I lost my breath for a second, and perhaps I, too, looked white; but I picked up in time to blurt out:

"But you can't, you know. You—" Here I stopped, but they both knew perfectly well what my intemperate tongue would have added: "You're married to Rose Red. You're bound with gold chains to the heavenly chariot of heart's content. You've got to make her happiness. You can't go off climbing peaks, and freezing and starving and fighting the horrible goddess life. You've got to stay here and cherish life, make a warm nest for it. You're the husband of Rose Red."

And while we stared at one another in an extremity of feeling that seemed to have no adequate cause, a voice came from below, flute-like, a voice we knew.

"You boys up there?"

Masterman was out of his seat and, with one bound, at the door. I drew forward a little rocking-chair I knew. It had been sitting in a corner ever since we went away, covered with the flag Masterman and I had worked two summers to buy. (Masterman

used to say we worked for it till nobody would have us, and then we worked the aunts.)

"Why," said Hamlin, in a tone of wonder, "that's Rose."

"Yes," said I, in excitement and a momentary base willingness he should see there were more roses than one. There was his Rose, but there might be ours too. "That's Rose."

And meantime her light step had brought her up the stair, and Masterman was conducting her in—this with a tender, blundering haste, as if nothing so precious as this visit had ever happened, and yet nothing could have been so surely expected, because it tailed on to the visits of long ago. She was over the sill, a wraith of a thing, with her shadowy hair and pale cheeks that used to be so bright, and Hamlin was the first one she saw. Her eyes fell upon him before ever her smiling at Masterman had done, and as she saw him she shrank and withered. It was a horrible sight, that first instinctive recoil from the man she should have welcomed. Hamlin saw it as I did, and he too shrank and paled, and for that second the two stood there, the width of the room between them, as if it were some awful, unseen gulf. She recovered herself instantly, the woman's way.

"Fred!" she said, with a pretty intonation of affectionate surprise. "I didn't know you were here."

"No," said he awkwardly, "I knew you didn't."

He too had risen, and we all seemed, in a foolish rivalry, to be offering her a seat. In smiling control of herself now, she took the little chair; but Hamlin did not return to his.

"I've got to go on up to the Branch," he said, in quite a commonplace tone, "to see if my saddle's mended. Shall I drop in for you on the way back?"

"You needn't, dear," said she, in her nicest manner. "I shall be home long before you."

Then Hamlin went, and Ralph and I stood at the stairhead and called down robust good-bys, the more scrupulous in that it somehow seemed to us his stock was very patently depreciated; and we returned to Rose who, with her hand on the old brown volume of Grimm to which her chair was neighbor, was, for the first time since our coming, Rose Red again. I could have

cried—Ralph says he did feel his throat balling up—to see how swiftly and pathetically she had taken on her own look, the look of one undaunted by any aspect of life because life had always been so kind to her.

"Now, boys, talk," said she, and though we understood this meant Peru, we had for the moment nothing to tell. But she questioned us skilfully, avowed her ignorance of high places, wanted to learn what posies grew wild there, and before we knew it, we were talking fourteen to the dozen, and had forgotten such a chap as Hamlin ever lived. She too forgot all about her pact of being home before him, and one o'clock struck the hour when our suburb dines the year round, before she remembered that this was New England, and not Peru. Then she rose in a gayety of haste, and Masterman, foolishly prolonging old time cheer, broke our moment into bits.

"We're nothing but blooming rattletaps," said he. "How about you, Rose? We haven't said a word about you."

She paled. The stricken look came back. Some physical blow might well have struck all eagerness from her face.

"I?" she maundered. "Oh, you know all about me. I haven't been to Peru."

And she smiled at us in the old dear way, and took her parasol and was gone. We had no conclusions to exchange, Masterman and I. She had not been married two years, and she was at bitter odds with something. Why?

"Do you know," said Ralph that night, as we sat in the silence that served us for great companionship, "it's occurred to me that the detective stories are all rotten."

"Why?"

"Because they puddle over what happened. They don't care a hang what made it happen. A man is killed. We try to find out who killed him. If we had any effective force, we should find out why he was likely to be killed, and find out before it happened. Then likely it wouldn't happen at all."

"You mean, if Hamlin poisoned Rose Red——"

"Don't!"

"Or she poisoned him, we should be all agog bringing somebody to justice. But now, when they look infernally tragic, and yet haven't broken the law, we still ought to find out what's doing?"

"Yes. Something *is* the matter. If we don't find out, we can't quash it."

"Maybe," I suggested, "it isn't our business. There's something peculiarly offensive and defensive about the marriage bond."

"It's my business," said he briefly, "whether it's yours or not."

And whether I owned to it as crudely, I was watching and speculating for all I was worth. We watched her and we studied him. All our conclusions agreed. She spoke to him sweetly from what seemed even a compassionate regard, she fulfilled toward him all the outward observances of courtesy. But she was either afraid of him or she had for him some degree of that repulsion which is scorn. He, too, was afraid not of her, it might be, but of some unspoken inner judgment, whereof he caught the savor. He did not propitiate her. He was, we began dimly to see, too reasonably constituted, grounded by birth and tradition in the rules of living as they obtain between woman and man. Yet plainly there was an inner judgment of hers, and it did set them irremediably apart. And at this stage, seeing it was something between the two that in no manner concerned any one outside their little kingdom of revolt, we gave up the job. It was all very well for Masterman to argue it was his business because it affected Rose. It simply wasn't, and he knew it. Nobody could help. We must leave Rose Red to her imprisonment in the dungeon she had found, by ill chance, within her castle of delight. We would go away. If Rose had been afraid of her husband we couldn't have gone, but it was apparent that both of them were afraid of some trap between them. And whoever had set it, the trap was theirs.

"But," said Masterman, when we owned our common aversion to the case as a case, "something, sometime, will chuck the clue into our hands."

"Why will it?"

"Because that's the way things are. I don't believe your Burns or your Sherlock really braids the rope that hangs a man. No, he braids and braids, and gets infernally stale over it, and then suddenly some little kobold leaps out of the bush and twists all the strands he's just made up his mind to drop. No, you do the work, your part of it, and because you've done it, something passes you the clue."

"Your rhetoric's mixed," said I.

"No matter. I know what I mean—and it's so."

Then the incredible happened. The aunts, of all rooted creatures in the world, they who had been wedded to one spot through all the years of our troublesome nurture, the aunts disclosed to us their intention of going abroad. We were mightily pleased, chiefly because that proved they still had the spirit to conceive it, and instantly offered to put them in the way of a fair start and a luxurious progress. But what fell upon us then was the implication that we were to take them. We who had dragged ourselves over unkindly heights, and snatched breath out of rarefied air were to potter round the beaten ways of Europe with two darling spinsters, who might—we were rather galled under that suspicion—have concocted the scheme for our sole benefit. We were wanderers by nature. It drove them to a mild distraction to see us mulling over maps, picking out the insufficiently charted spots to travel in. Our immediate safety was assured, so they benevolently reasoned, by going abroad with them. Thus were we to satisfy our gypsy cravings while sticking strictly to the spots whereof picture postals are made. If we were taking a funicular to Fiesole, we couldn't, at the same time, be rampaging up savage cliffs.

"Allee samee, we've got to go with them," said Masterman gloomily, when we met in the loft to consider it.

"We owe it to them," I responded in the old phrase, from as inextricable a certainty that certain debts had to be paid.

"Sure! But what if we didn't? If two such infernal old trumps want to go abroad again, why, they've got to do it, that's all, and go the way they like."

This was in September, and actually in October we sailed, each of us the rather awkward convoy of an aunt, but resolved to show ourselves good and grateful wards. Hamlin was the last man to bid us good-by. He came to the station where Aunt Clara was adjusting a lavender ribbon on her trunk, having removed the red one she had affixed the previous week—this because red began to seem to her the color of universal choice. He shook hands, with an air of liking us very much, and feeling sure we could have helped him.



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

And as she saw him she shrank and withered.—Page 715.

"I say, you know," he volunteered, just as Rose came up and offered to tie Aunt Clara's bow, "you won't forget."

There was nothing we were aware of having promised to remember, and he continued instantly, with the implication of suddenly recalling that his request was more important to him than to us:

"If you find you're going on any sort of exploring trip, just count me in."

Masterman, with a rueful look, indicated the aunts where they stood, frail, and yet undaunted in their determination to carry the traditions of the suburb into a foreign continent.

"We're hardly likely to do much batting round," he suggested.

"I know, I know," Hamlin concurred, with his nervous conclusiveness. "But after this—any time, you know."

And then Rose had turned to us and said: "Good-by, boys. Good luck." The smoke of the train was casting its cloud behind, and for the first time we thought the aunts trembled before their venture, and we snatched in wild joyousness at the hope that they might give it up. We should have lain down at their feet, I believe, if they had, and begged them to walk on us to ways of security and peace. But they called on the unchanging fibre within them, doubtless for our sakes, and we dutifully supported them on board.

The winter passed in a conventional progress, under which the aunts thrived, and Masterman and I sank. We learned to know the capitals of Europe in all their capacity for giving pain—pain of boredom, wet and cold. He and I hated *pensions*. The aunts loved them, because they afforded social intercourse. We hated the promenades of southern watering-places, and were made indescribably wretched by being expected to *flaner* before shop windows, where the aunts expressed the most persistent interest in what they had no idea of buying. But what could you do? They were darling aunts, and we owed them everything. One reward we had: they seemed to grow more indestructible every day, and we knew at last that, if they had kept the life in our young bodies by strenuous coddling when our pretty mothers died, at least we were pumping a few extraneous years of vitality into them by abetting them in sheer fun as they saw it. But at Lugano,

one langorous day in the early summer, we gave out. It came upon us simultaneously, and the expression of it, uttered while we sat under an oleander, sorting picture cards so that the aunts should send them in the order of topographical lucidity, was my saying, out of no voluntary choice, and hardly knowing why I said it:

"We could climb the Matterhorn."

Masterman did not even answer with any directness. He merely shuffled the cards together and tucked them into their envelope.

"I'll go in and tell them," he said, and go he did.

They were as surprised by the suddenness of it as I, and chiefly on that account they yielded. Or had they anticipated some divagation of the sort, and now accepted it as less serious than they had feared? Also the sense of lightness, of variety, bound to uplift the traveller abroad, whispered them that it would be no ill matter, but rather a novelty the more, to be left in charge of their own fate at Lugano. They merely specified that we were to take care of ourselves and come back soon. Of course we said nothing about the Matterhorn. That grim entity never once punctuated the discussion. We merely said we were going, with their accord, up to Zermatt for a breath of mountain air.

To Zermatt we went, gayer with every inch of altitude, more like boys released from tasks that yesterday had looked perennial. We went up by train, and also from Zermatt on, because we had to be back with the aunts in a reasonable time. We got into fits of laughter over it all, our dash for exhilaration, and a little red-headed English parson across the aisle watched us with a tolerant interest. Finally he threw us a comment on the day, and we gathered that he, too, though unconsciously, was a little drunk on air. He was enchanted with the idea of climbing the Matterhorn, of our doing it, while he offered sage suggestion. He seemed, at that altitude, to think it a mere question of vim and go, and as to a guide, he scouted it. Our forethought and our shoes he alike despised, intimating that he could climb the Matterhorn in his ecclesiastical garb.

"Even," Masterman told him, "the apron and gaiters of your future."



Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"No matter whether anybody knows he died gloriously, if we know it".—Page 722.

He smiled at that, but insisted that the precursors, Tyndall and the rest, had robbed the adventure of its quality by their "ropes and things."

In a pause of this descriptive fluency, while he was temporarily engaged with the bleak world beside the track, I turned to Masterman.

"I've been thinking," I said, "about Rose."

He nodded.

"So have I," said he, "all night. As if she was near."

An unaccountable prescience came over me.

"Ralph," I said, "if it hadn't been Hamlin, it ought to have been you."

He said nothing, but I knew he could not resent the baldness of it. I saw how he had cherished the idea of her, not in the least as I had, as an unattainable dream, but a present necessity of his life. A height always affected me foolishly. It made Masterman melancholy and silent, but it loosed my thoughts and tongue.

"I'm out of it," I said. "I'd do anything for her, anything. But you're the man."

Still he said nothing, and we came to the land of thin air and snow, and little black pools and ominously dark birds hovering over them, and there we stayed all night, the Englishman with us, rather more respectful of our respect for mountains, the colder he grew and the tighter the air bound his feet with invisible chains the night had ready. And in the morning, overlooking that icy edge of the world, we bade him good-by, and with Max Stiege, prince of guides, began our climb. As a feat, it was climbing made easy, after our unattended forays in the south. But the Matterhorn hadn't made it easy. You could fancy it frozen there in a rage at the chains put upon it by the dauntlessness of man.

Not three hours up that cruel inaccessibility, we came on a black figure prone across a jag of rock, as if he had fallen and the rock impaled him. Stiege put his great hands to the man, and turned him face upward to the day, and we got brandy into him. A lone man, a fool climbing without a guide. We swore over him while we loosed the oxygen, and when he opened his eyes, we swore again to another note. For

this was Hamlin. As soon as he got hold of himself he struck our ministrants away, not, as I thought, from deliberate purpose to die, but because the hostility of the outer world had crazed him. There was left within him only an instinct of resistance, a mad determination not to endure defeat. But we turned brandy into him, we covered him with our jackets, and he lay looking at us, the agonized stare of the departing soul that has much to say, and finds, instead of ordered words, confusion. That look of his eyes had heartbreak in it, too, from a foolish reason, but a very real one. They were near-sighted eyes, and without their glasses they wore a pleading softness. Masterman bent over him. He, with a more direct cognition than mine, understood what must be asked.

"Where is she?"

The eyes seemed to make a sign, the slightest quiver of the lid to the invisible safety below.

"Zermatt?" Masterman prompted.

The eyes said, "Yes." Then Hamlin seemed to gather himself for the last disastrous leap, that wild expenditure of breath whereby he must reach bankruptcy the sooner.

"Tell her—" he stopped.

"Tell her—" Masterman repeated.

"I don't understand—about London. I never did."

And then, as we began the oxygen again, he died, as if he willed it, in the face of science. Masterman could not believe it. He was wild with anguish, and long after the moment of hope was over, he kept up the fight. But Max Stiege and I knew it, and so did Masterman at last, and that the only thing to do for Hamlin was to carry him down to Zermatt to his waiting wife; and when Masterman admitted it, he gave a big sob like a woman and helped us readily. I believe at the instant Hamlin seemed dearer to him than I, dearer than Rose, perhaps—for whatever the mischance between them the man belonged to Rose, and he was dead.

When we had made our difficult way to the Gorner Grat, there was the Englishman ready to chaff us because we had retreated; but finding what wreckage we bore, he sobered and helped us greatly. He had really lingered at the Gorner Grat out of some kindness for us, to see how we liked that

needle of the upper sleet, and now, with Stiege, took charge of our miserable departing.

"Does anybody know the man?" he asked Stiege, and we left Stiege to answer, "No." Then, in the course of our terrible preparations, he did see Hamlin's face. That was his clue, the clue he didn't seek, the clue he tossed to us.

"My God!" he breathed, at first in awe, and then reverently, as if appalled by the ordered paths of life. "That's my man."

"What man?" Masterman demanded savagely.

At last we were to know Hamlin. At the same instant we were sure of it. The Englishman, in that instant, could no more help telling than we could help asking.

"It was two years ago," said he, "in London, near the Strand. There was a runaway. This man was there, a lady with him. There was the runaway. This man leaped aside. He pushed a woman, to get free. She was killed, the woman. It was over in an instant. Nobody seemed to see how it was, nobody but me."

"Did she see it?" Masterman asked steadily. "His wife—the lady, I should say?"

"I don't know. I hope not. That would have been infernal. And I don't know whether she was his wife. She was frightened, for she fell, fainted, perhaps, and I saw her put into a cab."

I saw Masterman rejecting the clue as I rejected it. Now we had it, we didn't want the horrible thing. We would have given worlds not to have had it. Masterman laughed rather foolishly, in the feint of tearing up the clue.

"You wouldn't know him again," he said, "a live man in the Strand and this dead man here."

The Englishman faced him down indignantly.

"Rather," said he immovably, in the tone of those who have set their empire beyond the seas. "I'll tell you how I know. In the instant after the woman dropped, this fellow reeled back, he shut his eyes for one second only, and he looked as if he were already dead. He saw what he'd done, d'ye see? He saw what he'd done. And he looked as he does now."

"We must get rid of him," I said to Ralph, on the safe way down to Zermatt.

"He mustn't see her. He's got too keen an eye."

He nodded. But chance was good to us there, for our helpful Englishman found a telegram at the hotel, and it hurried him away. I felt dazed with the strangeness, the intention of it all. Had we two come up here to the Matterhorn because we had desired the clue, and that was where the clue could be given us? I turned drunkenly to Ralph.

"I don't understand it," I babbled. "I can't."

"You mean you won't," he said doggedly "It's plain enough."

"Was he a coward? Had she seen that—in the Strand? Was he forever after trying to reinstate himself with her? Did he climb the Matterhorn for that—like a desperate fool, alone, with not even a flask in his pocket, and in—O my God!—in those shoes? Do you remember his shoes?"

"Yes," said Masterman dryly, "I saw his shoes."

And because his voice sounded as if it might break and curse or sob, I gave over baiting him.

I was the one to tell Rose Red. Masterman said I was, and I couldn't dispute it for a moment. There were things to be said that Masterman mustn't say, because his faith to her must not be violated; yet he must hear them lest he afterward deny them to her. We went up to her sitting-room, and she came forward to meet us, dear Rose Red, all surprise and joy in us. But she was not happy even yet: more of a woman, perhaps, with a wistful pathos between her brows. She looked at us, first one and then the other.

"What is it?" she asked.

Then I did my big deed, the one I am prouder of than all the quiet honest ways I have lived since.

"Your husband—" said I.

"Yes," she prompted.

"Your husband was on that devil of a Matterhorn. He found a chap cast away there. He gave him his brandy, gave him his clothes. The other man came down. Hamlin——"

Her eyes shone with a terrible anguish of exaltation.

"He died," she said.

"Of exhaustion," I told her.

"Where is the man he saved? I must

see him. I must hear—" She was all a passionate haste.

It was leading me further than I had stopped to consider. That is the revenge of lies. They laugh at us and take us centuries out of our way; for they, too, are on the side of God, and would gladly die for him and for his worlds. But I couldn't flinch.

"The man we lost in the flurry," I told her. "He'd been through too much. His head wasn't quite right, either, nor Ralph's. I'm the only one that got the story straight. Ralph came up later. He never saw the man at all. But he was the one to ease Hamlin for that few minutes before——"

She turned from one to the other of us in a dumb inquiry it was terrible to see. Was there no more, it said? Could the man she had loved slip away from her into everlasting silence and leave not the thinnest whisper on the air.

"There was the message, Ralph," I said roughly. My lie had made a different man of me. I clung to it doggedly as a criminal to a misbegotten deed; but I was suddenly furious with circumstance for having forced me to that ill companionship.

"A message?" Her look of hunger wrung my heart to bleeding, and I loved my lie.

"Tell her," said Ralph, "I don't understand—about London. I never did." This he said grimly, as if it saved his reason to have something to bring her that was true. I knew Ralph. He hated and loved my lie as I did. But he loved me for telling it.

Rose, incredulous joy upon her face, thanked God, and let her tears flow, and told us God had sent us to Hamlin and to her.

"We mustn't speak of this," I assured her, fencing my lie with all the guile I had. "The man he saved—when he comes to himself he'll feel like a cur for going. There'll be inquiries—talk—talk. We want to get you away, to the aunts down there. We'll say we found him dying of exhaustion. You'd be willing? He doesn't need credit with the world if he's got his credit mark from you."

She put her hand on my arm, partly in agreement, partly to help her weakness.

"It shall be—everything shall be as you think best," she said. "No matter whether anybody knows he died gloriously, if we know it, we three——"

"Yes," said Masterman, and his hand was on my shoulder. He was comforting me for my lie, blessing me for it, old Masterman, "we know."

ON POSILIPO HILL

By Winfield Scott Moody

PURPLE and golden sea, and soft winds moving
Through thickened oak and ilex branches where
Last summer's life persists, and last year's loving,
In January air.

Like a gray sea-bird's wing amid the shining
Floats Ischia, belovèd, distant, dim,
Remotest of the crescent isles reclining
Upon the heaving rim.

Below, the city like a lizard basking,
Sprawls over hill, and terrace, and the sands;
Beyond, the peak its constant menace masking
In plumèd silence, stands.

The long rays smite Castellamare, splinter
Upon Sorrento's reddened cliffs, and shrill
Blows the first whistling call of gusty winter
On Posilipo hill.

ALLEMANDE LEFT!

A STORY OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH



JEAN FEROUX folded his green sash of the Laval Seminary, put away his law books and began the study of engineering after the fall of the bridge-work near Chaudiere

had carried his only brother with a half-score other boys of the service down to death in the swift St. Lawrence. The disaster that gave birth to the boy's thought of continuing Etienne's work aroused his family's determined opposition, but in spite of the pleas of his mother, the command of his father, and the interference of all the connections of the Quebec Feroux, Jean persisted in his intention until they granted him his right of choice and set about securing him an appointment in the Quebec Province, reminding him all the while that the law was his real *metier* and that from lack of Etienne's love of the wilderness he must inevitably fail in this foolhardy venture. But little Jean Feroux refused the offers of influence from grandfathers, and uncles, and cousins as calmly as he told them that he would not fail of success, and went to find the foot of his ladder of endeavor somewhere on the Transcontinental Right-of-Way through the Bush of the North Country.

With high hopes of fortune and high standards of courage he left the old city where the Feroux had dwelt in satisfied eminence for over two centuries. The spirit of the men who had been crusaders from the Old France of Louis the Saint and of those who had been captains of voyageurs in the New France of Jacques Cartier lighted for him beacons on the hills of to-morrow; but there came to the boy one poignant moment of regret that he had not chosen the easier way to those heights when, as the train left Levis, he saw Quebec as a great gray picture through the river mist.

Although the strangeness of the wild land under Hudson Bay and the excitement of a

new venture buoyed up his hope and his courage the regret came to him again, deepening through the hot summer of the Bush. For three months he worked as an axeman fifty miles from the End of Steel, his only companion a dour Scotchman who never spoke except under the spur of most urgent need. He suffered hunger, and thirst, and the cruel plague of the black flies. At times his loneliness for home became almost physical pain. But he squared his sturdy shoulders and did his work so well that the Scot added his own burden to it, and Jean Feroux was doing the work of two men when he was transferred to the Mattawishkwia.

The Mattawishkwia was the most isolated post on the Right-of-Way. Through the coldest winter of twenty-odd years in the North Country, a winter that the Crees around York House named "the White Curse of God" and the engineering corps called "the Bone-Eater," Jean Feroux lived in a camp where he was the only white man not a Slav laborer. The nearest residency was a two days' journey and he knew none of the men there. The mail-carrier, his only visitor, brought him five times that winter sheafs of letters from Quebec, all bemoaning his absence and all describing to him in varying degrees of detail the gay life of that gay town.

The reading of these messages filled his mind through the still days and nights, and in the solid whiteness of the frozen Bush Jean Feroux began to see mirages of Quebec. Lying on the fir boughs before the drum stove of his tent, he would picture the city as plainly as if he were standing near the King's Bastion at the head of the Citadel toboggan and looking down on hills, and river, and streets, and spires, and towers. He could see the brilliant lights of the Chateau, the sentry signals on the ramparts, the tiny twinkles of the ferries, the

far-off beacons on the dim Laurentians, the nearer glow of the Lower Town. He could see the rush of the toboggans, the dash of the sleighs, and the whirl of carnival gayety as vividly as if he were a Peeping Tom, watching the people of his dreams move in a maze of revelry. He could see the soft little lights in the houses, even those of his own home; but he could never hear a sound though he strained his ears in the listening till the wail of the wolves broke on the night and brought him back to icy realization of the camp. Then, while the mirage faded, he would repeat like a chant the song of longing of that homesick habitant who afar from the mountains prayed for the boon of one glimpse of the hill of San Sebastien.

But when his mother, terrified by published tales of the hardships of the Bush, wrote him an entreaty to come home, he refused her with decision. For that winter had made the work he had undertaken for his brother's memory his own ambition. He had come to picturing his triumphal return to Quebec with the laurels of a success that he should wrest from the wilds, for victory meant to him the blazoning of it in the old gray city where so many victories had been blazoned. His dramatic sense thrilled at the greatness of the enterprise in which he was a factor and the surging thoughts of empire building filled him with those dreams of power that come only to a boy who tries his skill with the tools of his chosen trade and finds himself equal to the task. Inspired by these and in a desperate struggle against the loneliness, he worked to such result that Kenyon, head of Residency No. 8, who had been sent out to report the progress of work at the Mattawishkwia, found himself wondering what manner of man was this Feroux who had accomplished deeds that Ned Bannister, chief of division, had declared impossible of achievement.

Kenyon was a quiet Englishman who took Jean Feroux's measure in an hour. In two days he had built with the boy the foundations of that friendship destined to be famous among the many splendid comradeships of the service. Within a fortnight Kenyon had secured Jean's transfer to his own residency on the Frederick House River where O'Hara and Steve MacDonald, Randall and Donald Fergu-

son accepted him into their Homeric councils with a hearty good-will that amazed the boy whose pride of race had kept him alien to all associations not of his own people. The men of Eight laughed away his tragic tensity with good-humored mirth. They bantered him on his fastidiousness; they scoffed at and borrowed from his wardrobe; but they praised his work and never jeered at his seldom-expressed opinions. They taught him the labor-saving tricks of their trade. They warned him of slave-driving chiefs and gave him the fruits of their garnered wisdom. They took him to the dances in Groundhog, that flat little junction town that had been hewn out of the Bush where the railroad from the south came up from Cobalt to meet the Right-of-Way. They established him under the patronage of the Widow and Bella Martin. They won for him the good-will of Mrs. Montresor's sister by informing that student of the peerage of the lineage of the Feroux. They advised him to fall in love with Molly Law and they counselled him against the wiles of Mabel Klondike when they saw the Circe of the coffee counter smiling at him. They told him tales of the big world through which they had wandered and unconsciously they sowed in his brain the seed of a new ideal of labor, for four of them were engineers because they loved the work, and the fifth was there because he had an Irishman's appreciation of the joys of the life.

The first month in the Residency came to Jean Feroux as a glorious vacation from the camp at the Mattawishkwia. Then a sudden, inexplicable rush of homesickness overwhelmed him and the bitter knowledge that his weakness could discover him in this stronghold of companionship would have sent him home had it not been for Kenyon's need of him for the work. For Kenyon he worked with the power of two men and the spirit of an army, and with the help of Kenyon and the building of the bridge he won.

The building of the bridge spread the fame of Jean Feroux along the Right-of-Way from Nova Scotia to Saskatchewan. The men of Eight had built a pier in the Frederick House River according to the specifications sent them by Ned Bannister. The first ice of the winter spun the structure downstream. Bannister sent new

specifications and a reprimand. Kenyon gave Jean Feroux the specifications and kept the reprimand to himself. Jean directed the work in exact accordance with the plans, although he doubted the infallibility of Bannister, remembering that the Chief had not been without responsibility for the fall of the bridge near Chaudiere. The work took ten weeks longer than the specified time because of a current in the river that Bannister had failed to take into account. Three days after the pier was finished the Indians upriver sent down a log jam. The pier joined the logs.

O'Hara swore mightily. Steve MacDonald failed to laugh. Randall chattered like an angry magpie. Donald Ferguson smoked lustily. Kenyon, saying nothing, watched the river broodingly. Jean Feroux pored over blue prints all night, then tore them into ribbons and at dawn went out on the shaky falsework of the logs, shouting on his way an order to the Russian foreman.

Ten minutes later a gang of laborers were dragging bags of cement from the storehouse and forming a line to the boy at the end of the logs. Jean Feroux threw off his coat, jammed down his hat, and cast the first bag of cement into the rushing torrent of the river. There was nothing spectacular about the work, only a boy on a treacherously slippery footing flinging down bag after bag of cement with unerring aim in the place where the pier of the bridge had been. But morning ran to afternoon and afternoon to twilight and Jean Feroux was still at work. Kenyon found him tired, hungry, chilled, but unflagging when he crept out to take him coffee and an offer of help that Jean refused. "It's my work," the boy told him stolidly, "and I'm going to finish it."

By the flare of torches that Kenyon and the foreman set on the falsework Jean continued his labor. About midnight a storm crashed down from the north and in spite of Kenyon's commands the men refused to venture from the shore. Jean Feroux worked alone with the materials they had already brought him, assuring Kenyon that he could do better without him. The first reddening light of the cold North Country dawn showed the boy up to his waist in water. Kenyon sent the men back to their tasks and stood ready to plunge forward at

the first indication of fatigue from Jean. But the hours went by with steady drive of pounding work, but with no sign of having conquered the worker till they numbered thirty-two, before Jean Feroux crawled back to the shore and crept up to the Residency.

"That pier is going to stay built," was all he said. Then he fell on his bunk and raved for a week of gray mist, and towers, and citadels, and lights, and the hill of San Sebastien.

The time that proved that the pier of Jean Feroux's bridge was to stay built dragged wearily for the boy himself. The reaction from the excitement of activity in completing the structure plunged him into despair of the fulfilment of his ambitions. When months passed without a word from the Chief in recognition of his work he began to question himself if the game were worth the candle. He knew that he had already won a higher score of success than most of his fellows, but he saw many men in the north doing great work without reward and with little hope of reward. The two years of his exile now seemed to him ones of profitless toil. The boyish thrill of achievement that he had brought to the Bush had died in the daily routine of the camps. The time had passed when hope of laurel could stir him to the depths of his soul. Discouraged in his ambition and homesick in his heart, he had come to a crisis of decision between desire to return to Quebec and a deep pride that scorned retreat when he had once set forward. Kenyon and O'Hara recognized his struggle and to each other deplored their inability to help him.

"He'll get over it," said O'Hara one night when Jean had left them to throw himself face downward on his bunk, "but I'm wondherin' how."

"But will he?" doubted Kenyon. "Nothing can give back to Jean the spirit he had when I found him at Mattawishkwia—nothing but a miracle. And miracles don't happen in these days."

"Anything may happen in the North Country," said O'Hara. And in the next week, as if to prove the Irishman a prophet as well as a philosopher, the miracle happened.

There were girls in Groundhog before Rosalie Burt came. Mabel Klondike

served weak smiles and weaker coffee in the tent restaurant near the Fauquier camp. Lily Kelly, a high-voiced blonde from Penetang, remained the constant visitor of the Burkes. Mrs. Montresor's sister, wearing an Alexandra fringe, a velvet bodice, and a remembrance of the first families of Ottawa, languished by the drum stove in the winter and on the five-foot piazza in the summer. The Widow mothered every lonely lad on the Right-of-Way from the Quebec Province line to the Kakinakagami River, while Bella Martin, her chief aid in the crowded little hotel, held the centre of the comedy stage in the social theatre of the construction camps. Molly Law reigned princess royal of the Hudson Bay district. A dozen little French-Canadian *jeunes filles* cast entranced and entrancing glances at the railroad builders with whom their conservative parents forbade them discourse. But when Rosalie Burt stepped from the jerkwater train into the mellow circle of light that the station agent's lantern cast on the platform of the Groundhog terminal Kenyon, and O'Hara, and Randall, and Steve MacDonald, and little Jean Feroux knew that for years the Bush had been a desert ungraced by the kind of girl they'd write home about.

"She's a Dream," said little Jean Feroux with a quick intake of his breath. And The Dream she was to Groundhog for the rest of the time she stayed there and to Jean Feroux for the rest of the days of his life. For Rosalie Burt was lovely with that quality of beauty that made old men remember their youth when they looked at her. If her charm had a little of the hardness as well as all the brilliancy of the diamond Kenyon and O'Hara were the only ones of the five with experience enough to appraise her type. The others, young and daring privates of the level and the line, gazed at her as the elders of Troy looked on the face that had launched a thousand ships—till they saw Ned Bannister standing behind her. Then with sudden recollection that their errand to Groundhog that night was far outside the range of official business—they had come down to agitate the question of a long-desired dance—they all retired to the shadows of the freight room.

While Randall, savagely conscious of being two days behind on his concrete reports, muttered imprecations on the scouts

of Residency No. 6 for their misinformation to him that Bannister had gone to Montreal, the others watched the Chief marshal his party. With The Dream was a tall young woman in an English greatcoat and a bored young man who clung to his fishing rods as if fearful of highway robbery. Bannister, holding the agent's lantern, plunged into the darkness outside the platform and the three strangers followed his guiding light as it moved over ditches, and tracks, and road oozy with the clay of the Bush.

"They're going to the Widow's," announced Steve MacDonald.

"Who would have thought that Neddie Bannister would ever come to the pass of being ladies' guide?" O'Hara asked the freight-room roof. "It all comes of getting fat, I fear. When I first knew him in Calgary he wouldn't let a petticoat within a mile of the camp. He was as vicious a woman-hater as Rhoderic Dhu Mac Pherson, factor of Old Brunswick. He would——"

"They may be relatives," suggested MacDonald.

"In his lean days I've heard Neddie discourse of his female relatives," said O'Hara. "If these were any of them, he'd still be going to Montreal."

"If they only were!" Randall returned to his grievance.

"If there's anything to be known," Steve MacDonald remarked as they watched the lantern light glimmer down to a speck, "Bella Martin will know it." And as if on one impulse the men of Eight started on the short cut to the Widow's hotel.

There was no one visible in the restaurant that was hotel office as well when they arrived at the shambling two-story building, but they heard Bella Martin haranguing the cook and they seated themselves in line on the wooden sidewalk to await her.

"*The Bulletin* of the Bush will soon go to press," was O'Hara's comment as Bella's voice rose strident on the stillness.

"How do you suppose those two girls ever happened to come here?" inquired Steve.

"They probably saw you when you went out," Randall answered, "and have been following you ever since."

"Oh, I'm sure I never saw them," said Steve.

"Modesty, thy name is MacDonald," O'Hara declaimed, "though 'tis possible that Neddie Bannister brought them hither to exploit his glory. We'll be the working supernumeraries in the big tent show."

"The Chief isn't that sort," said Kenyon quietly.

"Why does he come now?" Randall made moan. "I'm two days behind on those reports and it's the first time that——"

"I'll help you, Ran," Kenyon volunteered.

"And I," said Steve.

"Don't be rash," O'Hara objected. "Remember that we'll have work even in Heaven and that we haven't seen girls like these since we came here. For me own part I intend to remain a permanent fixture of this broad boulevard while youth and beauty tarry in Groundhog."

"Girls may come
And girls may go,
But work goes on forever,"

sighed Randall to the moon that was just falling below the western rim of stunted pines.

"They've even inspired him to verse," O'Hara mused, "and they've struck Jean dumb as a Hindu at a Viceroy's reception. Can't ye even express your emotions in French, me boy? Ye won't? Then Neddie Bannister might just as well proclaim a general holiday. Ah, *The Bulletin* arrives!" he announced as the key clicked in the door behind them and Bella Martin came out, pushing her hair back from her round face with a gesture of utter weariness.

The five engineers saluted her with the certainty of good-fellowship but Bella's disgust with the cook extended to them, and even the diplomacy of O'Hara proved of no avail till he held out to her bait of news from Donald Ferguson, the object of her particular interest in the corps, who had been for four weeks at the Kakinakagami. By the terms of the Irishman's treaty Bella responded with all her newly acquired information about Bannister's companions. They were from Ottawa, Mrs. Lantry, the tall woman, who was to marry Bannister, her sister, Rosalie Burt, and their brother, and had been diverted from a fishing trip at Temagami by a chance meeting with the Chief. They were to remain a week in Groundhog while the Chief went below the Abitibi. Mrs. Montresor's sister knew them—of course—and would call on them

even if they were at the Widow's hotel. And they had clothes enough to serve them on a journey to the head of Hudson Bay. As a reward for these items the engineers told Bella that Donald Ferguson had been ordered in to the Residency. Bella's pleasure took concrete form. "Let's have that dance," she suggested.

"Would they come?" asked Kenyon.

"Who?" demanded Bella. "The ladies? There never yet was a girl who wouldn't go to a dance where there were twenty good-looking men to every petticoat. Is it a dance?"

"Right-O!" four of them chorused so loudly that Jean Feroux's continued silence passed unnoticed.

"Go ahead, Bella," urged Steve MacDonald. "We'll have it next Tuesday night, eh, fellows? We'll use the new store and get a fiddler from the French town. Will you find out if we can get our laundry back from North Bay in time?"

"You're great on orders, Mac," sighed Bella, "with me to do all the work. Well, I suppose I will if you keep Don over for the show." She appealed to Kenyon and he promised her readily. "Lost your tongue, Jean Feroux?" she asked suddenly, then, without waiting for an answer from any of them, locked the door after she had announced that she'd have to stay up all night to iron her pink dimity for Donald Ferguson's return.

"Did ye notice," O'Hara asked Kenyon as they followed the others to the railroad, "that Jean hasn't said one word this night since *The Dream* came?"

"Do you think——"

"I know," said O'Hara. "I saw the look in his eyes while he watched her. Love is a wonderful illusion, Ken."

"Illusion enough," said Kenyon. "But isn't the illusion yours, Brian Boru? Do you think that Jean would lose his heart at first sight of a pretty girl? He's seen too many pretty girls in his Quebec."

"Two years ago," O'Hara argued. "And a girl in the Bush is worth ten in the town. Listen to him!" he ended triumphantly as Jean's clear whistle floated back to them, a joyous trill of the popular ditty that had come to be the song of the boys in the Bush:

"Gee, I wish that I had a girl like the
other fellows have."

"'Twill be a wild week," said O'Hara.

"Poor Jean!" said Kenyon.

When Randall discovered next day that Jean Feroux had gone to Groundhog alone he declared it time to close the books on the betting. "He's met her already," he asserted. But when O'Hara and Steve MacDonald went down to the town they could find no trace of Jean. Neither did they see The Dream, although they met Mrs. Lantry walking with two camp doctors. Bella Martin proved singularly uncommunicative and they left her with threats of vengeance, going to Molly Law's. Molly was human enough to resent their intense interest in another girl and even when they had excited her with the idea of the dance they acquired from her no information about Rosalie Burt. But when they came to the track on their way back to the Residency they found Jean lifting his speeder to the rails.

"Been here all evening?" Steve asked him.

"I've been canoeing," said Jean, pride struggling with reticence.

"I saw Mabel Klondike in some sort of a sailor costume," remarked O'Hara with a silkiness that should have put the boy on guard.

"I wasn't with her," Jean protested hotly. "You know I never asked her anywhere. To-night"—he paused to give them the full effect of his surprising declaration—"I was with Miss Burt."

"How did you meet her?" gasped Steve.

"Mrs. Montresor's sister took me to call," Jean said.

O'Hara sank down limply on his handcar and laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. "You're washed on the engineering, me boy," he said when he could speak. "'Tis in the diplomatic service ye should be. Mrs. Montresor's sister!" Steve MacDonald's great laugh joined the Irishman's chuckles and their gigantic mirth followed the boy as he sent the speeder out with quick stroke.

But little Jean Feroux, speeding beyond sound of their jeering calls, had no thought of laughter. As swiftly as summer comes to the North Country love had come to the lonely life of the boy. Yesterday had been to him as twice ten-score other yesterdays, gray with dismal routine of employment that meant nothing and led nowhere; but

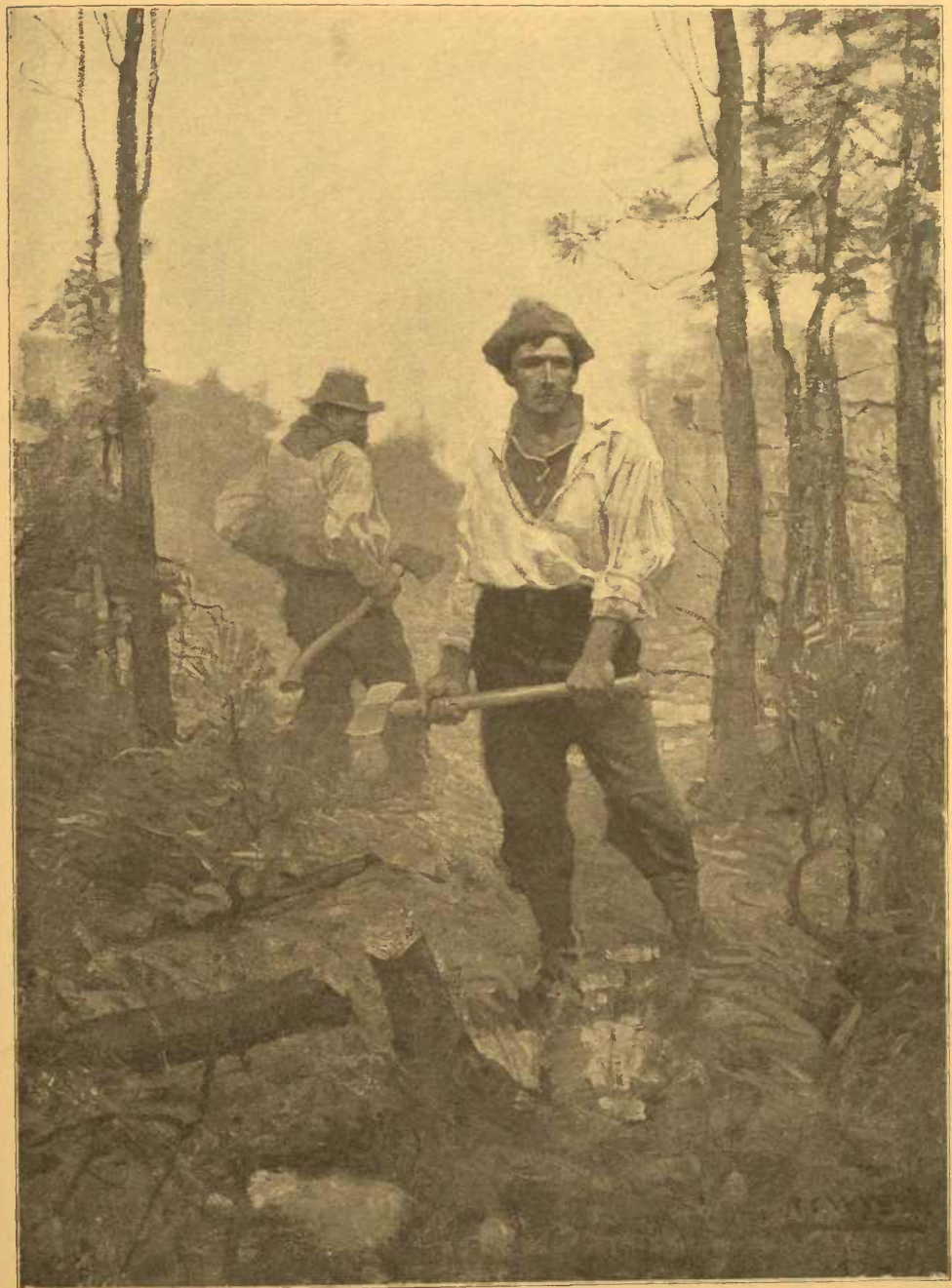
to-day was a day of glorious glow, for to the dark and dreary Bush had come a girl whose golden gleaming eyes and golden April laughter had banished the winter from the mood of Jean Feroux, unfolding like springtime sunshine all the hard-folded beauties he had cherished beneath the snowcrust of his youth. Last night she had come to Groundhog. To-night she had been at the prow of his canoe as he sent the birchbark upriver with sure paddle. She had asked him many questions of the land and of the life; and divining her interest he made the pictures he painted for her vivid with the old thrill that had been dead till the girl, stirred by the awe of the night of the north and swept by the throb of the boyish epic of labor in those wilds, had leaned toward him with eyes shining more brightly than the moonlight in the wake of their canoe.

"Oh, you're splendid," she cried, "you men who blaze the ways of the world—splendid!"

Then all the old ambition, the old courage, and the old hope, intensified a hundredfold, came back to Jean Feroux. Now as he whirled the speeder down the wide path through the gloomy forest he made to himself a vow of service for the sake of the girl who was to be the one woman in his life. "I'll work," he told himself, and the pines, and the stars. "I'll work and I'll win—for her!"

The next day Jean commanded a grading gang with the zest of a captain of cavalry going into battle. Kenyon, who had, rightly or wrongly, estimated Rosalie Burt as a provincial belle with social ambition that no Bush engineer, even though he were a Quebec Feroux, would ever satisfy, showed his sympathy for Jean's infatuation by giving him unwonted praise for his work; and with the joy of a task well done added to the joy of anticipation Jean went down to Groundhog again that night. And again Rosalie Burt went with him on the river.

Fate, Gwen Lantry, and the absence of Ned Bannister gave the boy five glamorous nights of enchanted silences on the river with the girl. There came a last night of all when under a glistening sky where Northern Lights flamed and flared like towering thoughts of prayer he tried to tell her what she was to him. Once Rosalie



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

For three months he worked as an axeman . . . his only companion a dour Scotchman who never spoke.—Page 723.

Burt strove to stem the tide of his speech when with the golden lights of her eyes clouded in misery and doubt she promised him his answer on the morrow.

"But the dance is to-morrow night," he protested, "and you'll go to that."

"I'll tell you then," she declared.

"Answer me now," he begged. "Won't you let me work for you?" he persisted. "I'll win, win big, dear, honestly, I will."

"I believe you will," said the girl, "but success is so long in coming in this work. Isn't there some other way?"

The boy puzzled a moment. "No," he said, "there is no other way. It's my work now. I've gone through too much for it to give it up. But I want it to be for you. Won't you let it be?"

"I don't know," she said. "I have to think. I'll tell you to-morrow," she repeated. And with that he had to be content. But as he went back to the Residency the remembrance of how her eyes had softened to tenderness as she bade him good-by made the way between the pines a path of light leading to the stars.

Through the days that Jean Feroux spent in work and dreams of work for Rosalie Burt, Bella Martin was rousing the camps of the North Country with the promise of a dance that should rival all other social functions Groundhog had ever aspired to. Donald Ferguson, returned to the Frederick House Residency, was dazzled by the ingenuity and pink dimity of Bella into giving active assistance. He engaged the fiddlers from the French town, ordered ice cream from Haileybury, and mineral water from Toronto, and zealously aided in the cleaning of the store, the waxing of the floor, and the negotiations for the loan of Mrs. Montresor's piano. He had help and hindrance in plenty from town and residencies, and with work, and play, and love, and laughter the great night of Groundhog rose in the zenith for some four-score boyish engineers, some half-score women, for Jean Feroux and for Rosalie Burt.

Ballantine from the Mattawishkwia, informed of the dance by an Indian from Conjuror's House, was the first of the men from the far camps to come to Groundhog. Cameron, and Veronceau, and Coleridge arrived from the west as the Abitibi contingent dropped from the Steel Train. An

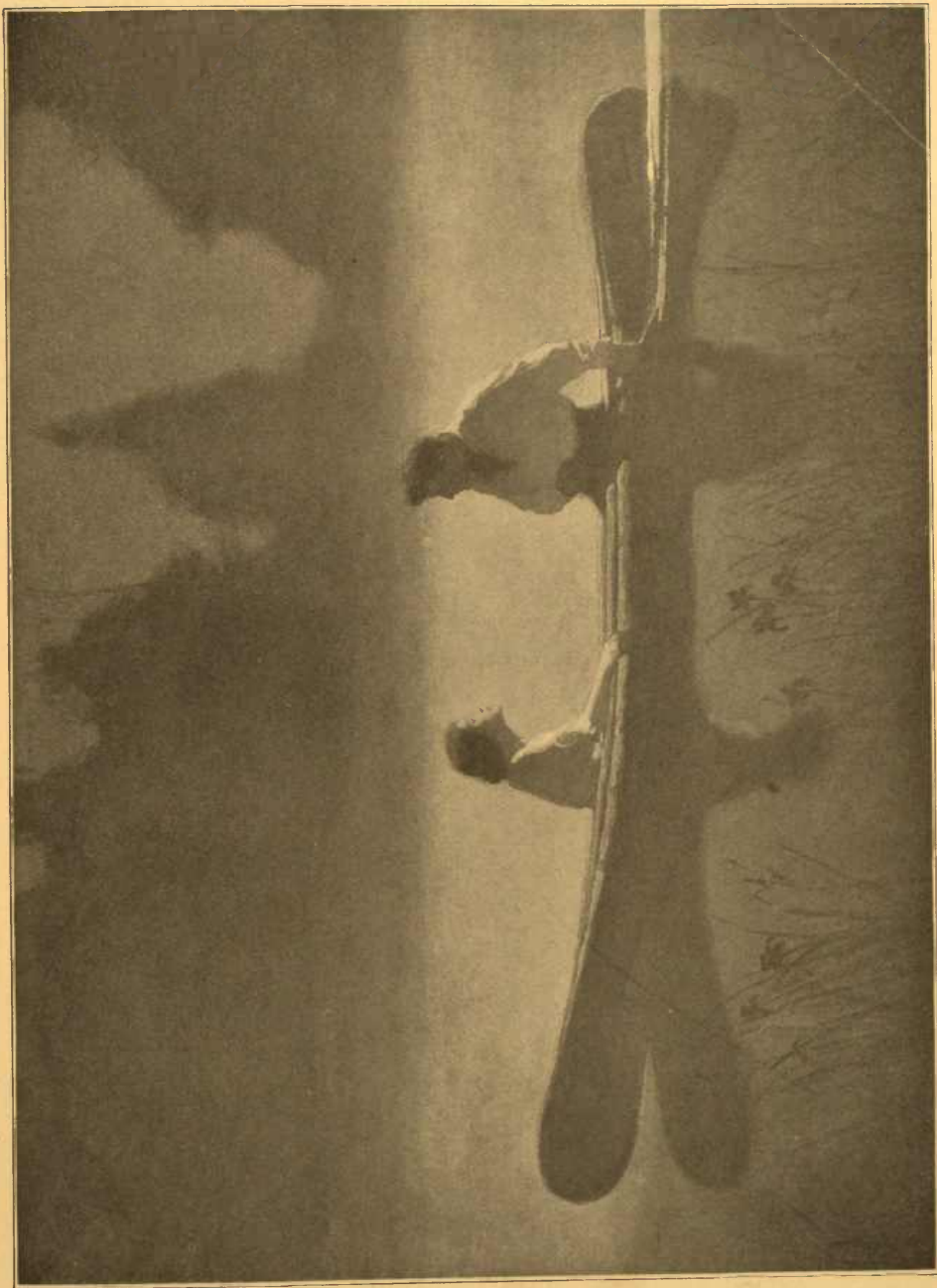
hour later the train from the south, rushing in an hour ahead of schedule, brought the Matheson delegation just before the Frederick House crowd, all but Jean Feroux, threw their handcars from the track and made their way to the Widow's.

Mrs. Montresor's sister, Lily Kelly, Mabel Klondike, and Molly Law waited in armed truce in the store, while the sidewalk outside the Widow's resembled a roll-call of the Transcontinental residencies. Gwen Lantry, coming out with Rosalie Burt, called to her sister laughingly, "It's a summer resort turned inside out! Who ever saw so many men at a dance?" But Rosalie Burt's eyes went over the crowd as if seeking some one she did not find; and just then Jean Feroux came up the street with Ned Bannister.

Bella Martin, leading the crowd down the narrow walk, surveyed the result of her labor with swelling pride as she came to the door of the improvised ballroom. Under the light of six kerosene lamps the floor shone white with scattered wax. Pine boughs and flaring posters vied in concealing the bareness of the wooden walls. Blankets covered the line of trunks that served as seats. In a corner an oily-haired man ruthlessly pounded the piano of Mrs. Montresor. At his side two fiddlers sawed sharply on squeaky fiddles, calling out intermittently in nasal *patois*.

On the floor dancers were already moving. Mabel Klondike, waltzing with the manager of the Hudson Bay Company's store, gave Jean Feroux a glance of fiery scorn, remembering his curt refusal of her request to bring her to the dance. Lily Kelly shrilled her high-pitched laugh at the sight of sixty men filing through the low doorway and Steve MacDonald mimicked her boisterously. Mrs. Montresor's sister abducted Coleridge to a corner. The Widow, encircled by a dozen bronzed boys, was promising to dance with them all at once. Rosalie Burt, standing between Bannister and Jean Feroux, roused herself with visible effort to smile at the attentions of a score of other men.

A big fellow from the line beyond the Abitibi came through the doorway, bearing the only watermelon Groundhog had seen that summer. He pushed his way across the room to Gwen Lantry's court. "The fellows bought up all the candy in town for



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

She leaned toward him with eyes shining more brightly than the moonlight in the wake of their canoe. "Oh, you're splendid!"—Page 728.

your sister," he told her gravely, "and so I've brought you this." And in the shout of laughter that greeted his gift the dance at Groundhog began.

The man at Mrs. Montresor's piano could play but one tune. The fiddles creaked on one key. But on the floor men who had danced in London ballrooms, men who had danced at court in St. Petersburg, men who had been taught in far-away Scotch homes that dancing is a device of the De'il, and men who had danced from childhood in the French carnivals of Lower Canada joined steps grotesque and steps graceful. Lucky was the man who won a girl for the dance, since, impartial as they might be, the few women could not distribute their dances to include all. "I was born unfortunate," mourned Ballantine as he took to whirling with a Russian nobleman whose daily work was bridge inspection at the Opazitika.

The floor was overcrowded, but the long line of watchers displeased Bella Martin. "We'll have a dance every one can be in," she cried in a pause of the breathless rounds of a Canadian waltz. "Come on, a square dance!"

"Right-O!" came the ready answer from the wallflowers and in another moment the sets had gathered. O'Hara and Kenyon alone refused Bella's invitation. "I'd rather watch," O'Hara said, nodding to the square where Gwen Lantry, and the Chief, Steve MacDonald and Molly Law, Randall and Mabel Klondike, and Jean Feroux and Rosalie Burt waited the fiddler's call to begin the old-fashioned quadrille.

"The Dream isn't as happy as you'd expect," O'Hara remarked to Kenyon, "with twenty men eager to serve her and two men ready to die for her."

"Who besides Jean?" Kenyon inquired.

"I leave it to your perceptions to discover," O'Hara chuckled. "Meantime, watch Mrs. Lantry amusing Neddie. How I wish the old Calgary crowd could see him dancing this!"

"*Salut, messieurs et dames,*" rose the fiddler's call.

"Salute your partners!" A big engineer from the Abitibi translated the softer phrase. With the grace of a cavalier Jean Feroux went through the stately figures of the old dance with Rosalie Burt, speaking to her with low-toned earnestness, smiling

at her with wooing tenderness. Once they mistook a call and Mabel Klondike reproved them so sharply that Bannister, attracted by the incident, watched them closely. Once Rosalie Burt threw the Chief a little wide glance of understanding after she had pouted at her sister's refusal of her request to change the square dance to a two-step. His scowl seemed to rouse her pique, for in an instant seized from the advantage of Steve MacDonald's mistake in crossing Jean Feroux was guiding the girl in a rollicking gallop through the crowded room in and out between the dancers of the older measure.

"'Tis young Lochinvar," said O'Hara. "Who would have thought that our little Jean could win her away from the many material charms of Neddie Bannister?"

"Bannister?" Kenyon puzzled. "I thought the Chief was to marry Mrs. Lantry."

"No, 'tis The Dream," said the Irishman. "Neddie himself told me, but I've been hoping she was young enough to be brave, though 'tis bred in the bone with her social set to kow-tow to the idols of place and power." He smiled genially at Feroux as he whirled the girl past them, but he turned back to Kenyon with whimsical sadness in his voice. "Dreams so seldom come true," he said, "that I know she can't come true for the boy. And he's the best of us all, Ken."

"Jean's a good boy," said Kenyon.

"Oh, you English!" sighed O'Hara. "You'd give a decade of your span of years to make Jean happy and you talk of him as if he were your caddy. Well, he's happy enough just now. He's forgotten Quebec's on the map of the world."

"He'll remember," said Kenyon.

"Britain, croak on!" laughed O'Hara, "but look at that while ye may. Perhaps, after all——"

Flushed with delight Jean had brought back Rosalie Burt to the side of the broken square where the other six waited for them, Steve MacDonald and Molly Law with amused sympathy, Mabel Klondike with distinct contempt, Randall with frank commendation of their defiance of the conventions of Groundhog society, Bannister with scowling indignation, and Gwen Lantry with reproving silence, though her eyes softened as they rested on Jean Feroux's radiant face.

He looked at no one but Rosalie Burt, but the girl had followed her sister's warning nod and met the angry glare of the Chief. "Shall we break it up altogether?" Randall was eagerly asking her. "Come on, Miss Burt. When they change partners in Allemande Left—it's the next call—I'll two-step with Mabel and you dance off with Jean. We'll turn this into a real dance. Who wants these stiff sets?"

"Let's do it," Jean pleaded. "Come with me, Rosalie." But the girl at his side did not answer.

"Won't you?" begged the boy. "You haven't told me yet and I'm waiting, you know." His eyes shouted what his lips dared not say.

"We'll break it up," urged Randall. "This is stupid."

"Come with me!" Jean Feroux's plea was for more than the dance. "Stay my partner—forever. He's calling it now. Won't you come?"

"Allemande—allemande—allemande!" chanted the fiddler.

"Alleman' Left!" The call resounded back and forth under the low ceiling. "Change partners, everybody!"

Jean Feroux turned to Rosalie Burt with outstretched hands, but as she hesitated, silent and abashed while a slow flush of color burned in her cheeks, Mabel Klondike caught him from the other side. "Oh, change!" she cried stridently. "Rosalie!" he said, but she turned away from him. With his eyes still watching Rosalie Burt he turned to the Groundhog Circe with a show of obsequious gallantry. He saw the flash of Rosalie Burt's gown pass him before he found Mabel Klondike staring at him with the calculating spite of wounded vanity. She laughed sneeringly as she looked over his shoulder. "Two can play at your game, Monsieur Feroux," she said. "Miss Burt has just gone out with Mr. Bannister."

All the pride of his people rose in Jean Feroux to meet the need of pride. For he needed no words to assure him that this was the answer of Rosalie Burt. In a flash of vision he saw the truth that his love for her had hidden from him. Rosalie Burt, not Gwen Lantry, was to marry the Chief and he, Jean Feroux, had been a blind fool led by her caprice. With his house of hope crashing in ruins about him he smiled at Mabel Klondike as bravely as if she had not

been the willing weapon with which fate had pinioned him and he turned to Gwen Lantry with the bow of a grand seigneur, knowing that every dancer in the room had stopped to watch the play. "Isn't this our dance?" he asked her.

"Yes," she said with a little gasp of relief and sympathy under which his quickened perception winced. "We'll follow them." And with a gay disdain of the watching crowd they waltzed from the room.

Outside in the moonlight they saw a man and a girl a little distance down the river road. Gwen Lantry looked after them thoughtfully, then held out her hand to Jean. "You're a thoroughbred," she said swiftly. "Rosalie's my sister, but she hasn't been square with you. She's young, though, and Ned was angry and she didn't dare break with him."

"Why not?" Jean asked tensely.

"She's to marry him, you know, and——"

"I didn't know till now," he told her.

"I thought it was you. Some one said that——"

"It was never I," said Gwen Lantry.

"I hope it won't hurt long, Jean."

"Oh, it's all in a summer," said Jean Feroux.

"And there will be so many summers for you," said the woman. "Jean," she added suddenly, "for your own sake, don't think too hard of Rosalie. There are reasons why——"

"I think I know them," he said quietly.

"But don't you think that there are other things to live for besides luxury?"

"Yes," said Gwen Lantry, "but Rose and I need that most of all. She couldn't be happy up here with any one, and this is your only way up, isn't it? Don't you see?"

"I see," he replied. He turned away sharply and Gwen Lantry watched him go down the moonlit road with head defiantly high and shoulders defiantly square as he bravely whistled the song he had trilled on the night when Rosalie Burt came to the Bush.

He whistled while he dragged the speeder to the track. He whistled as he sent it spinning down the steel along the bright path that the setting moon made in the clearing between the dark shadows of the low forest. Still whistling, he passed a forest ranger's hut and crossed three culverts. But when he came to the trestle of his bridge over the

Frederick House the whistle suddenly ended. He threw the brake of the speeder and brought the car to pulsing attention, noting his surroundings for the first time since he left Groundhog and looking on the familiar scene with eyes that had grown alien to it.

Back of him shone the Steel, before him the Right-of-Way narrowed into the darkness. The moon had gone down and the morning star gleamed above the trees across the river. From the dizzy height of the framework he gazed down on the white birches looming like phantoms against the blackness of pine and spruce, on the log houses of the Residency nestled in the clearing, and on the pier of the bridge that he had built.

He listened dully to the roar of the river from the rapids above, to the hushed tremors of the pines, to the thousand rustling sounds of the underbrush. Dully he felt that this was the same world that he had known for two years. Something that had flashed on that world for a brief time, making it scintillant as the Lights made bright the whole North Country, was *gone* now, leaving the world as dark as the gloomiest night on the Bush. Loneliness and longing, the drear ache of old homesickness, and the stronger, stranger ache of new loss swept over Jean Feroux.

Memories of the splendid career that Rosalie Burt should inspire shrieked jeeringly at him in the wailing winds. Thoughts of the house of life he had planned for her came back to taunt him with their futility. The rush of the river was a torrent of fate whirling down the ruins of his hope. "It's all gone," he moaned his first word since he had spoken to Gwen Lantry, "gone as the pier went before the logs." His hands gripped the bar of the speeder as the memory of the crash of the pier marshalled his thoughts toward the road of his labors. "But you built another," he told himself with sudden emphasis and as if he were another man, "and it stayed built. That's it!" he cried. "It stayed built!" He rose in the speeder, looking forward toward the dim apex of the Right-of-Way and raising his voice in a curious exulting: "You'll do it again—you'll build another. It's Allemande Left for you, Jean Feroux. Change partners, *nageons, nos gens!* Work as the old Feroux did, for the greatness of your country and the glory of your name—for it is a great country and it is a glorious name.

Work for your work and not for a woman and you're going to win!"

"You're going to win," he repeated over and over in the way of a child. With that strange clairvoyance of vision that sometimes comes to men who have lived in the wild places he saw the road of his life before him, a narrow trail through wildernesses of the world where he pushed onward, blazing the ways of empire. He heard faint whippers of the praise of men who would follow on his path, but he knew that far behind him would ever lie the life he loved, the quick, responsive thrill of the city where his old crowd pursued their old ways. Just as the Feroux of the Old France had left their beloved Normandy for the new lands of the West, he was leaving forever the world they had founded and setting forth to a world of conquest, and adventure, and the work of men. Not now with boyish bravado, not now with memories of another's ambitions, not with stubborn decision, not with dreams of glory blazoned in bronze nor with hope of woman's love, but with the calm exaltation of faith that this was the task toward which his life had been directed and that he should not fail in its accomplishment, Jean Feroux entered the province of his manhood. Once he looked back in the thought that the lands he would come to would never be quite as dear as the land he must leave, and all his boyish home longing surged into the sadness of remembering the song of the hill of San Sebastien. But the light of his purpose shone before him steady as the beams of the morning star. For through love, and sorrow, and loss Jean Feroux had found the high road of his course with the compass of knowledge that for him work was greater than woman and that the bridges of life spanned the rivers of eternity.

When Kenyon, and O'Hara, and Donald Ferguson, Randall, and Steve MacDonald went down to Groundhog the next night Jean Feroux, alone at the Residency, watched their handcars thread the trestle. Over the rush of the river he heard Ferguson's whistle. A little while he mused, smoking savagely as he listened to the softening strain; but when the brooding winds of the Bush had garnered all lesser sounds within their sighing he went in from the starlit, pine-odored night of the north to the bare little shack where he set himself to the making of maps.

OLD JOHNNIE

By Barry Benefield

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN SLOAN



JOHNNIE—his name was John, of course, but he was small and gentle and affable—that morning walked into the Broadway office of the Eastern Pacific Railroad, where only figures are handled, hung up his coat and hat on the hook by his desk, drew on a pair of black sleeve-protectors and sat down to bury himself in tonnage calculations. This is the last day he will be the same Johnnie, and may be you would like to consider him before the change begins.

This office was then in charge of a division freight agent, a congenital miser, whose only hope of advancement lay in holding down expenses, and it was an axiom there that every man should get out of it as soon as he could. Men were constantly leaving, but the agent relied on refilling his clerical staff, through newspaper advertisements, from the great army of downcast unemployed strangers in New York, and cheaply. It doesn't matter what ambitions were in Johnnie's mind when he came up from Touraine, La., to the city; one of these advertisements had brought him, with his first hopes dead, to the Eastern Pacific office.

Anybody with a high-school training can begin work there, if he can live on the salary. Johnnie just could. Up through four grades he rose—or drifted, rather—until now he was tonnage clerk at twenty dollars a week. In the beginning the salary was eight dollars.

It was 2 P. M. on this day that Johnnie rose from his desk, as usual, to stretch and snatch a smoke in the washroom. Passing down the middle aisle, he came near the office-boys' bench.

"Who's he?" he heard a new boy ask.

"Old Johnnie, the tonnage clerk," several hastened to reply. "Name's John Coutrier," went on the best-informed boy. "He's been here ten years, they say. They

call him Old Johnnie when he ain't around."

Then they laughed.

The little tonnage clerk had never heard himself referred to in that way before. "Old Johnnie!" It exploded its meaning in his mind. In the vague way in which he had thought of himself he had considered himself a young man, though he had drifted on unobtrusively into time until he was now thirty-five years old.

He stood still in the dimly lighted washroom, the cold cigarette hanging in his mouth. There was an undefined shame in his soul that numbed him. If the boy had said, "Everybody knows he's a thief," it could not have stunned him more.

Striking the match he had taken out of his pocket for the cigarette, he held it before the dingy mirror in the wall, and pushing his face close to the glass scrutinized himself. The thinning hair above the forehead, the touch of gray on the temples, the curious little wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, the settling of the lines of his face, the slight downward curve of the corners of his mouth—did not all these cry out in corroboration of the frightful implications in the office-boy epithet?

"Thirty-five years old, four hundred dollars in the savings bank, twenty dollars a week, a boarding-house bachelor!"

He repeated this summary three or four times, then threw down his cold cigarette and went back to his desk. Two weeks later he gave the veteran office-boy who had explained him a five-dollar Christmas present.

"Old Johnnie!" It did not lose its effect on the little tonnage clerk with the passing of a few days. Constantly it exploded its implications in his mind, and amidst the upheaved débris there he saw again old shining ambitions that he longed to seize and save.

His routine of ten years began to fail to return its usual mild pleasure. He came to loathe the boarding-house and all its miscel-

laneous company. The Sunday afternoon walks in Central Park, along Riverside Drive, and in the Bronx Park with casual acquaintances from the landlady's shifting foster family palled on him; he walked alone, choosing new parks and new streets.

A chum who could catch all the good in his passing remarks, a friend in whom he could trust implicitly, a comrade in whom he could be deeply and genuinely and worthily interested—now he knew that he had not had such a one in all the ten years he had been in New York. And he yearned for one. He was inexpressibly lonesome in the midst of five million people.

Even the Wednesday nights at the theatre no longer lifted him out of himself and sent him to the street-elated. The illusions no longer took complete possession of him, for that office-boy epithet held him captive most of the time. He smiled sarcastically at the sign, "Family Circle," above the door of the second gallery, which he patronized, and in the middle of an act he would catch himself looking around in the obscurity at the sour old maids and the unspeakable old bachelors, murmuring to himself, "Family Circle—good God!"

The casual conversation of the married men in the office now enthralled Johnnie. Hemerich, the damage clerk, always brought cold lunch from home—though sometimes he didn't eat it—and Johnnie found himself dwelling tenderly on the imagined picture of Mrs. Hemerich getting the lunch ready of a morning.

Taking the earliest vacation assignment he could get, which was in June, Johnnie rode on his pass to his small home town, where his father had a store. Every year he had gone home to Touraine, been petted by his mother, fished a little and gone about some with an old schoolmate.

Some people said Alice was "getting to be an old maid," but Johnnie always thought of her as young. When it had come time to return to New York he would pack his suit-case in a fever of hurry and shake Alice's hand good-by in such haste that he never noticed the wistfulness in her face. Though the city took little account of him, he loved it with such a devoted passion that he could never stay long away from it in peace.

Surely you see why it was that Johnnie this year rushed back to Touraine in the

spirit of his former rushes to New York. As the train passes the water-tank you can catch sight of the Duflot home, and the steeple of the Catholic church further across town. These thrilled Johnnie this year as never before. And this time he saw all that was in Alice's face, and it blotted out the office-boy epithet. Alice called him John.

There is no need to go into details about the marriage; about how the Touraine *Trumpet*, after an introductory paragraph concerning "joyous wedding-bells," referred to Johnnie splendidly as "tonnage expert of the Eastern Pacific Railroad," and to Alice gracefully as "one of our fairest flowers"; nor about how Amos, the aged 'bus driver, who drove them up to the mid-night train, observed to the station-master, "It do beat the band how little men get fine, big women"; nor about the grand air of guardianship Johnnie assumed when Alice showed some trepidation in the presence of the stupendous city.

Half of Johnnie's four hundred dollars came out of the bank to furnish a three-room flat in South Brooklyn. Now he summarized himself thus: "Thirty-six years old, two hundred dollars in the bank, twenty-five dollars a week, a home and a wife—oh, such a wife!"

This summary had implications that steeled his spirit with pride, opened his imagination to the wide survey of resources and electrified his energies. To rise as high as possible in the Eastern Pacific and to get with a better-paying company—that was his plan of action. Johnnie was confident that he would carry it through in some gratifying measure of success, was happy that he was confident.

Alice had been in her flat four months when one night Johnnie walked in on her before she could dry the tears out of her gray eyes.

"I'm ashamed, John," she ran on hastily in explanation, "but I get so lonesome. I can do the work in the flat within an hour after you leave. Then what's ahead for me until you get back? Won't you stay home to-morrow? I'll get used to being alone after a while. I do wish you would let me go out and get a position in a department store. A lot of women do that, and it wouldn't tire me, John, and it would help along with the one thousand dollars."

They had an agreement that there should be no baby in the house until there was that much in the bank.

"My wife must not work out," said Johnnie with a gentle majesty that came of his

would take at least three dollars away from the one thousand dollars."

She dropped her eyes, and Johnnie walked around the table and kissed her reverently.



Pushing his face close to the glass scrutinized himself—did not all these cry out in corroboration of the frightful implications in the office-boy epithet?—Page 735.

new self. "As for the money, why, I'll work harder. And you must walk more in Prospect Park; that will do you good. And read more. We must find you some friends."

The next morning at breakfast Alice mocked at herself for "losing her balance," as she phrased it, insisting that Johnnie must not stay at home on her account.

"We can't lose a day's pay because of my disgraceful tears," she declared. "That

After that she seemed always overflowing with cheerfulness, so that Johnnie, reflecting upon what all day alone in a small flat in a strange city must mean to an ardent woman from the country, marvelled at her, and his love was touched with a solemn awe.

When the winter pressure of work in the office came on he told her of the opportunities for extra money that lay in overtime. She urged him to stay as late as his very good health permitted, not minding her. She



He was inexpressibly lonesome in the midst of five million people.—Page 736.

was going to be brave and happy. After all, they still had Sundays, some half-Saturdays and all the official holidays to themselves. O, Washington, Lincoln, patriots that made the Fourth of July, Presidents that proclaim Thanksgiving—how salaried employees in the great towns do love you! For do you not mean an extra holiday for them?

Johnnie did work overtime, and on the anniversary of their marriage he strode into the flat and put a board-backed savings-bank book on the table by her plate. Its contents had been his secret.

"Six hundred dollars, John," she murmured, brokenly, and rushed into the kitchen.

"I'm not boo-hooing, John," she denied when he followed her. "I'm no baby. There's been something in my eye all day long and I am trying to wash it out at the sink. That's all."

"But it *is* just fine, John," she said after she had sat down at table again. "You must have slaved."

"Nothing at all, my dear, nothing at all."

"And to think that you won't let me even launder your shirts."

"Nonsense; I'll not have you a drudge, Alice. You do too much already."

"There will be a thousand by Christmas," she said softly.

"Hardly that, but by next summer anyhow," he answered, his eyes burning over her.

Then came the winter with the overtime work again. The extra pay was by the hour, so that the inspired Johnnie often didn't get home until midnight. The bank account was nearing eight hundred dollars, would be quite that with his December salary, which was already half earned, leaving a plenty over for celebrating Christmas much more adequately than he and she had celebrated it the year before.

On a Monday night in the third week of December, his head throbbing with such pain that he could no longer see the figures on the book before him, Johnnie gave up the idea of attempting five additional hours that evening and started anxiously toward his home at 8.30 o'clock; the restfulness and peace there called to him these days. In the walk from the elevated-railroad station up the quiet street in which he lived his head cleared somewhat. The air was cold and clear and invigorating, and he decided to pace up and down in front of the flat for a few minutes, that he might get the good of more of the bracing air.

"She must not see that I have been in pain," he mused. "It would worry her." He walked slowly back and forth on the opposite side of the street, his eyes looking tenderly up at those two shaded windows on the third floor that marked their big chamber, the combination bed and sitting-room. What was she doing now? He tried to visualize her in the flat. Often of late she had been sitting down when he came in, a strange little smile on her face, with a book in her hands. That was only a pose, he knew; he always suspected then that she had been toiling in that wonderful kitchen of hers and that she had assumed the pose when he rang the vestibule bell just to make him think she had grown to be an insatiable reader.

Johnnie, his eyes on the windows, stopped, catching his breath. The wind leaped up and screamed around through the rows of flat-houses. There was oceans of air to breathe, but Johnnie could not open and close his lungs. His heart seemed to

be in a spasm, then it seemed to be drying up. From some near-by parlor came the muted whine of a gramophone, from some kitchen the oniony odor of a belated dinner, and though only a little of these got through to Johnnie's consciousness he loathed that little with an unaccustomed intensity.

There she stood—Johnnie easily recognized every line of that dear head and figure behind the shades—with her hands on the shoulders of a figure he could not recognize. But this strange figure hadn't the bulk of head that a woman's hair gives. Was it a man? How tenderly now she touched the figure here and there! Then she put her arms around the shadowed neck, imprinted a kiss on the shadowed face, put her hands on the shoulders—and the two faded out of sight.

Johnnie's mind leaped loyally to an explanation. "Her brother has come for a Christmas visit," he breathed. And though she had said nothing about expecting him, Johnnie held to the idea of her brother.



He almost shouted for joy at his divination. Whistling loudly, he strode across the street, rang the vestibule bell and went gayly up the two flights of stairs.

Alice was sitting demurely in her rocking-chair with that book in her hands. Johnnie stood silent inside the door for a minute. She got up and walked toward him.

"Hold still, boy, and let me kiss you," she said severely. "You are dodging me now."

"No, I'm tired," he parried wearily. "That's the reason I came home early; I planned to work late to-night. All alone to-day?"

"All except my book. Oh, don't you worry, John," she ran on lightly as she helped him off with his overcoat. "I'm not letting myself get sad and lonesome as I did at first. I go out to the park and take a lot of exercise. I like to see the people, though I didn't used to, you know. I think I'll be a regular New Yorker pretty soon."

"Yes," he said, with a touch of grimness in his voice, walking into the dining-room and sitting down for a light lunch he always had before going to bed. Alice anticipated all his wants with anxious and gentle solicitude.

"Haven't you had a single visitor since I left this morning?" he asked. "Nobody at all?"

"Not a soul. I suppose everybody is getting ready for Christmas, and besides there are only two or three women that I visit, you know."

Maybe you think Johnnie ought to have stood up then and demanded firmly to know the whole truth. Maybe you despise him as a mean-spirited cur. Maybe you think that Alice's little attentions would only have maddened a real man. Well, it may be that Johnnie hasn't the bold and raging spirit of a lion. But somehow or other he could not yet think anything definitely evil about that pleasant-faced, clear-eyed, wholesome-looking woman over there across the table. He would not permit the full light of his consciousness to play on the horrid thing that skulked in the dim outskirts of his mind. With tremendous effort he held his judgment in absolute abeyance for the time. And so, acting somewhat confusedly, and thus attracting more of Alice's uneasy attentions, he went silently to bed.

"You are working too hard at that old office, John," she whispered. "Don't do it, please. It isn't worth while at all."

He answered nothing, and after a night of writhing torture rose and went mechanically through the routine at home. At the office he followed the line of least resistance, which was the line of his regular work, even accomplishing some intricate tonnage calculations. And at the end of the day he rode home again; that seemed the natural thing to do.

Alice was cooking dinner. Johnnie ate, smoked a pipe, crept to bed. She showed signs of increasing uneasiness. His mind seized that fact, holding it with others that were to be used, he felt vaguely, in a final conclusion.

The next day, at his desk, he suddenly found himself staring vacantly at a long column of figures that he had set himself to an hour before, and he was saying to himself, "What shall I do if it is true?" "If what is true?" he furiously questioned himself, and did not answer. Then, after a long time, he said, "I must make sure first."

He would stay at the office after dinner every night now, going home at different times varying from 8 to 10 o'clock. He would stand opposite the flat-house and watch those shaded windows on the third floor.

This was on Wednesday. That night and on Thursday and Friday nights he saw the shadow of Alice and the strange shadow in the front room. "The man must live in the same house," he concluded. Johnnie decided that those little caressing motions he saw must be Alice fondling the lapel of his coat, his tie, the very buttons on his clothes. "She can't keep her hands off him," he thought bitterly.

Yet on these nights he walked slowly across the street and went upstairs after ringing the vestibule bell, and once he heard some whispering in the third-floor hallway and then a door softly closing. Let them be lulled into carelessness first. Let them think that he was a soft-headed ninny whom it was easy to deceive. He found, on these nights, Alice sitting in the rocking-chair holding that book in her hands. Johnnie conceived a violent hatred for it, though it was only an old "Paradise Lost" he had used in his English class at school.



He dawdled in front of delicatessen-shop windows, . . . looking long at the sausages . . . as if they were thrilling sights.—Page 742.

On Saturday afternoons he and Alice usually went out for what they had called a lark, meaning a leisurely stroll, a restaurant dinner, and a theatre. Oh, but these had been rich with joy, absolutely rich. But on this Saturday morning when Johnnie started out he mumbled, "I'll have to work this

afternoon; won't be home till 6 o'clock." She said he was doing too much extra work, and yet he noticed furtively that her face cleared when he said he would not be home.

"Well, you can ease up after Christmas," she said, kissing him good-by.

How could he ease up after Christmas? Would there not still be some two hundred dollars to save for the one thousand dollars? She knew that. But maybe now the one thousand dollars didn't mean anything. After all, she had heart enough to want to keep him from unnecessary work.

The suspicion that had skulked on the dim outskirts of Johnnie's consciousness at first had stalked round and round in ever-decreasing circles until now, having attained horrid clearness of outline, it occupied the centre of his mind, and there was nothing else there day or night. His routine had loosened its hold on him entirely; he hadn't done any real work in the last three days. Stopping in at the savings bank, he drew out the seven hundred and ninety dollars and drifted on up the Bowery, buying a pistol in a pawnshop, a box of cartridges in a hardware store further up.

A Third Avenue elevated train took him to Harlem, where he looked up his boarding-house. This morning he did not loathe it. As he wandered aimlessly along the dingy street he heard the strident voice of his one-time landlady in her front hall; it did not make an unpleasant impression on him. If he could only be back there, and just as he was before that office-boy had said, "Old Johnnie!" Of course he was no longer a youth. Why had that epithet burned into him and set him on fire with silly old ambitions that were not for him? The wise adjust themselves to circumstances; he should have gone on as he was. After all, was that not a smooth and peaceful way?

Taking the subway to Times Square, Johnnie drifted on down Broadway. The shop-windows were full of Christmas brilliances. There was an unusual vivacity in the street crowds, due, he thought, to the increased proportion of boys and girls, freed from schools for the holidays, who were getting ready for the best of all the festive times.

Here and there Johnnie touched a window with his hand wistfully. How he loved this city! It almost ignored him, to be sure, but he had fancied of late that it had begun to be genial with him. It mattered not whether this was true, he loved it ardently. And then was this not a sort of farewell visit? There was a sad and longing good-by in his every movement.

The posters in front of the theatres halted him, and he read through the colored print, noting the quoted commendations from *The Times*, *The Sun*, *The Herald*, and all the rest, of the shows inside; wondering, too, how it could be that he noticed these things.

In a department-store window at Thirty-fourth Street he saw some furs. A two-piece set marked \$49.99 attracted him. "I was going to get her something like that this Christmas," he thought. "All women like furs." Touching the pistol in his pocket with his hand, he sighed deeply and drifted on down Broadway with the crowds.

Noticing a dairy-lunch room, he went inside and ate, rejoining then the slow-moving throng. It began to snow; the whiteness of the flakes annoyed Johnnie, he didn't know why. He was getting cold. He noted that he was lagging more and more in his return to Brooklyn. Yet he must go on.

Finally, at Fourteenth Street, in a burst of flaring anger, he hustled down into the Subway station determinedly and rode to the Brooklyn Bridge, boarding an elevated train there for South Brooklyn. The snow was an inch thick on the ground when he left the train, and the wind from the near-by bay was blowing up a cold that soaked into the bones unless one hurried.

But Johnnie was lagging again. He didn't want to go up his street; he hated what he seemed to divine was up there. He dawdled in front of delicatessen-shop windows, tailors' windows, and laundry-shop windows, looking long at the sausages, suits, and shirts as if they were thrilling sights.

Now he was opposite the flat. Behind the lace-curtains he could see some one moving around now and then. It was 4 o'clock, and the winter darkness was creeping over the city. With his shoulders hunched up, his face ashy pale, his heart pounding like the gloomy beats in a funeral march, Johnnie marched across the street, entered the vestibule, did not ring the downstairs bell, tipped up the stairs, stopping in front of his door.

Alice was saying a word occasionally in a low voice. Johnnie gripped his pistol, hunching his shoulders higher and closer together. He was very cold. The gas-jet in the dark hallway leaped and danced with a mocking gayety.

Johnnie thought of going up through the scuttle, over the roof and down to the fire-escape at his kitchen window, then stealing through that way into his flat, that he might watch what he could see. This was repulsive to him; he would even knock, giving

of cloth that were to be fitted together, tumbled out on the floor.

"You told me not to work," said Alice, leaning wearily against the corner of the closet. "But I just had to, I was so lonesome, and I *am* a good dressmaker, John;



"Oh, John, don't, please; I'll tell you." "Come out," called Johnnie.

the two taps that Alice knew was his signal. Drawing a profound breath that quivered piteously, Johnnie tapped twice on the door. He even waited for it to be opened.

"Oh!" He heard Alice smother an exclamation. There was some shuffling. She opened the door, her hair dishevelled, a look of guilt on her face. No windows were opened or had been opened. Striding to the one large closet in the flat, holding his hand on the pistol in his pocket, Johnnie seized the door-knob. Alice leaped to stop him, sobbing out, "Oh, John, don't, please; I'll tell you."

"Come out," called Johnnie. He snatched open the door, and a dressmaker's dummy, covered with the sections

they all say so. You don't know how that dummy helps me, John, on these lonesome days, and I hated to see you work so hard to save what we wanted. Why, I have kissed that dummy sometimes, John, it meant so much to me—and to you, too, I thought. I hated to hide it in the flat across the hall at night, it seemed so far away from me."

She waited a moment, going on in a low-er voice.

"And now I have made three hundred and fifty dollars. You see, here it is. I kept it in the salt-jar to hide it from burglars. Wasn't that silly, John? I was going to tell you Christmas. I know I'm not the fine lady you try to make me out, John; I'm just common, I reckon. Will

you forgive me—as a Christmas gift, John?”

Johnnie had stood, with his hand on the door-knob, looking down at the dressmaker's dummy. Now he leaned over, picked up the figure, set it gently inside the closet and closed the door. Taking two falling steps, he collapsed into a chair, covering

his face with his hands, and laughing the laughter that ministers to anguish too deep for tears.

And Alice always pretended to believe that Johnnie's assault on the closet was just one of his clever burlesque attacks on a secret he had known for several weeks.

LITTLE SISTER

By Richard Burton

I KNOW a girl of presence fresh and fair.
 She lies abed year-long, and so has lain
 For half a lifetime; flower-sweet the air;
 The room is darkened to relieve her pain.

There is no hope held out of healing her,
 You could not blame her if she turned her face
 Sullen unto the wall, and did demur
 From further breathing in her prison place.

Not so: her sick bed is a throne, wherefrom
 She doth most royally her favors grant;
 Thither the needy and the wretched come,
 She is At Home to every visitant.

They call her *Little Sister*: for her heart
 Goes out to each that takes her by the hand,
 In sisterly devotion; 'tis her part
 To feel, to succor, and to understand.

Unto her dim-lit chamber how they flock,
 The seamy folk, the weakling and the base!
 There is no sin so low that she will mock,
 No shame that dare not look her in the face.

One never thinks of woe beside her bed,
 So blithe she bends beneath the rigorous rod;
 She does not seem like one uncomforted,
 Her prayers like songs go bubbling up to God.

Hers is the inner secret of the soul;
 Radiant renouncement, love and fellow cheer,—
 These things do crown her like an aureole,
 Making her saintly, while they make her dear.

THE TURNSTILE

BY A. E. W. MASON

IX

ROBERT DAVENTRY EXPLAINS



IHUS the greater part of three years passed, but toward the end of the third the influenza became virulent throughout that country. It was a winter of sharp frosts and sudden thaws. One week the lanes were deep in snow and the fields white squares ruled off by the hedges; the next the whole countryside ran water. The epidemic was at its worst in December, and during that month it attacked Joan Daventry. She was now a woman of seventy, and the activity of her life had worn out her heart. She died within the week of her seizure, and from that time Robert Daventry's strength steadily declined. It may have been that the loss of Joan loosened his hold on life, or, again, it may have been, as Dr. Hill declared, that he caught a chill at the graveside which he could not shake off. But, whatever the cause, he ailed through January, and in the beginning of the following month, while sitting on the bench at Ludsey, he was seized with a great faintness. He was driven back to the white house, and took to his bed; and on the next day the snow fell again.

Ten days after he had fallen sick, Dr. Hill came from the bedroom and found Cynthia waiting as ever for his news. He was an oldish man, and quite at home in that house. He slipped his arm through hers and said in a grave and gentle voice:

"Your father wants you, my dear. He has something to say to you."

Cynthia looked at him anxiously.

"Won't it tire him too much to talk?"

"He will not, I think, be tired for very long. You had better go to him at once, for his mind is quite clear now. I will come back to-morrow morning, unless you telephone to me. It is now, I am afraid, a matter of waiting."

He drove away from the door. Cynthia walked back along the passages to the room

where the old man lay in a great four-poster bed. The afternoon was closing in, and the room was not yet lit. But there was light enough for her to appreciate all that Dr. Hill had meant. Robert Daventry had grown so frail, his hands and face were so very nearly transparent.

"I have a good deal to tell you, Cynthia," he said feebly, and his lips tried to smile. "So listen to me carefully."

The nurse went out of the room. Cynthia sat down by the bed and took the old man's hand in hers. She made no pretence that another opportunity would come.

"You will be very well off, my dear, I am thankful to say," he continued. "There's the estancia, about which I will say a word to you later, and a little more than four hundred thousand pounds in the stocks. It's practically all coming to you. Of course, the profit on the estancia varies with the season, and may in bad years mean nothing; but, on the average, I reckon you ought to have thirty thousand a year. That leaves out this house and the little farm which goes with it. They are yours already. I have made Hill one of my executors—he'll be rather a figure-head, I expect—and Isaac Benoliel, of Culver, the other. They are both friends of yours, and understanding people. I have tied up half the money on you and your children. If you haven't any children you will bequeath it as you like. But I am hoping very much that you will. I once asked a woman what she looked back upon as the happiest time of her life, and she said the evenings when she and her husband used to sit alone together before their first child was born. I think that was a wise saying, Cynthia. It struck me very much at the time, and has never since seemed to me less true than it did then. And, you know, everybody can't expect quite the same luck as Joan and I had in finding you." He pressed her hand with such strength as he had, and lay for a little while silent, husbanding his strength.

"I was advised by my lawyer," he resumed, "to tie my whole fortune up. But I talked it over with Joan and we were afraid that it might perhaps occur to you afterward that we didn't completely trust you."

"Oh, father, I should never have thought that," Cynthia protested gently.

The old man shook his head.

"One can never be quite certain that queer, stinging ideas won't come," he said. "And we both were anxious that you should be sure always that we had no fear of the way in which you would manage your life. So you will be completely mistress of half your fortune," and he hesitated for a moment, "when you come of age. But I would like you, when you are in doubt, to consult Isaac Benoliel. I have a great faith in him."

"I, too," said Cynthia. "I will consult him."

A look of relief came into Robert Daventry's face.

"I am glad of that," he said. "There are people, of course, who are prejudiced against him. He is a Jew, and he's new, and he has that queer sort of indefinable position which attracts criticism. But I think you will find him a good friend."

Daventry's voice had weakened to a whisper, and he lay back upon his pillows with his eyes closed. Cynthia moved, but the pressure of his hand retained her. She sat and waited, speaking no word and holding back the tears which smarted in her eyes. Robert Daventry spoke again.

"There's some medicine," he said. "Hill gave it me to keep me going. It's in a glass."

Cynthia lifted a glass filled with some grayish liquid, and held it to the old man's lips. He drank, and resumed:

"I have written down during the last day or two the heads of what I wanted to say on a paper."

Cynthia found a slip of paper on the table by the bedside.

"Just read."

There were some words written one below the other on the paper in a straggling hand. Cynthia read them out.

"Money."

"I have said all I have to say, I think, about that."

"Diana Royle," Cynthia read next. But she read the name slowly, so slowly

that Robert Daventry noticed her deliberation.

"I don't think you can see, Cynthia," he said. "It's getting dark."

"Oh, yes, father, I can see quite clearly," she replied. "What of Mrs. Royle?"

"You know her," said Robert. "You like her, too, I think, don't you?" Cynthia did not reply, but Daventry had not asked the question in the tone of one needing a reply. "You will want some one to live with you until you get married, which, by the way, you don't seem in a hurry to do, my dear. The young fellows round here don't seem to have made much impression. Oh! I am not bustling you, my dear. Only—only—don't leave it too long, Cynthia," he said, and his hand sought hers again.

Cynthia stirred uneasily. It was the way of men, to want to marry every girl off as soon as possible, she knew. But she wished to give no promise.

"You will probably go to London. I don't want you to mope down here all the time. There's no reason that you should. You can have your house in town. But you will want some one with you, and I thought my cousin, Diana Royle, would be the most suitable person."

Cynthia raised her head as if she was about to speak. But she did not, and Daventry said:

"I wrote to her about it."

"Oh," said Cynthia slowly. "You have already written?"

"Yes, and she consented at once. You see her husband left her not well-off. So it will be an advantage to her. And though she is older than you are, she is not so much older that you won't be in sympathy with one another."

Cynthia nodded her head.

"I see," she said. "Yes, of course, I know her very well." But a note of reserve was audible, or rather would have been audible to an on-looker in that room. But Robert Daventry was altogether occupied in the effort to master his overmastering weakness. There was more which he wished to say; there was something which he must say.

"Then that's settled," he whispered; and with his eyes he asked for his cordial. Cynthia once more supported him, and held the glass to his lips.

"Now, what comes next?" he asked, and Cynthia looked at the paper.

"The estancia," she said.

"Yes," said Daventry, and a smile suddenly illumined his face and made it young. "The estancia! You have the right to dispose of it, Cynthia. For one never knows what changes may come. But I don't want you to let it go unless there is some great necessity. It brings in, generally, a good income, and now that Walton looks after it, it gives very little trouble. Walton is a good man. I should give him an interest in it, if I were you, and as time goes on increase his interest. Keep him and keep it. I want you very much to do that. I am proud of the Daventry estancia, for one thing. For another, the best part of Joan's life and of mine was spent there. There, too, we first brought you when you came to us. There's yet another reason," and he stopped, and thought. "Yes, there's yet another reason why I care for it so much—but—" and he shook his head and gave up the effort to interpret it: "it's not very clear in my mind just now. I only know it's there—a strong reason."

He was speaking with a depth of tenderness in his voice for which Cynthia was hardly prepared. Always he had seemed to her to look upon the estancia as a business proposition rather than as the soil in which his heart was rooted. Always, too, he had seemed so contented to live in England, and he had taken his part with so much zest in the local administration of the county. She was as puzzled now by this note of yearning—for it was no less than yearning—as by the reason which he could not interpret. It was all made plain to her in after years, but by another than Robert Daventry.

"I want you very much to keep the estancia, Cynthia."

"Of course I will keep it," she said, and again she made no pretence that the day was distant when it would be hers to keep. Her heart was heavy with grief, it went out in love to this dear friend of hers; she was young and the cry was loud in her bosom, "What will I do without you?" but her lips did not utter it. He would be quite sure of her love without her protests. There was comprehension enough, and to spare, between them to make her certain of that. And, since he wanted her to listen, she put

aside her distress and the thought of the loneliness which awaited her and obeyed him.

"I would even be glad"—and the old man hesitated with the timidity of one asking a heavy favor.—"Yes, I would be glad if you would go back there—oh, not often—but just once or twice to see that all was going on well."

Cynthia's hand trembled for a moment. She looked at him with a sudden terror in her eyes. But he was lying now upon his side with his face to the window, and seeing things not to be seen through its panes. It cost Cynthia a great deal to make the promise he sought from her. She shrank from a return to the estancia with every fibre of her body. But she made it. He besought her in so wistful a voice.

"Yes, I will go back, father."

"Thank you," he said gently.

Outside the window the snow lay white and deep upon the slate roofs of the out-buildings, and was piled upon the black branches of the trees. Overhead was a gray sky of winter. But for the glimmer of the snow it would almost have been dark. A smile shone again on the old man's face.

"Perhaps Walton's cutting the corn today! Think of it!" he said, with a great longing, and before Cynthia's eyes there rose immediately the vision of a great glittering field of standing wheat and a reaping-machine like a black toy outlined against it. They remained thus in silence for a little while. Cynthia was thinking.

"After all, he may not be in the Argentine . . . I may not meet him. . . . He will have no power over me. . . . There is no reason why I should be afraid."

And then, as though in answer to these arguments, Robert Daventry said:

"You can go back now, Cynthia, without fear."

The girl looked at him with startled eyes. Had she spoken aloud, she asked herself? Had she betrayed her secret just at this last moment? But her eyes fell upon the slip of paper in her hand, and there she saw written plainly under the word "estancia" the name "James Challoner."

Robert Daventry looked toward a bureau which stood by the window.

"The little drawer on the left. No, the one above that. There's a cutting from a newspaper."

Cynthia found in the drawer half a column of a Spanish newspaper. The name was on the top of the column. It was a paper published in Buenos Ayres. She brought the cutting back to the bed and placed it between his fingers.

"Yes, that's it," he said, and he lay back upon his pillows, and gathered his strength. "I have got to tell you now something which we have always kept a secret from you."

"There is no need to tell it," said Cynthia. Robert Daventry stared at her.

"If you do know it," he said slowly, "we have made the cruellest mistake we could possibly have made. But you can't know it!"

"It's about James Challoner?" asked Cynthia, and Robert Daventry shut his eyes with a look of great distress upon his face.

"How long have you known?" he asked.

"From the night when he came to the estancia," she answered. And she told how she had slipped into the smoking-room and how, huddled in the great chair, she had heard all that James Challoner proposed for her. The shadow deepened upon Daventry's face as he listened, and when she had ended he asked with deep regret:

"Why didn't you tell us this, Cynthia?"

"Because, just outside the smoking-room door in the hall, you both decided not to tell me—not to breathe a word of—of my father's visit. You thought the knowledge would trouble and frighten me. You thought it would hurt. Well, I was as certain that you would be greatly distressed to know that already I had the knowledge. So I held my tongue."

"And it did trouble you?"

"Yes."

"A great deal?"

"Yes," Cynthia admitted. "I was frightened. I did not know what power he might have. I knew you had fled from him for my sake."

"And since you have been here—during these three years—you have still been troubled, still frightened lest he should come and claim you with the law at his side?"

Though the old man could hardly speak above a whisper, he was strangely insistent in his questioning. The words came unevenly, with breaks between, and now and then a weak gasp for breath. Cynthia replied quite simply:

"Yes, here, too, I have thought that he might come. I used to be frightened

at night. I used to hear him in the house."

And with every word she spoke, the compunction and distress deepened in Daventry's mind.

"What a pity!" he said. "Neither of us guessed, not even Joan, who was quicker than I to notice things. And we thought we knew all about you, Cynthia!" A faint smile lit up his face. "How little, after all, we did know! For we could have spared you all this trouble. Read." And opening his hand he let her take from it the newspaper slip. She uttered a cry as she read the first lines.

"It's true," said Daventry, from the bed.

Cynthia carried the cutting over to the window and read by the fading light. It gave the account of an inquest held at a small town twenty-five miles up the line from the Daventry estancia on the body of an Englishman who had been stabbed to the heart by a Gaucho in a drunken quarrel at a tavern. There was a witness who had worked with the Englishman, and could identify him. He called himself James Challoner, and, when he was drunk, he would boast of his family. Cynthia let the slip of paper fall from her fingers, and stood by the window until Robert Daventry called her to his side.

"You held your tongue so as not to distress us," he whispered. "We held ours so as not to frighten you. And so because we were careful of your happiness, and you of ours, you have gone through years of anxiety and terror. Needless anxiety! Terror without a cause! I am so sorry. It seems so pitiful. It seems rather grim to me, Cynthia."

Cynthia answered quietly:

"That's the way things happen." And when she had spoken, Robert Daventry, with an effort, raised himself upon his elbow and peered into her face.

"You oughtn't to be able to say that, Cynthia," he said remorsefully. "You oughtn't to be able to think it. It's not the proper philosophy for twenty. I am afraid, my dear, that trouble has gone deep." He fell back and in a moment a little whimsical smile flickered upon his face. "I don't think I'll tell Joan about this," he said. "She wouldn't like it. She wouldn't forgive herself for not having noticed that you were troubled."

"After all, it was my fault," said Cynthia. "For I hid in the room. However, it's all over now."

But Daventry was not prepared to accept her word. Some flash of insight forbade him.

"It has left its mark, my dear," he insisted, and in broken sentences he dwelt upon his theme. His mind began to wander after a little, but through his wanderings there ran the thread of this idea:

"Joan was always so careful. . . . Even when you were quite a little girl . . . we were never to laugh at you. . . . 'Children and dogs' she used to say, 'you must never laugh at them. Little things warp children.' . . . Do you remember when you used to write plays and perform them to us at Christmas, in a toy theatre, with little figures in tin slides? . . . Joan was always careful that we should take them seriously, and not laugh at the wrong place. I never did want to laugh at the wrong place. I thought you wrote very good plays, Cynthia. I used to say you were a genius. But Joan wouldn't have it. 'No!' she said, 'All children are born dramatists, but they forget the trick of it afterward.' . . . I suppose she knew. She was a very clever woman—" and so he drifted off gradually into sleep. Cynthia stayed by his side while the twilight faded and the darkness came; and the light of the fire danced ever more brightly upon the ceiling of the room. The wind set from the west and as the hours passed, the chimes from the great clock in Ludsey Church tower came softly and faintly into the room. But they did not disturb the old man's rest. He went floating out on a calm tide of sleep to his death, and Cynthia sat by his side wondering in the intervals of her grief at the strange arrangement of life which ordained that the efforts of people to secure the happiness of others should only cause needless terrors and vain miseries.

X

MR. BENOLIEL

"THERE are no ladies," Captain Rames said indignantly, as he took his seat in Mr. Benoliel's dining-room.

His neighbor, a florid and handsome man, a little past the prime of life, glanced at the name on the visiting-card which

marked Captain Rames's place, and smiled sympathetically.

"I can quite understand," he returned with a pleasant pomposity, "that to a sailor who has been three years in the Antarctic the deficiency is a very lamentable business. But there are some elements of consolation. Amongst the twelve men seated at this round table of mahogany, you will hardly see one who has not made some stir in the world. Upon your right, for instance, you will see Mr. Winthrop, that long and sallow person. He is a political resident in one of the native States of Rajputana, and his work, in six volumes, on the Indian bangle, is, I believe, supposed to be the last word upon the subject. A little nearer to you you will see a youth, though he is not so young as he looks. He is M. Poileaux, and the only aviator who has not yet fallen into the sea. When he does, he will come here no more. I myself am a surgeon whose name, I believe, is not unknown."

And with a large white hand the famous Sir James Burrell discreetly pointed out others of note to his companion.

Captain Rames glanced indifferently round the table. A few of the twelve were in black coats, and amongst those few was Mr. Benoliel. It was the night of a court ball, and most of the guests were in some uniform or another, or shone in the gold of the privy councillor.

"They are, no doubt, men of vast importance," replied Captain Rames bluntly. "But leaving you out of account, Sir James, I could dispense with the lot of them. When I dine in Grosvenor Square, in June, I do ask that there should be a petticoat on one side of me, at all events."

The surgeon laughed good-humoredly. He studied his neighbor with a quick, observant eye. Captain Rames was of the middle height, with a squareness of build, which his gold epaulets exaggerated at this moment, and he was square too of face. His hair was thick and curved over from the side, parting in a dark, turbulent comb, his forehead was broad, his eyes keen and very steady. Vigor rather than refinement was the mark of him; he had more character than intellect, more capacity than knowledge; thus Sir James Burrell defined him.

"I have played the comforter," he said, "at so many bedsides that I should feel my

vanity touched if I failed to console you," he returned. "Let me bring to your attention the menu. I am confident that it will appeal to you."

"Yes, that's all right," Rames admitted, as he leaned forward and glanced at the card. "But why should it particularly appeal to me?"

Sir James Burrell shrugged his shoulders.

"My profession brings me into touch with interesting people. I take my pleasure in observing them. And I have always noticed that the men who cheerfully endure the greatest hardships are also the first to demand the best of the luxuries, when they are within reach."

"Well, it's true," said Captain Rames. "I can make a shift with pemmican, but I honestly like a good dinner. It's the contrast, I suppose."

Sir James shook his head.

"It goes deeper than that," said he. "Your pale saints are no doubt profitable to the painters of glass windows, but I doubt if the world owes so very much to them. The great things are really done by the people who have a good deal of the animal in them; and animals like good dinners."

Captain Rames was mollified, and his face took on a jovial look.

"I am animal enough," he said, "to purr when my back is scratched."

But Sir James Burrell was mounted on a hobby and hardly heeded the interruption.

"I could quote historical instances, but I need go no further than this room. Do you see the man sitting next to our host, and upon his right?"

Captain Rames saw a small thin man in the dress of a privy councillor, a man with a peaked, fleshless face, in which a pair of small eyes twinkled alertly. A scanty crop of gray hair covered the back of his skull, and left markedly visible the height and the narrowness of his forehead. Captain Rames leaned forward with a new interest.

"Yes, and I recognize his face," he said. "Surely that is Henry Smale."

"Exactly," returned Sir James. "He is in the cabinet, and, quite apart from politics, he is, upon scientific grounds, a man of great distinction."

"But, surely, he disproves your theory. He looks an ascetic."

"And is nothing of the kind," interrupted Sir James. "I admit that his look

of asceticism has been a great asset to him in his career. But the public has quite misjudged him. He is a voluptuary, with the face of a monk—the most useful combination for public life in this country which you could possibly imagine. If he dines alone at his club, he will not dine under a guinea; and he has the animal weaknesses up to the brim of him. For instance, he is as jealous as a dog. Filch from him the smallest of his prerogatives and, like the good democrat he is, he will turn upon you bitterly. Yet he has done great things, and initiated bold policies. Why? Because he has enough of the animal in him to do great things." And upon that Sir James broke off.

The butler was standing at the elbow of Captain Rames, with a jug of champagne in one hand, and a decanter of red wine in the other. He bent down and offered Captain Rames his choice. Sir James Burrell intervened.

"By the way," he said, "have you any wish to stand particularly well with your host?"

"I am now beginning to think that I have," replied Captain Rames.

"Then I should choose his Burgundy. He has his fancies, like the rest of us, and to prefer his Nuits-St.-George to champagne is one way to his esteem."

Captain Rames took the hint, and, as he raised his glass to his lips, Mr. Benoliel smiled to him across the table.

"I will ask your opinion upon that wine, Captain Rames," he said, and so turned again to Henry Smale.

"You see, he noticed at once," said Sir James.

Captain Rames had noticed something too. At the mention of his name, Henry Smale had looked up with interest. He was even now obviously asking a question of Mr. Benoliel about him. Rames began to take more careful stock of his host. Mr. Benoliel was a tall, high-shouldered man, with a dark thin face in which delicacy seemed to predominate over strength. His hair was black, and a little black moustache drew a pencil line along his upper lip. His fingers were long and extraordinarily restless. It was difficult to make a guess at his age. A first glance would put him in the forties. But when Mr. Benoliel showed his eyes—which was not always,

for he had a trick of looking out between lids half-closed—it seemed that he must have lived for centuries; so much of fatigue and so much of patience were suddenly revealed.

"I wonder why he asked me to dine here," said Harry Rames.

"You were certain to dine here," replied Sir James.

"I met him but the once by the purest accident."

"You were certain to meet him," said Sir James. "All famous people meet him. All famous people dine here once. But he is not really a snob. For, quite a number of them are never invited twice."

"He can be a good friend?"

"Of that I cannot speak," said Sir James.

The courses followed one after the other, and Harry Rames found his eyes continually wandering back across the silver and bright flowers to the exotic figure of his host. He took his share in the conversation about him, but a movement of Mr. Benoliel would check him in his speech or cause him to listen with an absent ear. He watched the play of his delicate fingers upon the table-cloth, the continual restlessness of his body. Mr. Benoliel was of his race; there was in his aspect a queer mixture of the financier and the dilettante, the shrewd business man and the sensuous appreciator of art. There was a touch, too, of the feminine in him.

"I told you that you would not be bored," said Sir James Burrell toward the end of the dinner. "You are not the first man who has fallen under the spell of Mr. Benoliel."

Harry Rames laughed.

"I am under no spell, I assure you," he said frankly. "I was wondering whether he was likely to be of use to me."

"It is very likely," returned Sir James. "He has been of use to many. He plays at omniscience. To anticipate a wish before it is expressed, to serve an ambition before it has been revealed—that is one of our host's little vanities. He may have asked you here with no other object than to gratify it."

Harry Rames glanced quickly at his companion.

"Is that so?" he asked eagerly. Then his face fell. "But I am not even a friend of his."

"I do not think that matters," said the surgeon. "He likes to pose as Providence, and the posture will be more dramatic if it is assumed toward an acquaintance rather than a friend."

"He is a sham, then," said Rames bluntly.

"By no means," Sir James replied suavely. "Let us say, rather, that he is an artist."

Captain Rames turned with a furrowed brow to his companion.

"I am no great hand at subtleties," he said. "Will you tell me what you know of Mr. Benoliel? I am a beginner in the world, and he may be of importance to me."

Sir James Burrell smiled. He was in his element. To supply a character much as some author of the seventeenth century might have done, was a foible which continually tempted him. He was not always successful. Paradox allured him into difficulties, cheap epigrams at times blazed before him, and would not be quiet until he had uttered them. But often he managed to hit off, with some happiness, at all events, the externals of the person whom he described. He drank his wine now slowly and set down his glass. Then, twisting the delicate stem with the finger-tips of his large and handsome hand, he began:

"He is a Jew, of course, and an Oriental. But from what quarter of the Orient, who shall say? You may give him any birth-place, from the Levant to Casa Blanca, and no one will contradict you. Some hold him to be a charlatan, as you are inclined to do. But he is an accepted personage, not blown into notice and out of it by the favor of a season, but a permanency. How he became so, I cannot tell you. He is very busy all day, although when the darkness comes it would be difficult to point to any one thing which he had done. He is always at the top table at public dinners, and very near to the chairman. But he never proposes a toast or responds to one. If he writes a letter to the *Times*, it appears in leaded type. If you want secret information on any subject, he can get it for you. If you want help, he will find the man who can give it. He is a power in the city. He is a power in politics, and the motor-cars of prime-ministers stand at his door at ten o'clock in the morning. Yet he was never in the House, and has never made a

speech on any platform. It is believed by many that he might achieve greatness if he chose. But he never chooses. He has the air at a discussion of being able to say the last word on any subject, but he does not say it. He seems, indeed, to stand high in the world on a pedestal which has no legs to it. That is how I describe him. For the rest, he is rich, and I have never heard him utter an opinion which was not derived from others, or altogether banal. But, listen! He is going to speak to us."

"However, I can recommend the old brandy," was all that Mr. Benoliel had at that moment to say.

"There, what did I tell you!" said Sir James, triumphant at the success of his diagnosis.

"Well, if his talk is banal his brandy isn't, God bless him," said Captain Rames. "But I interrupted you."

"He has been guilty of one weakness," Sir James resumed. "He married into an old family of great poverty and the marriage lasted for six months. His wife lives handsomely in Eton Square— But I see that I am going to lose you, for our host is beckoning to you."

Captain Rames obeyed the summons with alacrity and walked round the table.

"I see that you are going on to Buckingham Palace," said Mr. Benoliel. "So I thought that I would interrupt your conversation with Sir James Burrell. For I want to introduce you to Mr. Smale."

Mr. Smale held out his hand. At a sign from Benoliel, the butler brought up a chair and placed it between Smale and his host.

"Sit down," said Benoliel, and Captain Rames obeyed.

"Benoliel tells me," said Smale, "that you are thinking of Parliament."

Captain Rames was startled. He could not remember that in his one brief conversation with his host he had even mentioned his ambition.

"I inferred it from a casual word or two you let drop," said Benoliel with a smile.

"Well, it's true," said Rames. "I should like to stand on your side very much, Mr. Smale, if I could find a seat to contest."

Henry Smale nodded.

"That, no doubt, could be arranged. You would be a strong candidate. You bring a reputation and some breath of

romance to favor you. But—" and he pursed up his lips as if in doubt and looked at Captain Rames with a searching eye. Rames was disconcerted. He had been back in England for some six months, and during those six months he had been much sought after. At this period of his life, doubts of him had been rarely expressed behind his back, and never to his face. Young ladies whom he did not know had clamored for his autograph, young ladies whom he did know had approached him with a winning humility; established beauty had smiled at him; established fame had welcomed him as an equal. The calm scrutiny of Henry Smale was a displeasing splash of cold water.

"Of course," he said, with a diffidence, which he did not feel. "I might be a failure."

And Henry Smale replied promptly:

"That's just it. You might be a failure. Meanwhile you are a great success, and have the chance of standing quite alone in your career. For what you set out to do is not yet done. You leave the laurel for another to snatch."

"That is quite true Mr. Smale," Harry Rames replied. "But I have considered it. I am not yielding to an impulse. I have counted the risk!"

He spoke with a nice adjustment of firmness and modesty. Henry Smale rose from his chair.

"Very well," he said. "Will you come down to the House at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon? I will introduce you to Hanley, the chief whip."

Captain Rames flushed with pleasure.

"Thank you, I shall be delighted," he cried, rising in his turn; and as the two men shook hands, Mr. Benoliel said gently:

"I was thinking of Ludsey. It has no candidate on your side, Smale."

XI

A MAN ON THE MAKE

A WEEK later, and much about the same hour, Captain Rames was driven along the Mall in St. James's Park. Friday had come round again, and the light did not burn in the clock-tower at Westminster. But the windows of the admiralty blazed upon the horse-guards' parade, and its great doors

stood open for a glittering company. It was the night of official dinners and receptions in honor of the king's birthday. Soldiers in scarlet, sailors in blue, ministers and privy councillors in gold, and ladies in their shimmering gowns thronged with the smaller fry in black coats up the shallow steps into a hall decorated with Union Jacks. There was a thrill of expectancy in the air that evening. Rumors were rife that the government was inclined to advise a dissolution. Members' wives were speculating whether they must go back to the constituencies and tread the ways of deference; their husbands how soon the time would come when they must exchange the erect dignity of the member for the supple curves of the candidate; and curious eyes dwelt, as if in hope of answer upon a sturdy white-haired man with a blunt, good-humored face, who, wearing a uniform with epaulets of red worsted, left you in doubt whether he was a fireman or an admiral. He was, however, the prime minister, and he stood in the hall amongst his friends, bearing the world lightly according to his wont. He stepped forward and shook hands with Rames as he passed, and so turned again to his friends. He was heard to say, "I have to-day achieved the ambition of my life"; and curious ears eager to glean a hint were inclined toward him.

"To-day?" one of the group exclaimed. "You have been prime-minister for three years."

The Prime-Minister laughed.

"That's nothing," he said. "To become Prime-Minister was merely to take a step on the way. But to-night I wear for the first time the uniform of an Elder Brother of the Trinity, and that means that I need never wear knee-breeches again as long as I live."

The curious ears were disappointed; Harry Rames shook hands with the First Lord of the Admiralty, passed on, and in the second room was touched on the elbow by Israel Benoliel.

"I have been asked by a young friend of mine to bring you to her, and I beg you to come at once, for she is in her most imperious mood," said Mr. Benoliel in a voice of whimsical entreaty.

"We will go to her as fast as we can," said Captain Rames.

He had now been three months in England, and the shy warmth of many wel-

comes had made him thoroughly aware that he was a momentous personage to young ladies. He was human enough to enjoy his importance, and he followed Mr. Benoliel with alacrity toward a side of the room where Cynthia Daventry sat talking to a young man in the office of the Board of Trade. Rames noticed the clear and delicate profile of her face and the distinction which set her apart; he noticed too that, although she did not once look his way, the young gentleman in the Civil Service uniform was summarily dismissed.

"Cynthia, this is Captain Rames," said Israel Benoliel, and however imperious a mood Cynthia might have shown to him, she had reserved none of it for Captain Rames. Her eyes swept over him swiftly with the shy and eager look to which he had grown accustomed: she gave him her hand.

"I am very glad to meet you," she said impulsively, "because—" and she halted suddenly upon the word, with the color like a rose in her cheeks, "I suppose that you are tired of congratulations."

Captain Rames expanded: he laughed genially, a fastidious critic might have said too noisily.

"By no means," he exclaimed. "Indeed, Miss Daventry, you may lay it on with a trowel."

"I am not prepared to do that," answered Cynthia, and though she spoke lightly, her voice was guarded, and even in the eager eyes there was a constant watchfulness.

Eight months had passed since Cynthia had sat by the bedside of Robert Daventry and listened to his instructions. She had taken Diana Royle to live with her as he had bidden, though she had taken her reluctantly. She had spent nearly all that time at the white house upon the London road, in spite of Mrs. Royle's repeated suggestion that Beaulieu, or preferably Cap D'Ail in the south of France would be more satisfactory places for wintering. Diana Royle was glad to be relieved from her genteel penury in Sussex Gardens, Kensington, but she had no liking for the country. Cynthia, however, was deaf to her hints. She lived for a while in solitude, broken only by the companionship of the few neighbors with whom she was most intimate. The swift deaths of the two old people who had so long lived for her and in her, left her desolate and inclined ever

regretfully to search back across her life for occasions in which she had failed of kindness toward them, or hurt them by forgetfulness. She was young, however, and with no taint of morbidness. The sense of desolation passed, and Diana Royle began to urge a new plan.

"You ought to take a house in town for the season, Cynthia. I know of one in an excellent position, which would just suit you. It's in Curzon Street, and the right end of the street, one of those nice, flat-fronted houses, old outside and tiled bath-rooms inside. I happened, I think, to see an advertisement of it to-day."

Mrs. Royle handed the newspaper to Cynthia, who looked it over.

"We might think of it," she said.

"I am sure neither Mr. nor Mrs. Davenport would have wished you to bury yourself always in the country."

"That's true," said Cynthia. "My father looked forward to my taking a house in town."

"I don't think you could do better than this, dear," said Diana Royle. "I know the house quite well by sight."

"Well, we'll think of it," said Cynthia.

Mrs. Royle suppressed a shrug of irritation.

"You will find the house will be snapped up, dear, if you take too long thinking of it," she said with asperity.

Cynthia looked at her with innocent eyes.

"But I expect there will be other houses in London, won't there?" she asked.

She had no wish to be churlish, she understood how deeply her companion longed for the paved roadways, and the streets. And in her own heart too she was beginning to turn to the unknown world of London with an expectancy of adventure, which drew her and thrilled her, even while she hesitated.

"I don't understand you, Cynthia," Diana Royle cried in exasperation. "Are you afraid?"

The question was intended merely as a gibe, but Cynthia turned to her with startled eyes, and Mrs. Royle knew that she had chanced upon a truth.

"Of what are you afraid?" she asked curiously, and Cynthia answered while she looked into the fire:

"I once lay all night staring into a great bright mirror which revealed to me a shut

door. I was in terror lest the door should open. I dreaded what might come through. I seem still to be looking into the great mirror, and with the same kind of fear. Only now the door opens upon the world, and not on the passage of a house."

Diana Royle gathered up her embroidery and her book.

"If you are going to talk that sort of nonsense, Cynthia, I shall go to bed," she remarked sternly, and left Cynthia still gazing into the fire.

Cynthia had not been speaking with affectation. The terror with which her father had for so long inspired her had left its mark deep, as Robert Davenport upon his death-bed had understood. He was dead—yes, but she could not rid her thoughts of the dreadful destiny which he had proposed for her. By so little she had escaped it. She would look round the room with its books and its dainty appointments, and feel the arms of her chair to make sure that all was real.

"If he had carried me away!" she would cry. "If he had come back with the law at his side and had carried me away!" And the streets of Buenos Aires would pass before her eyes in a procession of blazing thoroughfares and dimly lighted lanes. And because she had escaped by so little, she looked out upon all unknown things with apprehension. Moreover, Davenport's disclosure to her upon his death-bed had, in a strange way, added to her apprehension. There were three people—thus her thoughts ran; two of them seeking to hide from her knowledge which they thought would cause her pain; and she the third, seeking to hide from them, just for the same reason, that the knowledge was hers already. The years of terror had been needless, yet they had been endured, and it was love itself which had inflicted them. Kindness then could do just the same harm as the deliberate will to hurt. She took that thought into her heart of hearts, and because of it dreaded what might come through when the door opened upon the world.

With the coming of the spring, however, there came a stir in her blood. It was a spring of sunlit days and warm, soft nights. The great garden bursting into leaf and blossom, the annual miracle of tender green, the return of the birds, and the

renewal of melody quickened the girl's pulses, gave to her a lightness of spirit, and made her dreamily expectant of wonders. She walked of an evening under her great cedar trees, with the flowers and the paths glimmering pale in the warm dusk, and the earth whispered to her of things as yet beyond her knowledge; throbbing moments of life, dreams minted in events. She woke eagerly to the clear, early mornings and the blackbirds calling on the lawn; she lingered on that lawn when the windows in the house were alight and the nightingales sang in the copses, and from some distant wood the clear, double note of a cuckoo was borne to her across the darkness. There came an evening in the middle of May when she burst her sheath like any bud on the bole of one of her chestnut trees. She stood, a creature of emotion. The soft wind brought to her ears the chimes of the clock in the great church tower at Ludsey. Desire for the adventure overswept her fears. Her feet danced, and her youth had its way with her.

She could see through the long open window Diana Royle in the drawing-room. She ran across the grass.

"Di!"

Some new sound in her voice, a leap, a thrill, made Diana look up. She saw a look in the girl's face, a light in her eyes, a soft color in her cheeks which quite transfigured her.

"I have been rather a brute, Di," cried Cynthia. "We will go to London."

"When?"

"As soon as we can pack."

A telegram was sent off to Mr. Benoliel, who was now in Grosvenor Square. He was bidden to work his quickest and his best. The furnished house in Curzon Street was still unlet. It was secured, and by the beginning of June Cynthia had come to town. There she was of course unknown. But she had made many friends in Warwickshire. Mr. Benoliel set his shoulder to the wheel: and she had a handsome balance at the bank. Add to these advantages her looks, and it will be seen that it was fairly smooth sailing for Cynthia during her first season. She danced, she dined, she lunched at Hurlingham, she went to plays and to the opera, she rode under the trees of the Row in the morning, she went up in a balloon; she came with

both hands outstretched for new experiences. Yet she grasped them with a certain wariness. Eager she was, but her eagerness was guarded. For dim in the shadows at the back of her mind there was still the image of the mirror and the door. She had been in London less than a month when Harry Rames was brought to her side by Mr. Benoliel.

They talked for a moment upon immaterial topics, and then Mr. Benoliel turned to Harry Rames:

"So it is all settled, I hear."

"Practically," replied Rames. "I have still to be formally adopted as prospective candidate by the Three Hundred, but that will be done at a meeting on Monday night."

"Then there is no longer any reason why we should keep the matter secret, especially from Miss Daventry, who lives not five miles from your constituency. Cynthia," and both men turned toward her, "Captain Rames is going to stand for Ludsey at the next election."

Captain Rames smiled modestly, expecting congratulations. He liked congratulations, especially from pretty girls, but he was disappointed. He saw only a wrinkle of perplexity upon Cynthia's forehead and a shadow in her eyes.

"Why?" she asked.

"You disapprove?" said Rames.

Cynthia drew back.

"I have no right to disapprove," she said coldly, and Harry Rames planted himself sturdily on both his feet in front of her.

"Nevertheless you do," he insisted.

In spite of herself, a faint smile of amusement played about Cynthia's lips as she watched him. She felt constrained to accept his challenge.

"I should have thought—" she said with a trifle of hesitation; "it's not my business, of course—you may think it an impertinence—but since you challenge me, I should have thought that you would have done better to have gone back to the Antarctic again."

"That's just what Smale said," remarked Mr. Benoliel, and he moved away.

"That's just what Smale said, what every one will say. But it's all wrong," Rames exclaimed emphatically. "I was very glad to go South. I am very glad now that I went; but once is enough."

A little wrinkle of disdain showed about Cynthia's mouth.

"No doubt there were many hardships."

Captain Rames was nettled.

"Yes, there were, Miss Daventry, a great many, and singularly unpleasant ones. I have been twenty-four hours in a sleeping-bag with two other men. The sleeping-bag was sewn up on the inside, it was within a tent, we were so close together that we could only turn round one at a time, and we smoked in the bag, and still we were deadly cold. And I hate being cold. Yes there were hardships, and though it's easy enough to remember them lightly here in the Admiralty, they were not delightful when they happened. But I should face them once more if I wanted to go back. Only I don't. I never want to see an ice-pack again as long as I live."

The bluff confidence with which he spoke convinced Cynthia that it was not a fear of the hardships which had affected him. There she had been wrong, and she made amends.

"I have no doubt the hardships wouldn't deter you if you wanted to go," she admitted. "But what I don't understand is why you don't want to." And a greater emphasis crept into her voice than she had meant to use, and gave to her words the wistfulness of an appeal. "I should have thought," she cried, "that you could never have rested until you had finished what you had begun."

"That's true to the letter," he replied. "That's why I am standing for Ludsey."

Cynthia looked up at him in surprise.

"I don't think that I understand," she said quietly, and she made room upon the couch at her side. Harry Rames took the place. The appeal in her voice was a flattery which he quite failed to understand. Though Cynthia was young, and though she walked no longer in her enchanted garden, something of that spirit of romance, which had guided her there, had revived in her of late. Captain Rames was one of the chosen men on whom the turnstile had revolved; now that she met him in the flesh she could not forget it. He was of her dreams, he had marched in the procession of heroes, and though disillusionment had come to her he still wore a look of the heroic in her thoughts. All the more because disillusionment had come to her she wished him

to retain the look. Her appeal was a prayer that he should stamp it upon his image for good and all.

"May I explain it all to you?" he asked.

He sat down beside her, and in answer to that gentle appeal of hers to make the best of himself, he drew for her clearly and succinctly and proudly the picture of a man on the make. "I went South, first and last, to get on in the world," he began. "As I say, I was very glad to go. The journey was a great experience. Yes, three years of my life were very well spent upon it; but they were very well spent, not because the journey was a great experience, but because it is now the great help to me in getting on, which I always thought it was going to be."

He took no notice of the disappointment gathering upon Cynthia's face. He was not aware of it. Here was a girl of a remarkable loveliness, wistfully appealing to him to explain the inner workings of his mind, and he was delighted to gratify her wish.

"I can hardly remember the time when I was not diligently looking for my chances to get on. I was poor, you see. I am so still, indeed. I had none of those opportunities which money commands. I had somehow to create or find them. There's a motto in gold letters above the clock in the great hall at Osborne, the first of all mottoes in its superb confidence:

"There is nothing the navy cannot do."

Cynthia turned to him with eagerness.

"Yes," she said with a smile. "For a boy to have that plain and simple statement before his eyes each day, that's splendid. I suppose a boy would never speak of it, but it would be to him a perpetual inspiration."

"Yes," said Rames, "if all he thought of was the navy; if his ambitions were bound up with the navy. But mine weren't, you see, and I used to worry over that sentence even then. 'There is nothing the navy cannot do.' Very well. But that didn't mean that this little particular, insignificant cog-wheel in the navy machine was going to do anything special, or indeed anything at all. And I wanted to do things—I myself, not the navy."

"To do things?" Cynthia asked quietly, and her lips drooped a little at the corners, "Or to become a personage?"

Captain Rames laughed good-humoredly. "I can meet you there, Miss Daventry. There's no contradiction in the phrases. To become a personage is to secure the opportunity of doing things, and when you are a personage you soon find things which want doing. After all, how many of the great statesmen started out to be big men first. They had ideas, I grant you, but they had to make themselves big men by hook or by crook before they could carry them out. Look at Disraeli. I have been reading up these fellows. He did a lot of things. He got the Suez Canal shares. He is the author and begetter of the Imperial Idea. That's what you remember and admire him for. Yes; but don't forget his velvet trousers, and his habit of reciting his epic poems in the drawing-room after dinner. He set out first of all to be a personage. So do I in my small way. He chose velvet trousers and epic poems. I went down toward the South Pole. We each chose the path of least resistance."

Cynthia was silenced, but not convinced. There must be hundreds of instances to confute him, only for the moment she could not remember any of them. And one quality in Captain Rames impressed her.

"You speak as if you had thought all these things out," she said.

"I have had to," he replied.

"I wonder that you went into the navy at all."

"My father put me there," he answered.

Cynthia looked him over again, noting the strong, square face, the direct, the practical common-sense uninspired look of him. He would get on without a doubt. There was a great deal of force to push him on, and no great delicacy of character to hold him back. Scruples would not trouble him, and he would not fail of friends. He was of the type which makes friends easily. Even she herself was attracted. He would get on probably by trampling upon others, but he would do it good-humoredly, and with no desire to cause unnecessary pain. There are men, after all, who put nails in their boots to do the trampling.

"I wonder, with your views," she said, upon an impulse, "that you didn't leave the navy long ago and go into the city."

Harry Rames looked at her quickly.

"It's rather curious that you should have said that. For, a few years ago, I was actu-

ally thinking of the city, and wondering whether I could make a fortune there."

Cynthia laughed suddenly. Her suggestion had been uttered in sarcasm. Youth is disinclined to rate the making of money high in its standard of careers. Captain Rames would never have passed the turnstile had she spoken with him when the turnstile was.

"What held me back," he continued, quite unconscious that he was toppling off a hero's perch—and indeed he would have been totally indifferent had he known—"what held me back was the knowledge that I should be beginning too old. One has so very little time," he exclaimed with a touch of passion in his voice. "I would like to go on living and living and living for a century. As it is, one begins at twenty at the earliest, and then with luck one may have fifty-five years—that's all," and the prospect of the disintegration of his powers at the early age of seventy-five affected him with so much melancholy that Cynthia laughed again, but this time with a clear and joyous ring of amusement.

"Never mind, Captain Rames, I am sure you will live every day of your fifty-five years, and that is more than all can say."

"They are only thirty-five now," he grumbled. "However,"—he was not to be diverted from the pleasant business of unfolding his character,—"I might still have gone into the city, when one morning in June, as I was walking round the corner of Buckingham Palace to Constitution Hill, I saw on the other side of the road the president of the Geographical Society. I knew him slightly. I had read of the expedition; I was aware that he was organizing it. It came upon me in a flash, 'By George, here's my chance at last,' and I ran across the road and applied for the command."

Cynthia nodded her head.

"So that's how you became connected with the expedition—a pure piece of chance," she said slowly. "If you hadn't turned round that corner to Constitution Hill——"

"Oh, I should have dropped across somewhere else, no doubt," said Rames.

"And now you are going into Parliament."

Cynthia was endeavoring to readjust her forecasts with the facts.

"If I get elected," said Rames.

"Oh, you will get elected," replied Cynthia confidently, but there was no admiration in her confidence. It was almost disdainful. "They will call you 'Breezy Harry Rames,' and they will elect you by an immense majority."

"I am very glad you think that," Rames returned imperturbably; and he leaned forward with his elbow on his knees and spoke to her upon an altogether different note; so that the disdain died out of his face. He told her how in answer to Henry Smale's invitation he had gone down to Westminster in the afternoon, had sent in his card, had waited by the rails in the great round of St. George's Hall. Smale had come out from the House, and had fetched him down the stone passage with the painted walls into the lobby. A great man was speaking, and the lobby was nearly empty. But he finished his speech in a few moments, and the doors burst open and there was an eruption of members from the Chamber. Some stood in groups talking eagerly, others hurried to the libraries and the smoking-room, and barristers walked up and down in pairs, talking over their cases for the morrow. There was not a thing in that lobby, from the round clock above the doors of the House to the post-office and the whip's rooms which had not impressed itself vividly upon Rames's mind. Every now and then the doors would swing open as a member passed into the Chamber, and just for a moment Rames had a glimpse of the green benches, saw the great mace gleam upon the table, the books and the three clerks gowned and wigged behind it, and behind the clerks the dim figure of the speaker under the canopy of his chair.

Of what he saw in that afternoon Rames spoke with an enthusiasm and a modesty which quite took Cynthia by surprise. He saw dignity in every detail, was prepared to magnify with great meanings the simplest ceremony and form. He could not but impress her with his picture, so greatly impressed was he himself, so keenly had he longed to walk unchallenged down that forbidden way between the rails and to pass through the swing doors over the matting to his place on the green benches. People in the streets might sneer, or go about their business unconcerned. The cynics might talk of the Ins and Outs, and speak of

Parliament as the most expensive game in which a race of players of games indulges, but there in that small room, with the soft light pouring down from the roof, and very often the morning light streaming in through the clerestory windows, the great decisions were ratified which might hamper or advance the future of forty millions.

Henry Smale had paced the lobby for half an hour with Rames, setting before him clearly the risks which he would run.

"I don't want to advise you one way or the other," said Smale, "but it is not as if you had no career, and you should come to your decision with your eyes open. I speak to you as to one of the ambitious. If you go in, I take it, you go in with an eye on the Treasury bench. Well, I can tell you this: the House of Commons makes a few, but it breaks a few, and if it advances some, it mars a good many. Poverty is a serious hindrance, for it means that you cannot give the time to the House of Commons which it now claims."

"There are the barristers," objected Rames.

"The House of Commons is in their line of business," returned Henry Smale. "The highest offices of the law are reached through the House of Commons. Moreover, the questions which arise for debate here have often been the subject already of suits in the law courts. Thus, the barristers come especially equipped. Yet, even so, very often they do not make their mark. And here is a point for you, Captain Rames." Henry Smale turned with a warning finger upraised and stopped in his walk. "The most distinguished men enter this House and never get the ear of it. The House of Commons is not ungenerous, but for eight hours a day through a long portion of the year people are talking in that Chamber there, and it will not provide an audience unless, first, the speaker has something of his own to contribute, and, secondly, can express his contribution. It does not ask for oratory; it is not content even with exhaustive knowledge; it demands character, personality, the power of coining out of your knowledge some judgments of your own, the power of explaining your judgment in clear and intelligible phrases sufficiently vivid to arrest its attention. I admit at once that if you succeed, success here is sweeter than anywhere else; its recog-

nition is so immediate. But, on the other hand, here disappointment is more bitter. To come in with ambition, and to be left behind in the race—there is no destiny more galling.”

“Yes,” said Rames quietly, “I have thought over these things. There is that risk. I am prepared to take it.”

“Very well,” returned Smale, and once more he turned on the stone pavement, and with Rames at his side retraced his steps. “Let us suppose that you have got the ear of the House, that the benches fill up when you rise, and men stand at the bar to listen to you. Well, even so, you may lose your seat, and you may not yet have established yourself firmly enough to make your party find you another. There you are—out, your dreams dissolved, your ambitions stopped, yourself miserable, and your presence in this lobby an insignificance. Where you walked by right, you come as a guest; you have been, and you are not; you must turn to something else, while your thoughts are here, and very likely you are already too old to turn to something else.”

“You put the worst side of it all in front of me, Mr. Smale.”

“No,” replied Mr. Smale. “Visit the political clubs a couple of months after a general election, talk to the defeated candidates who two months back were members, you will know I am talking the truth. The place enmeshes you. And mind, not because of the sensations. The sensations happily are rare. It is a humdrum assembly. I remember once taking a foreigner into the strangers’ gallery at the time of a European crisis. An indiscreet letter had been sent. The foreigner was elated. He said to me, ‘This will be very interesting. The Commons will discuss the letter which has so convulsed Europe.’ But it was doing nothing of the kind. It was discussing whether the Tyne, Durham, and Hartlepool Railway paid its employees sufficiently well to justify Parliament in allowing it to build a bridge across a stream of which you have never heard.”

Captain Rames smiled.

“I see a good many men in this lobby,” he rejoined. “I do not notice that any of them are bored. Indeed, for the most part, they seem very busy.”

“That is one of the tragedies of the House of Commons,” Smale replied. “There are

so many men in who during the whole of each session are extremely busy doing nothing; they haven’t a moment to spare, they do nothing with so much energy and persistence. One moment they are in the library writing to a constituent who wants to know why the medal which his father earned in the Crimea has not yet arrived; the next moment they rush into the House because the famous Irishman with the witty tongue is up; they are off again to the outer lobby to tell a visitor that he can’t see the Prime-Minister—‘Industry without work, idleness without rest,’ that is how this House was once described, and believe me the description is not inapt.”

Thus said Henry Smale, but Harry Rames was not to be turned aside.

“I will take all these risks very willingly, Mr. Smale,” he cried, “I want to be in here.”

Henry Smale smiled, ceased from his arguments, and clapped Rames in a kindly fashion on the shoulder. “I have done my duty,” he said. “Come!”

He led Rames through a little doorway at the side of which sat three or four messengers, and at the end of a narrow passage tapped upon a door.

“Come in,” said a voice, and as Smale ushered in Harry Rames a man of pleasant address and an exquisite suit of clothes arose and welcomed them.

“Hanley,” said Henry Smale, “this is Captain Rames.”

Mr. Hanley shook hands cordially with Rames and invited him to a chair.

“We shall be very glad to have you in the House,” he said. He beamed. He seemed to have been waiting for Captain Rames to complete his happiness. “I think Ludsey was suggested.”

“Benoliel suggested it,” said Smale. “He’s a good judge too.”

“There is no candidate arranged yet. I will write to Ludsey at once.”

Smale and Rames left the room together.

“I should think you might consider that settled,” said Smale.

Rames thanked him and referred to Hanley’s charm of manner. Smale’s small eyes twinkled.

“That’s why he sits in that room. He’s the chief Whip. Otherwise he is an ass,” and shaking hands with Rames Mr. Smale abruptly returned to the House.

The gist of the conversation with Smale Rames told to Cynthia in the reception-room at the admiralty, and she listened with a growing interest. Then once more his note changed. He spoke with a boyish enthusiasm of his aims. To force an entrance into that arena; the entrance gained, to fight himself into the station of a great man; ultimately to govern and exercise authority—the note of personal ambition rose to a pitch of exultation in his voice. Of principles he obviously had no care, theories of politics were to him of no account. He was the political adventurer pure and simple. Cynthia sat with her eyes of dark-blue clouded, and a real disappointment at her heart. She raised her face to his, and a little smile trembled upon her lips, and even her voice shook ever so slightly.

"You have been very honest to me about it all," she said. "I thank you for that."

Captain Rames was a trifle bewildered. He could not see that he had anything to conceal.

"Good-night," she said as she rose, "I see my friend Mrs. Royle waiting for me."

She gave him her hand and moved away for a few steps and then stopped. Harry Rames was at her side before she had stopped. She turned to him timidly with the blood mounting very prettily into her cheeks.

"I suppose," she said, "that your journey to the South really counts now for very little in your thoughts. Yet you must have had a great many wishes for your success sent to you from all parts of the world before you started. I wonder you can forget them all, and leave that work unfinished."

It seemed to Captain Rames that she had hit upon a rather far-fetched argument to persuade him to a second journey to the South.

"Well, I am getting a good many wishes for my success now, and I hear them

spoken," he said with a smile. "It is true that I got all sorts of messages and telegrams before I sailed to the South. But to tell you the truth I was rather too busy to read them. I have got them all tied up somewhere in a brown-paper parcel."

Cynthia seemed actually to flinch. She turned away abruptly.

"I wanted to ask of you a favor," said Rames. "Mr. Benoliel said that you lived near Ludsey. You could do a great deal if you would help me. Will you?"

Cynthia turned back to him, her eyes shone angrily, the blood came into her cheeks in a rush.

"No," she said decisively, and without another word she walked away.

"I might have struck her," thought Captain Rames. He knew nothing of a telegram from the Daventry estancia which lay forgotten in that brown-paper parcel.

None the less he walked home across St. James's Park treading upon air. Great people had moved out of their way to make his acquaintance; Cabinet ministers had promised to speak for him; important ladies had smiled their friendliest. He looked back upon the days of his insignificance, and his heart was buoyant within him. Certainly one girl with dark-blue eyes and a face like a rose-leaf had presumed to disapprove of him. But there! Girls! You never knew what odd notions nested in their pretty heads. If a man on the make steered his course by a girl's favor, he would soon shipwreck on a snag. However, this girl must be soothed down. Harry Rames could not afford to have an enemy at Ludsey. But he had no doubt that he could soothe her down. He walked home, softly whistling under his breath.

Cynthia for her part went home in a different mood. She had lost another illusion to-night.

(To be continued.)



· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

WE owe it largely to Judge Sewall and Jonathan Edwards, that Puritan children have acquired such a bad reputation for priggishness, morbidness, and dolefulness. Thanks to these worthies, all the odd little boys and girls in skin-tight

The Puritan
Child

nankeens and box-pleated brocades, whose wooden portraits have come down to us, figure in our imagination as a set of insufferable young theologians. Who ever conceives of the little Puritans as romping, noisy, venturesome, quarrelsome, or (*sotto voce*) spoiled? Yet any one may read for himself how the Custis children were indulged with rich clothing from over-sea, and how bread-and-butter misses were allowed to take seven to twelve silk dresses to boarding-school. Any one may read those fond, affectionate letters addressing absent children as "My Indear'd Son," "My deare little Daughter," which Mrs. Earle and Mrs. Anne Wharton have preserved to us. Any one who is inured to the pharmacopœia of our forefathers may see at first-hand how tenderly ailing children were dosed with those frightful concoctions of dried spiders, stewed vipers, and melted angleworms, which were then thought so efficacious; how pathetically parents tried, with spices and sugar, to make them palatable: and when, in spite of all, their darlings died, what wistful inscriptions were carved on little tombstones, with broken rosebuds, little lambs, and doves.

And indeed I think there was a good deal for modern children to envy in the lot of the Puritan child. There was plenty of romance and adventure in the virgin woods all round his home. Their depths were full of wolves, catamounts, and redmen. Children had all the romance of savage neighbors, with little or none of the shuddering fear that haunted their elders. "Father," of course, would take care of them. Within the range of "father's gun" Massasoit and Thayendanegea would fear to be seen. In place of the fairies, brownies, and sookas that made romance for his little English, Scotch, or Irish cousin, the colonial child had small dusky contemporaries miraculously learned in wood-lore, and living in strange houses, dressed in beaded skins, and

"fed with curious meat." Tumbling little rivers swarmed with fish that could be caught in the hand, and the embossed and iridescent wild turkey walked out of the woods in autumn with its gawky troop of young ones behind it, like an edible bird of Paradise.

It is safe to conclude that Puritan children were seldom lonely. They had, if anything, an embarrassment of playmates. Where families of a baker's dozen were usual, we may figure to ourselves the harvest of cousins! An only child's ideal of a large family is one "large enough to dance the lancers." But these Puritan families were large enough to dance the farandole! That they never did so was, perhaps, for the same reason that Bostonians never visit Bunker Hill; because they always can. Among these swarming hives a boy might have a special crony among his brothers, or a little girl a "bosom sister." Their tasks were vastly lightened by companionship: Polly and Molly stringing the apples together, while Jimmy and Timothy husked the corn. In the event of visitors at a Puritan house, we may be sure the children were in an excited and hilarious state of mind. Much of the provisioning devolved on the little berry pickers and egg hunters.

"There was racing and chasing on Cannobie lea." When visitors came it was for more than a week-end. They had experienced many adventures and perils to come at all; stage-coaches had been mired, and they had been obliged to descend into the mud and tug and push to start them; inns had been crowded or cold, luggage had been rained on, Indians had, perhaps, attacked them.

"They stayed not for brake and they stopped not for stone:
They swam the Esk River where ford there was none."

Arrived safe after all these hardships, they were in no hurry to be off again. Jane Austen's heroines spent two or three months at the houses of comparatively new acquaintances; and indeed I think they would never have gone home at all but for some friend opportunely going the same way and offering to escort them. Three volumes of "Sir Charles Grandison" transpire during Harriet's visit to her "cousin Reeveses." What Puritan child could be of a

sad countenance with ten or fifteen little cousins coming to spend the winter? How they were all stowed away in such modest houses we can only guess from the immensity of the old fashioned "tester bed." Perhaps, like the gentlemen in "Tomlinson," they were

"Sleeping three on a grid."

Attics, however, were excellent dormitories, and could be divided by hanging quilts into a multitude of sleeping-boxes open at the top to the midnight breezes sweet with locust, lilac, and apple blossom.

Sundays, it is true, were a seamy side in the free and exciting life of colonial children. The Puritan Sabbath may have been made for man, but it was certainly not made for boys and girls. They did not always endure it with meekness either. The most entertaining chapter of Mr. William Root Bliss's inimitable book, "Side Glimpses of the Colonial Meeting House," is that devoted to the "Wretched Boys." From the researches of Mr. Bliss it would seem that the desperate efforts of town and church authorities were all in vain to secure seemly behavior among the back benches relegated to the boys of the parish. Duxbury chose a special committee to curb "their disorder and rudeness in time of the worship of God." The deacons of Farmington were requested to "appoint persons who shall sit convenient to inspect the youth in the meeting-house on days of public worship and keep them in order." John Pike of Dedham was paid sixteen shillings in 1723 for "keeping the boys in subjection six months"; but when he was hired a second time, as Mr. Bliss shrewdly remarks, *he doubled his price*. In a Cape Cod town one John King was unable alone to cope with the boys, and four men were added by town appointment to assist him to chastise them if found "playing and prophaning the Sabbath day." Parents were very long-suffering if they allowed town authorities to punish their sons. Or was Young America too much for his parents? It would seem that herding the boys together on the back benches invited the "Rude and Idel Behavior" which a Connecticut justice of the peace itemized in his note-book as follows:

"Smiling and Larfing and Intiseing others to the same Evil:

"... Pulling the hair of his nayber Veroni Simkins in the time of publick worship. . . .

"Throwing Sister pentecost perkins on the Ice on the Saboth day between the meeting hows and his place of abode."

The indignant selectmen, justices, and deacons who recorded these misdemeanors little thought what a comfort they would prove to those of us who have previously conceived of the Puritan boys as "too good to be wholesome." It takes a load of unavailing pity off our hearts, similar to the relief of finding that Fox was a little too zealous in describing the torments of the martyrs.

Another cheering sidelight on the strictness of our forefathers is the orthodox but convivial ordination ball of Connecticut. Dancing was, in fact, not so severely interdicted in Puritan days as a few generations later. Mrs. Earle has a list of picturesque and fascinating names for dances, such as the "Innocent Maid," "Blue Bonnets," and the "Orange Tree." Such ingenuity and variety of dances seem to prove that the most delightful of sports was not very uncommon. Children in Vermont schools three generations ago still amused themselves with "reels of four" and "reels of eight." Raisings, husking, parings, and, above all, quiltings, were shining instances of the Puritan love of a "high old time" even when assembled together ostensibly for work. But I think the singing-school was the merriest of all the merry old-time parties. What a come-down it would be for a Puritan big boy or girl, to exchange the mirth and jollity of one of their "sings" for one of our afternoon teas, for example! I should like to have heard such a gathering in our valley sing the so-called "Ode on Science," with its resounding patriotism and glorious martial air. To be sure there is nothing about science in it except the assertion that:

"She visits fair Americay [so pronounced to rhyme]
And sets her sons among the stars!"

I should like to have seen some Puritan damsel advance to sing the "Worldly Song," while some bashful big boy held his candle over her book, and smiled at her tuneful warning:

"Of all false young men to beware!"

Girls were probably more proficient at music than their brothers: they should have been so, when the principal branches taught them were music, embroidery, and "the globes." "I learn," wrote Eliza Southgate Bowne, with the proud consciousness of a complete education, "embroidery and geography." One supposedly self-respecting town in Connecticut voted that none of its money should be "wasted" in educating girls. Of an old seminary in our town it is still said that its troubles

began when, and have never ceased since, girls were admitted. Learning, however, like love, laughs at locksmiths. Mrs. Earle tells of a little girl who sat on the school-house steps for hours every day to overhear what she could of the lessons of the boys inside. Instances of highly educated women are not infrequent in old memoirs; and certainly many of our ancestresses wrote letters in a charming, playful, unaffected style—the unforced fruit of good reading.

After all, the girls missed very little by not going to school. When a schoolmaster was expected to perform the duties of sexton and grave-digger, as well as to help the minister out with his parochial calls, and even to help the surgeon (and all for a diminutive salary), he could scarcely be expected to prepare very thoroughly for college. His greatest accomplishment—nay, his most solid branch—was an elaborate and ornamental handwriting. This he was expected to vary at will from "Saxon," "Gothic," and "old MS" to "chancery, Engrossing, Running Court, and Lettre Frisée." The smallest children wore hornbooks round their necks, sometimes calling them "horngigs," "absey-books," and "battledore books." These paper alphabets, protected by a thin sheet of horn, have perished from the face of the earth.

His School

But three, I think, are known to be in existence. From the hornbook they advanced to the New England primer, "Reading-madeasy," and the horrible arithmetics which they made (I suppose) "a shy" at understanding. But this their master himself could hardly have done. If we, in our luxurious childhood, tenderly lured through Greenleaf by pictures of apples, etc., found fractions hard, what would have been our situation confronted with the "Rule of Falschood," "Redeeming of Pawnes and Geames," the "Backer Rule of Thirds," and "Tare and Trett." One term familiar to us, such as "the quotient," was then surrounded by a score of others now obsolete, such as "the Cloff," "the Suttle," and "the Neat." Happy little Puritan girls whose town fathers would waste no money on their education! Happy little boys who were kept at home to help on the farm! The schools were heated by a communal wood supply, each voter drawing a load to the school-house. If a father were delinquent in this respect, his children suffered for it; the seats farthest from the fire being assigned to

them. And yet I think the irrepressible boys who "larfed and smiled" in a Puritan meeting-house could withstand the hardships of the Puritan school. No doubt they found means, then as now, to sweeten and diversify the pursuit of learning; and when the school-master came to board his week at their house, they were dull boys indeed if they did not manage to treat him in his turn to a system of rewards and punishments. At all events, they carried on their "nature study" in a way never to be equalled by our most approved methods. They became learned entomologists, herbalists, and ornithologists without book or teacher. The Puritan child needed no instruction in the great art of observing. He had an Audubonic knowledge of the gopher, field-mouse, woodchuck, muskrat, chipmunk, and bull-frog, "creatures more humorous than any in Collot." It is true, there were no kindergartens, and in this respect the Puritan children well deserve our pity. Poor substitute, for their tender years, was the severe school-master, with birch and dunce-cap, for those gentle maidens, votareesses of St. Froebel, who now entice their happiest descendants into caterpillar and butterfly games, and charming little pantomimic songs!

Perhaps, on the whole, it was fortunate that the Colonial schools were sparse and ill attended. The Colonial home was well able to fill their place with an excellent course in manual training. Childish industries were varied, interesting, and important. The Puritan child had the satisfaction of knowing that the household could get along but ill without him. Seeding raisins and "going to the store" were not *then* his chief employments respectively within doors and without. Besides driving the cows to and from pasture, the children hunted oak galls, spruce gum, and partridge eggs in the forest, hetchelled and carded wool, strung onions, apples, and corn for drying, dipped candles, "tried out" lard, tended the calves and hens, mended and spun, and caught the geese to be picked for pillows:

Rising up early,
Weeding the cabbages,
Going forth berrying
In the dim woodland;
Piling the hay, and
Picking up apples,
Or heaping the pumpkins
High in the bin:—
... Thus their week-days.

Whittling occupied a good eminence. The hereditary art of boys was a fine and valued

one. They could make door-handles, pegs, spouts for maple sap, wooden spoons, and even the somewhat clumsy brooms used in that day. Tom Sawyer's aunt's fence, which had to be painted with such exceeding care, was paraded every morning in the busy Puritan house, and many a boy and girl, we may be sure, "felt nationly" when the all-important task was deftly and cleverly done.

When, perhaps late in the afternoon, they ran out to play, their favorite games were probably the same as ours—oats peas beans, green gravel, Sally Waters, hide-and-seek, kitty in the corner, cross-tag, squat-tag, and hop-scotch. These games, we are told, derive from a remote antiquity. English children played them in their primrose fields when Crecy and Agincourt were yet to be fought. More modern is the pretty pageant "King William"—which, however, is strictly not a Puritan game at all.

His Play It seems to have taken root and flourished only where the Church of England was established. Thus in the old Episcopalian town of Arlington, Vt., it is still played by children in the town hall at Christmas parties, while it seems unknown in the other (Congregational) towns of Bennington County. The date of "King William" is easy to fix, for the opening rhymes plainly relate to the "glorious Revolution" of 1688:

"King William was king James's son:
Upon a royal race he run;
Upon his breast he wore a star
To point the way to London Bar."

Puritan boys played a great variety of games of ball. Trap-ball, fives, and other poor apologies for the national game were in vogue among them, and foot-ball appears to have been popular, especially in winter; when, according to the traveller Misson, it was played in the streets. Misson seems, however, to have been but little impressed with it. He writes as follows:

"It is kicked about from one to tother in the streets by him that can get it, and that is all the art of it."

Little girls lavished their affections on very clumsy and shapeless dolls, which perhaps roused all the more their imaginative motherhood. What were called "French dolls" were apparently the lankiest and most awkward of all: a parody on the Gallic name. The beds, chairs, and carriages made for these poor creatures, however, were often as beautiful and perfectly made as the full-sized models which we now hunt with undiminished ardor from farmhouse to farmhouse. Rag dolls cannot have been quite unknown, but rags were too precious to be used commonly for playthings. Very rich little girls perhaps had a rag doll or two in their nurseries.

The manners of the Puritan child were a little too formal and a little too meek. How could fathers and mothers ever endure being addressed as "esteemed parent," or "honored sir and madam"? A pert child must have been a great curiosity in Massachusetts Bay. Such a one was generally thought to be delirious or bewitched. No Puritan child in its senses was rude to its elders. When Ann Putnam, for example, spoke out boldly and saucily in meeting, she was supposed to be having a fit. I confess that I think there was a charm in the somewhat stiff manners of the little Puritans. Their bobbing courtesy has returned, and is the height of fashion in the metropolis. Why not, then, the more dignified "retiring courtesy" and the "cheese" as well? Delightful as is the free prattle of modern children, occasional "flashes of silence" would not come in amiss. The picture which Miss Repplier draws of the repressed and over-governed Wesleys and Martineaus seems far too dismal to be generally true. Certainly "Snowbound" paints the life of a Puritan farmer's boy in very glowing colors. May we not, I wonder, comfort ourselves with the belief that children were children still, even under the theocracy, and that parents then as ever had much ado to keep from spoiling them? Eloquent of the Puritan parental heart is that brief entry left by one of them:

"Fifty years ago to-day died my little John, Alas!"

· THE FIELD OF ART ·

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF PAINTING

IN the catalogues of our museums you may find entries like this: "John Smith, American school; The Empty Jug" or what not. In such entries little more than a bare statement of nationality is intended. John Smith is an American, by birth or adoption; that is all that the statement is meant to convey. But the question occurs: have we an American school in a more specific sense than this? Have we a body of painters with certain traits in common and certain differences from the painters of other countries? Has our production in painting sufficient homogeneity and sufficient national and local accent to entitle it to the name of American school in the sense in which there is, undoubtedly, a French school and an English school?

Under the conditions of to-day there are no longer anywhere such distinctive local schools as existed in the Renaissance. In Italy, in those days, there were not only such great schools as the Venetian, the Florentine, and the Umbrian, differing widely in their point of view, their manner of seeing, and their technical traditions—each little town had a school with something characteristic that separated its painters from those of other schools in the surrounding towns. To-day every one knows and is influenced by the work of every one else, and it is only broad national characteristics that still subsist. Modern pictures are singularly alike, but, on the whole, it is still possible to tell an English picture from a French one, and a German or Italian picture from either. We may still speak of a Dutch school or a Spanish school with some reasonableness. Is it similarly and equally reasonable to speak of an American school? Does a room full of American pictures have a different look from a room full of pictures by artists of any other nationality? Does one feel that the pictures in such a room have a something in common that makes them kin, and a something different that distinguishes them from the pictures of all other countries? I think the answer must be in the affirmative.

We have already passed the stage of mere apprenticeship, and it can no longer be said

that our American painters are mere reflections of their European masters. Twenty, or even ten, years ago there may have been some truth in the accusation. To-day many of our younger painters have had no foreign training at all, or have had such as has left no specific mark of a particular master; and from the work of most of our older painters it would be difficult to guess who their masters were without reference to a catalogue. They have, through long work in America and under American conditions, developed styles of their own bearing no discoverable resemblance to the styles of their first instructors. To take specific examples, who would imagine from the mural paintings of Blashfield or the decorations by Mowbray in the University Club of New York that either had been a pupil of Bonnat? Or who, looking at the exquisite landscapes or delicate figure pieces of Weir, would find anything to recall the name of Gérôme? Some of the pupils of Carolus Duran are almost the only painters we have who acquired in their school-days a distinctive method of work which still marks their production, and even they are hardly distinguishable to-day from others; for the method of Duran, as modified and exemplified by John Sargent, has become the method of all the world, and a pupil of Carolus simply paints in the modern manner, like the rest. Those American painters who have adopted the impressionist point of view, again, have modified its technic to suit their own purposes, and are at least as different from the impressionists of France as are the impressionists of Scandinavia. We have painters who are undeniably influenced by Whistler, but so have other countries—the school of Whistler is international—and, after all, Whistler was an American. In short, the resemblances between American painting to-day and the painting of other countries are no greater than the resemblances between the painting of any two of those countries. And I think the differences between American painting and that of other countries are quite as great as, if not greater than, the differences between the paintings of any two of those countries.

Another accusation that used to be heard against our painters has been outlived. We used to be told, with some truth, that we had learned to paint but had nothing to say with our painting; that we produced admirable studies but no pictures. The accusation never was true of our landscape painting. Whatever may be the final estimation of the works of Inness and Wyant, there can be no doubt that they produced pictures—things conceived and worked out to give one definite and complete impression; things in which what was presented and what was eliminated were equally determined by a definite purpose; things in which accident and the immediate dominance of nature had little or no part. As for Winslow Homer, whether in landscape or figure painting, his work was unfailingly pictorial, whatever else it might be. He was a great and original designer, and every canvas of his was completely and definitely composed—a quality which at once removes from the category of mere sketches and studies even his slighter and more rapid productions. And our landscape painters of to-day are equally painters of pictures. Some of them might be thought, by a modern taste, too conventionally painters of pictures—too much occupied with composition and tone and other pictorial qualities at the expense of freshness of observation—while our briskest and most original observers have, many of them, a power of design and a manner of casting even their freshest observations into pictorial form that is as admirable as it is remarkable.

No one could enter one of our exhibitions without feeling the definitely pictorial quality of American landscape painting, but these exhibitions do less justice to the achievement of our figure painters. The principal reason for this is that many of our most serious figure painters have been so much occupied with mural decoration that their work seldom appears in the exhibitions at all, while the work that they have done is so scattered over our vast country that we rather forget its existence and, assuredly, have little realization of its amount. It is one of the defects of our exhibition system that work of this kind, while it is, of course, on permanent exhibition in the place for which it is painted, is hardly ever "exhibited," in the ordinary sense, in the centres where it is produced. The regular visitor to the Paris salons might know almost all that has been done in France in the way of mural painting. The public of our American exhi-

bitions knows only vaguely and by hearsay what our mural painters have done and are doing. It is true that such work is infinitely better seen in place, but it is a pity it cannot be seen, even imperfectly, by the people who attend our exhibitions—people who can rarely have the necessary knowledge to read such collections of sketches, studies, and photographs as are shown at the exhibitions of the Architectural League where, alone, our mural painters can show anything. If it were seen it would surely alter the estimation in which American figure painting is held. Such work as was done by the late John La Farge, such work as is being done by Blashfield and Mowbray and Simmons and a dozen others, if not, in the most limited sense of the word, pictorial, is even further removed from the mere sketch or study—the mere bit of good painting—than is the finest easel picture.

But it is not only in mural decoration that serious figure painting is being done in this country. I do not see how any one can deny the name of pictures to the genre paintings of Mr. Tarbell and Mr. Paxton unless he is prepared to deny pictorial quality to the whole Dutch school of the seventeenth century; and the example of these men is influencing a number of others toward the production of thoroughly thought out and executed genre pictures. We have long had such serious figure painters as Thayer and Brush, Dewing and Weir. The late Louis Loeb was attempting figure subjects of a very elaborate sort. To-day every exhibition shows an increasing number of worthy efforts at figure painting in either the naturalistic or the ideal vein. We have pictures with subjects intelligently chosen and intelligibly treated, pictures with a pattern and a clear arrangement of line and mass, pictures soundly drawn and harmoniously colored as well as admirably painted.

The painters of America are no longer followers of foreign masters or students learning technique and indifferent to anything else. They are a school, producing work differing in character from that of other schools and at least equal in quality to that of any school existing to-day.

If so much may be taken as proved, the question remains for consideration: what are the characteristics of the American School of Painting? Its most striking characteristic is one that may be considered a fault or a virtue according to the point of view and the prepossessions of the observer. It is a characteristic

that has certainly been a cause of the relatively small success of American work at recent international exhibitions. The American school is, among the schools of to-day, singularly old-fashioned. This characteristic has, undoubtedly, puzzled and repelled the foreigner. It is a time when the madness for novelty seems to be carrying everything before it, when anything may be accepted so long as it is or seems new, when the effort of all artists is to get rid of conventions and to shake off the "shackles of tradition." Here is a new people in the blessed state of having no traditions to shake off, and from whom, therefore, some peppery wildness might be expected for the tickling of jaded palates. Behold, they are sturdily setting themselves to recover for art the things the others have thrown away! They are trying to revive the old fashion of thoughtful composition, the old fashion of good drawing, the old fashion of lovely color, and the old fashion of sound and beautiful workmanship.

This conservatism of American painting, however, is not of the kind that still marks so much of the painting of England. Excepting exceptions, English painting is somewhat stolidly staying where it was. America's conservatism is ardent, determined, living. It is not standing still; it is going somewhere as rapidly as possible—it might, perhaps, be more truly called, not conservatism, but reaction. We have, of course, our ultra-modernists, but their audacities are mild compared to those of the French or German models they imitate. We have, even more of course, the followers of the easiest way—the practitioners of current and accepted methods who are alike everywhere. But our most original and most distinguished painters, those who give the tone to our exhibitions and the national accent to our school, are almost all engaged in trying to get back one or another of the qualities that marked the great art of the past. They have gone back of the art of the day and are retying the knots that should bind together the art of all ages.

This tendency shows itself strongly even in those whose work seems, at first sight, most purely naturalistic or impressionistic. Among those of our painters who have adopted and retained the impressionist technique, with its hatching of broken colors, the two most notable are Mr. Hassam and Mr. Weir. But Mr. Hassam is a designer with a sense of balance and of classic grace almost equal to that of Corot, and he uses the impressionist method

to express otherwise the shimmer of delicate foliage that Corot loved. Nay, so little is he a pure naturalist, he cannot resist letting the white sides of naked nymphs gleam among his tree trunks—he cannot refrain from the artist's immemorial dream of Arcady. As for Mr. Weir, surely nothing could be more unlike the instantaneousness of true impressionism than his long-brooded-over, subtle-toned, infinitely sensitive art.

There is little dreaminess in the work of Mr. Tarbell and the growing number of his followers. Theirs is almost a pure naturalism, a "making it like." Yet, notably in the work of Mr. Tarbell himself, and to some extent in that of the others, there is an elegance of arrangement, a thoroughness in the notation of gradations of light, a beauty and a charm that were learned of no modern. Their art is an effort to bring back the artistic quality of the most artistic naturalism ever practised, that of Vermeer of Delft.

Others of our artists are going still further back in the history of art for a part of their inspiration. Mr. Brush has always been a linealist and a student of form, but his earlier canvases, admirable as they were, were those of a docile pupil of Gérôme applying the thoroughness of Gérôme's method to a new range of subjects, and painting the American Indian as Gérôme had painted the modern Egyptian. In recent years each new picture of his has shown more clearly the influence of the early Italians—each has been more nearly a symphony of pure line.

Even in purely technical matters our painters have been experimenting backward, trying to recover lost technical beauties. The last pictures of Louis Loeb were under-painted throughout in monochrome, the final colors being applied in glazes and rubbings, and to-day a number of others, landscape and figure painters, are attempting to restore and master this, the pure Venetian method; while still others, among them Emil Carlsen, are reviving the use of tempera.

But it is in our mural painting even more than elsewhere that the conservative or reactionary tendency of American painting is most clearly marked. John La Farge was always himself, but when the general movement in mural painting began in this country with the Chicago World's Fair and the subsequent decoration of the Library of Congress, the rest of us were much under the influence of Puvis de Chavannes. Even then the design

was not his, but was founded on earlier examples of decorative composition, but his pale tones were everywhere. Little by little the study of the past has taught us better. American mural painting has grown steadily more monumental in design, and at the same time it has grown richer and fuller in color. To-day, while it is not less but more personal and original than it was, it has more kinship with the noble achievements of Raphael and Veronese than has any other modern work extant.

And this brings us to the second characteristic of the American School of Painting; it is rapidly becoming a school of color. We have still plenty of painters who work in the blackish or chalky or muddy and opaque tones of modern art, but I think we have more men who produce rich and powerful color and more men who produce subtle and delicate color than any other modern school. The experiments in reviving old technical methods have been undertaken for the sake of purity and luminosity of color, and have largely succeeded. The pictures of Mr. Tarbell are far more colored than those of the European painter whose work is, in some ways, most analogous to his, M. Joseph Bail. Mr. Hassam's color is always sparkling and brilliant, Mr. Dewing's delicate and charming, Mr. Weir's subtle and harmonious and sometimes very full. Even Mr. Brush's linear arrangements are clothed in sombre but often richly harmonious tones, and the decorative use of powerful color is the main reliance of such painters as Hugo Ballin. But the note of color runs through the school and one hardly needs to name individual men. Whether our landscapists glaze and scumble with the tonalists, or use some modification of the impressionist hatching, it is for the sake of color; and even our most forthright and dashing

wielders of the big brush often achieve a surprising power of resonant coloring.

Power, fulness, and beauty of coloring are hardly modern qualities. Much as impressionism has been praised for restoring color to a colorless art, its result has been, too often, to substitute whiteness for blackishness. Color has characterized no modern painting since that of Delacroix and Millet as it characterizes much of the best American painting. The love for and the success in color of our school is, after all, a part of its conservatism.

It may seem an odd way of praising a modern school to call it the least modern of any. It *would* be an odd way of praising that school if its lack of modernness were a mere matter of lagging behind or of standing still and marking time. But if the "march of progress" has been downhill—if the path that is trod leads into a swamp or over a precipice—then there may be most hopefulness for those who can 'bout-face and march the other way. I have, in recent articles in this magazine, given at some length some of my reasons for thinking that modern art has been following a false route and is in danger of perishing in the bog or falling over the cliff. If it is so we may congratulate ourselves that those of our painters who are still following the rest of the world have not so nearly reached the end of the road, and that those who are more independent have discovered in time what that end is and have turned back.

It is because it is least that of to-day that I believe our art may be that of to-morrow—it is because it is, of all art now going, that which has most connection with the past that I hope the art of America may prove to be the art of the future.

KENYON COX.



